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LITTELL'S

LIVING AGE.

CONDUCTED BY E. LITTELL.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

"Made up of every creature's best."

"Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

THIRD SERIES, VOLUME XXXII.

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOL. LXXXVIII.

JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH,

1866.



BOSTON:
LITTELL, SON, AND COMPANY.

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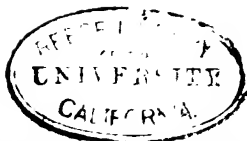
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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—NO. 1127.—6 JANUARY, 1866 1966

An Address on the Limits of Education, read before the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, November 16, 1865. BY JACOB BIGELOW, M.D.*

IN 1829 a volume was published in Boston bearing the name of "Elements of Technology." This name was not then in use nor was it generally understood, except by those who drew its meaning from its etymology. It was not in Johnson's Dictionary, nor yet in Rees's Cyclopædia. In Worcester's Dictionary, where it now has a place, no older authority is cited for its support than that of the volume alluded to. Its analogue indeed was extant in some other languages, and fifty years ago was published in Latin among the "Theses" of the graduating class of Harvard College. But its revival for the use of English readers had to be justified by the assertion that it might be found in some of the older dictionaries.

Such, less than forty years ago, was the doubtful tenure in English literature of a word which now gives name in this city to a vigorous and popular institution, a large endowment, a magnificent edifice, and at the same time a great and commanding department of scientific study in every quarter of the civilized world.

It has happened in regard to technology that in the present century and almost under our own eyes, it has advanced with greater strides than any other agent of civilization, and has done more than any science to enlarge the boundaries of profitable knowledge, to extend the dominion of mankind over nature, to economize and to utilize both labor and time, and thus to add indefinitely to the effective and available length of human existence. And next to the influence of Christianity on our moral nature, it has had a leading sway in promoting the progress and happiness of our race.

* At a meeting of the MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, held on the 16th Inst., it was VOTED, That the thanks of the Institute be presented to DR. BIGELOW, for the interesting and instructive Address by him read this evening, and that, with his permission, the same be printed for and at the expense of the Institute.

Attest,
THOMAS H. WEBB, SECRETARY.

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE. VOL. XXXII. 1441.

To appreciate what has been done by the applied sciences operating through their dependent and associate arts, we have only to go back a little more than two thirds of a century, to the times of Franklin and Washington, and in many cases to those of our own immediate fathers. In those days of small things, men were compelled to pass their lives in a sort of destitution which in this age of scientific luxury would be considered a state of semi-barbarism. The means of domestic convenience, personal neatness, easy locomotion, rapid intelligence, agreeable warmth, abundant light, physical as well as intellectual, were things wished and waited for, but not yet found.

To us, their effeminate descendants, it might be painfully interesting to witness the efforts of these hardy and much enduring people to procure warmth in their dwellings, by the scorching and freezing of their alternate sides, under the blast that swept from many apertures towards the current of a vast open chimney. And this state of things was hardly bettered by the established zero temperature of an unwarmed church, or the irrespirable atmosphere of a stove-heated school room or country court house. Our recent progenitors read their dusky and infrequent newspaper by the light of a tallow candle, and groped their way through dark and unpaved streets under the guidance of a peripatetic lantern. If in summer they desired a draught of cold water, there was no ice; and if in winter they wished for dry feet, there was no India rubber. If in darkness they sought for light, there was neither gas nor even lucifer matches.

Men were stationary in their habits and deliberate under their necessities. He who would communicate with a friend in a neighboring State might do it in a week, provided he could devote a preparatory week to seeking a safe private conveyance. And if any one had occasion to transport himself from one town or city to another, he could do it on a trusty saddlehorse, or still more rapidly in the organized relays of the Boston and New York stage coach "Despatch Line," which undertook to put him through

in less than a week. They who went down to the sea in ships could reach England from either of the above named ports in from one to two months if wind and weather were favorable. Literary productions were written out with a goosequill, and printed in a reasonable time by the labor of two men toiling at a hand-press. Housewives plied the spinning-wheel, the distaff and the shuttle, and webs of coarse texture grew into perceptible existence with a speed which might be compared to that of a growing vegetable. Beef was roasted on a revolving spit, turned round by a man, a dog, or a smoke jack. And what will hereafter be accounted still more strange, garments were made by sewing slowly together their constituent parts with a needle and thread.

I have taken technology as a leading exponent of the great advance which was to be made, and has been made, during the lifetime of some of us, in certain intellectual and practical improvements of mankind, in supplying the wants, overcoming the difficulties and increasing the elegances of life. To enumerate all these improvements would simply be to recount the great steps by which our own age has advanced to the elevated and privileged condition in which we now see it. And yet, although the practical arts, in the hands of science, have taken the lead in the great visible changes of the present century, it would be presumptuous to call technology the only field from the cultivation of which mankind have obtained abundant and unlooked for harvests. In every other walk or sphere of science, literature, and refined humanity, the civilized world, with unfaltering progress, has pushed forward, at the same time, its dominion over mind and matter.

It is the object of the present remarks to show that the amount of knowledge appropriate to civilization which now exists in the world is more than double, and in many cases more than tenfold, what it was about half a century ago, and that therefore no individual can expect to grasp in the limits of a lifetime even an elementary knowledge of the many provinces of old learning, augmented as they now are by the vast annexations of modern discovery. Still farther, education which represents the threshold of accessible knowledge, instead of being expanded, must be contracted in the number and amount of its requirements, so that while all its doors are freely kept open to those who possess time, opportunity and special aptitude or necessity, a part of them at least must be closed to those who do not possess those requisites.

If in the days of the ancient Greeks "life was short," while "art was long," how is it now, when life is not longer, but art, literature and science are immeasurably greater? How will it be in another half century, when new discoveries shall have arisen commensurate in their results with those of electro-magnetism and of solar actinism, of modern optical combinations and geographical and geological explorations? How will it be with the discoveries of newly armed astronomers and the calculations of geometers yet to appear, — with revolutions stirred up by chemists among elements that have slumbered together since the creation, — with the augmented conversions of heat into force, driving innumerable mechanisms to minister to man's pleasure and power, — and more than all, how will it be with the cumbrous, vast and insurmountable weight of books, which shall render literary distinction a thing of chance, of uncertainty, perhaps even of impossibility.

A law which obtains in matter, obtains also in regard to the mind and its acquirements, that strength is not increased in proportion to magnitude. The static and dynamic strength of materials for the most part decreases as their bulk increases. A column or a bridge cannot be carried beyond a certain size without crushing or breaking its substance, and a whale, if unsupported by the surrounding water, would die from the pressure of his own weight. A small animal will leap many more times his length than a large one, and the integrity of his slender limbs will not be injured by the exertion. The useful development of a tree is known to be promoted by severe pruning, and where this is impossible, as in primeval forests, the trees prune themselves and attain greater height by the death of their under branches, the insufficient supply of sunlight being monopolized by the upper and dominant members at the expense of the lower. These examples, drawn both from inert and organic matter, may serve to illustrate the corresponding truth that human intellect, though varying in capacity in different individuals, has its limits in all plans of enlargement by acquisition, and that these limits cannot be transcended without aggregate deterioration in distracting the attention, overloading the memory or overworking the brain and sapping the foundations of health.

The school system of New England is at the present moment our glory and our shame. We feel a just pride that among us education is accessible to all, because

our public schools are open to the humblest persons. But in our zeal for general instruction, we sometimes forget that a majority of men and women must labor with their hands, that the world may not stand still, and that all may not lose by disuse the power to labor. We cannot train all our boys to be statesmen and divines, nor all our girls to be authors and lecturers or even teachers. We ought not, therefore, to drive them into the false position of expecting to attain by extraordinary effort a place which neither nature nor circumstances have made possible. Many unfortunate children have been ruined for life, in body and mind, by being stimulated with various inducements to make exertions beyond their age and mental capacity. A feeble frame and a nervous temperament are the too sure consequences of a brain overworked in childhood. Slow progress, rather than rapid growth, tends to establish vigor, health and happiness. It has always appeared to me that a desirable and profitable mode of school education would be one in which every hour of study should be offset by another hour of exercise required to be taken in the open air.

To illustrate the impossibility of making any one what may be called a general scholar, we need but to take a slight view of the extent and recent progress of a few of the most familiar and popular sciences at the present day. Let us take geography, which treats of the earth's external structure, and geology which treats of its internal. In the first of these the education of many of the present generation abounded in what are now found to be errors and defects. We were taught that the Andes were the highest mountains of the globe, and the Amazon the longest river. Discoverers had then stopped a thousand miles short of the sources of the Nile and of the Missouri. The Columbia and the Sacramento were geographical myths, while a fabulous Oregon or River of the West was laid down on the maps on the hearsay authority of Carver, displacing what are now the Rocky Mountains, and entering the Pacific Ocean about latitude 43°. The existence of the African Niger was known to the Romans, yet the Royal Geographical Society until 1830 did not know where it reached the ocean, though a hundred Englishmen at various times had laid down their lives in African deserts in fruitless attempts to resolve the mysterious problem. It was not until a still later period that the world knew that there was a continuous Arctic

Sea, or any thing like an Antarctic Continent.

But if so much has been done in the more difficult and inaccessible parts of our globe, how much more has been achieved in the parts accessible to settlement and cultivation. The American continent, the interior map of which was almost a blank at the close of our Revolution, is now profusely dotted with towns, cities, forts, post offices and rail stations, until the most diligent compiler of a Gazetteer is obliged to pause in despair at the manifest defects of his latest edition.

Geology may be considered as almost a creation of the present age. When Werner visited Paris, in 1802, it could hardly be said to consist of more than insulated observations with a few crude and unsettled theories. But now it has become a great, organized, and overshadowing department of science. In every language of Europe it has its voluminous systems and its unending periodicals. Societies of special organization carry forward its labors, and every country of the globe is traversed by its observers and collectors. The shelves of museums are weighed down by its accumulations, and in its palæontology alone the Greek language is exhausted to furnish facetious names for the continually developed species of antecedent creations.

Chemistry in a limited degree appears to have attracted the attention of the ancients, but of their proficiency in this pursuit we know more from their preserved relics and results than from their contemporaneous records. In modern times the chemists constitute a philosophical community having a language of their own, a history of their own, methods, pursuits and controversies of their own, and a domain which is coextensive with the materials of which our globe is made. Many men of gifted minds and high intellectual attainments, have devoted their lives to the prosecution of this science. Chemistry has unravelled the early mysteries of our planet, and has had a leading agency in changing the arts and the economy of human life. It now fills the civilized world with its libraries, laboratories and lecture-rooms. No individual can expect to study even its accessible books, still less to become familiar with its recorded facts. Yet chemistry is probably in its infancy, and opens one of the largest future fields for scientific cultivation.

Natural history in its common acceptance implies the investigation, arrangement and description of all natural bodies, in-

cluding the whole organized creation. If no other science existed but this, there would be labor enough and more than enough to employ for life the students and observers of the world. Each kingdom of organic nature already offers to our acquaintance its hundred thousand specific forms, and these are but the vanguard of a still greater multitude believed to cover the surface of countries yet unexplored, and to fill the mysterious recesses not yet penetrated by the microscope. And as far as we know, every one of these organisms, great or small, carries with it its parasites, to which it affords habitation and food, and which may be supposed not only to double but to multiply in an unknown ratio its original numbers. Again, when we reflect that every one of these species has its own anatomy, its physiology, its peculiar chemistry, its habits, its sensations, its modes of reproduction, its nutrition, its duration, its metamorphoses, its diseases and its final mode of destruction, — we may well despair of knowing much of the whole, when a single species might furnish materials of study for a human lifetime.

The foregoing are examples of the claim on our attention and study advanced by a portion only of the progressive sciences. They serve to develop truths and laws appertaining to the material earth, which truths and laws, must have existed had there never been minds to study them. The relations of number and figure, the laws of motion and rest, of gravity and affinity, of animal and vegetable life, must have been the same had the dominant race of man never appeared on earth. But there is another extensive class of scientific pursuits, the subjects of which are drawn from his own nature. He has devised metaphysics to illustrate the operations of his own mind. He has introduced ethical and political science to promote order and happiness, and military science to assist for a time at least in destroying both. He has built up history with "her volumes vast," which volumes are as yet a small thing compared with those that are to come. Under the name of news the press daily inundates the world with a million sheets of cotemporaneous history, for history and news, under small qualifications, are identical. The annals of the last four years may deserve as large a place in the attention of mankind as was due when the poet informed the Egyptian mummy that since his discease, "a Roman empire had begun and ended." The greatest part of what should have been history is unwritten, and of what

has been written the greatest part is of little general value. If all that has actually been committed to papyrus, parchment or paper had by chance been preserved from the effects of time and barbarism, the aggregate would be so vast and the interest so little, that the busy world could hardly turn aside for its examination from more absorbing and necessary pursuits.

But the world is not contented with history which states, or professes to state, the progress, arts, dates, successes and failures of distinguished men and nations. It requires further, the supplementary aid of fiction which finds facts, not in testimony, but in probability; not as they are recorded to have happened, but as they ought to have happened under the circumstances and with the actors. Fiction, moreover, not being restrained by the limits of circumstantial truth, is at liberty to seek embellishment from exaggeration, from ornament, from poetry, from dramatic utterance and passionate expression. Hence it has taken the lead in modern literature, and it is not probable that at this day the most accomplished bibliographer or bookseller could point the way to one-half of its multiplied and perishable productions.

There is neither time nor inducement to refer to the pseudo-sciences, which in all ages have made serious drafts upon the limited lifetime of man, nor to the ephemeral and unprofitable issues which consume his time and labor and wear out his strength. At the present day we have not much to fear from alchemy, palmistry or astrology, nor yet from spiritualism, homœopathy or mormonism. But it is not easy to prevent men from wasting their time in the pursuit of shadows, from substituting exceptions for general laws, from believing things, not because they are probable, but because they are wonderful and entertaining. Still less can we divert them from yielding to the guidance of an excited will, from following prejudices or creating them, from adopting one side of a controversy or party strife for no better reason than that some other party has adopted the opposite.

It would be unnecessary to add to what has already been said, even an inventory of other studies, which present seducing but interminable claims on the life and labour of man. It would be vain to open the flood gates of philology, and to follow the thousand rills of language which have intersected and troubled each other ever since they left their fountains at Babel. And we pause in humility before the very portals of astronomy, which has revealed to us that

we roll and revolve, and perhaps again revolve, around we know not what. And helpless as animalcules on the surface of a floating globe, we are ever striving to see, to explore, and to mark our way through the "starry dust" of infinite space. Strong and devoted minds have piled up unreadable tomes, the result of their life-long studies and observations, yet few, save the professional and the initiated, attempt to invade the recondite sanctuary of their deposit.

Thus the immense amount of knowledge, general and special, true and fictitious, salutary and detrimental, the record of which is already in existence, has grown into an insurmountable accumulation, a *terra incognita*, which from its very magnitude is inaccessible to the inquiring world. Hence the economy of the age has introduced the labor-saving machinery of periodical literature, which, by substituting compendiums and reviews for the more bulky originals, has seemed to smoothe the up-hill track of knowledge and lighten the Sisyphean load of its travellers. But periodical literature, useful or frivolous as it may be, and indispensable as it undoubtedly is, has become by its very success inflated to an enormous growth, and bids fair in its turn to transcend the overtaxed powers of attention of those for whose use it is prepared. Like our street cars, while it helps forward to their destination a multitude of struggling pedestrians, it substitutes pressure for exercise, and does not save the fatigue of those who are still obliged to stand that they may go. In looking forward to another century, it is curious to consider who will then review the reviews, and condense, redact and digest the compends of compendiums from which the life has already been pressed out by previous condensation.

Since these things are so,—since in the dying words of Laplace, "The known is little, but the unknown is immense," and

"Since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die,"

it is a question of paramount importance, how in this short period education can be made to conduce most to the progress, the efficiency, the virtue, and the welfare of man.

It is not presumptuous to say that education to be useful must, as far as possible, be made simple, limited, practicable, acceptable to the learner, adapted to his character and wants, and brought home to his particular case by *subdivision* and *selection*.

What is now called a liberal education is a term which means something and nothing. Among us it generally implies an attendance for four years upon the "curriculum" or course of studies prescribed and pursued in some incorporated college or university. This attendance may be punctual and thorough, or it may be negligent and unprofitable, so that while one student makes a limited acquirement of multifarious knowledge, another forgets a great part of what he knew on entering the college, and prepares to forget the rest as soon as he enters upon active life.

Subdivision and selection afford the principal avenues through which men arrive at success in the humbler as well as the more conspicuous walks of life. The mechanical labour of artisans is best performed, and its best results obtained, by distributing its duties among a multitude of special agents, and this is more or less successfully done in proportion as a society, or a craft, is more or less perfectly organized. So likewise in the higher or more intellectual pursuits of life, in which men procure bread by the labour of their heads instead of their hands, the number of learned professions has been within a short time wonderfully increased. In the days of our fathers the learned professions were accounted three in number,—Law, Physic, and Divinity. But now more than three times that number afford means of honorable subsistence to multitudes of duly educated persons. We have now a profession of authors, of editors, of lecturers, of teachers, of engineers, of chemists, of inventors, of architects and other artists; and to these may be added the better class of soldiers and politicians. And all these professions are again subdivided in proportion as society advances in its requirements.

For precisely the same reason that it would not be profitable for experts in a mechanical vocation to distract and dissipate their attention among pursuits alien to their tastes and qualifications, it can hardly be advantageous for pupils and neophytes in learning, to undertake to make themselves competent representatives of the various sciences, the literary studies, the languages, dead and living, which are now professedly taught in our colleges and seminaries. Every individual is by nature comparatively qualified to succeed in one path of life, and comparatively dis-qualified to shine in another. The first step in education should be for the parties most interested, to study, and as far as possible to ascertain, the peculiar bent and capacity of a boy's mind. This being done, he should be put upon a

course of intellectual and physical training corresponding, as far as possible, to that for which nature seems to have designed him. But in all cases a preparatory general elementary education, such as is furnished by our common schools, must be made a prerequisite even to qualify him to inquire. The more thorough this preparatory training is made, the better it is for the student. But after this is completed a special or departmental course of studies should be selected, such as appears most likely to conduct him to his appropriate sphere of usefulness. Collateral studies of different kinds may always be allowed, but they should be subordinate and subsidiary, and need not interfere with the great objects of his especial education.

A common college education now culminates in the student becoming what is called a master of arts. But this in a majority of instances means simply a master of nothing. It means that he has spent much time and some labor in besieging the many doors of the temple of knowledge, without effecting an entrance at any of them. In the practical life which he is about to follow he will often have occasion to lament, be he ever so exemplary and diligent, that he has wasted on subjects irrelevant to his vocation, both time and labor, which, had they been otherwise devoted, would have prepared and assisted him in the particular work he is called on to do.

Young men, as well as their parents in their behalf, are justly ambitious of a collegiate education. Older men often regret that they have not had the opportunity to receive it when young. And this is because of the generally acknowledged fact, that four years, spent under the tuition of faithful, accomplished and gentlemanly teachers, can hardly fail to improve their character, language and bearing, as well as their store of useful knowledge. It is the habitual contact and guidance of superior minds, as well as the progressive attrition with each other, which make young men proficient in rectitude, in honor, in science, in polite literature, in tact, and in manners. And this result will appear, whether they have been taught French at West Point, or Greek in Harvard or Yale.

It is the province of the Institute of Technology, so largely and liberally sustained by the Legislature, by the munificence of individuals, and by the untiring labors of its distinguished president, to endeavor within its sphere to assist in providing for the educational wants of the most practical and progressive people that the world has seen. By its

programme of instruction a separate path is provided for all who require to accomplish themselves in any one or more of the especial branches of useful knowledge. It would not be just to ignore the fact that the same thing has long been doing in several of our larger universities, where the practical sciences and the modern languages are extensively taught. But these time-honored institutions exceed some of their younger associates in this respect, that under the name of classical literature they premise and afterwards carry on a cumbrous burden of dead languages, kept alive through the dark ages and now stereotyped in England by the persistent conservatism of a privileged order. I cannot here say much to add to the lucid, scholarly and convincing exposition of the state of education as it now is in the great schools of England, given in a recent lecture before this Institute, by one of its professors, on the subject of classical and scientific studies.* No one who examines this discourse can fail to be impressed with the injudicious exactions made in favor of the dead languages in the English schools and universities, their superfluity as means of intellectual training, and their limited applicability to the wants of the present advanced generation.

I would not underrate the value or interest of classical studies. They give pleasure, refinement to taste, breadth to thought, and power and copiousness to expression. Any one who in this busy world has not much else to do, may well turn over by night and by day the "*exemplaria Græca*." But if, in a practical age and country, he is expected to get a useful education, a competent living, an enlarged power of serving others, or even of saving them from being burdened with his support, he can hardly afford to surrender four or five years of the most susceptible part of life to acquiring a minute familiarity with tongues which are daily becoming more obsolete, and each of which is obtained at the sacrifice of some more important science or some more desirable language. It may not be doubted that a few years devoted to the study of Greek will make a man a more elegant scholar, a more accomplished philologist, a more accurate and affluent writer, and, if all other things conspire, a more finished orator. But of themselves they will not make him what the world now demands, a better citizen, a more sagacious statesman, a more far-sighted economist, a more able financier, more skilful engineer, manufacturer, merchant, or military commander.

* Professor W. Atkinson.

They will not make him a better mathematician, physicist, agriculturist, chemist, navigator, physician, lawyer, architect, painter, or musician. The ancient Greeks knew but little, though they knew how to express that little well. The moderns know a great deal more, and know how to express it intelligibly. Antiquity has produced many great men. Modern times have produced equally great men, and more of them.

It is common at the present day to say that the Greek language disciplines the mind, extends the compass and application of thought, and that, by its copiousness, and by its versatility of inflection and arrangement it trains the mind to a better comprehension of words, thoughts, and things. All this is no doubt true, and might have great weight as a governing motive in education, were it not that the same ends can be more cheaply obtained by the agency of other means. Unfortunately for the supremacy of classical literature, all civilized countries are at this moment full of distinguished men and women who write well and speak well, and who have never acquired the learned languages. It is easy to say that such persons would have been more distinguished if they had known the classics. It is easy to say that Laplace would have been a better mathematician, and Faraday a better chemist, if by chance they had been duly instructed in Greek. But this is gratuitous assumption. The contrary result is more probable, inasmuch as the pursuit of classical literature would have abstracted just so much time from more pertinent and profitable investigations. At this day nobody believes that Watt would have made a better steam engine, or Stephenson a better locomotive, if they had been taught philosophy by Plato himself.

The ancient languages, if applied to use, are not adequate to supply the wants of modern cultivation. Truth and things have grown faster than words. Modern customs, arts and sciences can be expressed in French or German, but not in Greek and Latin. A French writer, Professor Goffaux, has undertaken to translate Robinson Crusoe into Latin. The translation is successful as far as easy diction and pure latinity are concerned. But the language of the Romans is at fault in the islands of the Pacific, and new words must be coined to express even imperfectly things which are not coeval with the language employed. The world-renowned "man Friday" is introduced to us under the vicarious name of "Vendredi," and when Friday goes a shoot-

ing he loads his "sclopetum" with "pulvis nitalis." If modern Greece should ever become a first-class power among the nations, it will have to complete, as it is now trying to do, a vocabulary of new terms to express the arts and commerce, the facts and fancies, the business and belles lettres of the existing time. In other words, it must reinforce its language with a new half, not found in the ancient classics.

The admiration of the old Romans for the Greek language and literature had its origin in the fact that in that age of limited civilization they found not much else of the kind to admire. They looked to Greece as the fountain of what had been achieved in art, philosophy, poetry and eloquence. Of consequence it was chosen as the great place of resort for educational objects, and Athens became the emporium of literary and philosophic instruction. But the Roman youth would never have been sent to Athens, had there been, as now, a railroad to take them to Paris, or a steamship to bring them to America. They would not have consumed their time in the groves of Academus, if they could have gained admittance to the Ecole Polytechnique, or to the Royal Institution.

At the present day we relish the Greek language, from the mingled impression not only of its own superiority, but of the pleasure it gives us and the pains it has cost us. We relish it as the musician enjoys his music, the mathematician his geometry, and the antiquarian his diggings. We are pleased that it has been preserved with its euphonious intonations, its copious expressiveness, and its noble literature. We know that the spirit of Homer cannot be translated into English, any more than the soul of Shakspeare can be done into Greek. All languages have their idiomatic expressions of thought, and in all of them translation has a killing effect on the strong points of literature. In the opera of Macbetto the term "hell broth" in the witch scene, is rendered in Italian as "polto inferno." And on the opposite page of the libretto, it is served up afresh in English as "infernal soup." It is highly probable that the half savage accomplishments of Homer's heroes and gods cannot be made duly appreciable in the English tongue. Nevertheless, the modern world can get on without them, and we may be excused for believing that if the study of Greek should be abandoned as a requisite in our universities, although it would still be cultivated, like other exceptional studies, with success and delight by a few devotees, yet our practical, bustling

and overcrowded generation would never again postpone more useful occupations to adopt it as an indispensable academical study.

In regard to success in the world at the present day, it is not an academic education, however desirable in any shape it may be, that gives a man access to the confidence and general favor of his fellow-men, or to the influential posts of society. It is native talent, reliability, perseverance and indomitable will, that conduct him to the high places of the world. In all countries, and most of all in our own country, a contest continually goes on between academic education and self-education, the education that comes from without and the education that comes from within. The much cultivated boy, who under favor of advantages, performs faithfully his allotted tasks, who fulfils the requirements of his teachers, who is accustomed to subordinate his own judgment to the dictation of others; although he may hold a high rank in the scale of proficiency and the amount of acquisition, is liable on arriving at manhood, to continue to lean rather than to lead, and thence to occupy a secondary place in the struggle for worldly distinction. On the other hand, the neglected but independent youth, who is brought up in the suggestive school of necessity, who becomes original and inventive because his life is a continued contest with difficulties, who balances character against opportunity, and individual vigor against patience against external guidance; such an one, from the habit of directing himself, becomes more competent to direct others, and to wear more easily offices of trust and responsibility. It is remarkable how many of our distinguished men have been self-educated, or at least without academic education. Franklin was a philosopher, Washington a statesman, Patrick Henry an orator, but not by the grace of classical education. Henry Clay knew nothing of the Greek language, nor did probably Thomas Benton. Andrew Jackson and Andrew Johnson had rougher nursing than that of an alma mater. Rumford, Bowditch and Fulton did not develop their intellects under the shades of academic seclusion. And if we were to go abroad for examples, we should find that Napoleon was no classical scholar, and that Peter the Great, when he issued from his lair at Moscow to study the civilization of Western Europe, did not repair to the universities of Cambridge and Oxford, but entered as a working mechanic in the shipyards of Saardam and Deptford.

We need not regret that our country is

the field of wholesome competition between the well taught and the self-taught, between advantage on the one side and energy on the other, between early development under assistance and slow maturity under difficulties. The success of either condition awakens and stimulates the zeal of the other.

There are many persons who even in this age speak in terms of derogation of what are called utilitarian studies, in contrast with classical and ideal literature, as if pursuits which tend directly to the preservation and happiness of man were less worthy of his attention than those which may be founded in fancy, exaggeration and passion. Poetry, art and fiction have sought for the beautiful and sublime in creations which are imaginary and often untrue, which "o'er inform the pencil and the pen," and attract because they are mysterious and inaccessible. But in the present age, fact has overtaken fancy and passed beyond it. We have no need to create new miracles, nor imagine them, when the appetite for wonder is more than satiated with reality, and objects of delight and amazement confront us in the walks of daily life. I know nothing in nature or art more beautiful than a railroad train, when it shoots by us with a swiftness that renders its inmates invisible, and winds off its sinuous way among mountains and forests, spanning abysses, cleaving hills asunder, and travelling onward to its destination, steadily, smoothly, unerringly, as a migratory bird advances to the polar regions. And I know of nothing more sublime than in the hold of an ocean steamship, to look on the mightiest emergency that has been raised by man, as it wields its enormous limbs like a living thing, and heaves and pants and rolls and plunges, — urged onward by the struggling of the imprisoned elements.

The traveller passes daily by the never-ending rows of posts and wires which mark the pathway of the electric telegraph, until at length by their very frequency they are blended in the inert features of the landscape and cease to attract attention. Yet, all the while, invisible thought is riding on those wires, and mind is answering to mind over a thousand miles of distance.

The half fabulous siege of Troy has been made immortal in the epics of Homer and Virgil, and we are led by their poetry to admire the achievements of heathen gods and of heroes descended from them. We stand in awe at the exploits of primitive warriors with the same emotions with which we afterwards mark in history the real deeds and eras of great military command-

ers. But however much we may be impressed with the imagined spectacle of a host of disciplined barbarians fighting with swords and bucklers, we cannot keep out of sight that they would have been chaff before the wind in the presence of modern military science. Ulysses and Agamemnon were ten years in taking the city of Troy. Ulysses Grant with his batteries would have taken it in ten minutes. Artists, historians and poets depict even now the memorable battles of Alexander and Caesar. But half a dozen shells would have scattered the Macedonian phalanx, and the Roman Empire could not have stood many days after a modern war steamer should have found its way up the Tiber.

The march of military improvement has not yet halted in its course. The great war of American conservation has been eminently a war of science, and has changed by its inventions the whole face of modern conflicts. Huge forts and strong war ships no longer protect harbors from the inroads of invulnerable enemies. The wooden walls of England, so long her defence and her boast, like the walls of Jericho, have fallen flat before the sound of the distant crashing of rams and monitors and torpedoes. If the time shall ever come when classical readers shall tire at the monotonous championship of Trojans, Greeks and Rutulians, they will kindle with wonder over that miracle of romance and reality, "The Bay Fight" of Mobile, by Henry Howard Brownell.

It is the duty of educational institutions to adapt themselves to the wants of the place and time in which they exist. It needs no uncommon penetration to see that we are now living in a great transition period, and that the world is resting its future hopes, and quieting its future fears in reliance on an educated and enlightened democracy. When Andrew Johnson, at the inauguration ceremony of 1865, somewhat hastily declared himself a plebeian, dependent on the will of the people, and applied the same impeachment to his fellow functionaries, — like Paul of old, he was not mad, but spoke forth the words of truth and soberness. The last few years of history, the greatest and most momentous that the world has ever witnessed, bear testimony to the power of an educated common people to perceive and to carry forward their own true interests. Against the wiles of an astute and determined oligarchy, against the frowns of foreign privileged orders, amid the vicissitudes of good and evil fortune, this great people have advanced to their final triumph, not of revolution but of conservation, under

the guidance of men like themselves, of men who had been cleavers of wood and sewers of garments, who had wrought as farmers, as tanners, and as homely manufacturers, who knew the genius and character of their constituents and the roads through which they were to be conducted to natural and necessary success.

At this moment no nation of the globe can be called more truly powerful than one which has peacefully absorbed into its interior depths half a million of veterans, with discipline in their history, arms in their hands and education in their heads. The most formidable ruler whom the world now knows, is a self-educated man, who could hardly read and write at the age of twenty.

It is a fact so generally admitted, in this country at least, as to have become almost a truism, that prescriptive and hereditary positions are declining in social influence. Personal unworthiness or incompetency cannot be covered up by personal privilege. It is better to be the founder of a great name, than its disreputable survivor. When a marshal of France, Duke of Abrantes and Governor of Paris, was reminded by others of the obscurity of his birth, he proudly replied, "*Moi je suis mon ancêtre*" (I am my own ancestor). In this great and original country, which is now treading in the van of a new reformation, we have thousands yet untaught, who are to become ancestors in fame, ancestors in fortune, ancestors in science, ancestors in virtue. May their descendants be worthy of them.

There are the men who may well claim to "constitute a State." They are, as it were, the granite substratum which underlies the rich coal fields and the arable soils of the earth's exterior surface. Like that they will last when softer and richer tracts shall have been swept away. Yet a continent as extensive and various as ours should be capable of furnishing all soils and materials for all needful and desirable productions. When the necessities which sustain life are provided, the luxuries which adorn and gratify it must follow in their order. "In every country," says Buckle, "as soon as the accumulation of wealth has reached a certain point, the produce of each man's labor becomes more than sufficient for his support; it is no longer necessary that all should work; and there is found a separate class, the members of which pass their lives for the most part in the pursuit of pleasure; a very few, however, in the acquisition and diffusion of knowledge." This statement is a good exposition of the law which rules in the affairs of this country; it contains the

danger and the safety, the bane and the antidote, of our social destiny. In a nation in which "the government is made for the people, and not the people for the government," whose fundamental requisite is "the greatest good of the greatest number," education, elementary and practical, such as common schools can furnish, must be made accessible to all who can be withdrawn, either from labor or idleness, for a sufficient time to realize its advantage. Afterwards those whom favor of fortune or strength of will has qualified to approach higher paths of intellectual culture should be encouraged, assisted and excited to enter and occupy either one or many of the more difficult fields of literature and science, preferring those that best harmonize with the adopted path which is to be the occupation of life. And as to the residuary class, not numerous in any country, to whom is left the option of pursuing pleasure or knowledge, it is fortunate when there is judgment enough to perceive that these two objects can be identified in one pursuit. Knowledge is never so successfully cultivated as when it becomes a pleasure, and no pleasure is more permanent than the successful pursuit of knowledge, combined, as it should be, with moral progress. Natural gifts and variations of aptitude qualify men to tread with advantage the special paths of art and science; and such gifts are most frequently born in and with them, and cannot be imparted from without. A musical ear, an artistic eye and a poetic sense are not to be created in any man. We might as well expect to endow him with the sagacity of the hound, the quick ear of the hare, or the lightning sense of danger which preserves and insures the perilous life of the summer insect.

The man of robust though ungainly frame, may make a first-rate labourer; the slender, shy and delicate youth may shine in the walks of literature; the man of strong voice and prompt and comprehensive intellect may take precedence as an orator. But transpose these conditions, and we have a result of mistakes and failures. What God hath put asunder, man cannot well join together.

I have dwelt on the importance of a special and well selected path of study as leading to success in education, and not less in subsequent life. Nevertheless, the necessity of absolute confinement to this path is to be accepted with great modifications. A

youth with vigorous and varied powers will not easily restrict himself to a beaten track, but as his mind grows he will become discursive in his aspirations. He will carry along with him, not only the adopted or select pursuits which has enabled him to serve, to impress or to excel others, but he will also be prompted, both before and after he has grown up, to entertain himself and to extend his relations with those who surround him, by devoting his surplus time, which his very success has given him, to the enlargement of his sphere of occupation. Every professional man, however efficient and prosperous he may be in the discharge of his daily routine, must have, if he would not rust, some collateral pursuits, some by-play of life, in which he may recreate himself and keep up a wholesome freshness by intercourse with congenial minds, and at times with the ideal world. Our country has been called in reproach the arena of a cultivated mediocrity. Happy would it be if all mankind could be brought up even to that level. A cultivated mediocrity is the boundless soil from out of which must spring at times the vigorous and favored shoots of genius, sparse and exceptional though they may be, yet sufficient to supply the just needs of mankind,—various and eccentric in their character, yet conspiring to dignify and ennoble our race. Men cannot all be geniuses, yet there are many in whom exist the germs of art, poetry and eloquence, the love of beauty, the sense of the ideal, and the perception of the unseen. These are the men who, when discovered and brought out, delight, attract, and impress the world; who are generally appreciated, though not often followed; whose presence and inspiration are necessary to the enjoyment and the upward progress of the human race. They spread the sails in the adventurous and perilous voyage of life, while others hold the helm and labor at the ropes.

Our country, with its vast territory, its inviting regions, its various population, its untrammelled freedom, looks forward now to a future which hitherto it has hardly dared to anticipate. Let us hopefully await the period when the world shall do homage to our national refinement, as it now does to our national strength: when the column shall have received its Corinthian capital; and when the proportions of the native oak shall be decorated, but not concealed, by the cultivated luxuriance of vines and flowers.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ONCE MORE BACK TO BELTON.

WHEN the carriage was driven away, Sir Anthony and Captain Aylmer were left standing alone at the hall door of the house. The servants had slunk off, and the father and son, looking at each other, felt that they also must slink away, or else have some words together on the subject of their guest's departure. The younger gentleman would have preferred that there should be no words, but Sir Anthony was curious to know something of what had passed in the house during the last few days. "I'm afraid things are not going quite comfortable," he said.

"It seems to me, sir," said his son, "that things very seldom do go quite comfortable."

"But, Fred, — what is it all about? Your mother says that Miss Amedroz is behaving very badly."

"And Miss Amedroz says that my mother is behaving very badly."

"Of course; that's only natural. And what do you say?"

"I say nothing, sir. The less said the soonest mended."

"That's all very well; but it seems to me that you, in your position, must say something. The long and the short of it is this. Is she to be your wife?"

"Upon my word, sir, I don't know."

They were still standing out under the portico, and as Sir Anthony did not for a minute or two ask any further questions, Captain Aylmer turned as though he were going into the house. But his father had still a word or two to say. "Stop a moment, Fred. I don't often trouble you with advice."

"I am sure I'm always glad to hear it when you offer any."

"I know very well that in most things your opinion is better than mine. You've had advantages which I never had. But I've had more experience than you, my dear boy. It stands to reason that in some things I must have had more experience than you." There was a tone of melancholy in the father's voice as he said this which quite touched his son, and which brought the two closer together out in the porch. "Take my word for it," continued Sir Anthony, "that you are much better off as you are than you could be with a wife."

"Do you mean to say that no man should marry?"

"No; I don't mean to say that. An eldest son ought to marry, so that the property may have an heir. And poor men should marry, I suppose, as they want wives to do for them. And sometimes, no doubt, a man must marry, — when he has got to be very fond of a girl, and has compromised himself, and all that kind of thing. I would never advise any man to sully his honour." As Sir Anthony said this he raised himself a little with his two sticks and spoke out in a bolder voice. The voice, however, sank again as he descended from the realms of honour to those of prudence. "But none of these cases are yours, Fred. To be sure you'll have the Perivale property; but that is not a family estate, and you'll be much better off by turning it into money. And in the way of comfort, you can be a great deal more comfortable without a wife than you can with one. What do you want a wife for? And then, as to Miss Amedroz, — for myself I must say that I like her uncommonly. She has been very pleasant in her ways with me. But, — somehow or another I don't think you are so much in love with her but what you can do without her." Hereupon he pushed and looked his son full in the face. Fred had also been thinking of the matter in his own way, and asking himself the same question, — whether he was in truth so much in love with Clara that he could not live without her. "Of course I don't know," continued Sir Anthony, "what has taken place just now between you and her, or what between her and your mother; but I suppose the whole thing might fall through without any further trouble to you, — or without anything unhandsome on your part?" But Captain Aylmer still said nothing. The whole thing might, no doubt, fall through, but he wished to be neither unjust nor ungenerous, — and he specially wished to avoid anything unhandsome. After a further pause of a few minutes, Sir Anthony went on again, pouring forth the words of experience. "Of course marriage is all very well. I married rather early in life, and have always found your mother to be a most excellent woman. A better woman doesn't breathe. I'm as sure of that as I am of anything. But God bless me, — of course you can see. I can't call anything my own. I'm tied down here and I can't move. I've never got a shilling to spend, while all these lazy hounds about the place are eating me up. There isn't a clerk with a hundred a year in London that isn't better off than I am as regards ready money. And what comfort have I in a big house, and no end of gardens, and a

place like this? What pleasures do I get out of it? That comes of marrying and keeping up one's name in the county respectably! What do I care for the county? D—the county! I often wish that I'd been a younger son, — as you are."

Captain Aylmer had no answer to make to all this. It was, no doubt, the fact that age and good living had made Sir Anthony altogether incapable of enjoying the kind of life which he desiderated, and that he would probably have eaten and drunk himself into his grave long since had that kind of life been within his reach. This, however, the son could not explain to the father. But in fitting, as he endeavoured to do, his father's words to his own case, Captain Aylmer did perceive that a bachelor's life might perhaps be the most suitable to his own peculiar case. Only he would do nothing unhandsome. As to that he was quite resolved. Of course Clara must show herself to be in some degree amenable to reason and to the ordinary rules of the world; but he was aware that his mother was hot-tempered, and he generously made up his mind that he would give Miss Amédée even yet another chance.

At the hotel in London Clara found a short note from Mrs. Askerton, in which she was warmly assured that everything should be done to make her comfortable at the cottage as long as she should please to stay there. But the very warmth of affection thus expressed made her almost shrink from what she was about to do. Mrs. Askerton was no doubt anxious for her coming; but would her cousin Will Belton approve of the visit; and what would her cousin Mary say about it? If she was being driven into this step against her own approval, by the insolence of Lady Aylmer,—if she was doing this thing simply because Lady Aylmer had desired her not to do it, and was doing it in opposition to the wishes of the man she had promised to marry as well as in her own judgment, there could not but be cause for shrinking. And yet she believed that she was right. If she could only have had some one to tell her,—some one to whom she could trust implicitly to direct her! She had hitherto been very much prone to rebel against authority. Against her aunt she had rebelled, and against her father, and against her lover. But now she wished with all her heart that there might be some one to whom she could submit with perfect faith. If she could only know what her cousin Will would think. In him she thought she could have trusted with that

perfect faith;—if only he would have been a brother to her.

But it was too late now for doubting, and on the next day she found herself getting out of the old Redicote fly, at Colonel Askerton's door. He came out to meet her, and his greeting was very friendly. Hitherto there had been no great intimacy between him and her, owing rather to the manner of life adopted by him than to any cause of mutual dislike between them. Mrs. Askerton had shown herself desirous of some social intercourse since she had been at Belton, but with Colonel Askerton there had been nothing of this. He had come there intending to live alone, and had been satisfied to carry out his purpose. But now Clara had come to his house as a guest, and he assumed towards her altogether a new manner. "We are so glad to have you," he said, taking both her hands. Then she passed on into the cottage, and in a minute was in her friend's arms.

"Dear Clara;—dearest Clara, I am so glad to have you here."

"It is very good of you."

"No, dear; the goodness is with you to come. But we won't quarrel about that. We will both be ever so good. And he is so happy that you should be here. You'll get to know him now. But come up stairs. There's a fire in your room, and I'll be your maid for the occasion,—because then we can talk." Clara did as she was bid and went up stairs; and as she sat over the fire while her friend knelt beside her,—for Mrs. Askerton was given to such kneeling,—she could not but tell herself that Belton Cottage was much more comfortable than Aylmer Park. During the whole time of her sojourn at Aylmer Park no word of real friendship had once greeted her ears. Everything there had been cold and formal, till coldness and formality had given way to violent insolence.

"And so you have quarrelled with her ladyship," said Mrs. Askerton. "I knew you would."

"I have not said anything about quarrelling with her."

"But of course you have. Come, now; don't make yourself disagreeable. You have had a downright battle;—have you not?"

"Something very like it, I'm afraid."

"I am so glad," said Mrs. Askerton, rubbing her hands.

"That is ill-natured."

"Very well. Let it be ill-natured. One isn't to be good-natured all round, or what

would be the use of it. And what sort of woman is she?"

"Oh dear; I couldn't describe her. She is very large, and wears a great wig, and manages everything herself, and I've no doubt she's a very good woman in her own way."

"I can see her at once;—and a very pillar of virtue as regards morality and going to church. Poor me! Does she know that you have come here?"

"I've no doubt she does. I did not tell her, nor would I tell her daughter; but I told Captain Aylmer."

"That was right. That was very right. I'm so glad of that. But who would doubt that you would show a proper spirit. And what did he say?"

"Not much, indeed."

"I won't trouble you about him. I don't in the least doubt but all that will come right. And what sort of man is Sir Anthony?"

"A common-place sort of a man; very gouty, and with none of his wife's strength. I liked him the best of them all."

"Because you saw the least of him, I suppose."

"He was kind in his manner to me."

"And they were like she-dragons. I understand it all, and can see them just as though I had been there. I felt that I knew what would come of it when you first told me that you were going to Aylmer Park. I did, indeed. I could have prophesied it all."

"It would have done no good;—and your going there has done good. It has opened your eyes to more than one thing, I don't doubt. But tell me,—have you told them in Norfolk that you were coming here?"

"No;—I have not written to my cousin."

"Don't be angry with me if I tell you something. I have."

"Have what?"

"I have told Mr. Belton that you were coming here. It was in this way. I had to write to him about our continuing in the cottage. Colonel Askerton always makes me write if it's possible, and of course we were obliged to settle something as to the place."

"I'm sorry you said anything about me."

"How could I help it? What would you have thought of me, or what would he have thought, if, when writing to him, I had not mentioned such a thing as your visit? Besides, it's much better that he should know."

"I am sorry that you said anything about it."

"You are ashamed that he should know that you are here," said Mrs. Askerton, in a tone of reproach.

"Ashamed! No; I am not ashamed. But I would sooner that he had not been told,—as yet. Of course he would have been told before long."

"But you are not angry with me?"

"Angry! How can I be angry with any one who is so kind to me?"

That evening passed by very pleasantly, and when she went again to her own room, Clara was almost surprised to find how completely she was at home. On the next day she and Mrs. Askerton together went up to the house, and roamed through all the rooms, and Clara seated herself in all the accustomed chairs. On the sofa, just in the spot to which Belton had thrown it, she found the key of the cellar. She took it up in her hand, thinking that she would give it to the servant; but again she put it back upon the sofa. It was his key, and he had left it there, and if ever there came an occasion she would remind him where he had put it. Then they went out to the cow, who was at her ease in a little home paddock. "Dear Bessey," said Clara. "See how well she knows me." But I think the tame little beast would have known any one else as well who had gone up to her as Clara did, with food in her hand. "She is quite as sacred as any cow that ever was worshipped among the cow-worshippers," said Mrs. Askerton. "I suppose they milk her and sell the butter, but otherwise she is not regarded as an ordinary cow at all." "Poor Bessey," said Clara. "I wish she had never come here. What is to be done with her?" "Done with her! She'll stay here till she dies a natural death, and then a romantic pair of mourners will follow her to her grave, mixing their sympathetic tears comfortably as they talk of the old days; and in future years, Bessey will grow to be a divinity of the past, never to be mentioned without tenderest reminiscences. I have not the slightest difficulty in prophesying as to Bessey's future life and posthumous honours." They roamed about the place the whole morning, through the garden and round the farm buildings, and in and out of the house; and at every turn something was said about Will Belton. But Clara would not go up to the rocks, although Mrs. Askerton more than once attempted to turn in that direction. He had said that he never would go there again

except under certain circumstances. She knew that those circumstances would never come to pass; but yet neither would she go there. She would never go there till her cousin was married. Then, if in those days she should ever be present at Belton Castle, she would creep up to the spot all alone, and allow herself to think of the old days.

On the following morning there came to her a letter bearing the Downham postmark, — but at the first glance she knew that it was not from her cousin Will. Will wrote with a bold round hand, that was extremely plain and caligraphic when he allowed himself time for the work in hand, as he did with the commencement of his epistles, but which would become confused and altogether anti-caligraphic when he fell into a hurry towards the end of his performance, — as was his wont. But the address of this letter was written in a pretty, small, female hand, — very careful in the perfection of every letter, and very neat in every stroke. It was from Miss Belton, between whom and Clara there had never hitherto been occasion for correspondence. The letter was as follows: —

“Plaistow Hall, April, 186—.

“MY DEAR COUSIN CLARA,

“William has heard from your friends at Belton, who are tenants on the estate, and as to whom there seems to be some question whether they are to remain. He has written, saying, I believe, that there need be no difficulty if they wish to stay there. But we learn, also, from Mrs. Askerton's letter, that you are expected at the cottage, and therefore I will address this to Belton, supposing that it may find you there.

“You and I have never yet known each other; — which has been a grief to me; but this grief, I hope, may be cured some day before long. I myself, as you know, am such a poor creature that I cannot go about the world to see my friends as other people do; — at least, not very well; and therefore I write to you with the object of asking you to come and see me here. This is an interesting old house in its way; and though I must not conceal from you that life here is very, very quiet, I would do my best to make the days pass pleasantly with you. I had heard that you were gone to Aylmer Park. Indeed, William told me of his taking you up to London. Now it seems you have left Yorkshire, and I suppose you will not return there very soon. If it be

so, will it not be well that you should come to me for a short time?

“Both William and I feel that just for the present, — for a little time, — you would perhaps prefer to be alone with me. He must go to London for a while, and then on to Belton, to settle your affairs and his. He intends to be absent for six weeks. If you would not be afraid of the dulness of this house for so long a time, pray come to us. The pleasure to me would be very great, and I hope that you have some of that feeling, which with me is so strong, that we ought not to be any longer personally strangers to each other. You could then make up your mind as to what you would choose to do afterwards. I think that by the end of that time, — that is, when William returns, — my uncle and aunt from Sleaford will be with us. He is a clergyman, you know; and if you then like to remain, they will be delighted to make your acquaintance.

“It seems to be a long journey for a young lady to make alone, from Belton to Plaistow; but travelling is so easy nowadays, and young ladies seem to be so independent that you may be able to manage it. Hoping to see you soon, I remain

“Your affectionate Cousin,

“MARY BELTON.”

This letter she received before breakfast, and was therefore able to read it in solitude, and to keep its receipt from the knowledge of Mrs. Askerton, if she should be so minded. She understood at once all that it intended to convey, — a hint that Plaistow Hall would be a better resting-place for her than Mrs. Askerton's cottage; and an assurance that if she would go to Plaistow Hall for her convenience, no advantage should be taken of her presence there by the owner of the house for his convenience. As she sat thinking of the offer which had been made to her she fancied that she could see and hear her cousin Will as he discussed the matter with his sister, and with a half assumption of surliness declared his own intention of going away. Captain Aylmer after that interview in London had spoken of Belton's conduct as being unpardonable; but Clara had not only pardoned him, but had, in her own mind, pronounced his virtues to be so much greater than his vices as to make him almost perfect. “But I will not drive him out of his own house,” she said. “What does it matter where I go?”

“Colonel Askerton has had a letter from your cousin,” said Mrs. Askerton as soon as the two ladies were alone together.

"And what does he say?"

"Not a word about you."

"So much the better. I have given him trouble enough, and am glad to think that he should be free of me for a while. Is Colonel Askerton to stay at the cottage?"

"Now, Clara, you are a hypocrite. You know that you are a hypocrite."

"Very likely,—but I don't know why you should accuse me just now."

"Yes, you do. Have not you heard from Norfolk also?"

"Yes;—I have."

"I was sure of it. I knew he would never have written in that way, in answer to my letter, ignoring your visit here altogether, unless he had written to you also."

"But he has not written to me. My letter is from his sister. There it is." Whereupon she handed the letter to Mrs. Askerton, and waited patiently while it was being read. Her friend returned it to her without a word, and Clara was the first to speak again. "It is a nice letter, is it not? I never saw her you know."

"So she says."

"But is it not a kind letter?"

"I suppose it is meant for kindness. It is not very complimentary to me. It presumes that such a one as I may be treated without the slightest consideration. And so I may. It is only fit that I should be so treated. If you ask my advice, I advise you to go at once; at once."

"But I have not asked your advice, dear; nor do I intend to ask it."

"You would not have shown it me if you had not intended to go."

"How unreasonable you are! You told me just now that I was a hypocrite, for not telling you of my letter, and now you are angry with me because I have shown it you."

"I am not angry. I think you have been quite right to show it me. I don't know how else you could have acted upon it."

"But I do not mean to act upon it. I shall not go to Plaistow. There are two reasons against it, each sufficient. I shall not leave you quite yet,—unless you send me away; and I shall not cause my cousin to be turned out of his own house."

"Why should he be turned out? Why should you not go to him? You love him;—and as for him, he is more in love than any man I ever knew. Go to Plaistow Hall, and everything will run smooth."

"No, dear; I shall not do that."

"Then you are foolish. I am bound to tell you so, as I have inveigled you here."

"I thought I had invited myself."

"No; I asked you to come, and when I asked you I knew that I was wrong. Though I meant to be kind, I knew that I was unkind. I saw that my husband disapproved it, though he had not the heart to tell me so. I wish he had. I wish he had."

"Mrs. Askerton, I cannot tell you how much you wrong yourself, and how you wrong me also. I am more than contented to be here."

"But you should not be contented to be here. It is just that. In learning to love me,—or rather, perhaps, to pity me, you lower yourself. Do you think that I do not see it all, and know it all? Of course it is bad to be alone, but I have no right not to be alone." There was nothing for Clara to do but to draw herself once again close to the poor woman, and to embrace her with protestations of fair, honest, equal regard and friendship. "Do you think I do not understand that letter?" continued Mrs. Askerton. "If it had come from Lady Aylmer I could have laughed at it, because I believe Lady Aylmer to be an overbearing virago, whom it is good to put down in every way possible. But this comes from a pure-minded woman, one whom I believe to be little given to harsh judgments on her fellow-sinners; and she tells you in her calm wise way that it is bad for you to be here with me."

"She says nothing of the kind."

"But does she not mean it? Tell me honestly;—do you not know that she means it?"

"I am not to be guided by what she means."

"But you are to be guided by what her brother means. It is to come to that, and you may as well bend your neck at once. It is to come to that, and the sooner the better for you. It is easy to see that you are badly off for guidance when you take up me as your friend." When she had so spoken Mrs. Askerton got up and went to the door. "No, Clara, do not come with me; not now," she said, turning to her companion, who had risen as though to follow her. "I will come to you soon, but I would rather be alone now. And, look here, dear; you must answer your cousin's letter. Do so at once, and say that you will go to Plaistow. In any event it will be better for you."

Clara, when she was alone, did answer her cousin's letter, but she did not accept the invitation that had been given her. She assured Miss Belton that she was most

anxious to know her, and hoped that she might do so before long either at Plaistow or at Belton; but that at present she was under an engagement to stay with her friend Mrs. Askerton. In an hour or two Mrs. Askerton returned, and Clara handed to her the note to read. "Then all I can say is you are very silly, and don't know on which side your bread is buttered." It was evident from Mrs. Askerton's voice that she had recovered her mood and tone of mind. "I don't suppose it will much signify, as it will all come right at last," she said afterwards. And then, after luncheon, when she had been for a few minutes with her husband in his own room, she told Clara that the Colonel wanted to speak to her. "You'll find him as grave as a judge, for he has got something to say to you in earnest. Nobody can be so stern as he is when he chooses to put on his wig and gown." So Clara went into the Colonel's study, and seated herself in a chair which he had prepared for her.

She remained there for over an hour, and during the hour the conversation became very animated. Colonel Askerton's assumed gravity had given way to ordinary eagerness, during which he had walked about the room in the vehemence of his argument; and Clara, in answering him, had also put forth all her strength. She had expected that he also was going to speak to her on the propriety of her going to Norfolk; but he made no allusion to that subject, although all that he did say was founded on Will Belton's letter to himself. Belton, in speaking of the cottage, had told Colonel Askerton that Miss Amedroz would be his future landlord, and had then gone on to explain that it was his, Belton's, intention to destroy the entail, and allow the property to descend from the father to the daughter. "As Miss Amedroz is with you now," he said, "may I beg you to take the trouble to explain the matter to her at length, and to make her understand that the estate is now, at this moment in fact, her own. Her possession of it does not depend on any act of hers, — or, indeed, upon her own will or wish in the matter." On this subject Colonel Askerton had argued, using all his skill to make Clara in truth perceive that she was her father's heiress, — through the generosity undoubtedly of her cousin, — and that she had no alternative but to assume the possession which was thus thrust upon her.

And so eloquent was the Colonel that Clara was staggered, though she was not convinced. "It is quite impossible," she

said. "Though he may be able to make it over to me, I can give it back again."

"I think not. In such a matter as this a lady in your position can only be guided by her natural advisers, — her father's lawyer and other family friends."

"I don't know why a young lady should be in any way different from an old gentleman."

"But an old gentleman would not hesitate under such circumstances. The entail in itself was a cruelty, and the operation of it on your poor brother's death was additionally cruel."

"It is cruel that any one should be poor," argued Clara; "but that does not take away the right of a rich man to his property."

There was much more of this sort said between them, till Clara was at any rate convinced that Colonel Askerton believed that she ought to be the owner of the property. And then at last he ventured upon another argument which soon drove Clara out of the room. "There is, I believe, one way in which it can all be made right," said he.

"What way?" said Clara, forgetting in her eagerness the obviousness of the mode which her companion was about to point out.

"Of course, I know nothing of this myself," he said smiling; "but Mary thinks that you and your cousin might arrange it between you if you were together."

"You must not listen to what she says about that, Colonel Askerton."

"Must I not? Well; I will not listen to more than I can help; but Mary, as you know, is a persistent talker. I, at any rate, have done my commission." Then Clara left him, and was alone for what remained of the afternoon.

It could not be, she said to herself, that the property ought to be hers. It would make her miserable, were she once to feel that she had accepted it. Some small allowance out of it, coming to her from the brotherly love of her cousin, — some moderate stipend sufficient for her livelihood, she thought she could accept from him. It seemed to her that it was her destiny to be dependent on charity, — to eat bread given to her from the benevolence of a friend; and she thought that she could endure his benevolence better than that of any other. Benevolence from Aylmer Park or from Perivale would be altogether unendurable.

But why should it not be as Colonel Askerton had proposed? That this cousin of hers loved her with all his heart, — with

a constancy for which she had at first given him no credit, she was well aware. And as regarded herself, she loved him better than all the world beside. She had at last become conscious that she could not now marry Captain Aylmer without sin, — without false vows, and fatal injury to herself and him. To the prospect of that marriage, as her future fate, an end must be put at any rate, — an end, if that which had already taken place was not to be regarded as end enough. But yet she had been engaged to Captain Aylmer, — was engaged to him even now. When last her cousin had mentioned to her Captain Aylmer's name she had declared that she loved him still. How then could she turn round now, and so soon accept the love of another man? How could she bring herself to let her cousin assume to himself the place of a lover, when it was but the other day that she had rebuked him for expressing the faintest hope in that direction?

But yet, — yet! — As for going to Plaitow, that was quite out of question.

"So you are to be the heiress, after all," said Mrs. Askerton to her that night in her bed-room.

"No; I am not to be the heiress, after all," said Clara, rising against her friend impetuously.

"You'll have to be lady of Belton in one way or the other at any rate," said Mrs. Askerton.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MISS AMEDROZ IS PURSUED.

"I SUPPOSE now, my dear, it may be considered that everything is settled about that young lady," said Lady Aylmer to her son, on the same day that Miss Amedroz left Aylmer Park.

"Nothing is settled, ma'am," said the Captain.

"You don't mean to tell me that after what has passed you intend to follow her up any further?"

"I shall certainly endeavor to see her again."

"Then, Frederic, I must tell you that you are very wrong indeed; — almost worse than wrong. I would say wicked, only I feel sure that you will think better of it. You cannot mean to tell me that you would — marry her after what has taken place?"

"The question is whether she would marry me."

"That is nonsense, Frederic. I wonder that you, who are generally so clear-sighted,

cannot see more plainly than that. She is a scheming, artful young woman, who is playing a regular game to catch a husband."

"If that were so, she would have been more humble to you, ma'am."

"Not a bit, Fred. That's just it. That has been her cleverness. She tried that on at first, and found that she could not get round me. Don't allow yourself to be deceived by that, I pray. And then there is no knowing how she may be bound up with those horrid people, so that she cannot throw them over even if she would."

"I don't think you understand her, ma'am."

"Oh; — very well. But I understand this, and you had better understand it too; — that she will never again enter a house of which I am the mistress; nor can I ever enter a house in which she is received. If you choose to make her your wife after that, I have done." Lady Aylmer had not done, or nearly done; but we need hear no more of her threats or entreaties. Her son left Aylmer Park immediately after Easter Sunday, and as he went, the mother, nodding her head, declared to her daughter that that marriage would never come off, let Clara Amedroz be ever so sly, or ever so clever.

"Think of what I have said to you, Fred," said Sir Anthony, as he took his leave of his son.

"Yes, sir, I will."

"You can't be better off than you are; — you can't, indeed." With these words in his ears Captain Aylmer started for London, intending to follow Clara down to Belton. He hardly knew his own mind on this matter of his purposed marriage. He was almost inclined to agree with his father that he was very well off as he was. He was almost inclined to agree with his mother in her condemnation of Clara's conduct. He was almost inclined to think that he had done enough towards keeping the promise made to his aunt on her deathbed, — but still he was not quite contented with himself. He desired to be honest and true, as far as his ideas went of honesty and truth, and his conscience told him that Clara had been treated with cruelty by his mother. I am inclined to think that Lady Aylmer, in spite of her high experience and character for wisdom, had not fought her battle altogether well. No man likes to be talked out of his marriage by his mother, and especially not so when the talking takes the place of threats. When she told him that under no circumstances would she

again know Clara Amedroz, he was driven by his spirit of manhood to declare to himself that that menace from her should not have the slightest influence on him. The word or two which his father said was more effective. After all it might be better for him in his peculiar position to have no wife at all. He did begin to believe that he had no need for a wife. He had never before thought so much of his father's example as he did now. Clara was manifestly a hot-tempered woman, — a very hot-tempered woman indeed! Now his mother was also a hot-tempered woman, and he could see the result in the present condition of his father's life. He resolved that he would follow Clara to Belton, so that some final settlement might be made between them; but in coming to this resolution he acknowledged to himself that should she decide against him he would not break his heart. She, however, should have her chance. Undoubtedly it was only right that she should have her chance.

But the difficulty of the circumstances in which he was placed was so great, that it was almost impossible for him to make up his mind fixedly to any purpose in reference to Clara. As he passed through London on his way to Belton he called at Mr. Green's chambers with reference to that sum of fifteen hundred pounds, which it was now absolutely necessary that he should make over to Miss Amedroz, and from Mr. Green he learned that William Belton had given positive instructions as to the destination of the Belton Estate. He would not inherit it, or have anything to do with it under the entail, — from the effects of which he desired to be made entirely free. Mr. Green, who knew that Captain Aylmer was engaged to marry his client, and who knew nothing of any interruption to that agreement, felt no hesitation in explaining all this to Captain Aylmer. "I suppose you had heard of it before," said Mr. Green. Captain Aylmer certainly had heard of it, and had been very much struck by the idea; but up to this moment he had not quite believed in it. Coming simply from William Belton to Clara Amedroz, such an offer might be no more than a strong argument used in love-making. "Take back the property, but take me with it, of course." That Captain Aylmer thought might have been the correct translation of Mr. William Belton's romance. But he was forced to look at the matter differently when he found that it had been put into a lawyer's hands. "Yes," said he, "I have heard of it. Mr. Belton mentioned it to

me himself." This was not strictly true. Clara had mentioned it to him; but Belton had come into the room immediately afterwards, and Captain Aylmer might probably have been mistaken.

"He's quite in earnest," said Mr. Green.

"Of course, I can say nothing, Mr. Green, as I am myself so nearly interested in the matter. It is a great question, no doubt, how far such an entail as that should be allowed to operate."

"I think it should stand as a matter of course. I think Belton is wrong," said Mr. Green.

"Of course I can give no opinion," said the other.

"I'll tell you what you can do, Captain Aylmer. You can suggest to Miss Amedroz that there should be a compromise. Let them divide it. They are both clients of mine, and in that way I shall do my duty to each. Let them divide it. Belton has money enough to buy up the other moiety, and in that way would still be Belton of Belton."

Captain Aylmer had not the slightest objection to such a plan. Indeed, he regarded it as in all respects a wise and salutary arrangement. The moiety of the Belton Estate might probably be worth twenty-five thousand pounds, and the addition of such a sum as that to his existing means would make all the difference in the world as to the expedience of his marriage. His father's arguments would all fall to the ground if twenty-five thousand pounds were to be obtained in this way; and he had but little doubt that such a change in affairs would go far to mitigate his mother's wrath. But he was by no means mercenary in his views; — so, at least, he assured himself. Clara should have her chance with or without the Belton Estate, — or with or without the half of it. He was by no means mercenary. Had he not made his offer to her, — and repeated it almost with obstinacy, when she had no prospect of any fortune? He could always remember that of himself at least; and remembering that now, he could take a delight in these bright money prospects without having to accuse himself in any degree of mercenary motives. This fortune was a godsend which he could take with clean hands; — if only he should ultimately be able to take the lady who possessed the fortune!

From London he wrote to Clara, telling her that he proposed to visit her at Belton. His letter was written before he had seen Mr. Green, and was not very fervent in its expressions; but, nevertheless, it was a fair

letter, written with the intention of giving her a fair chance. He had seen with great sorrow, — "with heartfelt grief," that quarrel between his mother and his own Clara. Thinking, as he felt himself obliged to think about Mrs. Askerton, he could not but feel that his mother had cause for her anger. But he himself was unprejudiced, and was ready, and anxious also, — the word anxious was underscored, — to carry out his engagement. A few words between them might probably set everything right, and therefore he proposed to meet her at the Belton Castle house, at such an hour, on such a day. He should run down to Perivale on his journey, and perhaps Clara would let him have a line addressed to him there. Such was his letter.

"What do you think of that?" said Clara, showing it to Mrs. Askerton on the afternoon of the day on which she had received it.

"What do you think of it?" said Mrs. Askerton. "I can only hope that he will not come within the reach of my hands."

"You are not angry with me for showing it to you?"

"No; — why should I be, angry with you? Of course I knew it all without any showing. Do not tell Colonel Askerton, or they will be killing each other."

"Of course I shall not tell Colonel Askerton; but I could not help showing this to you."

"And you will meet him."

"Yes; I shall meet him. What else can I do?"

"Unless, indeed, you were to write and tell him that it would do no good."

"It will be better that he should come."

"If you allow him to talk you over, you will be a wretched woman all your life."

"It will be better that he should come," said Clara again. And then she wrote to Captain Aylmer at Perivale, telling him that she would be at the house at the hour he had named, on the day he had named.

When that day came she walked across the park a little before the time fixed, not wishing to meet Captain Aylmer before she had reached the house. It was now nearly the middle of April, and the weather was soft and pleasant. It was almost summer again, and as she felt this, she thought of all the events which had occurred since the last summer, — of their agony of grief at the catastrophe which had closed her brother's life, of her aunt's death first, and then of her father's following so close upon the other, and of the two offers of marriage made to her, — as to which she was now

aware that she had accepted the wrong man and rejected the wrong man. She was steadily minded, now, at this moment, that before she parted from Captain Aylmer, her engagement with him should be brought to a close. Now, at this coming interview, so much at any rate should be done. She had tried to make herself believe that she felt for him that sort of affection which a woman should have for the man she is to marry; but she had failed. She hardly knew whether she had in truth ever loved him; but she was quite sure that she did not love him now. No; — she had done with Aylmer Park, and she could feel thankful, amidst all her troubles, that that difficulty should vex her no more. In showing Captain Aylmer's letter to Mrs. Askerton she had made no such promise as this, but her mind had been quite made up. "He certainly shall not talk me over," she said to herself as she walked across the park.

But she could not see her way so clearly out of that further difficulty with regard to her cousin. It might be that she would be able to rid herself of the one lover with comparative ease; but she could not bring herself to entertain the idea of accepting the other. It was true that this man longed for her, — desired to call her his own, with a wearing, anxious, painful desire which made his heart grievously heavy, — heavy as though with lead hanging to its strings; and it was true that Clara knew that it was so. It was true also that his spirit had mastered her spirit, and that his persistence had conquered her resistance, — the resistance, that is, of her feelings. But there remained with her a feminine shame, which made it seem to her to be impossible that she should now reject Captain Aylmer, and, as a consequence of that rejection, accept Will Belton's hand. As she thought of this, she could not see her way out of her trouble in that direction with any of that clearness which belonged to her in reference to Captain Aylmer.

She had been an hour in the house before he came, and never did an hour go so heavily with her. There was no employment for her about the place, and Mrs. Bunce, the old woman who now lived there, could not understand why her late mistress chose to remain seated among the unused furniture. Clara had of course told her that a gentleman was coming. "Not Mr. Will," said the woman. "No; it is not Mr. Will," said Clara; "his name is Captain Aylmer." "Oh, indeed." And then Mrs. Bunce looked at her with a mystified look. Why on earth should not the gentleman

call on Miss Amedroz at Mrs. Askerton's cottage? "I'll be sure to show 'un up, when a comes, at any rate," said the old woman solemnly; — and Clara felt that it was all very uncomfortable.

At last the gentleman did come, and was shown up with all the ceremony of which Mrs. Bunce was capable. "Here he be, mum." Then Mrs. Bunce paused a moment before she retreated, anxious to learn whether the new comer was a friend or a foe. She concluded from the Captain's manner that he was a very dear friend, and then she departed.

"I hope you are not surprised at my coming," said Captain Aylmer, still holding Clara by the hand.

"A little surprised," she said, smiling.

"But not annoyed?"

"No; — not annoyed."

"As soon as you had left Aylmer Park I felt that it was the right thing to do; — the only thing to do, — as I told my mother."

"I hope you have not come in opposition to her wishes," said Clara, unable to control a slight tone of banter as she spoke.

"In this matter I found myself compelled to act in accordance with my own judgment," said he, untouched by her sarcasm.

"Then I suppose that Lady Aylmer is, — is vexed with you for coming here. I shall be so sorry for that; — so very sorry, as no good can come of it."

"Well; — I am not so sure of that. My mother is a most excellent woman, one for whose opinions on all matters I have the highest possible value; — a value so high, that — that — that" —

"That you never ought to act in opposition to them. That is what you really mean, Captain Aylmer; and upon my word I think that you are right."

"No, Clara; that is not what I mean, — not exactly that. Indeed, just at present I mean the reverse of that. There are some things in which a man must act on his own judgment, irrespectively of the opinions of any one else."

"Not of a mother, Captain Aylmer."

"Yes; — of a mother. That is to say, a man must do so. With a lady of course it is different. I was very, very sorry that there should have been any unpleasantness at Aylmer Park."

"It was not pleasant to me, certainly."

"Nor to any of us, Clara."

"At any rate, it need not be repeated."

"I hope not."

"No; — it certainly need not be repeated. I know now that I was wrong to go to Aylmer Park. I felt sure beforehand that there

were many things as to which I could not possibly agree with Lady Aylmer, and I ought not to have gone."

"I don't see that at all, Clara."

"I do see it now."

"I can't understand you. What things? Why should you be determined to disagree with my mother? Surely you ought at any rate to endeavour to think as she thinks."

"I cannot do that, Captain Aylmer."

"I am sorry to hear you speak in this way. I have come here all the way from Yorkshire to try to put things straight between us; but you receive me as though you would remember nothing but that unpleasant quarrel."

"It was so unpleasant, — so very unpleasant! I had better speak out the truth at once. I think that Lady Aylmer ill-used me cruelly. I do. No one can talk me out of that conviction. Of course I am sorry to be driven to say as much to you, — and I should never have said it, had you not come here. But when you speak of me and your mother together, I must say what I feel. Your mother and I, Captain Aylmer, are so opposed to each other, not only in feelings, but in opinions also, that it is impossible that we should be friends; — impossible that we should not be enemies if we are brought together."

This she said with great energy, looking intently into his face as she spoke. He was seated near her, on a chair from which he was leaning over towards her, holding his hat in both hands between his legs. Now, as he listened to her, he drew his chair still nearer, ridding himself of his hat, which he left upon the carpet, and keeping his eyes upon hers as though he were fascinated.

"I am sorry to hear you speak like this," he said.

"It is best to say the truth."

"But, Clara, if you intend to be my wife" —

"Oh, no; — that is impossible now."

"What is impossible?"

"Impossible that I should become your wife. Indeed I have convinced myself that you do not wish it."

"But I do wish it."

"No; — no. If you will question your heart about it quietly, you will find that you do not wish it."

"You wrong me, Clara."

"At any rate it cannot be so."

"I will not take that answer from you," he said, getting up from his chair, and walking once up and down the room. Then he returned to it, and repeated his words. "I will not take that answer from you. An en-

agement such as ours cannot be put aside like an old glove. You do not mean to tell me that all that has been between us is to mean nothing." There was something now like feeling in his tone, something like passion in his gesture, and Clara, though she had no thought of changing her purpose, was becoming unhappy at the idea of his unhappiness.

"It has meant nothing," she said. "We have been like children together, playing at being in love. It is a game from which you will come out scatheless, but I have been scalded."

"Scalded!"

"Well; — never mind. I do not mean to complain, and certainly not of you."

"I have come here all the way from Yorkshire in order that things may be put right between us."

"You have been very good, — very good to come, and I will not say that I regret your trouble. It is best, I think, that we should meet each other once more face to face, so that we may understand each other. There was no understanding anything during those terrible days at Alymer Park." Then she paused, but as he did not speak at once she went on. "I do not blame you for anything that has taken place, but I am quite sure of this, — that you and I could never be happy together as man and wife."

"I do not know why you say so; I do not indeed."

"You would disapprove of everything that I should do. You do disapprove of what I am doing now."

"Disapprove of what?"

"I am staying with my friend, Mrs. Askerton."

He felt that this was hard upon him. As she had shown herself inclined to withdraw herself from him, he had become more resolute in his desire to follow her up, and to hold by his engagement. He was not employed now in giving her another chance, — as he had proposed to himself to do, — but was using what eloquence he had to obtain another chance for himself. Lady Aylmer had almost made him believe that Clara would be the suppliant, but now he was the suppliant himself. In his anxiety to keep her he was willing even to pass over her terrible iniquity in regard to Mrs. Askerton, — that great sin which had led to all these troubles. He had once written to her about Mrs. Askerton, using very strong language, and threatening her with his mother's full displeasure. At that time Mrs. Askerton had simply been her friend. There had been no question then of her taking refuge

under that woman's roof. Now she had repelled Lady Aylmer's counsels with scorn, was living as a guest in Mrs. Askerton's house; and yet he was willing to pass over the Askerton difficulty without a word. He was willing not only to condone past offences, but to wink at existing iniquity! But she, — she who was the sinner, would not permit of this. She herself dragged up Mrs. Askerton's name, and seemed to glory in her own shame.

"I had not intended," said he, "to speak of your friend."

"I only mention her to show how impossible it is that we would ever agree upon some subjects, — as to which a husband and wife should always be of one mind. I knew this from the moment in which I got your letter, — and only that I was a coward I should have said so then."

"And you mean to quarrel with me altogether."

"No; — why should we quarrel?"

"Why, indeed?" said he.

"But I wish it to be settled," — quite settled, as from the nature of things it must be, that there shall be no attempt at renewal of our engagement. After what has passed, how could I enter your mother's house?"

"But you need not enter it." Now in his emergency he was willing to give up anything, — everything. He had been prepared to talk her over into a reconciliation with his mother, to admit that there had been faults on both sides, to come down from his high pedestal and discuss the matter as though Clara and his mother stood upon the same footing. Having recognized the spirit of his lady-love, he had told himself that so much indignity as that must be endured. But now, he had been carried so far beyond this, that he was willing, in the sudden vehemence of his love, to throw his mother over altogether, and to accede to any terms which Clara might propose to him. "Of course, I would wish you to be friends," he said, using now all the tones of a suppliant; "but if you found that it could not be so" —

"Do you think that I would divide you from your mother?"

"There need be no question as to that."

"Ah; — there you are wrong. There must be such questions. I should have thought of it sooner."

"Clara, you are more to me than my mother. Ten times more." As he said this he came up and knelt down beside her. "You are everything to me. You will not throw me over." He was a suppliant indeed, and such supplications are very po-

tent with women. Men succeed often by the simple earnestness of their prayers. Women cannot refuse to give that which is asked for with so much of the vehemence of true desire. "Clara, you have promised to be my wife. You have twice promised; and can have no right to go back because you are displeased with what my mother may have said. I am not responsible for my mother. Clara, say that you will be my wife." As he spoke he strove to take her hand, and his voice sounded as though there were in truth something of passion in his heart.

SAND-MARTINS.

I PASSED an inland cliff precipitate :
From tiny caves peeped many a sooty poll ;
In each a mother martin sat elate,
And of the news delivered her small soul.

Fantastic chatter ! hasty, glad, and gay,
Whereof the meaning was not ill to tell : —
"Gossip, how wags the world with you to-day ?"
"Gossip, the world wags well, the world wags well."

And listening, I was sure their little ones
Were in the bird-talk, and discourse was made

Concerning hot sea-flights, and tropic suns,
For a clear sultriness the tune conveyed ; —

And visions of the sky as of a cup
Hailing down light on pagan Pharaoh's sand ;

And quivering air-waves trembling up and up,
And blank stone-faces marvellously bland ; —

When should the young be fledged, and with them hie
Where costly day drops down in crimson light ;

(Fortunate countries of the fire-fly,
Swarm with blue diamonds all the sultry night,

And the immortal moon takes turn with them) ; —

When should they pass again by that red land

Where lovely mirage works a broidered hem
To fringe with phantom palms a robe of sand ; —

When should they dip their breasts again and play

In slumberous azure pools clear as the air,
Where rosy-winged flamingoes fish all day,
Stalking amid the lotus-blossoms fair ; —

Then over podded tamarinds bear their flight,
While cassias feed the wind with spiceries ;
And so betake them to a south sea-bight,
To gossip in the crowns of cocoa-trees

Whose roots are in the spray. O haply there,
Some dawn — white-winged, they might chance to find

A frigate standing in to make more fair
The loneliness unaltered of mankind.

A frigate come to water. Nuts would fall,
And nimble feet would climb the flower-flushed strand,

And northern talk would ring, and therewithal
The martins would desire the cool north land,

And all would be as it had been before.

Again at eve there would be news to tell ;
Who passed should hear them chant it o'er and o'er,

"Gossip, how wags the world ?" "Well, Gossip, well !"

— *The Argosy.*

JEAN INGELow.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MRS. GASKELL.

THE deaths of our friends are like milestones on the road of life. So somebody has said before; and, I think, the metaphor is just enough, save that, as we get well forward on our life journey, the milestones succeed each other so rapidly that we lose our reckoning. The number of dead men we have known becomes so large that, at times, we grow confused as to who is living and who is dead. In the first blush of youth there is — pardon the apparent cynicism of the remark — a sort of not altogether unpleasant sensation in being able to speak of your dead friend. To have known one who had occupied some place in the world's notice confers upon us a kind of brevet of full manhood. I am speaking, be it understood, not of those lost loved ones — of whom all men, not cruelly cursed by fate, can say that as to their lives, they themselves were "*pars magna*," — but of those common acquaintances whom we know neither more nor less than scores of others. Of such friendships — if I may so call these acquaintanceships — persons with whom literature is a profession or pursuit have, I think, more than most people. Authors, artists, editors, reviewers, newspaper writers, are brought much together by the necessities of their position, and form, naturally enough, those kinds of relations which entitle them in common parlance to call one another friends. Thus it becomes one of the privileges or pains, as you choose to consider it, of a literary life, that you are not allowed to pass in quiet to the grave with no tribute save the tears of those who have known and loved you. Nemesis compels your associates to write of you on your death, as you would have written of them had they gone before. I remember once being present at the funeral of one whose lot had brought him into contact with those who live by writing. All of us, who were assembled on the sunny slopes of that pleasant Highgate burying-ground, were men connected in some way with literature. Many, perhaps most of us, were unknown by name to the public for whom we wrote; but still one and all were so far known behind the scenes, if not upon the stage, of literature, that we knew, if we died to-morrow, our deaths would be recorded in newspaper paragraphs. For some might be reserved the typographic glories of leaded print, of the black lines round the notice, of a place on the leader sheet; for others there might be only afforded the obscure paragraph in minion type, buried

in some odd corner of the newspaper; but still for each there would surely be somewhere or other an obituary notice. And, as we were turning away from the grave where our friend lay buried, one of the mourners said to me, "Do you know what we were all thinking of in our hearts? We are wondering, in case this funeral had been ours, what our friends would have written of us to-morrow." Such thoughts must be present surely to all who write. We can tell pretty well what our own record will be; we know it almost by heart, from the expression of deep regret at the beginning, to the very enumeration of our names at the close. But yet, though we may moralise on the hollowness of the custom, I suspect few of us would like to know that our friends would not follow our body to the grave, would not honour us with some passing record of our works and lives.

The world of English letters has just lost one of its foremost authors. Another of the writers I have known has passed away in the person of Mrs. Gaskell; and I think this magazine would scarcely be worthy of itself unless it contained some short notice of the authoress of "*Mary Barton*," from one to whom, however slightly, she was known as a living woman, not as a writer only. It is that which encourages me to say these few words in honour of her memory.

Of her private life it would not only be unbecomingly to speak, but I believe that its record, even if it could be fully told by those to whom it is known, would throw but little light on the literary aspect of her character. Thus much may be fairly said, that it differed from those of most women who write novels, in being more calm and less eventful. Neither necessity, nor the unsatisfied solitude of a single life, nor, as I fancy, an irresistible impulse, threw her into the paths of literature. She wrote, as the birds sing, because she liked to write; and ceased writing when the fancy left her. And the result of this was, that all her works have, in their own way, a degree of perfection and completeness rare in these days, when successful authoresses pour out volume after volume without pause or waiting. For some eighteen years she had held a position amongst the first class of English novelists; and yet, during the whole of that period, she only published five novels of the three-volume order. She was a mother with many children, a wife approaching middle age, when she first became an authoress. It was, as I have heard, to try and drown the memory of a dead child, an only

son, that Mrs. Gaskell first thought of writing; and "Mary Barton" was the solace of a mother's sorrow. It always seemed to me that her face bore the impress of suffering; that her smile, sweet as it was, was sad also; that death, according to the saying of a French writer, had passed by her, and touched her in passing. Throughout her works there breathed something of the same gentle sadness. Her view of life was a cheerful one enough. One of the chief charms of her writings is the enjoyment she shows throughout in all the pleasures of home and family; but still, in all her works, there is a certain subdued weariness, as though this world would be a very dreary one if we were not all to rest ere long.

I take it that the fact of her literary life having begun so late explains, to a great extent, both her strength and her weakness as a novelist. There is no sign of haste and immaturity about any of her novels. Her style was never slovenly; her word-painting was perfect of its kind; and her characters had none of the exaggeration so universal almost amidst women writers. Everybody who ever read "Cranford," knows the inhabitants of that little sleepy town as well as if he had been in the habit of paying visits there for years. We are on speaking terms with all the personages of "Wives and Daughters;" we can see the Gibsons, and Hamleys, and Brownings, as well as if we had called upon them yesterday. But, somehow, we never get further than an intimate acquaintance; we never quite learn to know them as we know the Père Goriot, or Colonel Newcombe, or Jane Eyre, or Adam Bede. I doubt if any man, no matter what his genius, could rise to the highest rank of painters, if he never handled a brush till he had reached middle age; and in the same way an authoress, the passion time of whose life had gone by before she began to write fiction, must always lack something of that dear-bought experience which, for good or evil, is to be acquired only in the spring-tide of our existence.

Seldom has any author obtained celebrity so rapidly as Mrs. Gaskell. Like Byron, she might almost say that she awoke one morning and found herself famous. Of all recent literary successes, "Mary Barton," with the exception perhaps of "Jane Eyre," was the most signal. During the period that its authorship remained a secret, there were few people, even amongst her own friends and neighbours, who suspected the quiet lady, whose home lay in Manchester, of having written a book of which the world was talking. With the celebrity that ensued

on the success of the work there came trouble also. "Mary Barton" gave natural, perhaps not unreasonable, offence to the mill-owners and cotton lords, who formed the leaders of the society in which her position caused Mrs. Gaskell to live; and she was of too sensitive a nature not to feel censure deeply. In truth, if I were advising an incipient authoress, and if I did not know that my advice was absolutely certain not to be taken, I should tell any lady who thought of writing novels, that she had far better not do so, for her own happiness' sake. I have known now a great number of authoresses, but I never yet have known one who could bear hostile criticism or ill-natured comment with equanimity. Somehow or other, the intense personality — if I may use the word — of female nature causes women to identify their private with their literary reputation to an extent unintelligible to men. To this general rule Mrs. Gaskell was, I imagine, no exception; and the censure which, justly or unjustly, was bestowed upon her "Life of Charlotte Brontë," gave her for a time a distaste for writing. Of all her works, this, viewed as a literary production, is, to my mind, the ablest. As a biography, it is almost unequalled. "Carr's Bell" may or may not have been all that her biographer fancied; but, as long as her books are read, she will survive in the memory of men as Mrs. Gaskell painted her — not as she seemed to those who knew her less intimately and perhaps less well. The very success of "Mary Barton" told for a time almost against its authoress. At the period of its appearance public interest in the factory subject was very strong; and the novel had a remarkable hold upon the popular mind, quite apart from its literary ability. Of all Mrs. Gaskell's books, it was, I believe, the most largely sold, and the one which has commanded the most permanent circulation. And, as a necessary result of this incidental popularity, the ensuing novels of the authoress were comparatively unsuccessful. Passion, as I have said, lay out of her domain; and both "Ruth" and "Sylvia's Lovers" rested on a delineation of passions with which the writer was either unable, or, as I rather believe, unwilling to grapple firmly. The literature of passion can only be treated worthily by persons who, whether for good or bad, are indifferent to the thought how their work may be judged by the standard rules of the society in which they move; and this was not the case with one of the most sensitive and delicate-minded women who ever wrote in

England. "North and South," and "Cranford," perfect as they were as specimens of home portraiture, had not somehow that sustained interest that is necessary to constitute an eminently successful novel. Then, too, during the period which followed the appearance of "Mary Barton," we have had a remarkable succession of distinguished female writers. Currer Bell, George Eliot, Miss Yonge, Miss Braddon, and the authoress of "George Geith," all came, one after the other, before the public, after Mrs. Gaskell had made her mark. To institute any comparison between the various merits of these different candidates for public favour is a task for which I have neither the space nor the inclination. I only allude to them in order to point out how it was that for a time Mrs. Gaskell's reputation suffered, as it were, a partial eclipse. It was not that the public thought less of her, but that they thought more of others; and in literature, as on the stage, there is scarcely room for more than one *prima donna assoluta*. But her latest work won back for her more, I think, than any of its recent predecessors, the affections of a fickle public. "Wives and Daughters," introduced to the world with no flourish of trumpets, and with little preliminary puffing, appeared in a magazine without the writer's name, and without — as far as I know — any trouble being taken to let the fact of its authorship become generally known. Yet it acquired almost at once a singular popularity. Whether the novel — which, dying, she left half published — exists in manuscript, I, not being in the secret, cannot tell. From some internal indications, and from my own experience of authors, I should fancy it did not. If so, there are thousands of readers of every age, who will feel it a personal disappointment that they are never to know whether Molly Gibson married Roger Hamley, or how poor Cynthia worked out her fate at last. Such a disappointment is surely one of the highest testimonies to a writer's genius. I heard, not long ago, of an old lady, whose life had not been a very happy one, and who was content enough to die when the time appointed came. In her last illness, when her strength was failing, though her mind remained clear and vigorous, she took much delight in reading a serial story then appearing in print. I think it was Mr. Collins's "No Name." Speaking one day, to the friend who told me the anecdote, of her passing life, she said, simply, "I am afraid, after all, I shall die without ever knowing what becomes of Magdalen Vanstone." It is an odd thing, surely, to think how many readers, who begin to read

any novel in numbers, must die before the word "finis" is written at the close. And, when a writer dies, leaving his tale half written, those who followed its fortunes eagerly feel as if something of their own had died with the writer's death.

In a fantastic German story, there is a strange fancy, which has often recalled itself to me. It was suggested that, whenever a novelist or dramatist died, the personages, whom by his fictive art he had called into being, met him on the threshold of the unseen world to greet him, as their creator, and to thank or curse him for his share in the fact of their existence. If this dream-fancy had in it aught of truth, I can picture to myself no tribe of author-created visitants with whom I would sooner find myself surrounded on awaking beyond the grave than the cohort of those who might claim the author of "Mary Barton" as their spiritual parent. Becky Sharpe, or Valerie, or Jane Eyre, or Maggie Tulliver, or Lady Audley, or Consuelo, would seem too like weird ghosts from the nightmare-laden world I had left behind me for ever. But Ruth, gentlest and purest of Magdalenes who have repented almost before they had sinned, and Philip, "tender and true," and Lady Ludlow, and Miss Matty, and Cynthia Kirkpatrick, would have so little of fault to answer for, that the burden of having called them forth to sin and suffer would weigh but lightly on my conscience as their responsible creator.

To say this is no small praise. It is not a slight matter that an author can look back at the last glimpse of life, and feel that he has left behind him no written word which can make those who read it otherwise than better; and this acknowledgment is justly due to Mrs. Gaskell. Other novelists have written books as clever, and many have written books as innocent; but there are few, indeed, who have written works which grown-up men read with delight, and children might read without injury. It is impossible to determine now the exact position which Mrs. Gaskell will hold ultimately amongst English writers of our day. It will be a high one, if not amongst the highest. Miss Austen's popularity has survived that of many writers of her time, whose merits were perhaps greater in themselves. So, if I had to say which of those novels we talk most of now will be read when we all are dead and buried, I should give the preference to "Cranford" and "North and South," above novels which I deem to excel them in innate power. These pleasant homeland stories — these vivid delineations of the lives of common men and common wo-

men, will survive, as long as people care to know what our England was at the days in which our lot is thrown. Within the last few years we have lost greater English writers than Mrs. Gaskell; we have greater still left; but we have none so purely and altogether English in the worthiest sense of that noble word. D.

THE FORDS OF JORDAN, 1859.

'Tis scarce a hundred steps and one
 Across this ridge of frost and fire,
 Before the Eastward view be won.
 Stray on, and dally with desire,
 Then lift eyes, and behold.
 Hewn out without hands, they rise;
 All the crests of Abarim.
 Whence the Prophet look'd of old,
 Back — o'er misery manifold,
 Forward — o'er the Land unrolled
 Underneath his way-worn eyes.
 Quivering all in noontide blaze
 Abarim, long Abarim
 Glows, with very brightness dim.
 Even as when the Seer look'd back
 On the mazed grave-marked track;
 Over Edom, furnace-red,
 O'er a generation dead,
 When he knew his march was stayed.
 Fiends and angels watched and waited
 As the undimmed eyes closed slowly,
 As the vast limbs withered wholly
 From their ancient strength unabated,
 As into the Vale of Shade,
 Seeing, not seen, he passed away;
 And none knoweth to this day
 Where the awful corpse is laid.

The Dead Sea salt, in crystal hoar,
 Hangs on our hair like acrid rime;
 And we are grey, like many more,
 With bitterness and not with time.
 Two hours of thirst, before we reach
 Yon jungle dense, and scanty sward;
 For many a league the only breach
 Where Jordan's cliffs allow a ford.
 Lo, spurs of Sheffield, do our will,
 And, little Syrian barbs, be gay;
 All more we spared you on the hill,

Now, — o'er the level waste — away,
 With your light stag-like bound.
 So cross the plain, nor slacken speed,
 And brush through Sodom-bush and reed,
 And tearing thorn, and tamarisk harsh,
 Wild growth of desert and of marsh,
 Cumbering the holy ground.
 Reach Jordan's beetling bank, and mark
 The winding trench deep-cloven and dark;
 The narrow belt of living green;
 The secret stream that writhes between;
 Death's River — sudden, swift, unseen —
 He is changed from his gay going;
 Could we know the arrowy stream,
 Once, whose tender talk in flowing
 Cast us softly into dream?
 Whirling now with fitful gleam
 In his precipice's shade,
 Like a half drawn Persian blade,
 Of black steel, darkly bright?
 At his birth he went not so,
 Swelling pure with Hermon's snow,
 But joyous leapt in light.
 Must he fare to the Sad Sea,
 Through waste places, even as we?
 Yet he makes a little mirth,
 Racing downwards evermore;
 And the green things of sweet Earth
 Cling a little to his shore:
 Even so it is: so let it be.
 But strip, and try your might with him:
 He is the type of that black wave,
 Wherein the strong ones fail to swim;
 The likeness of the Grave.
 Also his waters wash us free
 From salt scurf of the Bitter Sea.
 Stem his dark flood, with shortened breath,
 And take the lesson as you may:
 That the Baptismal stream of Death
 Doth cleanse Earth's bitterness away.
 —Cornhill Magazine. R. St. J. T.

CHAPTER LV.

AN ABSENT LOVER RETURNS.

AND now it was late June; and to Molly's and her father's extreme urgency in pushing, and Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick's affectionate persistency in pulling, Cynthia had yielded, and had gone back to finish her interrupted visit in London, but not before the bruit of her previous sudden return to nurse Molly had told strongly in her favour in the fluctuating opinion of the little town. Her affair with Mr. Preston was thrust into the shade; while every one was speaking of her warm heart. Under the gleam of Molly's recovery everything assumed a rosy hue, as indeed became the time when actual roses were fully in bloom.

One morning Mrs. Gibson brought Molly a great basket of flowers, that had been sent from the Hall. Molly still breakfasted in bed, but had just come down, and was now well enough to arrange the flowers for the drawing-room, and as she did so with these blossoms, she made some comments on each.

"Ah! these white pinks! They were Mrs. Hamley's favourite flower; and so like her! This little bit of sweetbriar, it quite scents the room. It has pricked my fingers, but never mind. Oh, mamma, look at this rose! I forget its name, but it is very rare, and grows up in the sheltered corner of the wall, near the mulberry-tree. Roger bought the tree for his mother with his own money when he was quite a boy: he showed it me, and made me notice it."

"I daresay it was Roger who got it now. You heard papa say he had seen him yesterday."

"No! Roger! Roger come home!" said Molly, turning first red, then very white.

"Yes. Oh, I remember you had gone to bed before papa came in, and he was called off early to tiresome Mrs. Beale. Yes, Roger turned up at the Hall the day before yesterday."

But Molly leaned back against her chair, too faint to do more at the flowers for some time. She had been startled by the suddenness of the news. "Roger come home!"

It happened that Mr. Gibson was unusually busy on this particular day, and he did not return until late in the afternoon. But Molly kept her place in the drawing-room all the time, not even going to take her customary siesta, so anxious was she to hear everything about Roger's return, which as yet appeared to her almost incredible. But it was quite natural in reality; the long

monotony of her illness had made her lose all count of time. When Roger left England, his idea was to coast round Africa on the eastern side until he reached the Cape; and thence to make what further journey or voyage might seem to him best in pursuit of his scientific objects. To Cape Town all his letters had been addressed of late; and there, two months before, he had received the intelligence of Osborne's death, as well as Cynthia's hasty letter of relinquishment. He did not consider that he was doing wrong in returning to England immediately, and reporting himself to the gentleman who had sent him out, with a full explanation of the circumstances relating to Osborne's private marriage and sudden death. He offered, and they accepted his offer, to go out again for any time that they might think equivalent to the five months he was yet engaged to them for. They were most of them gentlemen of property, and saw the full importance of proving the marriage of an eldest son, and installing his child as the natural heir to a long-descended estate. This much information, but in a more condensed form, Mr. Gibson gave to Molly, in a very few minutes. She sat upon her sofa, looking very pretty with the flush on her cheeks, and the brightness in her eyes.

"Well!" said she when her father stopped speaking.

"Well! what?" asked he, playfully.

"Oh! why, such a number of things. I've been waiting all day to ask you all about everything. How is he looking?"

"If a young man of twenty-four ever does take to growing taller, I should say that he was taller. As it is, I suppose it is only that he looks broader, stronger—more muscular."

"Oh! is he changed?" asked Molly, a little disturbed by this account.

"No, not changed; and yet not the same. He is as brown as a berry for one thing; caught a little of the negro tinge, and a beard as fine and sweeping as my bay-mare's tail."

"A beard! But go on, papa. Does he talk as he used to do? I should know his voice amongst ten thousand."

"I did not catch any Hottentot twang, if that's what you mean. Nor did he say, 'Cæsar and Pompey berry much alike, specially Pompey,' which is the only specimen of negro language I can remember just at this moment."

"And which I never could see the wit of," said Mrs. Gibson, who had come into the room after the conversation had begun;

and did not understand what it was aiming at. Molly fidgeted; she wanted to go on with her questions and keep her father to definite and matter-of-fact answers, and she knew that when his wife chimed into a conversation, Mr. Gibson was very apt to find out that he must go about some necessary piece of business.

"Tell me, how are they all getting on together?" It was an inquiry which she did not make in general before Mrs. Gibson, for Molly and her father had tacitly agreed to keep silence on what they knew or had observed, respecting the three who formed the present family at the Hall.

"Oh!" said Mr. Gibson, "Roger is evidently putting everything to rights in his firm, quiet way."

"Things to rights. Why, what's wrong?" asked Mrs. Gibson quickly. "The squire and the French daughter-in-law don't get on well together, I suppose? I am always so glad Cynthia acted with the promptitude she did; it would have been very awkward for her to have been mixed up with all these complications. Poor Roger! to find himself supplanted by a child when he comes home!"

"You were not in the room, my dear, when I was telling Molly of the reasons for Roger's return; it was to put his brother's child at once into his rightful and legal place. So now, when he finds the work partly done to his hands, he is happy and gratified in proportion."

"Then he is not much affected by Cynthia's breaking off her engagement?" (Mrs. Gibson could afford to call it an "engagement" now.) "I never did give him credit for very deep feelings."

"On the contrary, he feels it very acutely. He and I had a long talk about it, yesterday."

Both Molly and Mrs. Gibson would have liked to have heard something more about this conversation; but Mr. Gibson did not choose to go on with the subject. The only point which he disclosed was that Roger had insisted on his right to have a personal interview with Cynthia; and, on hearing that she was in London at present, had deferred any further explanation or expostulation by letter, preferring to await her return.

Molly went on with her questions on other subjects. "And Mrs. Osborne Hamley? How is she?"

"Wonderfully brightened up by Roger's presence. I don't think I have ever seen her smile before; but she gives him the sweetest smiles from time to time. They

are evidently good friends; and she loses her strange startled look when she speaks to him. I suspect she has been quite aware of the squire's wish that she should return to France; and has been hard put to it to decide whether to leave her child or not. The idea that she would have to make some such decision came upon her when she was completely shattered by grief and illness, and she has not had any one to consult as to her duty until Roger came, upon whom she has evidently firm reliance. He told me something of this himself."

"You seem to have had quite a long conversation with him, papa!"

"Yea. I was going to see old Abraham, when the squire called to me over the hedge, as I was jogging along. He told me the news; and there was no resisting his invitation to come back and lunch with them. Besides, one gets a great deal of meaning out of Roger's words; it did not take so very long a time to hear this much."

"I should think he would come and call upon us soon," said Mrs. Gibson to Molly; "and then we shall see how much we can manage to hear."

"Do you think he will, papa?" said Molly, more doubtfully. She remembered the last time he was in that very room, and the hopes with which he left it; and she fancied that she could see traces of this thought in her father's countenance at his wife's speech.

"I cannot tell, my dear. Until he is quite convinced of Cynthia's intentions, it cannot be very pleasant for him to come on mere visits of ceremony to the house in which he has known her; but he is one who will always do what he thinks right, whether pleasant or not."

Mrs. Gibson could hardly wait till her husband had finished his sentence before she testified against a part of it.

"Convinced of Cynthia's intentions! I should think she had made them pretty clear! What more does the man want?"

"He is not as yet convinced that the letter was not written in a fit of temporary feeling. I have told him that this was true; although I did not feel it my place to explain to him the causes of that feeling. He believes that he can induce her to resume the former footing. I do not; and I have told him so; but of course he needs the full conviction that she alone can give him."

"Poor Cynthia! My poor child!" said Mrs. Gibson, plaintively. "What she has exposed herself to by letting herself be over-persuaded by that man!"

Mr. Gibson's eyes flashed fire. But he

kept his lips tight closed; and only said, "That man, indeed!" quite below his breath.

Molly, too, had been damped by an expression or two in her father's speech. "Mere visits of ceremony!" Was it so, indeed? A "mere visit of ceremony!" Whatever it was, the call was paid before many days were over. That he felt all the awkwardness of his position towards Mrs. Gibson—that he was in reality suffering pain all the time—was but too evident to Molly; but of course Mrs. Gibson saw nothing of this in her gratification at the proper respect paid to her by one whose name was already in the newspapers that chronicled his return, and about whom already Lord Cumnor and the Towers family had been making inquiry.

Molly was sitting in her pretty white invalid's dress, half reading, half dreaming, for the June air was so clear and ambient, the garden so full of bloom, the trees so full of leaf, that reading by the open window was only a pretence at such a time; besides which Mrs. Gibson continually interrupted her with remarks about the pattern of her worsted-work. It was after lunch—orthodox calling time, when Maria ushered in Mr. Roger Hamley. Molly started up; and then stood shyly and quietly in her place while a bronzed, bearded, grave man came into the room, in whom she at first had to seek for the merry boyish face she knew by heart only two years ago. But months in the climates in which Roger had been travelling age as much as years in more temperate districts. And constant thought and anxiety while in daily peril of life deepen the lines of character upon a face. Moreover, the circumstances that had of late affected him personally were not of a nature to make him either buoyant or cheerful. But his voice was the same; that was the first point of the old friend Molly caught, when he addressed her in a tone far softer than he used in speaking conventional politenesses to her stepmother.

"I was so sorry to hear how ill you had been! You are looking but delicate!" letting his eyes rest upon her face with affectionate examination. Molly felt herself colour all over with the consciousness of his regard. To do something to put an end to it, she looked up, and showed him her beautiful soft grey eyes, which he never remembered to have noticed before. She smiled at him as she blushed still deeper, and said,—

"Oh! I am quite strong now to what I

was. It would be a shame to be ill when everything is in its full summer beauty."

"I have heard how deeply we—I am indebted to you—my father can hardly praise you!"—

"Please don't," said Molly, the tears coming into her eyes in spite of herself. He seemed to understand her at once; he went on as if speaking to Mrs. Gibson: "Indeed my little sister-in-law is never weary of talking about Monsieur le Docteur, as she calls your husband!"

"I have not had the pleasure of making Mrs. Osborne Hamley's acquaintance yet," said Mrs. Gibson, suddenly aware of a duty which might have been expected from her, "and I must beg you to apologize to her for my remissness. But Molly has been such a care and anxiety to me—for, you know, I look upon her quite as my own child—that I really have not gone any where, excepting to the Towers perhaps I should say, which is just like another home to me. And then I understood that Mrs. Osborne Hamley was thinking of returning to France before long? Still it was very remiss."

The little trap thus set for news of what might be going on in the Hamley family was quite successful. Roger answered her thus:—

"I am sure Mrs. Osborne Hamley will be very glad to see any friends of the family, as soon as she is a little stronger. I hope she will not go back to France at all. She is an orphan, and I trust we shall induce her to remain with my father. But at present nothing is arranged." Then, as if glad to have got over his "visit of ceremony," he got up and took leave. When he was at the door he looked back, having, as he thought, a word more to say; but he quite forgot what it was, for he surprised Molly's intent gaze, and sudden confusion at discovery, and went away as soon as he could.

"Poor Osborne was right!" said he. "She has grown into delicate fragrant beauty just as he said she would: or is it the character which has formed her face? Now the next time I enter these doors it will be to learn my fate!"

Mr. Gibson had told his wife of Roger's desire to have a personal interview with Cynthia, rather with a view to her repeating what he said to her daughter. He did not see any exact necessity for this, it is true; but he thought that it might be advisable that she should know all the truth in which he was concerned, and he told his wife this. But she took the affair into her own management, and, although she appar-

ently agreed with Mr. Gibson, she never named the affair to Cynthia; all that she said to her was —

"Your old admirer, Roger Hamley, has come home in a great hurry in consequence of poor dear Osborne's unexpected decease. He must have been rather surprised to find the widow and her little boy established at the Hall. He came to call here the other day, and made himself really rather agreeable, although his manners are not improved by the society he has kept on his travels. Still I prophesy he will be considered as a fashionable "lion," and perhaps the very uncouthness which jars against my sense of refinement, may even become admired in a scientific traveller, who has been into more desert places, and eaten more extraordinary food, than any other Englishman of the day. I suppose he has given up all chance of inheriting the estate, for I hear he talks of returning to Africa, and becoming a regular wanderer. Your name was not mentioned, but I believe he inquired about you from Mr. Gibson."

"There!" said she to herself, as she folded up and directed this letter; "that can't disturb her, or make her uncomfortable. And it's all the truth too, or very near it. Of course he'll want to see her when she comes back; but by that time I do hope Mr. Henderson will have proposed again, and that that affair will be all settled."

But Cynthia returned to Hollingford one Tuesday morning, and in answer to her mother's anxious inquiries on the subject, would only say that Mr. Henderson had not offered again. Why should he? She had refused him once, and he did not know the reason of her refusal, at least one of the reasons. She did not know if she should have taken him if there had been no such person as Roger Hamley in the world. No! Uncle and aunt Kirkpatrick had never heard anything about Roger's offer, — nor had her cousins. She had always declared her wish to keep it a secret, and she had not mentioned it to any one, whatever other people might have done." Underneath this light and careless vein there were other feelings; but Mrs. Gibson was not one to probe beneath the surface. She had set her heart on Mr. Henderson's marrying Cynthia very early in their acquaintance: and to know, firstly, that the same wish had entered into his head, and that Roger's attachment to Cynthia, with its consequences, had been the obstacle; and secondly, that Cynthia herself, with all the opportunities of propinquity that she had lately had, had failed to provoke a repetition of the offer, —

it was, as Mrs. Gibson said, "enough to provoke a saint." All the rest of the day she alluded to Cynthia as a disappointing and ungrateful daughter; Molly could not make out why, and resented it for Cynthia, until the latter said, bitterly, "Never mind, Molly. Mamma is only vexed because Mr. — because I have not come back an engaged young lady."

"Yes; and I am sure you might have done, — there's the ingratitude! I am not so unjust as to want you to do what you can't do!" said Mrs. Gibson, querulously.

"But where's the ingratitude, mamma? I am very much tired, and perhaps that makes me stupid; but I cannot see the ingratitude." Cynthia spoke very wearily, leaning her head back on the sofa-cushions, as if she did not much care to have an answer.

"Why, don't you see we are doing all we can for you; dressing you well, and sending you to London; and when you might relieve us of the expenses of all this, you don't."

"No! Cynthia, I will speak," said Molly, all crimson with indignation, and pushing away Cynthia's restraining hand. "I am sure papa does not feel, and does not mind, any expense he incurs about his daughters. And I know quite well that he does not wish us to marry, unless" — She faltered and stopped.

"Unless what?" said Mrs. Gibson, half-mocking.

"Unless we love some one very dearly indeed," said Molly, in a low, firm tone.

"Well, after this tirade — really rather indelicate, I must say — I have done. I will neither help nor hinder any love-affairs of you two young ladies. In my days we were glad of the advice of our elders." And she left the room to put into fulfilment an idea which had just struck her: to write a confidential letter to Mrs. Kilpatrick, giving her her version of Cynthia's "unfortunate entanglement" and "delicate sense of honour," and hints of her entire indifference to all the masculine portion of the world, Mr. Henderson being dexterously excluded from the category.

"Oh, dear!" said Molly, throwing herself back in a chair, with a sigh of relief, as Mrs. Gibson left the room; "how cross I do get since I have been ill. But I could not bear her to speak as if papa grudged you anything."

"I am sure he does not, Molly. You need not defend him on my account. But I am sorry mamma still looks upon me as 'an encumbrance,' as the advertisements

in *The Times* always call us unfortunate children. But I have been an encumbrance to her all my life. I am getting very much into despair about everything, Molly. I shall try my luck in Russia. I have heard of a situation as English governess at Moscow, in a family owning whole provinces of land, and serfs by the hundred. I put off writing my letter till I came home; I shall be as much out of the way there as if I was married. Oh, dear! travelling all night is not good for the spirits. How is Mr. Preston?"

"Oh, he has taken Cumnor Grange, three miles away, and he never comes in to the Hollingsford tea-parties now. I saw him once in the street, but it's a question which of us tried the hardest to get out of the other's way."

"You've not said anything about Roger, yet."

"No; I did not know if you would care to hear. He is very much older-looking; quite a strong grown-up man. And papa says he is much graver. Ask me any questions, if you want to know, but I have only seen him once."

"I was in hopes he would have left the neighbourhood by this time. Mamma said he was going to travel again."

"I can't tell," said Molly. "I suppose you know," she continued, but hesitating a little before she spoke, "that he wishes to see you."

"No! I never heard. I wish he would have been satisfied with my letter. It was as decided as I could make it. If I say I won't see him, I wonder if his will or mine will be the strongest?"

"His," said Molly. "But you must see him; you owe it to him. He will never be satisfied without it."

"Suppose he talks me round into resuming the engagement? I should only break it off again."

"Surely you can't be 'talked round' if your mind is made up. But perhaps it is not really, Cynthia?" asked she, with a little wistful anxiety betraying itself in her face.

"It is quite made up. I am going to teach little Russian girls; and am never going to marry nobody."

"You are not serious, Cynthia. And yet it is a very serious thing."

But Cynthia went into one of her wild moods, and no more reason or sensible meaning was to be got out of her at the time.

CHAPTER XVI.

"OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE, AND ON WITH THE NEW."

THE next morning saw Mrs. Gibson in a much more contented frame of mind. She had written and posted her letter, and the next thing was to keep Cynthia in what she called a reasonable state, or, in other words, to try and cajole her into docility. But it was so much labor lost. Cynthia had already received a letter from Mr. Henderson before she came down to breakfast, — a declaration of love, a proposal of marriage as clear as words could make it; together with an intimation that, unable to wait for the slow delays of the post, he was going to follow her down to Hollingsford, and would arrive at the same time that she had done herself on the previous day. Cynthia said nothing about this letter to any one. She came late into the breakfast-room, after Mr. and Mrs. Gibson had finished the actual business of the meal; but her unpunctuality was quite accounted for by the fact that she had been travelling all the night before. Molly was not as yet strong enough to get up so early. Cynthia hardly spoke, and did not touch her food. Mr. Gibson went about his daily business, and Cynthia and her mother were left alone.

"My dear," said Mrs. Gibson, "you are not eating your breakfast as you should do. I am afraid our meals seem very plain and homely to you after those in Hyde Park Street?"

"No," said Cynthia; "I am not hungry, that's all."

"If we were as rich as your uncle, I should feel it to be both a duty and a pleasure to keep an elegant table; but limited means are a sad clog to one's wishes. I don't suppose that, work as he will, Mr. Gibson can earn more than he does at present; while the capabilities of the law are boundless. Lord Chancellor! Titles as well as fortune!"

Cynthia was almost too much absorbed in her own reflections to reply, but she did say, —

"Hundreds of briefless barristers. Take the other side, mamma."

"Well; but I have noticed that many of these have private fortunes."

"Perhaps. Mamma, I expect Mr. Henderson will come and call this morning."

"Oh, my precious child! But how do

you know? My darling Cynthia, am I to congratulate you?"

"No! I suppose I must tell you. I have had a letter this morning from him, and he is coming down by the *Umpire* to-day."

"But he has offered?" He surely must mean to offer, at any rate?"

Cynthia played with her teaspoon before she replied; then she looked up, like one startled from a dream, and caught the echo of her mother's question.

"Offered! yes, I suppose he has."

"And you accept him? Say yes, Cynthia, and make me happy!"

"I shan't say yes to make any one happy except myself, and the Russian scheme has great charms for me." She said this to plague her mother, and lessen Mrs. Gibson's exuberance of joy, it must be confessed; for her mind was pretty well made up. But it did not affect Mrs. Gibson, who affixed even less truth to it than there really was. The idea of a residence in a new, strange country, among new, strange people, was not without allurements to Cynthia.

"You always look nice, dear; but don't you think you had better put on that pretty lilac silk?"

"I shall not vary a thread or a shred from what I have got on now."

"You dear willful creature! you know you always look lovely in whatever you put on." So, kissing her daughter, Mrs. Gibson left the room, intent on the lunch which should impress Mr. Henderson at once with an idea of family refinement.

Cynthia went upstairs to Molly; she was inclined to tell her about Mr. Henderson, but she found it impossible to introduce the subject naturally, so she left it to time to reveal the future as gradually as it might. Molly was tired with a bad night; and her father, in his flying visit to his darling before going out, had advised her to stay upstairs for the greater part of the morning, and to keep quiet in her own room till after her early dinner, so Time had not a fair chance of telling her what he had in store in his budget. Mrs. Gibson sent an apology to Molly for not paying her her usual morning visit, and told Cynthia to give Mr. Henderson's probable coming as a reason for her occupation downstairs. But Cynthia did no such thing. She kissed Molly, and sat silently by her, holding her hand; till at length she jumped up, and said, "You shall be left alone now, little one. I want you to be very well and very bright this afternoon: so rest now." And Cynthia left her, and went to her own room, locked the door, and began to think.

Some one was thinking about her at the same time, and it was not Mr. Henderson. Roger had heard from Mr. Gibson that Cynthia had come home, and he was resolving to go to her at once, and have one strong, manly attempt to overcome the obstacles, whatever they might be—and of their nature he was not fully aware—that she had conjured up against the continuance of their relation to each other. He left his father—he left them all—and went off into the woods, to be alone until the time came when he might mount his horse and ride over to put his fate to the touch. He was as careful as ever not to interfere with the morning hours that were tabooed to him of old; but waiting was very hard work when he knew that she was so near, and the time so near at hand.

Yet he rode slowly, compelling himself to quietness and patience when he was once really on the way to her.

"Mrs. Gibson at home? Miss Kirkpatrick?" he asked of the servant, Maria, who opened the door. She was confused, but he did not notice it.

"I think so; I am not sure! Will you walk up into the drawing-room, sir? Miss Gibson is there, I know."

So he went upstairs, all his nerves on one strain for the coming interview with Cynthia. It was either a relief or a disappointment, he was not sure which, to find only Molly in the room. Molly, half lying on the couch in the bow-window which commanded the garden; draped in soft white drapery, very white herself, and a laced half-handkerchief tied over her head to save her from any ill effects of the air that blew in through the open window. He was so ready to speak to Cynthia that he hardly knew what to say to any one else.

"I am afraid you are not so well," he said to Molly, who sat up to receive him, and who suddenly began to tremble with emotion.

"I am a little tired, that's all," said she; and then she was quite silent, hoping that he might go, and yet somehow wishing him to stay. But he took a chair and placed it near her, opposite to the window. He thought that surely Maria would tell Miss Kirkpatrick that she was wanted, and that at any moment he might hear her light quick footstep on the stairs. He thought he ought to talk, but he could not think of anything to say. The pink flush came out on Molly's cheeks; once or twice she was on the point of speaking, but again she thought better of it; and the pauses between their faint disjointed remarks came longer and

longer. Suddenly, in one of these pauses, the merry murmur of distant happy voices in the garden came nearer and nearer; Molly looked more and more uneasy and flushed, and in spite of herself kept watching Roger's face. He could see over her into the garden. A sudden deep colour overspread him, as if his heart had sent its blood out coursing at full gallop. Cynthia and Mr. Henderson had come in sight; he eagerly talking to her as he bent forward to look into her face; she, her looks half averted in pretty shyness, was evidently coquetting about some flowers, which she either would not give, or would not take. Just then, for the lovers had emerged from the shrubbery into comparatively public life, Maria was seen approaching; apparently she had feminine tact enough to induce Cynthia to leave her present admirer, and go a few steps to meet her to receive the whispered message that Mr. Roger Hamley was there, and wished to speak to her. Roger could see her startled gesture, she turned back to say something to Mr. Henderson before coming towards the house. Now Roger spoke to Molly—spoke hurriedly, spoke hoarsely.

"Molly, tell me! It is too late for me to speak to Cynthia? I came on purpose. Who is that man?"

"Mr. Henderson. He only came to-day—but now he is her accepted lover. Oh, Roger, forgive me the pain!"

"Tell her I have been, and am gone. Send out word to her. Don't let her be interrupted."

And Roger ran downstairs at full speed, and Molly heard the passionate clang of the outer door. He had hardly left the house before Cynthia entered the room, pale and resolute.

"Where is he?" she said, looking around, as if he might yet be hidden.

"Gone!" said Molly, very faint.

"Gone. Oh, what a relief! It seems to be my fate never to be off with the old lover before I am on with the new, and yet I did write as decidedly as I could. Why, Molly, what's the matter?" for now Molly had fainted away utterly. Cynthia flew to the bell, summoned Maria, water, salts, wine, anything; and as soon as Molly, gasping and miserable, became conscious again, she wrote a little pencil-note to Mr. Henderson, bidding him return to the George, whence he had come in the morning, and saying that if he obeyed her at once, he might be allowed to call again in the evening, otherwise she would not see him till the next day. This she sent down by

Maria, and the unlucky man never believed but that it was Miss Gibson's sudden indisposition in the first instance that had deprived him of his charmer's company. He comforted himself for the long solitary afternoon by writing to tell all his friends of his happiness, and amongst them uncle and aunt Kirkpatrick, who received his letter by the same post as that discreet epistle of Mrs. Gibson's, which she had carefully arranged to reveal as much as she wished, and no more.

"Was he very terrible?" asked Cynthia, as she sate with Molly in the stillness of Mrs. Gibson's dressing-room.

"Oh, Cynthia, it was such pain to see him, he suffered so!"

"I don't like people of deep feelings," said Cynthia, pouting. "They don't suit me. Why could not he let me go without this fuss. I'm not worth his caring for!"

"You have the happy gift of making people love you. Remember Mr. Preston,—he too would not give up hope."

"Now I won't have you classing Roger Hamley and Mr. Preston together in the same sentence. One was as much too bad for me as the other is too good. Now I hope that man in the garden is the *juste milieu*,—I'm that myself, for I don't think I'm vicious, and I know I'm not virtuous."

"Do you really like him enough to marry him?" asked Molly earnestly. "Do think, Cynthia. It won't do to go on throwing your lovers off; you give pain that I am sure you do not mean to do,—that you cannot understand."

"Perhaps I can't. I'm not offended. I never set up for what I am not, and I know I'm not constant. I have told Mr. Henderson so"—She stopped, blushing and smiling at the recollection.

"You have! and what did he say?"

"That he liked me just as I was; so you see he's fairly warned. Only he is a little afraid, I suppose,—for he wants me to be married very soon, almost directly in fact. But I don't know if I shall give way,—you hardly saw him, Molly,—but he's coming again to-night, and mind, I'll never forgive you if you don't think him very charming. I believe I cared for him when he offered all those months ago, but I tried to think I didn't; only sometimes I really was so unhappy, I thought I must put an iron-band round my heart to keep it from breaking, like the Faithful John of the German story,—do you remember, Molly?—how when his master came to his crown and his fortune, and his lady-love, after innumerable trials and disgraces, and was driving away

from the church where he'd been married in a coach and six, with Faithful John behind, the happy couple heard three great cracks in succession, and on inquiring, they were the iron-bands round his heart, that Faithful John had worn all during the time of his master's tribulation, to keep it from breaking."

In the evening Mr. Henderson came. Molly had been very curious to see him; and when she saw him she was not sure whether she liked him or not. He was handsome, without being conceited; gentlemanly, without being foolishly fine. He talked easily, and never said a silly thing. He was perfectly well-appointed, yet never seemed to have given a thought to his dress. He was good-tempered and kind; not without some of the cheerful flippancy of repartee which belonged to his age and profession, and which his age and profession are apt to take for wit. But he wanted something in Molly's eyes, at any rate, in this first interview, and in her heart of hearts she thought him rather commonplace. But of course she said nothing of this to Cynthia, who was evidently as happy as she could be. Mrs. Gibson, too, was in the seventh heaven of ecstasy, and spoke but little; but what she did say, expressed the highest sentiments in the finest language. Mr. Gibson was not with them for long, but while he was there he was evidently studying the unconscious Mr. Henderson with his dark penetrating eyes. Mr. Henderson behaved exactly as he ought to have done to everybody; respectful to Mr. Gibson, deferential to Mrs. Gibson, friendly to Molly, devoted to Cynthia. The next time Mr. Gibson found Molly alone, he began,—

"Well! and how do you like the new relation that is to be?"

"It is difficult to say. I think he is very nice in all his bits, but—rather dull on the whole."

"I think him perfection," said Mr. Gibson, to Molly's surprise; but in an instant afterwards she saw that he had been speaking ironically. He went on. "I don't wonder she preferred him to Roger Hamley. Such scents! such gloves! And then his hair and his cravat!"

"Now, papa, you are not fair. He is a great deal more than that. One could see that he had very good feeling; and he is very handsome, and very much attached to her."

"So was Roger. However, I must confess I shall only be too glad to have her married. She is a girl who will always have some love-affair on hand, and will

always be apt to slip through a man's fingers if he does not look sharp; as I was saying to Roger"—

"You have seen him, then, since he was here?"

"Met him in the street."

"How was he?"

"I don't suppose he had been going through the pleasantest thing in the world; but he'll get over it before long. He spoke with sense and resignation, and did not say much about it; but one could see that he was feeling it pretty sharply. He's had three months to think it over, remember. The squire, I should guess, is showing more indignation. He is boiling over, that any one should reject his son! The enormity of the sin never seems to have been apparent to him till now, when he sees how Roger is affected by it. Indeed, with the exception of myself, I don't know one reasonable father; eh, Molly?"

Whatever else Mr. Henderson might be, he was an impatient lover; he wanted to marry Cynthia directly—next week—the week after. At any rate before the long vacation, so that they could go abroad at once. Trousseaux, and preliminary ceremonies, he gave to the winds. Mr. Gibson, generous as usual, called Cynthia aside a morning or two after her engagement, and put a hundred-pound note into her hands.

"There! that's to pay your expenses to Russia and back. I hope you'll find your pupils obedient."

To his surprise, and rather to his discomfort, Cynthia threw her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"You are the kindest person I know," said she; "and I don't know how to thank you in words."

"If you tumble my shirt-collars again in that way, I'll charge you for the washing. Just now, too, when I'm trying so hard to be trim and elegant, like your Mr. Henderson."

"But you do like him, don't you?" said Cynthia, pleadingly. "He does so like you."

"Of course. We are all angels just now, and you are an arch-angel. I hope he'll wear as well as Roger."

Cynthia looked grave. "That was a very silly affair," she said. "We were two as unsuitable people"—

"It has ended, and that's enough. Besides, I've no more time to waste; and there is your smart young man coming here in all haste."

Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick sent all manner of congratulations; and Mrs. Gibson,

in a private letter, assured Mrs. Kirkpatrick that her ill-timed confidence about Roger should be considered as quite private. For as soon as Mr. Henderson had made his appearance in Hollingford, she had written a second letter, entreating them not to allude to anything she might have said in her first; which she said was written in such excitement on discovering the real state of her daughter's affections, that she had hardly known what she had said, and had exaggerated some things, and misunderstood others; all that she did know now was, that Mr. Henderson had just proposed to Cynthia, and was accepted, and that they were as happy as the day was long, and ("excuse the vanity of a mother") made a most lovely couple. So Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick wrote back an equally agreeable letter, praising Mr. Henderson, admiring Cynthia, and generally congratulatory; insisting into the bargain that the marriage should take place from their house in Hyde Park Street, and that Mr. and Mrs. Gibson and Molly should all come up and pay them a visit. There was a little postscript at the end. "Surely you do not mean the famous traveller, Hamley, about whose discoveries all our scientific men are so much excited. You speak of him as a young Hamley, who went to Africa. Answer this question, pray, for Helen is most anxious to know." This P.S. being in Helen's handwriting. In her exultation at the general success of everything, and desire for sympathy, Mrs. Gibson read parts of this letter to Molly; the postscript among the rest. It made a deeper impression on Molly than even the proposed kindness of the visit to London.

There were some family consultations; but the end of them all was that the Kirkpatrick invitation was accepted. There were many small reasons for this, which were openly acknowledged; but there was one general and unspoken wish to have the ceremony performed out of the immediate neighbourhood of the two men whom Cynthia had previously rejected; that was the word now to be applied to her treatment of them. So Molly was ordered and enjoined and entreated to become strong as soon as possible, in order that her health might not prevent her attending the marriage. Mr. Gibson himself, though he thought it his duty to damp the excellent anticipations of his wife and her daughter, being not at all averse to the prospect of going to London, and seeing half-a-dozen old friends, and many scientific exhibitions, independently

of the very fair amount of liking which he had for his host, Mr. Kirkpatrick himself.

CHAPTER LVII.

BRIDAL VISITS AND ADIEUX.

THE whole town of Hollingford came to congratulate and inquire into particulars. Some indeed — Mrs. Goodenough at the head of this class of malcontents — thought that they were defrauded of their right to a fine show by Cynthia's being married in London. Even Lady Cumnor was moved into action. She, who had hardly ever paid calls "out of her own sphere," who had only once been to see "Clare" in her own house — she came to congratulate after her fashion. Maria had only just time to run up into the drawing-room, one morning, and say, —

"Please, ma'am, the great carriage from the Towers is coming up to the gate, and my lady the Countess is sitting inside." It was but eleven o'clock, and Mrs. Gibson would have been indignant at any commoner who had ventured to call at such an untimely hour, but in the case of the Peerage the rules of domestic morality were relaxed.

The family "stood at arms," as it were, till Lady Cumnor appeared in the drawing-room; and then she had to be settled in the best chair, and the light adjusted before anything like conversation began. She was the first to speak; and Lady Harriet, who had begun a few words to Molly, dropped into silence.

"I have been taking Mary — Lady Cuxhaven — to the railway station on this new line between Birmingham and London, and I thought I would come on here, and offer you my congratulations. Clare, which is the young lady?" — putting up her glasses, and looking at Cynthia and Molly, who were dressed pretty much alike. "I did not think it would be amiss to give you a little advice, my dear," said she, when Cynthia had been properly pointed out to her as bride elect. "I have heard a good deal about you; and I am only too glad, for your mother's sake, — your mother is a very worthy woman, and did her duty very well while she was in our family — I am truly rejoiced, I say, to hear that you are going to make so creditable a marriage. I hope it will efface your former errors of conduct — which, we will hope, were but trivial in reality — and that you will live to be a comfort to your mother, — for whom both

Lord Cumnor and I entertain a very sincere regard. But you must conduct yourself with discretion in whatever state of life it pleases God to place you, whether married or single. You must reverence your husband, and conform to his opinion in all things. Look up to him as your head, and do nothing without consulting him."—It was as well that Lord Cumnor was not amongst the audience; or he might have compared precept with practice.—"Keep strict accounts; and remember your station in life. I understand that Mr.——" looking about for some help as to the name she had forgotten—"Henderson—Henderson is in the law. Although there is a general prejudice against attorneys, I have known of two or three who are very respectable men; and I am sure Mr. Henderson is one, or your good mother and our old friend Gibson would not have sanctioned the engagement."

"He is a barrister," put in Cynthia, unable to restrain herself any longer. "Barrister-at-law."

"Ah, yes. Attorney-at-law. Barrister-at-law. I understand without your speaking so loud, my dear. What was I going to say before you interrupted me? When you have been a little in society you will find that it is reckoned bad manners to interrupt. I had a great deal more to say to you, and you have put it all out of my head. There was something else your father wanted me to ask—what was it, Harriet?"

"I suppose you mean about Mr. Hamley!"

"Oh, yes! we are intending to have the house full of Lord Hollingford's friends next month, and Lord Cumnor is particularly anxious to secure Mr. Hamley."

"The squire?" asked Mrs. Gibson in some surprise. Lady Cumnor bowed slightly, as much as to say, "If you did not interrupt me I should explain."

"The famous traveller—the scientific Mr. Hamley, I mean. I imagine he is son to the squire. Lord Hollingford knows him well; but when we asked him before, he declined coming, and assigned no reason."

Had Roger indeed been asked to the Towers and declined? Mrs. Gibson could not understand it. Lady Cumnor went on—

"Now this time we are particularly anxious to secure him, and my son Lord Hollingford will not return to England until the very week before the Duke of Atherton is coming to us. I believe Mr. Gibson is very intimate with Mr. Hamley; do

you think he could induce him to favour us with his company?"

And this from the proud Lady Cumnor; and the object of it Roger Hamley, whom she had all but turned out of her drawing-room two years ago for calling at an untimely hour; and whom Cynthia had turned out of her heart. Mrs. Gibson was surprised, and could only murmur out that she was sure Mr. Gibson would do all that her ladyship wished.

"Thank you. You know me well enough to be aware that I am not the person, nor is the Towers the house, to go about soliciting guests. But in this instance I bend my head; high rank should always be the first to honour those who have distinguished themselves by art or science."

"Besides, mamma," said Lady Harriet, "papa was saying that the Hamleys have been on their laud since before the Conquest; while we only came into the country a century ago; and there is a tale that the first Cumnor began his fortune through selling tobacco in King James's reign."

If Lady Cumnor did not exactly shift her trumpet and take snuff there on the spot, she behaved in an equivalent manner. She began a low-toned but nevertheless authoritative conversation with Clare about the details of the wedding, which lasted until she thought it fit to go, when she abruptly plucked Lady Harriet up, and carried her off in the very midst of a description she was giving to Cynthia about the delights of Spa, which was to be one of the resting-places of the newly-married couple on their wedding-tour.

Nevertheless she prepared a handsome present for the bride: a Bible and a Prayer-book bound in velvet with silver-clasps; and also a collection of household account-books, at the beginning of which Lady Cumnor wrote down with her own hand the proper weekly allowance of bread, butter, eggs, meat, and groceries per head, with the London prices of the articles, so that the most inexperienced housekeeper might ascertain if her expenditure exceeded her means, as she expressed herself in the note which she sent with the handsome, dull present.

"If you are driving into Hollingford, Harriet, perhaps you will take these books to Miss Kirkpatrick," said Lady Cumnor, after she had sealed her note with all the straitness and correctness befitting a countess of her immaculate character. "I understand they are all going up to London to-morrow for this wedding, in spite of what I said to Clare of the duty of being mar-

ried in one's own parish-church. She told me at the time that she entirely agreed with me, but that her husband had such a strong wish for a visit to London, that she did not know how she could oppose him consistently with her wifely duty. I advised her to repeat to him my reasons for thinking that they would be ill-advised to have the marriage in town; but I am afraid she has been overruled. That was her one great fault when she lived with us; she was always so yielding, and never knew how to say 'No.'

"Mamma!" said Lady Harriet, with a little sly coaxing in her tone. "Do you think you would have been so fond of her, if she had opposed you, and said 'No,' when you wished her to say 'Yes?'"

"To be sure I should, my dear. I like everybody to have an opinion of their own; only when my opinions are based on thought and experience, which few people have had equal opportunities of acquiring, I think it is but proper deference in others to allow themselves to be convinced. In fact, I think it is only obstinacy which keeps them from acknowledging that they are. I am not a despot, I hope?" she asked, with some anxiety.

"If you are, dear mamma," said Lady Harriet, kissing the stern uplifted face very fondly, "I like a despotism better than a republic, and I must be very despotic over my ponies, for it is already getting very late for my drive round by Ash-holt."

But when she arrived at the Gibsons', she was detained so long there by the state of the family, that she had to give up her going to Ash-holt.

Molly was sitting in the drawing-room pale and trembling, and keeping herself quiet only by a strong effort. She was the only person there when Lady Harriet entered; the room was all in disorder, strewed with presents and paper, and pasteboard boxes, and half-displayed articles of finery.

"You look like Marius sitting amidst the ruins of Carthage, my dear! What's the matter? Why have you got on that woe-begone face? This marriage is not broken off, is it? Though nothing would surprise me where the beautiful Cynthia is concerned."

"Oh, no! that's all right. But I have caught a fresh cold, and papa says he thinks I had better not go to the wedding."

"Poor little one! And it's the first visit to London too!"

"Yes. But what I most care for is the not being with Cynthia to the last; and then, papa"—she stopped, for she could hardly go on without open crying, and she

did not want to do that. Then she cleared her voice. "Papa!" she continued, "has so looked forward to this holiday,—and seeing—and—and going—oh! I can't tell you where; but he has quite a list of people and sights to be seen,—and now he says he should not be comfortable to leave me all alone for more than three days,—two for travelling, and one for the wedding." Just then Mrs. Gibson came in, ruffled too after her fashion, though the presence of Lady Harriet was wonderfully smoothing.

"My dear Lady Harriet—how kind of you! Ah, yes, I see this poor unfortunate child has been telling you of her ill-luck; just when everything was going on so beautifully; I am sure it was that open window at your back, Molly,—you know you would persist that it could do you no harm, and now you see the mischief! I am sure I shan't be able to enjoy myself—and at my only child's wedding too—without you; for I can't think of leaving you without Maria. I would rather sacrifice anything myself than think of you, uncared for, and dismal at home."

"I am sure Molly is as sorry as any one," said Lady Harriet.

"No. I don't think she is," said Mrs. Gibson, with happy disregard of the chronology of events, "or she would not have sate with her back to an open window the day before yesterday, when I told her not. But it can't be helped now. Papa too—but it is my duty to make the best of everything, and look at the cheerful side of life. I wish I could persuade her to do the same" (turning and addressing Lady Harriet). "But you see it is a great mortification to a girl of her age to lose her first visit to London."

"It is not that," began Molly; but Lady Harriet made her a little sign to be silent while she herself spoke.

"Now, Clare! you and I can manage it all, I think, if you will but help me in a plan I have got in my head. Mr. Gibson shall stay as long as ever he can in London; and Molly shall be well cared for, and have some change of air and scene too, which is really what she needs as much as anything, in my poor opinion. I can't spirit her to the wedding and give her a sight of London; but I can carry her off to the Towers, and invite her myself; and send daily bulletins up to London, so that Mr. Gibson may feel quite at ease, and stay with you as long as you like. What do you say to it, Clare?"

"Oh, I could not go," said Molly; "I should only be a trouble to everybody."

"Nobody asked you for your opinion, little one. If we wise elders decide that you are to go, you must submit in silence."

Meanwhile Mrs. Gibson was rapidly balancing advantages and disadvantages. Amongst the latter, jealousy came in predominant. Amongst the former, — it would sound well; Maria could then accompany Cynthia and herself as "their maid," — Mr. Gibson would stay longer with her, and it was always desirable to have a man at her beck and call in such a place as London; besides that, this identical man was gentlemanly and good-looking, and a favourite with her prosperous brother-in-law. The eyes had it.

"What a charming plan! I cannot think of anything kinder or pleasanter for this poor darling. Only — what will Lady Cumnor say? I am modest for my family as much as for myself," she continued.

"You know mamma's sense of hospitality is never more gratified than when the house is quite full; and papa is just like her. Besides she is fond of you, and grateful to our good Mr. Gibson, and will be fond of you, little one, when she knows you as I do."

Molly's heart sank within her at the prospect. Excepting on the one evening of her father's wedding-day, she had never even seen the outside of the Towers since that unlucky day in her childhood when she had fallen asleep on Clare's bed. She had a dread of the countess, a dislike to her house, only it seemed as if it was a solution to the problem of what to do with her, which had been perplexing every one all morning, and so evidently that it had caused her much distress. She kept silence, though her lips quivered from time to time. Oh, if Miss Brownings had not chosen this very time of all others to pay their monthly visit to Miss Hornblower! if she could only have gone there, and lived with them in their quaint, quiet, primitive way, instead of having to listen, without remonstrance, to hearing plans discussed about her, as if she was an inanimate chattel.

"She shall have the south pink room, opening out of mine by one door, you remember; and the dressing-room shall be made into a cozy little sitting-room for her, in case she likes to be by herself. Parkes shall attend upon her, and I am sure Mr. Gibson must know Parkes's powers as a nurse by this time. We shall have all manner of agreeable people in the house to amuse her downstairs; and when she has got rid of this access of cold, I will drive her out every day, and write daily bulletins, as I said. Pray tell Mr. Gibson all that,

and let it be considered as settled. I will come for her in the close carriage to-morrow, at eleven. And now may I see the lovely bride elect, and give her mamma's present, and my own good wishes?"

So Cynthia came in, and demurely received the very proper present, and the equally coveted congratulations, without testifying any very great delight or gratitude at either; for she was quite quick enough to detect there was no great afflux of affection accompanying either. But when she heard her mother quickly recapitulating all the details of the plan for Molly, Cynthia's eyes did sparkle with gladness; and almost to Lady Harriet's surprise, she thanked her as if she had conferred a personal favour upon her, Cynthia. Lady Harriet saw, too, that in a very quiet way, she had taken Molly's hand, and was holding it all the time, as if loth to think of their approaching separation — somehow, she and Lady Harriet were brought nearer together by this little action than they had ever been before.

Molly had hoped that her father might have raised some obstacles to the project: she was disappointed. But, indeed, she did not when she perceived how he seemed to feel that, by placing her under the care of Lady Harriet and Parkes, he should be relieved from anxiety; and now he spoke of this change of air and scene as being the very thing he had been wishing to secure for her: country air, and absence of excitement as this would be; for the only other place where he could have secured her these advantages, and at the same time sent her as an invalid, was to Hamley Hall; and he dreaded the associations there with the beginning of her present illness.

So Molly was driven off in state the next day, leaving her own home all in confusion with the assemblage of boxes and trunks in the hall, and all the other symptoms of the approaching departure of the family for London and the wedding. All the morning Cynthia had been with her in her room, attending to the arrangement of Molly's clothes, instructing her what to wear with what, and rejoicing over the pretty smartnesses, which, having been prepared for her as bridesmaid, were now to serve as adornments for her visit to the Towers. Both Molly and Cynthia spoke about dress as if it was the very object of their lives; for each dreaded the introduction of more serious subjects; Cynthia more for Molly than herself. Only when the carriage was announced, and Molly was preparing to go downstairs, Cynthia said, —

"I am not going to thank you, Molly, or to tell you how I love you."

"Don't," said Molly, "I can't bear it."

"Only you know you're to be my first visitor, and if you wear brown ribbons to a green gown, I'll turn you out of the house!" So they parted. Mr. Gibson was there in the hall to hand Molly in. He had ridden hard; and was now giving her two or three last injunctions as to her health.

"Think of us on Thursday," said he. "I declare I don't know which of her three lovers she may not summon at the very last moment to act the part of bridegroom. I'm determined to be surprised at nothing; and will give her away with a good grace to whoever comes."

They drove away, and until they were out of sight of the house, Molly had enough to do to keep returning the kisses of the hand wafted to her by her stepmother out of the drawing-room window, while at the same time her eyes were fixed on a white handkerchief fluttering out of the attic from which she herself had watched Roger's departure nearly two years before. What changes time had brought!

When Molly arrived at the Towers she was conveyed into Lady Cumnor's presence by Lady Harriet. It was a mark of respect to the lady of the house, which the latter knew that her mother would expect; but she was anxious to get it over, and take Molly up into the room which she had been so busy in arranging for her. Lady Cumnor was, however, very kind, if not positively gracious.

"You are Lady Harriet's visitor, my dear," said she, "and I hope will she take good care of you." If not, come and complain of her to me.", It was as near an approach to a joke as Lady Cumnor ever perpetrated, and from it Lady Harriet knew that her mother was pleased by Molly's manners and appearance.

"Now, here you are in your own kingdom; and into this room I shan't venture to come without express permission. Here is the last new Quarterly, and the last new novel, and the last new essay. Now, my dear, you need not come down again to-day unless you like it. Parkes shall bring you everything and anything you want. You must get strong as fast as you can, for all sorts of great and famous people are coming to-morrow and the next day, and I think you'll like to see them. Suppose for to-day you only come down to lunch, and if you like it, in the evening. Dinner is such a wearily long meal, if one is not strong; and you would not miss much, for there is only

my cousin Charles in the house now, and he is the personification of sensible silence."

Molly was only too glad to allow Lady Harriet to decide everything for her. It had begun to rain, and was, altogether, a gloomy day for August; and there was a small fire of scented wood burning cheerfully in the sitting-room appropriated to her. High up, it commanded a wide and pleasant view over the park, and from it could be seen the spire of Hollingford Church, which gave Molly a pleasant idea of neighbourhood to home. She was left alone, lying on the sofa — books near her, wood crackling and blazing, wafts of wind bringing the beating rain against the window, and so enhancing the sense of indoor comfort by the outdoor contrast. Parkes was unpacking for her. Lady Harriet had introduced Parkes to Molly by saying, "Now, Molly, this is Mrs. Parkes, the only person I ever am afraid of. She scolds me if I dirty myself with my paints, just as if I was a little child; and she makes me go to bed when I want to sit up." — Parkes was smiling grimly all the time; — "so to get rid of her tyranny I give her you as victim. Parkes, rule over Miss Gibson with a rod of iron; make her eat and drink, and rest and sleep, and dress as you think wisest and best."

Parkes had begun her reign by putting Molly on the sofa, and saying, "If you will give me your keys, Miss, I will unpack your things, and let you know when it is time for me to arrange your hair, preparatory to luncheon." For if Lady Harriet used familiar colloquialisms from time to time, she certainly had not learnt it from Parkes, who piqued herself on the correctness of her language.

When Molly went down to lunch she found "cousin Charles," with his aunt, Lady Cumnor. He was a certain Sir Charles Morton, the son of Lady Cumnor's only sister: a plain, sandy-haired man of thirty-five or so; immensely rich, very sensible, awkward, and reserved. He had had a chronic attachment, of many years' standing, to his cousin, Lady Harriet, who did not care for him in the least, although it was the marriage very earnestly desired for her by her mother. Lady Harriet was, however, on friendly terms with him, ordered him about, and told him what to do, and what to leave undone, without having even a doubt as to the willingness of his obedience. She had given him his cue about Molly.

"Now, Charles, the girl wants to be interested and amused without having to take any trouble for herself; she is too delicate to be very active either in mind or body.

Just look after her when the house gets full, and place her where she can hear and see everything and everybody, without any fuss and responsibility."

So Sir Charles began this day at luncheon by taking Molly under his quiet protection. He did not say much to her; but what he did say was thoroughly friendly and sympathetic; and Molly began, as he and Lady Harriet intended that she should, to have a kind of pleasant reliance upon him. Then in the evening while the rest of the family were at dinner — after Molly's tea and hour of quiet repose, Parkes came and dressed her in some of the new clothes prepared for the Kirkpatrick visit, and did her hair in some new and pretty way, so that when Molly looked at herself in the cheval-glass, she scarcely knew the elegant reflection to be that of herself. She was fetched down by Lady Harriet into the great long formidable drawing-room, which, as an interminable place of pacing, had haunted her dreams ever since her childhood. At the further end sat Lady Cumnor at her tapestry work; the light of fire and candle seemed all concentrated on that one bright part where presently Lady Harriet made tea, and Lord Cumnor went to sleep, and Sir Charles read passages aloud from the *Edinburgh Review* to the three ladies at their work.

When Molly went to bed she was constrained to admit that staying at the Towers as a visitor was rather pleasant than otherwise; and she tried to reconcile old impressions with new ones, until she fell asleep. There was another comparatively quiet day before the expected guests began to arrive in the evening. Lady Harriet took Molly a drive in her little pony-carriage; and for the first time for many weeks Molly began to feel the delightful spring of returning health; the dance of youthful spirits in the fresh air cleared by the previous day's rain.

CHAPTER LVIII.

REVIVING HOPES AND BRIGHTENING PROSPECTS.

"If you can without fatigue, dear, do come down to dinner to-day; you'll then see the people one by one as they appear, instead of having to encounter a crowd of strangers. Hollingford will be here too. I hope you'll find it pleasant."

So Molly made her appearance at dinner that day; and got to know, by sight at least,

some of the most distinguished of the visitors at the Towers. The next day was Thursday, Cynthia's wedding-day; bright and fine in the country, whatever it might be in London. And there were several letters from the home-people awaiting Molly when she came downstairs to the late breakfast. For every day, every hour, she was gaining strength and health, and she was unwilling to continue her invalid habits any longer than was necessary. She looked so much better that Sir Charles noticed it to Lady Harriet; and several of the visitors spoke of her this morning as a very pretty, lady-like, and graceful girl. This was Thursday; on Friday, as Lady Harriet had told her, some visitors from the more immediate neighbourhood were expected to stay over the Sunday: but she had not mentioned their names, and when Molly went down into the drawing-room before dinner, she was almost startled by perceiving Roger Hamley in the centre of a group of gentlemen, who were all talking together eagerly, and, as it seemed to her, making him the object of their attention. He made a hitch in his conversation, lost the precise meaning of a question addressed to him, answered it rather hastily, and made his way to where Molly was sitting, a little behind Lady Harriet. He had heard that she was staying at the Towers, but he was almost as much surprised as she was by his unexpected appearance, for he had only seen her once or twice since his return from Africa, and then in the guise of an invalid. Now in her pretty evening dress, with her hair beautifully dressed, her delicate complexion flushed a little with timidity, yet her movements and manners bespeaking quiet ease, Roger hardly recognized her, although he acknowledged her identity. He began to feel that admiring deference which most young men experience when conversing with a very pretty girl: a sort of desire to obtain her good opinion in a manner very different to his old familiar friendliness. He was annoyed when Sir Charles, whose especial charge she still was, came up to take her in to dinner. He could not quite understand the smile of mutual intelligence that passed between the two, each being aware of Lady Harriet's plan of sheltering Molly from the necessity of talking, and acting in conformity with her wishes as much as with their own. Roger found himself puzzling, and watching them from time to time during dinner. Again in the evening he sought her out, but found her again pre-occupied with one of the young men staying in the house, who had had the advantage of two

days of mutual interest, and acquaintance with the daily events and jokes and anxieties of the family-circle. Molly could not help wishing to break off all this trivial talk and to make room for Roger: she had so much to ask him about everything at the Hall; he was, and had been such a stranger to them all for these last two months, and more. But though each wanted to speak to the other more than to any one else in the room, it so happened that everything seemed to conspire to prevent it. Lord Hollingford carried off Roger to the clatter of middle-aged men; he was wanted to give his opinion upon some scientific subject. Mr. Ernest Watson, the young man referred to above, kept his place by Molly, as the prettiest girl in the room, and almost dazed her by his never-ceasing flow of clever small-talk. She looked so tired and pale at last that the ever-watchful Lady Harriet sent Sir Charles to the rescue, and after a few words with Lady Harriet, Roger saw Molly quietly leave the room; and a sentence or two which he heard Lady Harriet address to her cousin made him know that it was for the night. Those sentences might bear another interpretation to the obvious one.

"Really, Charles, considering that she is in your charge, I think you might have saved her from the chatter and patter of Mr. Watson; I can only stand it when I am in the strongest health."

Why was Molly in Sir Charles' charge? why? Then Roger remembered many little things that might serve to confirm the fancy he had got into his head; and he went to bed puzzled and annoyed. It seemed to him such an incongruous, hastily-got-up sort of engagement, if engagement it really was. On Saturday they were more fortunate; they had a long *tête-à-tête* in the most public place in the house—on a sofa in the hall where Molly was resting at Lady Harriet's command before going upstairs after a walk. Roger was passing through, and saw her, and came to her. Standing before her, and making pretence of playing with the goldfish in a great marble basin close at hand,—

"I was very unlucky," said he. "I wanted to get near you last night, but it was quite impossible. You were so busy talking to Mr. Watson, until Sir Charles Morton came and carried you off—with such an air of authority! Have you known him long?"

Now this was not at all the manner in which Roger had pre-determined that he would speak of Sir Charles to Molly; but the words came out in spite of himself.

"No! not long. I never saw him before I came here—on Tuesday. But Lady Harriet told him to see that I did not get tired, for I wanted to come down; but you know I have not been strong. He is a cousin of Lady Harriet's, and does all she tells him to do."

"Oh! he is not handsome; but I believe he is a very sensible man."

"Yes! I should think so. He is so silent though, that I can hardly judge."

"He bears a very high character in the county," said Roger, willing now to give him his full due.

Molly stood up.

"I must go upstairs," she said; "I only sat down here for a minute or two because Lady Harriet bade me."

"Stop a little longer," said he. "This is really the pleasantest place; this basin of water-lilies gives one the idea, if not the sensation, of coolness; besides—it seems so long since I saw you, and I have a message from my father to give you. He is very angry with you."

"Angry with me?" said Molly, in surprise.

"Yes! He heard that you had come here for change of air; and he was offended that you had not come to us—to the Hall, instead. He said that you should have remembered old friends!"

Molly took all this quite gravely, and did not at first notice the smile on his face.

"Oh! I am so sorry!" said she. "But will you please tell him how it all happened. Lady Harriet called the very day when it was settled that I was not to go to"—Cynthia's wedding she was going to add, but she suddenly stopped short, and, blushing deeply, changed the expression, "go to London, and she planned it all in a minute, and convinced mamma and papa, and had her own way. There was really no resisting her."

"I think you will have to tell all this to my father yourself, if you mean to make your peace. Why can you not come on to the Hall when you leave the Towers?"

To go in the cool manner suggested from one house to another, after the manner of a royal progress, was not at all according to Molly's primitive home-keeping notions. She made answer,—

"I should like it very much, some time. But I must go home first. They will want me more than ever now"—

Again she felt herself touching on a sore subject, and stopped short. Roger became annoyed at her so constantly conjecturing what he must be feeling on the subject of

Cynthia's marriage. With sympathetic perception she had discerned that the idea must give him pain; and perhaps she also knew that he would dislike to show the pain: but she had not the presence of mind or ready wit to give a skilful turn to the conversation. All this annoyed Roger, he could hardly tell why. He determined to take the metaphorical bull by the horns. Until that was done, his footing with Molly would always be insecure; as it always is between two friends, who mutually avoid a subject to which their thoughts perpetually recur.

"Ah, yes!" said he. "Of course you must be of double importance now Miss Kirkpatrick has left you. I saw her marriage in *The Times* yesterday."

His tone of voice was changed in speaking of her, but her name had been named between them, and that was the great thing to accomplish.

"Still," he continued, "I think I must urge my father's claim for a short visit, and all the more, because I can really see the apparent improvement in your health since I came,—only yesterday. Besides, Molly," it was the old familiar Roger of former days who spoke now, "I think you could help us at home. Aimée is shy and awkward with my father, and he has never taken quite kindly to her,—yet I know they would like and value each other, if some one could but bring them together,—and it would be such a comfort to me if this could take place before I have to leave."

"To leave—are you going away again?"

"Yes. Have you not heard? I did not complete my engagement. I am going again in September for six months."

"I remember. But somehow I fancied—you seemed to have settled down into the old way at the Hall."

"So my father appears to think. But it is not likely I shall ever make it my home again; and that is partly the reason why I want my father to adopt the notion of Aimée's living with him. Ah, here are all the people coming back from their walk. However, I shall see you again: perhaps this afternoon we may get a little quiet time, for I have a great deal to consult you about."

They separated then, and Molly went upstairs very happy, very full and warm at her heart; it was so pleasant to have Roger talking to her in this way, like a friend; she had once thought that she could never look upon the great brown-bearded celebrity in the former light of almost brotherly intimacy, but now it was all coming right.

There was no opportunity for renewed confidences that afternoon. Molly went a quiet decorous drive as fourth with two dowagers and one spinster; but it was very pleasant to think that she should see him again at dinner, and again to-morrow. On the Sunday evening, as they were all sitting and loitering on the lawn before dinner, Roger went on with what he had to say about the position of his sister-in-law in his father's house: the mutual bond between the mother and grandfather being the child; who was also, through jealousy, the bone of contention and the severance. There were many little details to be given in order to make Molly quite understand the difficulty of the situations on both sides; and the young man and the girl became absorbed in what they were talking about, and wandered away into the shade of the long avenue. Lady Harriet, separated herself from a group and came up to Lord Hollingsford, who was sauntering a little apart, and putting her arm within his with the familiarity of a favourite sister, she said,—

"Don't you think that your pattern young man, and my favourite young woman, are finding out each other's good qualities?"

He had not been observing as she had been.

"Who do you mean?" said he.

"Look along the avenue; who are those?"

"Mr. Hamley and—is it not Miss Gibson? I can't quite make out. Oh! if you're letting your fancy run off in that direction, I can tell you it's quite waste of time. Roger Hamley is a man who will soon have an European reputation!"

"That's very possible, and yet it does not make any difference in my opinion. Molly Gibson is capable of appreciating him."

"She is a very pretty, good little country-girl. I don't mean to say anything against her, but"—

"Remember the Charity Ball; you called her 'unusually intelligent' after you had danced with her there. But after all we are like the genie and the fairy in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*, who each cried up the merits of the Prince Caramalzaman and the Princess Badoura."

"Hamley is not a marrying man."

"How do you know?"

"I know that he has very little private fortune, and I know that science is not a remunerative profession, if profession it can be called."

"Oh, if that's all—a hundred things

may happen — some one may leave him a fortune — or this tiresome little heir that nobody wanted, may die."

"Hush, Harriet, that's the worst of allowing yourself to plan far ahead for the future; you are sure to contemplate the death of some one, and to reckon upon the contingency as affecting events."

"As if lawyers were not always doing something of the kind!"

"Leave it to those to whom it is necessary. I dislike planning marriages or looking forward to deaths about equally."

"You are getting very prosaic and tiresome. Hollingford!"

"Only getting!" said he smiling. "I thought you had always looked upon me as a tiresome matter-of-fact fellow."

"Now, if you're going to fish for a compliment, I am gone. Only remember my prophecy when my vision comes to pass; or make a bet, and whoever wins shall spend the money on a present to Prince Caramalzaman or Princess Badoura, as the case may be."

Lord Hollingford remembered his sister's words as he heard Roger say to Molly as he was leaving the Towers on the following day. —

"Then I may tell my father that you will come and pay him a visit next week? You don't know what pleasure it will give him." He had been on the point of saying "will give us," but he had an instinct which told him it was as well to consider Molly's promised visit as exclusively made to his father.

The next day Molly went home; she was astonished at herself for being so sorry to leave the Towers; and found it difficult, if not impossible, to reconcile the long-fixed idea of the house as a place wherein to suffer all a child's tortures of dismay and forlornness with her new and fresh conception. She had gained health, she had had pleasure, the faint fragrance of a new and unacknowledged hope had stolen into her life. No wonder that Mr. Gibson was struck with the improvement in her looks, and Mrs. Gibson impressed with her increased grace.

"Ah, Molly," said she, "it's really wonderful to see what a little good society will do for a girl. Even a week of association with such people as one meets with at the Towers is, as somebody said of a lady of rank whose name I have forgotten, 'a polite education in itself.' There is something quite different about you — a *je ne sais quoi* — that would tell me at once that you have been mingling with the aristocracy. With all her charms, it was what my darling Cynthia wanted; not that Mr. Hender-

son thought so, for a more devoted lover can hardly be conceived. He absolutely bought her a parure of diamonds. I was obliged to say to him that I had studied to preserve her simplicity of taste, and that he must not corrupt her with too much luxury. But I was rather disappointed at their going off without a maid. It was the one blemish in the arrangements, the spot in the sun. Dear Cynthia, when I think of her, I do assure you, Molly, I make it my nightly prayer that I may be able to find you just such another husband. And all this time you have never told me who you met at the Towers?"

Molly ran over a list of names. Roger Hamley's came last.

"Upon my word! That young man is pushing his way up!"

"The Hamleys are a far older family than the Cumnors," said Molly, flushing up.

"Now, Molly, I can't have you democratic. Rank is a great distinction. It is quite enough to have dear papa with democratic tendencies. But we won't begin to quarrel. Now that you and I are left alone we ought to be bosom friends, and I hope we shall be. Roger Hamley did not say much about that unfortunate little Osborne Hamley, I suppose."

"On the contrary. He says his father dotes on the child; and he seemed very proud of him, himself."

"I thought the squire must be getting very much infatuated with something. I daresay the French mother takes care of that. Why! he has scarcely taken any notice of you for this month or more, and before that you were everything."

It was about six weeks since Cynthia's engagement had become publicly known, and that might have had something to do with the squire's desertion, Molly thought. But she said, —

"The squire has sent me an invitation to go and stay there next week if you have no objection, mamma. They seem to want a companion for Mrs. Osborne Hamley, who is not very strong."

"I can hardly tell what to say, — I don't like your having to associate with a Frenchwoman of doubtful rank; and I can't bear the thought of losing my child — my only daughter now. I did ask Helen Kirkpatrick, but she can't come for some time; and the house is going to be altered. Papa has consented to build me another room at last, for Cynthia and Mr. Henderson will, of course, come and see us; we shall have many more visitors, I expect, and your bedroom will make a capital lumber-room; and

Maria wants a week's holiday. I am always so unwilling to put any obstacles in the way of any one's pleasure,—weakly unwilling, I believe,—but it certainly would be very convenient to have you out of the house for a few days; so, for once, I will waive my own wish for your companionship, and plead your cause with papa.”

Miss Brownings came to call and hear the double batch of news. Mrs. Goodenough had come the very day on which they had returned from Miss Hornblower's, to tell them the astounding fact of Molly Gibson having gone on a visit to the Towers; not to come back at night, but to sleep there, to be there for two or three days, just as if she was a young lady of quality. So Miss Browning came to hear all the details of the wedding from Mrs. Gibson, and the history of Molly's visit at the Towers as well. But Mrs. Gibson did not like this divided interest, and some of her old jealousy of Molly's intimacy at the Towers had returned.

“Now, Molly,” said Miss Browning, “let us hear how you behaved among the great folks. You must not be set up with all their attention; remember that they pay it to you for your good father's sake.”

“Molly is, I think, quite aware,” put in Mrs. Gibson, in her most soft and languid tone, “that she owes her privilege of visiting at such a house to Lady Cumnor's kind desire to set my mind quite at liberty at the time of Cynthia's marriage. As soon as ever I had returned home, Molly came back; indeed I should not have thought it right to let her intrude upon their kindness beyond what was absolutely necessary.”

Molly felt extremely uncomfortable at all this, although perfectly aware of the entire inaccuracy of the statement.

“Well, but, Molly!” said Miss Browning, “never mind whether you went there on your own merits, or your worthy father's merits, or Mrs. Gibson's merits; but tell us what you did when you were there.”

So Molly began an account of their sayings and doings, which she could have made far more interesting to Miss Browning and Miss Phoebe if she had not been conscious of her stepmother's critical listening. She had to tell it all with a mental squint; the surest way to spoil a narration. She was also subject to Mrs. Gibson's perpetual corrections of little statements which she knew to be facts. But what vexed her most of all was Mrs. Gibson's last speech before the Miss Brownings left.

“Molly has fallen into rambling ways with this visit of hers, of which she makes

so much, as if nobody had ever been in a great house but herself. She is going to Hamley Hall next week,—getting quite dissipated in fact.”

Yet to Mrs. Goodenough, the next caller on the same errand of congratulation, Mrs. Gibson's tone was quite different. There had always been a tacit antagonism between the two, and the conversation now ran as follows:—

Mrs. Goodenough began,

“Well! Mrs. Gibson, I suppose I must wish you joy of Miss Cynthia's marriage; I should condole with some mothers as had lost their daughters; but you're not one of that sort, I reckon.”

Now, as Mrs. Gibson was not quite sure to which “sort” of mothers the greatest credit was to be attached, she found it a little difficult how to frame her reply.

“Dear Cynthia!” she said. “One can't but rejoice in her happiness! And yet”—she ended her sentence by sighing.

“Ay. She was a young woman as would always have her followers; for, to tell the truth, she was as pretty a creature as ever I saw in my life. And all the more she needed skilful guidance. I am sure I, for one, am as glad as can be she's done so well by herself. Folks say Mr. Henderson has a handsome private fortune over and above what he makes by the law.”

“There is no fear but that my Cynthia will have everything this world can give!” said Mrs. Gibson with dignity.

“Well, well! she was always a bit of a favourite of mine; and as I was saying to my granddaughter there” (for she was accompanied by a young lady, who looked keenly to the prospect of some wedding-cake), “I was never one of those who ran her down and called her a flirt and a jilt. I'm glad to hear she's like to be so well off. And now, I suppose, you'll be turning your mind to doing something for Miss Molly there?”

“If you mean by that, doing anything that can, by hastening her marriage, deprive me of the company of one who is like my own child, you are very much mistaken, Mrs. Goodenough. And pray remember, I am the last person in the world to match-make. Cynthia made Mr. Henderson's acquaintance at her uncle's in London.”

“Ay! I thought her cousin was very often ill, and needing her nursing, and you were very keen she should be of use. I am not saying but what it is right in a mother; I'm only putting in a word for Miss Molly.

“Thank you, Mrs. Goodenough,” said

Molly, half-angry, half-laughing. "When I want to be married, I'll not trouble mamma. I'll look out for myself."

"Molly is becoming so popular, I hardly know how we shall keep her at home," said Mrs. Gibson. "I miss her sadly; but, as I said to Mr. Gibson, let young people have change, and see a little of the world while they are young. It has been a great advantage to her being at the Towers while so many clever and distinguished people were there. I can already see a difference in her tone of conversation: an elevation in her choice of subjects. And now she is going to Hamley Hall. I can assure you I feel quite a proud mother, when I see how she is sought after. And my other daughter—my Cynthia—writing such letters from Paris!"

"Things is a deal changed since my days, for sure," said Mrs. Goodenough. "So, perhaps, I'm no judge. When I was married first, him and me went in a post-chaise to his father's house, a matter of twenty mile off at the outside; and sate down to as good a supper amongst his friends and relations as you'd wish to see. And that was my first wedding jaunt. My second was when I better knowed my worth as a bride, and thought that now or never I must see London. But I were reckoned a very extravagant sort of a body to go so far, and spend my money, though Jerry had left me uncommon well off. But now young folks go off to Paris, and think nothing of the cost: and it's well if wilful waste don't make woeful want before they die. But I'm thankful somewhat is being done for Miss Molly's chances, as I said afore. It's not quite what I should have liked to have done for my Anna-Maria though. But times are changed, as I said just now."

CHAPTER LIX.

MOLLY GIBSON AT HAMLEY HALL.

THE conversation ended there for the time. Wedding-cake and wine were brought in, and it was Molly's duty to serve them out. But those last words of Mrs. Goodenough's tingled in her ears, and she tried to interpret them to her own satisfaction in any way but the obvious one. And that, too, was destined to be confirmed; for directly after Mrs. Goodenough took her leave, Mrs. Gibson desired Molly to carry away the tray to a table close to an open corner window, where the things might be placed in readiness for any future callers;

and underneath this open window went the path from the house-door to the road. Molly heard Mrs. Goodenough saying to her granddaughter, —

"That Mrs. Gibson is a deep un. There's Mr. Roger Hamley as like as not to have the Hall estate, and she sends Molly a-visiting" — and then she passed out of hearing. Molly could have burst out crying, with a full sudden conviction of what Mrs. Goodenough had been alluding to: her sense of the impropriety of Molly's going to visit at the Hall when Roger was at home. To be sure Mrs. Goodenough was a commonplace, unrefined woman. Mrs. Gibson did not seem to have even noticed the allusion. Mr. Gibson took it all as a matter of course that Molly should go to the Hall as simply now, as she had done before. Roger had spoken of it in so straightforward a manner as showed he had no conception of its being an impropriety, — this visit, — this visit until now so happy a subject of anticipation. Molly felt as if she could never speak to any one of the idea to which Mrs. Goodenough's words had given rise; as if she could never be the first to suggest the notion of impropriety, which pre-supposed what she blushed to think of. Then she tried to comfort herself by reasoning. If it had been wrong, forward, or indelicate, really improper in the slightest degree, who would have been so ready as her father to put his veto upon it? But reasoning was of no use after Mrs. Goodenough's words had put fancies into Molly's head. The more she bade these fancies begone the more they answered her (as Daniel O'Rourke did the man in the moon, when he bade Dan get off his seat on the sickle, and go into empty space), "The more ye ask us the more we won't stir." One may smile at a young girl's miseries of this description; but they are very real and stinging miseries to her. All that Molly could do was to resolve on a single eye to the dear old squire, and his mental and bodily comforts; to try and heal up any breaches which might have occurred between him and Aimée; and to ignore Roger as much as possible. Good Roger! Kind Roger! Dear Roger! It would be very hard to avoid him as much as was consistent with common politeness; but it would be right to do it; and when she was with him she must be as natural as possible, or he might observe some difference; but what was natural? How much ought she avoid being with him? Would he even notice if she was more chary of her company, more calculating of her words? Alas! the

simplicity of their intercourse was spoilt henceforward! She made laws for herself; she resolved to devote herself to the squire and to Aimée, and to forget Mrs. Goodenough's foolish speeches; but her perfect freedom was gone; and with it half her chance, that is to say, half her chance would have been lost over any strangers who had not known her before: they would probably have thought her stiff and awkward, and apt to say things and then retract them. But she was so different from her usual self that Roger noticed the change in her as soon as she arrived at the Hall. She had carefully measured out the days of her visit; they were to be exactly the same number as she had spent at the Towers. She feared lest if she stayed at the Hall a shorter time the squire might be annoyed. Yet how charming the place looked in its early autumnal glow as she drove up! And there was Roger at the hall-door waiting to receive her, watching for her coming. And now he retreated, apparently to summon his sister-in-law, who came now timidly forward in her deep widow's mourning, holding her boy in her arms as if to protect her shyness; but he struggled down, and ran towards the carriage, eager to greet his friend the coachman, and to obtain a promised ride. Roger did not say much himself: he wanted to make Aimée feel her place as daughter of the house; but she was too timid to speak much. And she only took Molly by the hand and led her into the drawing-room, where, as if by a sudden impulse of gratitude for all the tender nursing she had received during her illness, she put her arms round Molly and kissed her long and well. And after that they came to be friends.

It was nearly lunch-time, and the squire always made his appearance at that meal, more for the pleasure of seeing his grandson eat his dinner, than for any hunger of his own. To-day Molly quickly saw the whole state of the family affairs. She thought that even had Roger said nothing about them at the Towers, she should have found out that neither the father nor the daughter-in-law had as yet found the clue to each other's characters, although they had now been living for several months in the same house. Aimée seemed to forget her English in her nervousness; and to watch with the jealous eyes of a dissatisfied mother all the proceedings of the squire towards her little boy. They were not of the wisest kind, it must be owned; the child sipped the strong ale with evident relish, and clamoured for everything which he saw the oth-

ers enjoying. Aimée could hardly attend to Molly for her anxiety as to what her boy was doing and eating; yet she said nothing. Roger took the end of the table opposite to that at which sate grandfather and grandchild. After the boy's first wants were gratified the squire addressed himself to Molly.

"Well! and so you can come here a-visiting though you have been among the grand folks. I thought you were going to cut us, Miss Molly, when I heard you was gone to the Towers—could not find any other place to stay at while father and mother were away, but an earl's, eh?"

"They asked me, and I went," said Molly; "now you've asked me, and I've come here."

"I think you might ha' known you'd be always welcome here, without waiting for asking. Why, Molly! I look upon you as a kind of a daughter more than Madam there!" dropping his voice a little, and perhaps supposing that the child's babble would drown the signification of his words.

"Nay, you need not look at me so pitifully—she does not follow English readily."

"I think she does!" said Molly, in a low voice, not looking up, however, for fear of catching another glimpse at Aimée's sudden forlornness of expression and deepened colour. She felt grateful, as if for a personal favour, when she heard Roger speaking to Aimée the moment afterwards in the tender terms of brotherly friendliness; and presently these two were sufficiently engaged in a tête-à-tête conversation to allow Molly and the squire to go on talking.

"He's a sturdy chap, is not he?" said the squire, stroking the little Roger's curly head. "And he can puff four puffs at grandpapa's pipe without being sick, can't he?"

"I s'ant puff any more puffs," said the boy resolutely. "Mamma says no. I s'ant."

"That's just like her!" said the squire, dropping his voice this time, however. "As if it could do the child any harm!"

Molly made a point of turning the conversation from all personal subjects after this, and kept the squire talking about the progress of his drainage during the rest of lunch. He offered to take her to see it; and she acceded to the proposal, thinking, meantime, how little she need have anticipated the being thrown too intimately with Roger, who seemed to devote himself to his sister-in-law. But, in the evening, when Aimée had gone upstairs to put her boy to bed, and the squire was asleep in his easy chair, a sudden flush of memory brought

Mrs. Goodenough's words again to her mind. She was virtually tête-à-tête with Roger, as she had been dozens of times before, but now she could not help assuming an air of constraint: her eyes did not meet his in the old frank way; she took up a book at a pause in the conversation, and left him puzzled and annoyed at the change in her manner. And so it went on during all the time of her visit. If sometimes she forgot and let herself go into all her old naturalness, by-and-by she checked herself, and became comparatively cold and reserved. Roger was pained at all this — more pained day after day; more anxious to discover the cause. Aimée, too, silently noticed how different Molly became in Roger's presence. One day she could not help saying to Molly, —

"Don't you like Roger? You would if you only knew how good he was! He is learned, but that is nothing: it is his goodness that one admires and loves."

"He is very good," said Molly. "I have known him long enough to know that."

"But you don't think him agreeable? He is not like my poor husband, to be sure; and you knew him well, too. Ah! tell me about him once again. When you first knew him? When his mother was alive?"

Molly had grown very fond of Aimée: when the latter was at her ease she had very charming and attaching ways; but feeling uneasy in her position in the squire's house, she was almost repellent to him; and he, too, put on his worst side to her. Roger was most anxious to bring them together, and had several consultations with Molly as to the best means of accomplishing this end. As long as they talked upon this subject she spoke to him in the quiet sensible manner which she inherited from her father; but when their discussions on this point were ended, she fell back into her piquant assumption of dignified reserve. It was very difficult to her to maintain this strange manner, especially when once or twice she fancied that it gave him pain; and she would go into her own room and suddenly burst into tears on these occasions, and wish that her visit was ended, and that she was once again in the eventless tranquillity of her own home. Yet presently her fancy changed, and she clung to the swiftly passing hours, as if she would still retain the happiness of each. For, unknown to her, Roger was exerting himself to make her visit pleasant. He was not willing to appear as the instigator of all the little plans for each day, for he felt as if somehow he did not hold the same place in her regard

as formerly. Still, one day Aimée suggested a nutting expedition — another day they gave little Roger the unheard-of pleasure of tea out-of-doors — there was something else agreeable for a third; and it was Roger who arranged all these simple pleasures — such as he knew Molly would enjoy. But to her he only appeared as the ready forwarder of Aimée's devices. The week was nearly gone, when one morning the squire found Roger sitting in the old library — with a book before him, it is true, but so deep in thought that he was evidently startled by his father's unexpected entrance.

"I thought I should find thee here, my lad! We'll have the old room done up again before winter; it smells musty enough, and yet I see it's the place for thee! I want thee to go with me round the five-acre. I'm thinking of laying it down in grass. It's time for you to be getting into the fresh air, you look quite woe-begone over books, books, books; there never was a thing like 'em for stealing a man's health out of him!"

So Roger went out with his father, without saying many words till they were at some distance from the house. Then he brought out a sentence with such abruptness that he repaid his father for the start the latter had given him a quarter of an hour before.

"Father, you remember I'm going out again to the Cape next month! You spoke of doing up the library. If it is for me, I shall be away all the winter."

"Can't you get off it?" pleaded his father. "I thought maybe you'd forgotten all about it."

"Not likely!" said Roger, half-smiling.

"Well, but they might have found another man to finish up your work."

"No one can finish it but myself. Besides, an engagement is an engagement. When I wrote to Lord Hollingford to tell him I must come home, I promised to go out again for another six months."

"Ay. I know. And perhaps it will put it out of my mind. It will always be hard on me to part from thee. But I daresay it's best for you."

Roger's colour deepened. "You are alluding to — to Miss Kirkpatrick — Mrs. Henderson I mean. Father, let me tell you once for all I think that was rather a hasty affair. I am pretty sure now that we were not suited to each other. I was wretched when I got her letter — at the Cape I mean — but I believe it was for the best."

"That's right. That's my own boy," said the squire, turning round and shaking hands with his son with vehemence. "And now

"I'll tell you what I heard the other day, when I was at the magistrates' meeting. They were all saying she had jilted Preston."

"I don't want to hear anything against her: she may have her faults, but I can never forget how I once loved her."

"Well, well! Perhaps it's right. I was not so bad about it, was I, Roger? Poor Osborne need not have been so secret with me. I asked your Miss Cynthia out here — and her mother and all — my bark is worse than my bite. For if I had a wish on earth it was to see Osborne married as befitted one of an old stock, and he went and chose out this French girl, of no family at all, only a" —

"Never mind what she was; look at what she is! I wonder you are not more taken with her humility and sweetness, father!"

"I don't even call her pretty," said the squire, uneasily, for he dreaded a repetition of the arguments which Roger had often used to make him give Aimée her proper due of affection and position. "Now your Miss Cynthia was pretty, I will say that for her, the baggage! and to think that when you two lads flew right in your father's face, and picked out girls below you in rank and family, you should neither of you have set your fancies on my little Molly there. I daresay I should ha' been angry enough at the time, but the lassie would ha' found her way to my heart, as never this French lady, nor t'other one, could ha' done."

Roger did not answer.

"I don't see why you might not put up for her still. I'm humble enough now, and you're not heir as Osborne was who married a servant-maid. Don't you think you could turn your thoughts to Molly Gibson, Roger."

"No!" said Roger, shortly. "It's too late — too late. Don't let us talk any more of my marrying. Is not this the five-acre field?" And soon he was discussing the relative values of meadow, arable and pasture land with his father, as heartily as if he had never known Molly, or loved Cynthia. But the squire was not in such good spirits, and went but heavily into the discussion. At the end of it he said *à propos de bottes*,

"But don't you think you could like her if you tried, Roger?"

Roger knew perfectly well to what his father was alluding, but for an instant he was on the point of pretending to misunderstand. At length, however, he said, in a low voice,

"I shall never try, father. Don't let us

talk any more about it. As I said before, it is too late."

The squire was like a child to whom some toy has been refused; from time to time the thought of his disappointment in this matter recurred to his mind; and then he took to blaming Cynthia as the primary cause of Roger's present indifference to womankind.

It so happened that on Molly's last morning at the Hall, she received her first letter from Cynthia — Mrs. Henderson. It was just before breakfast-time: Roger was out of doors, Aimée had not as yet come down; Molly was alone in the dining-room, where the table was already laid. She had just finished reading her letter when the squire came in, and she immediately and joyfully told him what the morning had brought to her. But when she saw the squire's face she could have bitten her tongue out for having named Cynthia's name to him. He looked vexed and depressed.

"I wish I might never hear of her again. I do. She's been the bane of my Roger, that's what she has. I have not slept half the night, and it's all her fault. Why, there's my boy saying now that he has no heart for ever marrying, poor lad! I wish it had been you, Molly, my lads had taken a fancy for. I told Roger so t'other day, and I said that for all you were beneath what I ever thought to see them marry, — well — it's of no use — it's too late, now, as he said. Only never let me hear that baggage's name again, that's all. And no offence to you, either, lassie. I know you love the wench; but if you'll take an old man's word, you're worth a score of her. I wish young men would think so too," he muttered as he went to the side-table to carve the ham, while Molly poured out the tea — her heart very hot all the time, and effectually silenced for a space. It was with the greatest difficulty that she could keep tears of mortification from falling. She felt altogether in a wrong position in that house, which had been like a home to her until this last visit. What with Mrs. Goodenough's remarks, and now this speech of the squire's, implying — at least to her susceptible imagination — that his father had proposed her as a wife to Roger, and that she had been rejected, she was more glad than she could express, or even think, that she was going home this very morning. Roger came in from his walk while she was in this state of feeling. He saw in an instant that something had distressed Molly; and he longed to have the old friendly right of asking her what it was. But she had effectually kept him at too great a distance during the last few days for

him to feel at liberty to speak to her in the old straightforward brotherly way ; especially now, when he perceived her efforts to conceal her feelings, and the way in which she drank her tea in feverish haste, and accepted bread only to crumble it about her plate, untouched. It was all that he could do to make talk under these circumstances ; but he backed up her efforts as well as he could until Aimée came down, grave and anxious ; her boy had not had a good night, and did not seem well ; he had fallen into a feverish sleep now, or she could not have left him. Immediately the whole table was in a ferment. The squire pushed away his plate, and could eat no more ; Roger was trying to extract a detail or a fact out of Aimée, who began to give way to tears. Molly quickly proposed that the carriage, which had been ordered to take her home at eleven, should come round immediately — she had everything ready packed up, she said, — and bring back her father at once. By leaving directly, she said it was probable they might catch him after he had returned from his morning visits in the town, and before he had set off on his more distant round. Her proposal was agreed to, and she went upstairs to put on her things. She came down all ready into the drawing-room, expecting to find Aimée and the squire there ; but during her absence word had been brought to the anxious mother and grandfather that the child had wakened up in a panic, and both had rushed up to their darling. But Roger was in the drawing-room awaiting Molly, with a large bunch of the choicest flowers.

"Look, Molly !" said he, as she was on the point of leaving the room again, on finding him there alone. "I gathered these flowers for you before breakfast." He came to meet her reluctant advance.

"Thank you !" said she. "You are very kind. I am very much obliged to you."

"Then you must do something for me," said he, determined not to notice the restraint of her manner, and making the rearrangement of the flowers which she held a sort of link between them, so that she could not follow her impulse, and leave the room.

"Tell me, — honestly as I know you will if you speak at all, — have not I done something to vex you since we were so happy at the Towers together ?"

His voice was so kind and true, — his manner so winning yet wistful, that Molly

would have been thankful to tell him all ; she believed that he could have helped her more than any one to understand how she ought to behave rightly ; he would have disentangled her fancies, — if only he himself had not lain at the very core and centre of all her perplexity and dismay. How could she tell him of Mrs. Goodenough's words troubling her maiden modesty ? How could she ever repeat what his father had said that morning, and assure him that she, no more than he, wished that their old friendliness should be troubled by the thought of a nearer relationship ?

"No, you never vexed me in my whole life, Roger," said she, looking straight at him for the first time for many days.

"I believe you, because you say so. I have no right to ask further, Molly. Will you give me back one of those flowers, as a pledge of what you have said ?"

"Take whichever you like," said she, eagerly offering him the whole nosegay to choose from.

"No ; you must choose, and you must give it me."

Just then the squire came in. Roger would have been glad if Molly had not gone on so eagerly to ransack the bunch for the choicest flower in his father's presence ; but she exclaimed :

"Oh, please, Mr. Hamley, do you know which is Roger's favourite flower ?"

"No. A rose, I daresay. The carriage is at the door, and, Molly my dear, I don't want to hurry you, but" —

"I know. Here, Roger, — here is a rose !

("And red as a rose was she.")

I will find papa as soon as ever I get home. How is the little boy ?"

"I'm afraid he's beginning of some kind of a fever."

And the squire took her to the carriage, talking all the way of the little boy ; Roger following, and hardly heeding what he was doing in the answer to the question he kept asking himself : "Too late — or not ? Can she ever forget that my first foolish love was given to one so different ?"

While she, as the carriage rolled away, kept saying to herself, — "We are friends again. I don't believe he will remember what the dear squire took it into his head to suggest for many days. It is so pleasant to be on the old terms again ; and what lovely flowers !"

From the Month.

HENRY TAYLOR.

THE present century has been a great age of English poetry — greater unquestionably than any which preceded it, except the Elizabethan. But there is one great difference between the Elizabethan poetry and that of the nineteenth century. Our poets of the sixteenth century in the main bore to each other a considerable resemblance, — not in detail, but in spirit. The English poetry of the nineteenth century, on the other hand, has unconsciously divided itself into different schools, as remote from each other as were those of Italian painting. In Wordsworth and Coleridge we have the school of philosophic thought, united with a mystical reverence for nature. In Shelley, Keats, and Landor we find the classical or Hellenic school, with its sharpness of outline, its love of definite and finite beauty, its appreciation of nature rather through the sensations than the intellect, and its habit of interpreting nature through sensuous types and mythological fancies. In Leigh Hunt and Thomas Hood English poetry wears an Italian grace and gayety of aspect; while in the *Pleasures of Memory* and the *Pleasures of Hope* we have the last echoes of the French, or pseudo-classical school, transmitted from Goldsmith and Pope. In Crabbe we find the school of dry and hard reality, the dusty idyl of Common English life, — externally, prosaic enough, yet with poetry at its centre, like the spark latent in the flint. The romantic and chivalrous tales of Scott were a revival of the old English ballad-poetry, with a larger development but a less fine handling and a less vivid inspiration. In Byron and Moore we have the poetry of passion, or, more correctly speaking, of emotional excitement; combined in the former instance with great energy of an imagination rather rhetorical than comprehensive or penetrating, and in the latter with great brilliancy and affluence of fancy, but with little refinement.

In our own day there have risen among us several new poets, the most celebrated of whom are unquestionably Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Henry Taylor. The poetry of the latter has now been presented to us in what is called a "complete edition;"* and though we trust that it is not yet literally complete, enough of it is now before us to allow of a comparison between his several

works, and a more comprehensive estimate of them than we could have made when each of them successively appeared. We have not space to notice them all, and shall here confine ourselves to the principal one, *Philip van Artevelde*.

One of the most remarkable circumstances connected with Mr. Taylor's poetry is the small degree in which it can be classed with the schools above named. Like the first that we have referred to, it is thoughtful in an unusual degree; but its thoughtfulness is never abstract or metaphysical, still less mystical. In moral gravity it has some affinity with Southey's poetry; in scholarly and periodic construction of sentences, with Shelley's; in precision of form and compactness of diction, with Landor's. But in the case of these poets the resemblance to Mr. Taylor is far less than the dissimilitude; while with most of the other poets we have named he stands in striking contrast. There exists, it is true, one characteristic in common between the authors of *Childe Harold* and of *Philip van Artevelde*: in each case there is a strongly-marked ideal of human character, with which the author is plainly in sympathy, and with which he has a singular power of making us sympathize. The two ideals have also, with all their antagonism, thus much in common, — that they both eminently belong to the sphere of the natural man, and have few relations with the spiritual. But in all else they are absolutely opposed to each other. Lord Byron's ideal is that of a man mastered by his passions, or impelled mainly by his wrongs; one whose strength, like that of a projectile, is not a strength inherent in him, but one to which he is subjected. The ideal exhibited in *Philip van Artevelde*, while equally of this world, is a nobler conception. It is that of one whose passions are under the control of the intellect and moral will, however little these last are themselves ruled by a supernatural principle. But here the analogy ends. Lord Byron constantly delineates the same ideal in his various works; a proof that, despite the great ability of his dramas, his genius was not dramatic. Mr. Taylor's ideal may be found adumbrated in *Isaac Comnenus*, his earliest drama, while it is completely delineated in *Philip van Artevelde*; but in the latter work, and still more in his two later dramas, characters cast in the most different moulds are illustrated with no less vigour. His union of vigour with classic grace is his chief characteristic.

Mr. Taylor's poetry is preëminently that

* *The Poetical Works of Henry Taylor*. 3 vols. Chapman & Hall, 1864.

of action, as Lord Byron's is that of passion; or rather it includes action as well as passion, thus corresponding with Milton's definition of tragic poetry as "high actions and high passions best describing." It is this peculiarity which has made him succeed in a species of poetry which most of our modern poets have attempted, but almost all unsuccessfully.

Wordsworth wrote a drama in his youth which he published in his old age: Coleridge wrote two; but though they bear the impress of genius, we feel in reading them that the author was not in natural sympathy with action, and that it was to him a dramatic necessity, not a thing to be valued for its own sake. He could analyze what lay still, not exhibit the fleeting. His characters are metaphysical conceptions, worked out with a conscious exercise of the philosophic faculty, not with that spontaneous energy and instinctive felicity which belongs to the genius essentially dramatic.

We should have felt certain that Sir Walter Scott could have excelled in the drama had he not made the attempt and failed. He could both conceive character and compose a story; but he lacked apparently the fiery intensity of the drama, and though a true poet, he is dramatic chiefly in his novels, while in his poems he is contented with being picturesque. Mr. Landor has written several dramas and numerous dramatic scenes. They abound in passages of high thought and refined sentiment; and they are characterized, now by the imperious eloquence, now by the antique majesty of that great writer. Yet they are not dramatic; the plot halts, as if the author had not thought it worth his pains to elaborate it; the fact being that where a genuine sympathy with dramatic action exists, the instinct of art forces the dramatist to take pains with the plot,—which a celebrated author once confessed that "he always left a good deal to Providence." Mr. Landor's characters are also for the most part imperfectly conceived, though in the more impassioned scenes parts of them are brought out with a salient projection. It is in his *Imaginary Conversations*, where he has to do with dialogue but not with action, that his dramatic power achieves its highest triumphs. No matter what country or what age he deals with, he is always at home in this region of art, which he has conquered for his own. He dramatizes not only individuals but epochs, nations, and states of society. In such dialogues as that between Roger Ascham and Jane Grey, or that be-

tween Bacon and Hooker, we have the England of the sixteenth century; in his "Lucullus and Cæsar" we have old Rome; in his "Epicurus, Ternissa, and Leontium" we have more of Greece than we can gain from all other classical revivals put together. In his "Pentameron" we have Italy at the restoration of literature. The dramatic rises to the full strength of the tragic in his "Tiberius and Vipsania;"—yet on the whole he failed as a dramatic poet. What he lacked was genuine sympathy with action.

As an exception to the undramatic character of modern English genius, the *Cenci* of Mr. Shelley may be named. An extraordinary vigour and skill are shown in the treatment of a subject so revolting as to be unfit for our times, despite the precedents, which are but partially such, of Pagan Greece. Mr. Shelley in this work remarkably exhibits the faculty of self-control that belongs to genius. On all other occasions his imagination not merely dealt largely with metaphor and image, but lived in a world of such. He never saw anything as it was, because he always saw what it was like; nay, he piles image upon image, and the object he describes is sometimes reflected from so many different mirrors that the dazzled reader walks in a sphere where it is hard to distinguish between substance and semblance. It was only by putting an absolute restraint upon himself that he could even hope to write a drama; and in the whole of the *Cenci* there is but one passage that can be called figurative. The imagination self-subjected to this restraint became strengthened for severer toils than usual, and moulded the work into a fair shape, though hewn out of a dark material. But he did not succeed in similar attempts at a later time. One who had the best means of forming a correct judgment, Leigh Hunt, believed that had Shelley lived he would have made himself chiefly known as a tragic poet; but, as a matter of fact, he wrote his *Witch of Atlas* in three days, while the labour of weeks got him through but a few scenes of his projected drama on Charles I.

Much of poetic and dramatic power has been shown by other recent writers besides those whom we have referred to; but the result has seldom corresponded with the ability spent on them. Dean Milman, Leigh Hunt, Barry Cornwall, Charles Lamb, George Darley, Shiel, and others have written dramas; but it is chiefly in connection with other tasks that they are remembered; while the plays which have

been most successful on the stage — those of Sir Bulwer Lytton and Sheridan Knowles — have not been those of the highest literary merits. The undramatic character of modern poetic genius is evinced by the fact that while so many plays have been written, so few finely-conceived and adequately-illustrated original characters have been added to the stores of the British drama. One of these few is to be found in the *Mary Tudor* of the late Sir Aubrey de Vere, where the sad English queen — certainly one of the most dramatic characters presented to us by history — is delineated in her virtues and her errors, her wrongs and her woes, her aspirations and infirmities, with a strong clear hand and a fearless impartiality.

Mr. Taylor has now published six dramas: *Isaac Comnenus*, *Philip van Artevelde* (in two parts), *Edwin the Fair*, *A Sicilian Summer*, and *St. Clement's Eve*. The earliest of these, though at first less successful than the works that succeeded it, gave no doubtful promise of a brilliant dramatic career. The earlier works of men of genius, however inferior to their later, have generally contained the germ of the excellence developed by labour and time; and in this instance both the style of the work and the character of the hero were an anticipation of that maturer drama which at once established the poet's reputation. It is not a little remarkable that a public which had so long been accustomed to the vehement stimulants of Lord Byron, and the bright but superficial imagery of Moore, should have responded to so sudden a summons. Had the challenge been a less bold one, it would probably have been less successful. In the preface to *Philip van Artevelde* Mr. Taylor proclaimed open war against the poetic taste of his time. The poets in whom the age had chiefly delighted were characterized, he affirmed, "by force and beauty of language, and by a versification particularly easy and adroit, and abounding in that sort of melody which, by its very obvious cadences, makes itself most pleasing to an unpractised ear. They exhibited, therefore, many of the most attractive graces and charms of poetry, — its vital warmth, not less than its external embellishments; and had not the admiration which they excited tended to produce an indifference to higher, graver, and more various endowments, no one would have said that it was, in any evil sense, excessive. But from this unbounded indulgence in the mere luxuries of poetry has there not en-

sued a want of adequate appreciation for its intellectual and immortal part? I confess that such seems to me to have been both the natural and the actual result, and I can hardly believe the public taste to have been in a healthy state whilst the most approved poetry of past times was almost unread. We may now perhaps be turning back to it; but it was not, as far as I can judge, till more than a quarter of a century had expired that any signs of reaction could be discerned. Till then the elder luminaries of our poetical literature were obscured or little regarded, and we sat with dazzled eyes at a high festival of poetry, where, as at the funeral of Arvalan, the torchlight put out the starlight. . . .

"They (the popular modern poets) wanted, in the first place, subject-matter. A feeling came more easily to them than a reflection, and an image was always at hand when a thought was not forthcoming. . . . The realities of nature, and the truths which they suggest, would have seemed cold and incongruous if suffered to mix with the strains of impassioned sentiment and glowing imagery in which they poured themselves forth. . . . Writers, however, whose appeal is made so exclusively to the excitabilities of mankind will not find it possible to work upon them continuously without a diminishing effect. Poetry of which sense is not the basis, though it may be excellent of its kind, will not long be reputed to be poetry of the highest order."

The new aspirant was fortunate in his theme. It was taken from a period of history when the life of the Middle Ages was passing into that of modern political society, and when those picturesque pomps of chivalry with which Sir Walter Scott had made men familiar were beginning to yield before the first blasts of a storm by which the ecclesiastical as well as the political institutions of Europe were visited before long. In the fourteenth century the Flemish cities, though subject to the Earl of Flanders, enjoyed an almost republican independence with respect to their internal affairs. If offended by one of the earl's bailiffs, they rose in arms under their associated "guilds" or crafts; and could they have permanently united, it would have been nearly impossible to have reduced them again to obedience. But the interest of one city was not that of another; and in Ghent itself, as well as the towns that sided with it — such as Damme, Ypres, Courtray, Grammont, &c. — there were generally two parties, that of the rich, whose trade re-

quired peace, and that of the poor, who regarded war as their trade. It was apparently its nearness to actual life, not the chivalrous pageantry mixed up with it, that recommended this theme to a dramatist of robust and practical genius. The war was one which "in its progress extended to the whole of Flanders, and excited a degree of interest in all the civilized countries of Europe, for which the cause must be sought in the state of European communities at the time. It was believed that entire success on the part of Ghent would bring on a general rising almost throughout Christendom of the commonalty against the feudal lords and men of substance. The incorporation of the citizens of Paris, known by the name of 'the Army with Mallets,' was, according to the well-known chronicler of the period, 'all by the example of them of Ghent.' Nicholas le Flamand deterred them from pulling down the Louvre by urging the expediency of waiting to see what success might attend the Flemish insurgents. At Rheims, Chalons-on-the-Marne, at Orleans, Beauvoisin, the like designs were entertained. 'The rebellion of the Jacquerie,' says Froissart; 'was never so terrible as this was likely to have been.' Brabant, Burgundy, and the lower part of Germany were in a dangerous condition; and in England Wat Tyler's rebellion was contemporaneous, and not unconnected with what was going on in Flanders." (Preface.) It was the first great upheaval of the popular element in modern society. At the end of the last century the "fountains of the great deep were broken open," and the institutions which had survived many a lesser shock went down beneath the great deluge. In our own day the storm continues to rage throughout no small part of the world; nor is it likely to cease in those of our sons; but the first murmurs of the tempest went forth from among the wealthy burghers of Flanders in the fourteenth century.

The leader of the insurgent party had been Jacques van Artevelde, who was murdered in a popular tumult. Things had long gone ill: the men who had successively headed the revolt had pushed themselves into eminence by courage and military skill, but had subsequently failed from want of personal ascendancy and statesman-like ability. With their failure the play begins. Philip van Artevelde has lived the life of a retired student; but Van den Bosch, a rough hard-headed chief of the insurgents, has shrewdness enough to know that the powers

of grave reflection in which he is himself deficient are as needful for the permanent success of a leader as energy and fearlessness. He offers Philip the supreme command in the people's name, and the recluse becomes the man of action. He desires to avenge his father's death; he desires to rescue his country from tyrants whose incompetency he scorns as much as he hates their brutality; but most of all he yields to that instinct which makes ability and daring seek a sphere large enough for them. The character of Philip constitutes the principal interest of the drama. Habitually thoughtful he is, yet never abstract; and the metaphysical speculations to which he refers at a late period of his career as having once passed across his mind were evidently but those guests of youth which abide only with the few who have a special vocation for such inquiries. Life and man had been the subject of his meditations; and living from his childhood amid the whirl of intense action, when the time came to take a part, action was as easy to him as thought unaccompanied by action to Hamlet. He is not embarrassed by scruples. He never shrinks from what is needful because it involves suffering and danger, whether to others or to himself. He is not selfish, or, at the earlier part of his career, strongly ambitious; but neither is he generous nor self-sacrificing. He is grave-hearted. His aspirations are not after an ideal excellence, but to carry out a fixed purpose is the law of his being. He knows himself and the place that belongs to him; he has calculated his powers and ascertained their limits, and by a deliberate act resolved that he will try the venture and abide the consequence. He has had no temptation to conceal from himself any of the difficulties in his way, for his is that calm courage that sees things as they are. He has small patriotic enthusiasm, and aspires after no golden age. He looks on human society as a stormy sea of passions, that need to be ruled; but he desires that they should be ruled by a manly at least, if not a disinterested, intelligence, — not by caprice in high place or by appetites more brutal than those restrained. Sagacious in intellect and fixed in purpose, his native dignity of character retains for him that ascendancy over his fellow-men which his daring and stern justice had early acquired. Without either breadth of sympathy or subtle refinement of thought, he carries everything before him by his strength, consistency, and efficiency. To trace the changes made in such a character,

first by a successful career and then by adverse fortune, was a great dramatic problem.

We cannot better illustrate either the character of Philip or that of the stormy times amid which his lot is cast than by the following extracts from a scene in which he discusses the events of the day with Father John of Heda, his counsellor and friend, and formerly his preceptor:

"Artevelde. I never look'd that he should live so long.

He was a man of that unsleeping spirit,
He seem'd to live by miracle: his food
Was glory, which was poison to his mind
And peril to his body. He was one
Of many thousand such that die botimes,
Whose story is a fragment, known to few.
Then comes the man who has the luck to live,
And he's a prodigy. Compute the chances,
And deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times
Who wins the race of glory, but than he
A thousand men more gloriously endow'd
Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others
Have had their fortunes founder'd by a chance,
Whilst lighter barks push'd past them; to
whom add

A smaller tally, of the singular few
Who, gifted with predominating powers,
B yet a temperate will and keep the peace.
The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

Father John. Had Launoy lived, he might have pass'd for great.

But not by conquests in the Franc of Bruges.
The sphere, the scale of circumstances, is all
Which makes the wonder of the many. Still
An ardent soul was Launoy's, and his deeds
Were such as dazzled many a Flemish dame.
There'll some bright eyes in Ghent be dimm'd
for him.

Artevelde. They will be dim and then be bright again.

All is in busy, stirring, stormy motion,
And many a cloud drifts by and none sojourns.
Lightly is life laid down amongst us now,
And lightly is death mourn'd: a dusk star
blinks

As fleets the rack, but look again, and lo!
In a wide solitude of wintry sky
Twinkles the re-illuminated star,
And all is out of sight that smirch'd the ray.
We have not time to mourn.

Father John. The worse for us!
He that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills to have no time to feel them.
Where sorrow's held obtrusive and turn'd out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.
Yet such the barrenness of busy life!
From shelf to shelf Ambition clambers up
To reach the naked 'st pinnacle of all,
Whilst Magnanimity, absolved from toil,

Reposes self-included at the base.
But this thou know'st." *

Philip has won, almost without seeking them, the affections of a beautiful but unprotected young Flemish heiress, the friend of his sister, Clara van Artevelde. In an interview, in which the confiding grace, ingenuousness, and devotedness of the Lady Adriana are more striking than any chivalrous ardour on her lover's part, he gains the promise of her hand. She has had a less fortunate admirer in the Lord of Occo; and the rejected suitor is stimulated by jealousy, as well as by his political interests, to conspire against his rival. The Earl of Flanders has sent two emissaries, Sir Guisebert Grutt and Sir Simon Bette, to traffic with traitors in the Flemish camp. To divide his enemies, he has also offered an amnesty, on condition that three hundred citizens are delivered up to his justice. A meeting is convened at the Stadt-house; and the Lord of Occo promises to attend it, having first resolved on the assassination of Philip. Fearing, however, that his conspiracy has been discovered, he stays away at the critical moment. For a time the two emissaries are successful with the people; but the moment it becomes Artevelde's turn to speak, their intrigue begins to unravel. His harangue carries the people with him as a storm carries dead leaves. He reminds them of their past achievements, and of the remorseless cruelties practised on them by the earl. He demands who can tell that his own name is not included among the three hundred to be delivered up to torments and death; and at the moment that he finds himself the master of his audience he turns on the delegates, denounces them as traitors, and stabs Grutt to the heart, while Van den Bosch slays Bette.

The scabbard thrown away, the war-party is at once in the ascendant; and the wealthy burghers are taught that their young chief has left his books, and become such a man of action as may not be trifled with. The Lord of Occo makes his escape, and succeeds also in carrying off Adriana, of whose broad lands he proposes to become the master by a forced marriage with the heiress. The scene changes to a banquetting-hall at Bruges, where the Earl of Flanders is magnificently entertained by the mayor and citizens. There is a song on the approaching fall of Ghent, —

* Vol. I. p. 21.

"Flat stones and awry, grass, potsherd, and shard,
Thy place shall be like an old churchyard!" —

which animates the earl so vehemently that he accuses himself of having sinned against true chivalry in demanding the heads of but three hundred burghers. In the midst of the revel Occo arrives, and boasting is changed into shame. The earl at first cannot believe that he has any thing to fear from such a man as Philip.

"God help them!

A man that as much knowledge has of war
As I of brewing mead! God help their souls!
A bookish nursling of the monks — a meacock!

D'Arlon. My lord, I'm fearful you mistake the man.

If my accounts be true, the life he's led
Served rather in its transit to eclipse
Than to show forth his nature; and that pass'd,
You'll now behold him as he really is,
One of a cold and of a constant mind,
Not quicken'd into ardent action soon
Nor prompt for petty enterprise; yet bold,
Fierce when need is, and capable of all things."

D'Arlon, although a faithful adherent of his liege lord, the Earl of Flanders, has contracted not only an inviolable friendship with Artevelde, but also a love-troth with Clara. Fortunately for the Lady Adriana, it is in his house at Bruges that Occo and his captive are domiciled by the earl's command. She makes her complaint to the young knight, who at once defies Occo to deadly combat.

The following brief conversation between *D'Arlon* and *Gilbert* Matthew, one of the earl's counsellors, is a graphic sketch of that stormy time:

"*Gilbert.* No sooner had his highness reached the palace

Than he sends back for me.

D'Arlon. And me the same.

Gilbert. His highness is not happy.

D'Arlon. That is likely;

But have you any private cause to think it?

Gilbert. I have observed that when he is not happy

He sends for me.

D'Arlon. And do you mend his mood?

Gilbert. Nay, what I can. His highness at such times

Is wishful to be counsell'd to shed blood.

D'Arlon. 'Tis said that he is counsell'd oft to that.

Gilbert. It is my duty to advise his highness With neither fear nor favour. As I came,

The bodies of three citizens lay stretch'd
Upon the causeway.

D'Arlon. How had they been kill'd?

Gilbert. By knocking on the head.

D'Arlon. And who had done it?

Gilbert. The officers that walk'd before the

Earl,

To make him room to pass. The streets were full,

And many of the mean-crafts roam'd about
Discouring of the news they heard from Ghent;
And as his highness pass'd they misbehaved,
And three were knock'd upon the head with staves

I knew by that his highness was not happy.

I knew I should be sent for."*

In such brief and interstitial scenes as the one we have quoted the hand of a true master of dramatic art is seen as much as in passages of the most high-wrought pathos. Genius, even when not essentially dramatic, will often in the most interesting portions of a play produce what is so profound in sentiment or eloquent in expression, that in our enjoyment of it as poetry we forget to ask whether it be dramatic or not. True dramatic genius includes, besides a philosophic insight into character, a certain careless felicity in dealing with externals. This fact is a thing which we always find among our dramatists in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, and which in our modern drama — the tradition having been broken — we almost always lack. The well may be deep and the water pure, but it is commonly without life. The soundest philosophic analysis will not serve as a substitute for a shrewd sharp observation, and that vividness of handling analogous to a hasty sketch by a great painter. This is the great defect of the German drama. Characters are sometimes nobly conceived, and a plot is laboriously devised capable of illustrating them; but the unconscious skill and imitative instinct which ought to mediate between the world of abstract conception and outward illustration is wanting. We miss the electric vitality of true art. The distinction is that between the drama taken from life and that drawn from books. England has long been the land of action, and Germany that of thought. In England, moreover, the drama grew up at a time when the passions expressed themselves freely, and when, as among children and races in an early stage of development, the impulses were stronger from having never known restraint or disguise. In Germany

the drama arose at a period of conventionalities and respectabilities as well as of theories. It was a philosophical imitation, not a living tradition; and with all its merits, it shares the defect of Germany's modern school of religious painters, in which the highest æsthetic science, directed by the noblest aims, cannot make up for the want of inspiration and of popular sympathy.

The revived English drama has had some of the same refrigerating influences to contend with. It is to Mr. Taylor's keen appreciation of the early English dramatists, evinced by his happy use of a language analogous to theirs, that he owes in no small degree his superiority. His style has been also not a little in his favour. The importance of style is wholly overlooked by those who regard it as but the outward garment of thought. It has more analogy to the skin than to the clothes. It fits closely, adapts itself to every movement, and is quickened by the instinct of life. There is in it a power even beyond its own intention. Style is doubtless in the main the result of a man's intellectual constitution, but it reacts largely on that which has produced it. A style like Mr. Taylor's, with its sharp precision and lightness combined with strength, is incompatible with the feeble, the languid, or the false in conception.

To proceed with our analysis of *Philip van Artevelde*. The Earl of Flanders is advised by Gilbert Matthew to starve Ghent into surrender; and he succeeds in cutting off all supplies from the place. Famine sets in, and pestilence follows. But the desperate situation suggests a desperate remedy. Artevelde proposes that five thousand of the bravest and strongest citizens should be supplied with what food still remains, and accompany him on a march to Bruges, the earl's capital. The small but resolute band arrive there a little before sunset. It is a festival; the inhabitants of Bruges have been making merry; and half of them rush out in a state of intoxication to encounter an enemy whom they despise. The setting sun shines in their faces; the archers of Ghent bewilder them with their arrows; the townspeople fall into an ambush; a total rout ensues. Artevelde enters Bruges with the flying troops, and the Earl with difficulty escapes. Gilbert Matthew and the Lord of Occo are taken prisoners, and immediately condemned to death; and the First Part ends with the words,

"Now, Adriana, I am wholly thine."

We must be brief in our sketch of the

Second Part. For a long period Artevelde has enjoyed unquestioned power; but the storm breaks on him at last. The counsellors of the youthful King of France, alarmed by the outbreak of popular revolt in many parts of Europe, resolve to deprive the movement-party of the encouragement it derives from the success of the revolt in Flanders. The boy-king rejoices in the opportunity of proving his chivalry and aiding his exiled cousin. Artevelde sends Father John of Heda to England, in hopes of winning the alliance of Richard II. For him there has been a change worse than any political event can bring. His wife is dead, and his hearth has long been desolate. A change has taken place in his own character likewise; and it is with a consummate art that the dramatist indicates the effect of time and success on such a character. He has grown more imperious and less scrupulous. Accustomed to see all men bow before him, his own will, guided mainly by considerations of public expediency, has been his main law of action. When warned by Father John that since his elevation he has not been unvisited by worldly pride and its attendant passions, he replies:

"Say they so?

Well, if it be so, it is late to mend,
For self amendment is a work of time,
And business will not wait. Such as I am,
For better or for worse, the world must take
me,
For I must hasten on. Perhaps the state
And royal splendour I affect is deem'd
A proof of pride; yet they that these concern
Know little of the springs that move mankind.

If (which I own not)

I have drunk deeper of ambition's cup,
Be it remember'd that the cup of love
Was wrested from my hand. Enough of this.
Ambition has its uses in the scheme
Of Providence, whose instrument I am
To work some changes in the world or die."*

His thoughts are not as lofty nor his feelings as pure as they were, but he is as daring and as sagacious as ever. The King of France has sent a herald to require his immediate submission, the alternative being war. The French message is cast in the haughtiest language. Enthroned in his chair of state, and surrounded by his council, Artevelde flings back the defiance in a speech which, as an exponent of the revolutionary cause, has probably never been surpassed. There is in it nothing either of the daring speculation with which the cause

of revolt is advocated by Shelley or of the declamatory cynicism of Byron. It is a practical business speech, raging itself into a white heat, and still looking cold. In its domineering vindictiveness it is ever logical.

"Artevelde. Sir Herald, thou hast well discharged thyself

Of an ill function. Take these links of gold,
And with the company of words I give thee,
Back to the braggart king from whom thou cam'st.

First, of my father: had he lived to know
His glories, deeds, and dignities postponed
To names of barons, earls, and counts (that here

Are to men's ears importunately common
As chimes to dwellers in the market-place),
He with a silent and a bitter mirth
Had listen'd to the boast; may he his son
Pardon for in comparison setting forth
With his the name of this disconsolate earl!
How stand they in the title-deeds of fame?
What hold and heritage in distant times
Doth each enjoy — what posthumous possession!

The dusty chronicler with painful search,
Long fingering forgotten scrolls, indites
That Louis Mâle was sometime Earl of Flanders,

That Louis Mâle his sometime earldom lost,
Through wrongs by him committed, that he lived

An outcast long in dole not undeserved,
And died dependent: there the history ends;
And who of them that hear it wastes a thought
On the unfriended fate of Louis Mâle?
But turn the page and look we for the tale
Of Artevelde's renown. What man was this?
He humbly born, he highly gifted, rose
By steps of various enterprise, by skill
By native vigour, to wide sway, and took
What his vain rival having could not keep.
His glory shall not cease, though cloth-of-gold
Wrap him no more; for not of golden cloth,
Nor fur, nor minever, his greatness came,
Whose fortunes were inborn: strip me the two, —

This were the humblest, that the noblest, beggar

That ever braved a storm.

You speak of insurrections; bear in mind
Against what rule my father and myself
Have been insurgent: whom did we supplant?
There was a time, so ancient records tell,
There were communities, — scarce known by name

In these degenerate days, but once far-famed, —
Where liberty and justice, hand in hand,
Order'd the common weal; where great men grew

Up to their natural eminence, and none
Saying the wise, just, eloquent, were great:
Where power was of God's gift, to whom He gave

Supremacy of merit, the sole means

And broad highway to power, that ever then
Was meritoriously administered,
Whilst all its instruments from first to last,
The tools of state for service high or low,
Were chosen for their aptness to those ends
Which virtue meditates. To shake the ground
Deep-founded whereupon this structure stood
Was verily a crime; a treason it was
Conspiracies to hatch against this state
And its free innocence. But now I ask
Where is there on God's earth that polity
Which it is not, by consequence converse,
A treason against nature to uphold?
Whom may we now call free? whom great?
whom wise?

Whom innocent? — the free are only they
Whom power makes free to execute all ills
Their hearts imagine; they alone are great
Whose passions nurse them from their cradles up

In luxury and lewdness — whom to see
Is to despise, whose aspects put to scorn
Their station's eminence; the wise, they only
Who wait obscurely till the bolts of heaven
Shall break upon the land, and give them light
Whereby to walk; the innocent — alas!
Poor innocence lies where four roads meet,
A stone upon her head, a stake driven through her,

For who is innocent that cares to live?
The hand of power doth press the very life
Of innocence out! What then remains
But in the cause of nature to stand forth,
And turn this frame of things the right side up?

For this the hour is come, the sword is drawn,
And tell your masters vainly they resist.
Nature that slept beneath their poisonous drugs
Is up and stirring; and from north and south,
From east and west, from England and from France,

From Germany and Flanders and Navarre,
Shall stand against them like a beast at bay.
The blood that they have shed will hide no longer

In the blood-sloken soil, but cries to heaven.
Their cruelties and wrongs against the poor
Shall quicken into swarms of venomous snakes,

And hiss through all the earth, till o'er the earth,

That ceases then from hissings and from groans,

Rises the song: How are the mighty fallen!
And by the peasant's hand! Low lie the proud!

And smitten with the weapons of the poor —
The blacksmith's hammer and the woodman's axe.

Their tale is told: and for that they were rich,
And robb'd the poor; and for that they were strong,

And scourged the weak; and for that they made laws

Which turn'd the sweat of labour's brow to blood —

For those their sins the nations cast them out;

The dunghills are their deathbeds, and the
 stench
 From their uncover'd carrion steaming wide
 Turns in the nostrils of enfranchised man
 To a sweet savour. These things come to
 pass
 From small beginnings, because God is just." *

The love-story of Part II. is wholly unlike that of Part I.: with it is closely connected the poetic justice of the play. The love is a guilty love, and conduces in a large degree both to the fall of Artevelde and to his death. Between the two parts of the play a lyrical interlude is interposed, entitled the "Lay of Elena." It is a modified specimen of that poetry abounding in romantic sentiment, imagery, and figure, which, in the body of his work, Mr. Taylor has discarded. It records the fortunes of a beautiful Italian, who, after being betrayed and deserted, has lived for some time with the Duke de Bourbon, one of the French king's uncles, the object of a silly and selfish but passionate love on his part, which she has but feebly returned. Mortified at finding that his devotion to his mistress has made him an object of ridicule, the duke has vented on her his spleen in many a caprice, and spoken of her in insulting terms. On the capture of a Flemish city, Elena has fallen into the hands of the Regent. He protects her, and places a safeguard at her disposal, in case she should wish to return to France. She is in no hurry to return. With all the energy of her wild and wilful nature, the imaginative and melancholy woman, who had looked on love but with self-reproach and despair, fixes her affections on the Regent, still with self-reproach, but no longer in despair. He can hardly be said to return such love as hers; but he has wearied of unhappiness, and to love, as a social need, he is still accessible. But for this disastrous tie peace was still possible. The Duke of Bourbon has despatched Sir Fleureant of Heurlée to the Regent's camp with a request that he would send back Elena, and an implied promise that in return the king shall be prevented, through his influence, from going to war in defence of the Earl of Flanders.

We shall now give an extract from a scene in which the Regent describes his lost wife and his own desolation. It is an illustration of Mr. Taylor's poetry in its more impassioned vein. There is about it a sad rich colouring as of a dusky day in autumn. The character of both the speakers is painted with a lavish hand, and the long

and melancholy cadences of the metre echo the sadness of a new love which has grown up among omens of woe, and has too much self-reproach about it to promise, almost to desire, happiness. The scene displeases while it charms, and it instructs us while it displeases. Thus to have spoken of his wife to her rival—a rival so unlike her in all save devotedness—is what Artevelde would have shrunk from (as we may imagine) in his youth. But his character is in decline; and neither love, nor the memory of love, wears for him any purer light than that of common day. He admires and he deplures the grace and goodness lost; but the "beautiful regards" turned back on him from the land of shadows do not trouble his heart:

"Artevelde. She was a creature framed by
 love divine

For mortal love to muse a life away
 In pondering her perfections; so unmoved
 Amidst the world's contentions, if they touch'd
 No vital chord nor troubled what she loved,
 Philosophy might look her in the face,
 And like a hermit stooping to the well
 That yields him sweet refreshment, might
 therein

See but his own serenity reflected
 With a more heavenly tenderness of hue!
 Yet whilst the world's ambitious empty cares,
 Its small disquietudes and insect-stings,
 Disturb'd her never, she was one made up
 Of feminine affections, and her life
 Was one full stream of love from fount to sea.
 These are but words.

Ele a. My lord, they're full of meaning.

Artevelde. No, they mean nothing—that
 which they would speak
 Sinks into silence; 'tis what none can know
 That knew not her—the silence of the grave—
 Whence could I call her radiant beauty back,
 It could not come more savouring of heaven
 Than it went hence—the tomb received her
 charms

In their perfection, with nor trace of time
 Nor stain of sin upon them; only death
 Had turn'd them pale. I would that you had
 seen her
 Living or dead.

Elena. I wish I had, my lord;
 I should have loved to look upon her much;
 For I can gaze on beauty all day long,
 And think the all-day long is but too short.

Artevelde. She was so fair that in the angel-
 ic choir

She will not need put on another shape
 Than that she bore on earth. Well, well,—
 she's gone,

And I have tamed my sorrow. Pain and grief
 Are transitory things no less than joy,
 And though they leave us not the men we
 were,

Yet they do leave us. You behold me here

* Vol. I. pp. 172-3.

A man bereaved, with something of a blight
Upon the early blossoms of his life
And its first verdure, having not the less
A living root, and drawing from the earth
Its vital juices, from the air its powers :
And surely as man's health and strength are
whole

His appetites regerminate, his heart
Re-opens, and his objects and desires
Shoot up renew'd. What blank I found be-
fore me

From what is said you partly may surmise ;
How I have hoped to fill it, may I tell ?

Elena. I fear, my lord, that cannot be.

Artevelde. Indeed !
Then am I doubly hopeless. What is gone,
Nor plaints, nor prayers, nor yearnings of the
soul,

Nor memory's tricks, nor fancy's invocations —
Though tears went with them frequent as the
rain

In dusk November, sighs more sadly breathed
Than winter's o'er the vegetable dead —
Can bring again ; and should this living hope,
That like a violet from the other's grave
Grew sweetly, in the tear-besprinkled soil
Finding moist nourishment — this seedling
sprung

Where recent grief had like a ploughshare
pass'd

Through the soft soul, and loosen'd its affec-
tions —

Should this new-blossom'd hope be coldly
nipp'd,

Then were I desolate indeed ! . . .

Elena. I said I fear'd another could not fill
The place of her you lost, being so fair
And perfect as you give her out. . . .
I cannot give you what you've had so long ;
Nor need I tell you what you know so well.
I must be gone." *

The Regent, on her departure, falls into
the following soliloquy ; to explain the lat-
ter part of which, it is necessary to premise
that the criminals sentenced are Flemings
detected in carrying on, at the instigation
of Sir Fleureant, a correspondence between
some of the Flemish cities and France :

" *Artevelde.* [after a pause] The night is far
advanced upon the morrow,

And but for that conglomerated mass
Of cloud with ragged edges, like a mound,
Of black pine-forest on a mountain's top,
Wherein the light lies ambush'd, dawn were
near —

Yes, I have wasted half a summer's night.
Was it well spent ? Successful it was.

Ho, Nieuwerkerchen ! — When we think upon
it,

How little flattering is a woman's love !
Given commonly to whosoe'er is nearest
And propp'd with most advantage ; outward
grace

* Vol. I. pp. 207-9.

Nor inward light is needful ; day by day
Men wanting both are mated with the best
And lofliest of God's feminine creation,
Whose love takes no distinction but of gender,
And ridicules the very name of choice.

Ho, Nieuwerkerchen ! What then, do we sleep ?
Are none of you awake ? — and as for me,
The world says Philip is a famous man. —
What is there women will not love, so
taught ? —

Ho, Ellert ! by your leave, though, you must
wake.

Enter an Officer.

Have me a gallows built upon the mount,
And let Van Kortz be hung at break of day.
No news of Bulsen or Van Muck ?

Officer. My lord,
Bulsen is taken ; but Van Muck, we fear,
Has got clean off.

Artevelde. Let Bulsen too be hung."

This is certainly an extraordinary termina-
tion for a love-scene ; yet it is not more
daring and original than it is in character.
It is not such love as Artevelde's that ex-
pands the heart, nor such success that
satisfies even self-love. From this time
nothing prospers in the Flemish camp.
Everything appears to fulfil the threat of
Father John :

" After strange women them that went astray
God never prosper'd in the olden time,
Nor will He bless them now."

Van den Bosch, the ablest of Artevelde's
lieutenants, is defeated, and receives a mor-
tal wound. Many of the Flemish towns
transfer their allegiance to their former
lord ; and even the name of Artevelde no
longer carries its old magic, — a rumour
having gone abroad that sorcery has sub-
jected him to the spells of a French spy.
The English king sends no aid : no hope re-
mains but in a successful battle. Gather-
ing together all his forces, Artevelde
marches to the eastern bank of the lower
Lis, to meet the French army and prevent
them from passing the river. At a very
early hour in the morning he leaves his
tent :

" *Artevelde.* The gibbous moon was in a
wan decline,

And all was silent as a sick man's chamber.
Mixing its small beginnings with the dregs
Of the pale moonshine and a few faint stars,
The cold uncomfortable daylight dawn'd ;
And the white tents topping a low ground-fog
Show'd like a fleet becalm'd. I wander'd far,
Till reaching to the bridge I sate me down
Upon the parapet. Much mused I there,
Revolving many a passage of my life,

And the strange destiny that lifted me
To be the leader of a mighty host,
And terrible to kings."

There he has a vision of his dead wife.
He thus describes it to Elena:

"She appear'd
In white, as when I saw her last, laid out
After her death; suspended in the air
She seem'd, and o'er her breast her arms were
cross'd;
Her feet were drawn together, pointing down-
wards,
And rigid was her form and motionless.
From near her heart, as if the source were
there,

A stain of blood went wavering to her feet.
So she remain'd, inflexible as stone,
And I as fixedly regarding her.

Then suddenly, and in a line oblique,
Thy figure darted past her; whereupon,
Though rigid still and straight, she downward
moved;

And as she pierced the river with her feet,
Descending steadily, the streak of blood
Peel'd off upon the water, which, as she van-
ish'd,

Appear'd all blood, and swell'd and welter'd
sore;

And midmost in the eddy and the whirl
My own face saw I, which was pale and calm
As death could make it:—Then the vision
pass'd,

And I perceived the river and the bridge,
The mottled sky and horizontal moon,
The distant camp, and all things as they
were." *

Before the battle begins Artevelde is in-
formed that a foreign knight, with his visor
closed, demands to see him. It is Sir Fleu-
reant of Heurlée. On his former visit to
the camp, when detected in a treasonable
correspondence, he had been condemned to
death; but his life had been spared at
Elena's fatal intercession. He had broken
his parole, escaped to the French camp,
and there—half in despair and half in am-
bition—engaged himself to assassinate the
Regent. While Artevelde is passing the
bridge of the vision he is stabbed by the
false knight. For a time he conceals his
wound, and the battle rages with various
fortune. His hosts are at last driven back
in confusion; and Artevelde, making a des-
perate effort to rally them, is swept back to-
wards the fatal bridge, and is suffocated in
the crowd, the bridge giving way.

In the last scene Elena kneels on the
bloody battle-field beside the body of Arte-
velde; while Van Ryk, an old Flemish cap-
tain, stands at the other side. He urges
her to flight; but she refuses to depart with-

out the body. The Duke of Burgundy then
appears, and Sir Fleureant approaches the
group as the young king and his royal un-
cles gather around the body, and clumsily
endeavours to vindicate the fair fame of El-
ena. She leaps to her feet, and snatching
Artevelde's dagger, strikes it through the
heart of his murderer. The guards rush
in; and in the attempt to take her and Van
Ryk prisoners, both are slain. The Duke
of Bourbon gives orders that Elena shall re-
ceive Christian burial, but that the body of
Artevelde shall be hung upon a tree, in the
sight of the army. The Duke of Burgundy
refuses to war with the dead:

"Burgundy. Brother, no;
It were not for our honour, nor the king's,
To use it so. Dire rebel though he was,
Yet with a noble nature and great gifts
Was he endow'd, — courage, discretion, wit;
An equal temper, and an ample soul,
Rock-bound and fortified against assaults
Of transitory passion, but below
Built on a surging subterranean fire,
That stirr'd and lifted him to high attempts.
So prompt and capable, and yet so calm,
He nothing lack'd in sovereignty but the right,
Nothing in soldiership except good fortune.
Wherefore, with honour lay him in his grave,
And thereby shall increase of honour come
Unto their arms who vanquish'd one so wise,
So valiant, so renown'd. Sirs, pass we on,
And let the bodies follow us on biers.
Wolf of the weald and yellow-footed kite,
Enough is spread for you of meaner prey;
Other interment than your maws afford
Is due to these. At Courtray we shall sleep,
And there I'll see them buried side by side." *

Thus ends this drama; which, for large-
ness of scope and skill in execution—for
delineation of characters at once harmo-
nized and contrasted—for intellectual vig-
our, gravity, variety, and energy,—has, as
we believe, no equal since the Shakspear-
ian age; and which, owing nothing to mer-
etricious allurements, cannot fail to keep
that place in the estimate of thoughtful
readers which it early acquired. Our lim-
ited space has allowed us but to indicate a
few of its more prominent characteristics.
A play that revives the energy of the Eliza-
bethan dramatists, while it avoids their
coarseness, must ever occupy a historical
position in English literature. It is the
most vigorous of Mr. Taylor's works;
though in his other plays, and in his minor
poems, there are perhaps a larger number
of those passages which illustrate the wis-
dom, the moral dignity, and the refinement
that characterize Mr. Taylor's poetry not
less than its vigour.

* Vol. I. p. 269.

* Vol. I. pp. 250-52.

From the Sunday Magazine.

THE BROTHER'S TRUST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STUDIES FOR
STORIES."

THERE was once, says an old legend, a young Italian noble, whose elder brother loved him much; he had moreover saved his life, and had reconciled him to his father when greatly offended with him.

As might have been expected, the youth returned this affection, and after the death of the father these brothers lived together, the younger obeying the elder, and behaving to him in all respects like a son.

Once, on a certain day, however, a long separation came between them, for the elder went out, as if upon his ordinary affairs, and never returned again to his house. His young brother was first surprised, then alarmed. He sought for him, proclaimed his loss; he scoured the country, caused the waters to be searched, and sought in all the recesses of that old Italian city; but it was of no avail; his brother was gone, and none could tell him whither.

No tidings were heard of him for more than six months, till one night as his young brother was knocking for admittance at his own door, a figure in a domino came up, and put a note into his hand, at the same time whispering his brother's name. It was during the time of the carnival, when it is so much the custom for people to wear disguises, that such things excite no surprise. Anselmo, for this was his name, would have seized the domino by the hand, but he quickly disappeared in the crowd; and full of wonder and anxiety the young man read the letter which he had left behind him:—

"Anselmo, I live, I am well! and I beseech thee, as thou lovest me, fail not to do for me what I shall require, which is, that thou wilt go every night down that lane which leads along the south wall of the P— Palace; ten paces from the last window but one thou shalt find a narrow slit in the wall; bring with thee a dark lantern, and into that slit do thou place it, turning the light side inward that thou be not discovered. Thou shalt be at the place every night at twelve, and thou shalt stay until the clock of St. Januarius striketh one. So do, and one night I will meet thee there. Thy loving brother prays thee not to fail."

That very night the young nobleman went out unattended, in the hopes of meeting with his brother. He carried a lantern, and proceeded to the unfrequented lane

pointed out in the letter. It was a desolate place, in a thinly populated quarter of the city. By the faint light of the moon he counted the windows, and found the slit in the wall, which was deep, and fenced on the riverside with an iron grating backed by a sheet of horn; into this slit he hastened to place his lantern, and then began to look about him, and consider why his brother should have chosen such a place for their meeting.

Not far off ran the river, and he did not doubt that by water his brother would come, for it was evident that he feared to show himself in the streets of the city. Anselmo started once or twice during his solitary watch, for he thought he distinguished the splash of an oar, and then an advancing footstep; but he was mistaken, his brother did not come to meet him that night, nor the next, nor the one after; and when he had come to await him every night for a fortnight, he began to get sick at heart.

And yet there was no way but this; he was to watch till his brother came. It was his only chance of seeing him; and he went on, without once failing, for eleven months and twenty days.

In order that he might do this more secretly, he frequently changed his lodging; for as the time wore on he began to fear that his brother might have involved himself in one of the political intrigues common in those days, and he felt that the utmost caution was required, lest his constant visits to that quarter of the city should be watched, and lead to suspicion.

A strange piece of blind obedience this seemed, even to himself, and of trust in his brother; what appeared to him the strangest part of the letter was the entreaty that he would always bring a lantern; "as if there could be any fear," he thought, "of my not recognizing his step, or as if it could be likely that more men than one could by any probability be standing by that solitary corner." But in those days of tyrannical government and lawless faction, flight and mysterious disappearance were not uncommon. Thus Anselmo watched on, though hope began to wax faint, even in his strong and patient heart.

The clock struck one. "Eleven months," said he, "and one and twenty days!—I will watch for thee the year out." He put his hand to the slit in the wall, and withdrew his lantern; it was dying in the socket. "What," said he, "is the light also weary of watching!" He turned, and a heavy stone hard by his feet was

raised from beneath, and up from under the earth came his brother.

"Thy cloak—quick! cover me with it," he whispered. "Hide my prison garments."

"Thy prison garments!" repeated Anselmo, faintly, for he was distraught and amazed.

His brother took the cloak and wrapped himself in it. It was not so dark but that Anselmo could see that his feet were bare and his face haggard. He took the lantern and threw it down, beckoning towards the river.

"Let it lie," he said, to his young brother.

"I am sorry the light has gone out just when it is wanted," said Anselmo, for he was still amazed, and scarcely knew what he was talking about.

"Eleven months and twenty-one days hath it served me well," his brother replied; "nothing else, whether alive or dead, saving thyself only, will serve me so well again."

What a strange thing this was to hear; but the walls of the old Italian city echoed the sound so softly that none awoke to listen, and the two figures, gliding under the deep shadow of the houses, passed away, and were seen there no more.

By morning dawn a vessel left the harbour, and two brothers stood upon the deck, bidding farewell to their native country; the one was young, the other had a wan cheek, and hands hardened by labour; but the prison dress was gone, and both were clad in the usual costume of their rank and order.

"And now we are safe and together," said Anselmo, "I pray thee tell me thy story. Why didst thou keep me waiting so long, and where didst thou rise from at last?"

"That I can tell thee at all, is thy doing," answered his brother: "because thou didst never fail to bring me the lantern."

And then, while the grey Italian shores waxed faint in the sunny distance, and all hearts began to turn towards the new world, whither the vessel was bound, Anselmo's brother descended with him into the cabin, and there told him, with many expressions of affection, the remarkable tale which follows:—

He had, unknown to his brother, made himself obnoxious to the government; and the night of his disappearance he was surrounded, and after making a desperate defence, he was overpowered and thrown into prison. In a dreadful dungeon he lay till his wounds were healed, and then, for some cause unknown to himself, he was given

over to the keeping of his deadly enemy: one whose house had long been of the opposite faction to his own. By this enemy he was conveyed to the P— Palace, and laid in a dungeon, that, as he said, "Nothing it seemed could have broken through, unless his teeth had been strong enough to eat through that wall." Almost every hour in the day his enemy came and looked at him through a hole in the door; his food was given him by means of this aperture; and when he complained of the want of bedding, they gave him, also by means of the hole, a thin mattress, and two coarse rugs to cover him.

This dungeon contained nothing but one large chest placed against the wall, and half-filled with heavy stones; one of these, he was given to understand, would be tied round his neck should he attempt to escape, and his body would be thrown into the river.

His light in the daytime came through the little slit so often mentioned; but in daylight he could do nothing, for his enemy's eyes were frequently upon him; from twelve o'clock to three in the night were the only hours when all his jailers slept, and then it was dark, and he could do nothing but just feel the strength and thickness of the wall: a hopeless task indeed to break it down with one poor pair of hands!

But, after months of misery and despair, one of the jailers took pity on him, and asked him whether there was anything he could do to help him to endure his captivity better. "Yes," said the poor prisoner; "I have been a studious man, and if I could now read, it would help me to endure my misery. I dare not read in the daytime, for my enemy would not suffer me to have such a solace; but in the night, if I could have a light in the slit."

The jailer was frightened, and told him not to think of it. Yet, as his prisoner kept urging it, he looked at the height of the slit and its small size, and then, when he had heard the words that were to convey this request for a light, and that they told nothing as to where Anselmo's brother was, he consented to convey them; first getting a solemn promise that he would never attempt to speak to his brother, even if he should find it possible, and, secondly, that he would never betray him.

Whether this jailer felt certain that he never could escape, whether he was not loth to aid in it, or whether he pitied him, and thought no harm could come of the light, is not known; certain it is that he searched this dungeon diligently every night, and ex-

amined the iron protection to the slit: it was far above the poor prisoner's head, and when the jailer found it always safe he appeared satisfied. Yet the work of breaking through the wall began the first night of the lantern, and never ceased till it came to a triumphant conclusion.

The great chest, as has been said, was half-full of heavy stones; as soon as the light enabled him to act with certainty and perfect quiet, he laid his mattress and rugs beside it, opened the lid, took every stone out in turn, and placed it on one of them; he then, exerting all his strength, lifted the chest away, and began to undermine the stones behind it, and under it.

With wonderful skill and caution, he went gradually on; but it took twenty minutes of labor to empty the chest, and twenty minutes to fill it with equal quiet: there remained, therefore, only twenty minutes in which to perform the rest of this herculean labour.

But for the light he must have handled the stones with less certainty, and, of course, the least noise would have caused all to be discovered. How little could be done each night becomes evident, when it is remembered that the stones and rubbish which he displaced had to be put back again, and the chest returned to the same position before the light was withdrawn.

For nine months he made but little progress, and for the next two months the difficulty of disposing of the rubbish daunted him; but the last night, when still far from the surface, though already through the wall, such a quantity of earth heaved in that he swept it down fearlessly upon the floor of his dungeon, and resolved to make a daring effort to escape, and risk all on that one venture. He crept through the hole once more, and shielding his head with one arm, pushed upwards with the other; more and more earth fell, and at last, nearly suffocated, he applied all his strength to the flat stone that it had left bare, heaved it up and escaped to life and freedom.

Which is most remarkable here? — the trust of the elder brother, who could venture so much on a protracted attention to his letter, or the obedience of the younger to a command which he could not understand?

We can scarcely tell. Yet this story, though widely different in some respects, has one point of resemblance to another narrative far more worthy of credit, but which passes among many for an idle tale, if one may judge by the thoughts that they bestow upon it.

It is the true story of a King's Son, one who saved the lives of many, and reconciled them to his Father whom they had offended. In his wonderful condescension, He called himself their Elder Brother; but after He had long dwelt among them, He one day disappeared from their sight, promising them that after many days He would come again. He sent them a message afterwards, entreating them to watch, and saying "Behold, I come quickly!"

For a while they did watch; but afterwards it was said in his kingdom which he had left, "Our Lord delayeth his coming, and we are weary of watching, the time is so long. If He had told us the exact day or the exact hour when He would return, we would have been ready, and would have gone out to meet Him with great joy; but we cannot always watch, though He has promised us and done for us so much."

It is a long time now since that message was sent; some dispute its meaning, some say it shall be on this manner, and some on that manner; some have even said, "Those many days must now be drawing near their close."

But, O prisoner, working by night in the light of your brother's candle! O elder brother, who had won such true fraternal love! O friend so trusted in, though not understood, so longed for, though scarcely expected — how differently was your earthly claim admitted — your earthly command obeyed! There was One who said, "Watch, for ye know not the day, neither the hour, when the Son of Man cometh;" and "what I say unto you, I say unto all — Watch!"

BUT DO THEY WATCH?

From the Sunday Magazine.

"THE BLACK CAMEL."

A FEW THOUGHTS FOR BEREAVED PARENTS.

WHEN God sent us our little Edith, it was a time of darkness and of sorrow, and the smiles that welcomed her were something like the rays of sunshine breaking through a rift in the storm-clouds, and falling upon the drenched and dripping foliage. But they were very bright smiles nevertheless, just as the sunshine is, I think, all the brighter when it thus pierces the blackness and is reflected by a myriad rain-drops. And wonderful was the comfort which that little baby brought us. There she lay; tiny and helpless; clinging to us

and seeming to call us to exert ourselves for her; and yet she strengthened us, and as we looked at her we gained courage. Scarcely had she opened her dark blue eyes upon the world, before, on a cold foggy winter's night, we had to take her up and carry her away, we hardly knew whither — for still the clouds hung over us, and if all around us was dark, all before us was darker still. But, as we traversed our uncertain path, carrying our precious burden with us, she supported us more than we supported her, and seemed visibly to connect us with that care which we had so often been in danger of doubting.

After a while the storm passed away, and all around us became as bright as it had previously been dark. Our home was very happy, but Edith seemed to produce for us more of that happiness than any other of the many blessings for which we had to be thankful.

Our Heavenly Father had given her to us as a star to cheer our darkness, but even now that the day had come she increased its radiance not a little.

She was soon able to run about and talk to us in her broken childish prattle, making herself easily understood, not only by us but by others who were perfect strangers to her. That she was surprisingly quick, intelligent, and affectionate, was not the mere verdict of parental fondness, but a matter of common remark with all who knew her. There was nothing fairy-like or æthereal about her. She was a chubby, little, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, golden-haired child, full of rough antics, and not unfrequently displaying childish tempers; but there was a wonderful fascination about her, and her influence upon us was almost magical. Though unusually quick, she was in no respect precocious, but thoroughly a child; and yet somehow we seemed to learn much from her, and to be made better and more trustful and hopeful by her presence. Parents teach children much, but do not children teach parents a great deal more?

Nearly two years passed away. They were years of peace and prosperity unmarked by any very notable incident. Meanwhile our little one was becoming more and more firmly bound to our hearts until we wondered how we had lived before she was given to us, and scarcely dared to ask how we should live if she were taken from us.

The spring had come with all its freshness, and brightness, and promise, and for some weeks we had been meditating a sojourn amongst the mountains of North

Wales. All our preparations were made, our luggage packed, and the day came for our departure, but on the morning of that day we were roused earlier than usual: Edith had been very restless all night, and did not seem well.

The medical man, however, said that the indisposition was only very slight, and that in a few days she would be quite well again. But our hearts told us he was wrong; and so it proved. She became gradually worse during the day; and when, in answer to our further anxious summons, the doctor came again in the evening, he told us that there was no hope. The fatal croup had got so firm a hold of our little darling, that no earthly power could release her; she would continue to grow worse, and in a few hours must inevitably die.

Years have elapsed since that dreadful sentence fell upon my ears; but even now, as I think of it, I experience something of the thrill of agony which the terrible words caused at first. So sudden! — so overwhelming! In the morning, "no fear;" at night, "no hope."

I have often heard the Turkish proverb, "The Black Camel kneels at every man's door;" but on this night, for the first time, I seemed to hear his steady tramp in the distance approaching my dwelling. The night passed slowly on; the little sufferer tossed about in our arms or upon her bed, unable to remain at rest for more than a few seconds, and in the intense and lingering agony of her disease casting such appealing looks to us for the help which she could no longer ask, and which she seemed to think we ought to give, as rent our hearts with far greater pain than even the thought of losing her occasioned. And with every moan and every convulsion of the features there came the harrowing conviction that the worst had not yet come, and that the destroyer was but tightening his grasp upon our precious child; and ever that same steady tramp fell upon my ear with increasing distinctness. Nearer and nearer the Black Camel came, but at length we even became impatient that he approached no quicker. So heartrending were our baby's sufferings, that even *we*, who on the previous morning had thought life almost impossible without her — *we*, who feared only that we had idolized her, longed for her release; and were never so much disposed to doubt our Father's care as when her agony was thus protracted. At long last it came. The poor little face turned cold and pallid; the eyes, from whose dark blue depths so much affection had beamed, became fixed

and glassy; the once ruby lips lost all their colour; the breathing became fainter; and, just as the calm grey dawn of the summer's morning looked into our sorrowful chamber, a last gentle sigh passed through those pallid lips, and our little Edith was in Heaven. The Black Camel knelt at our door for a moment, and, taking up his precious burden, passed on into the dim and distant land, whither so many of our treasures have been carried out of our sight. Our child was given to us for a while, just when our need was greatest; but, having cheered our sorrow, as perhaps only such a child could have cheered us, and having strengthened our faith in the Everlasting Love, her work here was done, though it hardly seemed begun, and He who gave her to us called her to something higher and nobler far, which even such a one was, by his grace and mercy, fitted for.

"He would have infant trebles ringing
The glories of the great I AM;
He would have childish voices singing
The hallelujahs of the Lamb."

There is nothing out of the common way in this simple recital of our first loss. No doubt almost every one who reads it could tell a similar story, for the proverb is true enough, "The Black Camel kneels at every man's door," but the purpose I have at present before me is to remind such that there is more in the proverb than at first sight appears.

No doubt the notion which the Turks have, and which generally obtains, is that the Black Camel kneels to take up and bear away as his burden what is most precious to us. Such, and such alone, was my feeling when our little girl was taken from us; but I have lived some years since then, and have lived to learn that there is a deeper meaning in the saying, worth far more than that which lies on the surface.

The Black Camel takes away our treasure; but when he kneels at our door, *does he not many a time leave behind a still greater treasure?*

What a blank we felt when Edith was no longer visibly present with us. How our hearts sank as we went to one spot after another which had become associated with her, and found all vacant and still; when at every turn a chair, a toy, or some little article of dress attracted our notice. The little hat, beneath which we could still almost see the flashing of her merry blue eyes. The tiny boots which she had worn for the first time, and which she showed us

with so much pride the very day before her death. The drinking cup from which alone she would allow her poor parched lips to be moistened during the protracted agony of the last hours. The corals which had encircled the bonnie neck, and the familiar frocks and pinafores which only seemed to be laid aside whilst she slept, to be put on again when she should presently awake. All brought fresh tears to our eyes, and made the sense of loss weigh more heavily upon our hearts. Oh! how desolate our home seemed for a while.

But at length we became sensible that though the Black Camel had taken what was so precious, he had left behind what was not less so. In one sense, we seemed even to have more of Edith than we had before. Her bodily presence was gone, and yet we had reason to acknowledge with deep thankfulness how true are the words spoken by a great teacher of our day who knows well what he says — "the children whom God brings up for us are more to us than those we bring up for ourselves; the cradle empty blesses us more than the cradle filled." Our child did not appear to be far far away from us in an unknown land. It was as though the spirit, freed from the material body, got nearer to our spirit, and exerted upon us an influence such as was not possible before. It might be fancy, but it was a fancy which wrought for us advantages which were anything but fanciful. Perhaps she was amongst the ministering spirits commissioned from our Father. A helpless little baby when she died, but now gifted with a power to do for us far more than we could ever do for her.

Often the thought of Edith has checked wrong feeling — given fervency to our prayers — power to our faith, and reality to the spiritual world as the thought of no living child could do. She kept us from doubting our Father's care when she travelled with us in the first winter of her life, but more so since she has gone to her home in heaven as we have travelled the rough wilderness path without her. The Father who has *our child* in his keeping will surely take care of us. The very fact that He has taken her to his own bosom strengthens our confidence in his willingness to befriend us. For we have always felt that God removed her, not only because He loved *her*, but because He loved *us*. We were sure that He gave her to us in his love, and when she died we had no thought that the gift had been withdrawn in anger, but in the same love as prompted Him to send it.

And then, was it not worth something to

have our thoughts drawn heavenward, as they were drawn by our sainted child? So much of our thought and affection had been centred in her; and when she was called away, that thought and affection followed her to the better world.

A little while before her death, we had heard a story which has ever since had for us a special significance. Some years ago a party of friends were enjoying, on a fine summer's day, a boating excursion upon one of our inland lakes. Having gone a certain distance, one young lady declined to go further, saying that she would remain on one of the islands which studded the lake. She was therefore left; but the party remained away longer than they intended, and, a thick fog coming on, they were much afraid of losing her. At last, however, her clear voice was heard: "Come this way, father—come this way." The young lady is now in heaven; but still very often does her father hear the words repeated from the upper sanctuary, "Come this way, father—come this way."

Thus did we hear our little Edith calling to us scores of times from different parts of the house; still the sound rings in our ears, frequently saving us from being too much absorbed with the visible present; and I confidently look forward to hearing it one day when the sights of earth grow dim, and its sounds dull, and when it will be especially cheering to recognize the voice of my own child amongst the many that join to call from the heights of immortality.

Then further the Black Camel bore away our treasure, but it was to a *place of greater safety*. We have now a much more certain prospect of possessing that treasure eternally than we should have had if it had remained with us upon earth.

It is undoubtedly a great joy to have our children clustering around us here, but the pavilion of our love is not safe from the entrance of the tempter, and all our strength cannot shield them from those influences which so frequently prevent the fairest dispositions. We have so often seen early promise end in shame and sorrow, that we cannot help sometimes shuddering to think what *may* become of the most lovely of our children.

In more than the one case of which we have all heard, the angelic countenance of the child, from which the light of truth and affection has shone, and which the artist has enthusiastically painted and hung up in his studio as the type of holy innocence, has in a few short years, by the terrible alchemy of vice, been so transformed as to

furnish for the same artist a hideous impersonation of guilt.

And so the infant that has been fondled upon the lap, the joy and hope of its parents, and the admiration of all—the very light of the home, and seemingly essential to its happiness—has, despite all affectionate and tender care, and wise counsel and holy example, developed into a being of such depravity as to be a curse to his family, wringing with unutterable woe the hearts that were once so proud of him; and they have even mourned that he was not removed while yet in his innocence.

It is very hard to have a child taken from our arms just when all its attractions are unfolding, and our whole being is wrapped up in it—but it is far more terrible to have a child spared to us until we cannot help but see that it is lost for ever. In the one case we have the confident hope of everlasting re-union,—in the other, we are certain that, should we enter heaven ourselves, we must leave our child behind us for ever in the outer darkness and the torments of the lost.

The first strong consolation which came over our spirits, calming their agitation as the Saviour's "Peace, be still," calmed the storm upon the lake, softly whispered into our ears as by the Divine Spirit himself almost at the very moment when our darling ceased to breathe, was the words—

* Safe, safe at home, where the rude tempter comes not."

Many a time now, as we sail over this tempestuous sea of life, carrying our other treasures with us, and trembling again and again lest the dashing waves of temptation should sweep them away, and they should be submerged in the billows and lost to us *for ever*, it is very sweet to look up to our Father's house, and think we have at least one child *safe there*, the wildest storm cannot reach *her*, and when we arrive on that peaceful shore, *she* will be ours for ever. The transformation we shall behold in her will not be that of the pure and gentle child into the hardened and repulsive sinner, but into the glorious angelic being, radiant even amidst the radiance of heaven—fit to occupy a place with those whose white robes flash beneath the dazzling light which beams from the Throne.

So long then as these things are so, is it not rather a matter for thankfulness that God has thus made our treasure *secure* for us? Is it not worth our while to give up resignedly and even thankfully the tempo-

any possession of it, or rather the temporary sight of it (for, as I have said, we still feel it to be ours), and especially considering that we have in return for our privation the honour of feeling that one has taken her place, in our name, in the glorious assembly of the redeemed? In the knowledge of that fact there is, too, an incentive to spiritual diligence which is a treasure greater even than the honour. Shall our Edith be the only one bearing our name in that glorious host? Shall she be there, and they from whom she took the name be absent?

My reader, the Black Camel has knelt at your door. I think I may fairly presume this, if you have read so far, for these are but common-place words, very trite doubtless to those who do not need them, as water is insipid to those who are not thirsty; and you have only read on line after line hoping to find some comfort and help for yourself. The treasures carried from your home (for the sable visitant has perhaps been more than once) were, I doubt not, quite as precious to you as was my little Edith to me. I hope you have also found that treasures have been left with you for which you do not feel that you have paid too dearly. Whether this is so or not, to a large extent depends upon yourself.

The greatest treasures are sometimes within our grasp, and we do not know it; and because we do not know it we allow them to pass away and we lose them. The angel comes, but we see in him only a stranger, and a stranger in no very winsome guise, and so we neglect to entertain him, and he who might have filled our home with blessing passes out of it dishonoured, taking back with him the gift he would fain have left. Oh! how much richer we should all have been if we had only had the patience or the penetration to look beyond the dress, or even the tones and manner of our visitors, and to discover their nature and their mission.

Never was camel burdened with gems and spices and costly merchandise so richly laden as the Black Camel which God sends to every man's door! And yet, because he comes with a demand for some of our treasure, we shut our eyes to the good which he brings us, and often petulantly refuse to have it.

Let us be wiser for the future, and as we let him carry away out of our sight for a while our precious possessions, let us gratefully accept those gifts of unutterable value which only such a messenger could bring,

and which this messenger leaves only with those who are prepared to receive them.

There is another thought which must not escape us. We have none of us done with this Black Camel yet. At least once more he is certain to come, kneeling at our door for the last time, no more to take away our household gods, but to take ourselves, either from our treasures or to our treasures. If he has brought us nothing worth the having when on former occasions he has visited us, then he will take us forever from our treasures when he comes for the last time.

If the removal of our loved ones from our side has not done great things for us — giving us more meekness and submission — weaning us from the world — strengthening our faith in unchanging love — making the spirit world more real to us, and quickening our diligence in seeking for the inheritance of the saints; it must have hardened and soured us, and the gulf between us and our sainted friends must have been widened by every bereavement, so that at length the Black Camel will come to carry us for ever out of their reach, and the only communication coming to us from their blessed habitation will be, "They which would pass from hence to you cannot, neither can they pass to us that would come from thence."

Let you and me, then, who are weeping because our children are not, seek in all lowliness and meekness to take the good things which our Father would send us through our sorrows, and as the Black Camel comes from time to time to our door he will greatly enrich and not impoverish us; and when he halts at our dwelling for the last time, it will be to bear us home where our loved ones are gathered, waiting for us, and where

"Hand in hand firm linked at last,
And heart with heart enfolded all,
We'll smile upon the troubled past,
And wonder why we wept at all."

W. C. P.

From the Spectator.

THE GENIUS OF SHAKESPEARE.*

MR. GRANT WHITE has made Shakespeare a study of love, but of that love which

* *Memoirs of the Life and Genius of Shakespeare*; with an Essay toward the Expression of his Genius, and an Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Drama. By Richard Grant White. London: Trübner. Boston (America): Little, Brown, and Co.

in cultivated Americans is one of the pleasantest links between the Old World and the New. To say that the classical literature of England is loved by Americans more than it is by ourselves would be a feeble expression of the truth. Their love takes the form of worship even more than of admiration. But Mr. White is an active politician as well as an author, and the practical sagacity which this circumstance enables him to bring to bear, has in a great degree preserved him from the disturbing and paralyzing effects of mere hero-worship. Mr. White is familiar with all that has been written on Shakespeare of any weight. At all events you can trace the influence of modern criticism, and the modern eclectic spirit so prominent of late in America, in almost every line of his work. He is at home in the broad views which look for the influences of race and what modern lights are pleased to call cosmic elements—is that the word?—as they come to a head in some one individual. Thus, for instance, Mr. White, who is great on the Anglo-Saxon greatness of America, is strong on the Anglo-Saxon greatness of Shakespeare. Shakespeare was of the Anglo-Saxons, Anglo-Saxon, the truest expression of the Anglo-Saxon genius, “even though his genius was not of an age, but for all time.” “Only his race [the Anglo-Saxon race] could have produced him, for a Celtic, a Scandinavian, or even a German Shakespeare is inconceivable, a *id* that race only at the time when he appeared.” But if Mr. White is at home with the broader views, he is equally at home in the minuter details of criticism, and he shows a highly cultivated appreciation of Shakespeare both as a critic accustomed to analyze the great masters in literature, and also as a man alive to every natural beauty.

Mr. Grant White's essay upon Shakespeare will be read with a double interest in this country. This country abounds with Shakespearean scholars. If the men who have studied Shakespeare here with something of a professed literary eye were gathered together, they might possibly fill a small town, or perhaps populate a minute county. The same can hardly be said of any other English classic, except perhaps Bacon. Two or three men take to one author, one or two to another, and if they stick to it they become a sort of authorities on that subject, as, for instance, Professor Masson on Milton, or Mr. Carlyle on Cromwell. But the number of students, and students with pretensions, upon Shakespeare is actually legion. And in this view Mr. White will find a large pro-

fessional audience waiting to listen to him, not in every case in the most amiable disposition perhaps (for Shakespeare, although his writings are so elevated, seems to inspire a furious desire to bite, and bite exceedingly hard, in a certain number, at all events, of his devotees), but still with curiosity, and Mr. White is sufficiently armed and equipped to bear the brunt of curiosity, whether truculent or gracious.

The *Memoirs*, as Mr. White perhaps a little fancifully calls them, of Shakespeare, which open the volume before us have one peculiar claim to attention. They are sifted and digested by a thoroughly practical man, whose sense of practical reality supplies him with an additional critical faculty, and discriminate for us all that commentators and antiquaries have piled up respecting Shakespeare's life and antecedents. A connected account, stripped of all accessories and individual views, of what is really known of Shakespeare, and compiled by a highly cultivated man of the world, may or may not excite controversy,—it will always have a value of its own. Possibly Mr. Grant White may lay chief stress in his own mind upon his own essay upon the *Genius of Shakespeare*, which occupies the kernel of the volume. At all events he speaks of his emotions and hesitation, when “shrinking back, as he essayed to measure with his little line and fathom, with his puny plummet, the vast profound of Shakespeare's genius.” The man who has these feelings, and can express them with so much touching grace and appropriateness, must yet, after the struggle to overcome his natural sense of reluctance to so great a task, think more of the undertaking in consequence of the effort which it has cost him. This essay occupies a hundred and twenty pages, full of sound and delicate criticism, which of course we cannot undertake to reproduce here. But we can attempt to give a general idea of the drift of Mr. White's views. He could not well avoid saying, merely because it was so true, that Shakespeare had genius, in contradistinction with talent—genius being creative, talent adaptive, power—but he improves the truism by adding that “Shakespeare united in himself genius in its supremest nature and talent in its largest development, adding to the peculiar and original powers of his mind a certain dexterity and sagacity in the use of them which are frequently the handmaids of talent, but which are rarely found in company with genius.” And this is important as well as true. Shakespeare's *talent* in the true sense of the word is only lost sight of in the greatness of his genius.

Sir Bulwer Lytton, for instance, is as great as a man of letters can be by talent *without* genius. His talent is so great that when you look at it from a distance it almost veils the appearance of genius, and so it seems to the multitude. Approach his works critically, and they fall to pieces like gaudy packs of cards. The closer you look into Shakespeare the deeper he seems, without losing the gloss of his brilliant talent and dexterity. Mr. White's criticisms are in the main well worth attending to. He does not profess a German "inner-life code of exegesis," nor does he tie himself to Coleridge's Shakesperian school. But he has read Coleridge and Gervinus, and mentions them with respect and deference. Of course it is difficult to say anything new about Shakespeare. But then what Mr. White says, even though it does not always sound new, is Mr. White's, seen with his own eyes, and said in his own way. What he says of Shakespeare's style, its English essence, freedom from foreign touch, freedom from classicality, grandeur of spontaneity, his supreme unconsciousness, the total absence of the literary element from his work, the absence of purism too, his ready use of all such Romance words as answered his direct purpose, his happy and boundless audacity, his unlimited execution, but execution always subordinate to his still more unlimited wealth of ideas, his easy and almost miraculous mastery over every colour of language, every detail of rhetoric, his perfectly unbridled carelessness in metaphor so that sense be saved, his gentle grace, and that sweetness so ineffable to the human ear which Mr. Carlyle forgot when he invented his modern neo-Babel, — all this Mr. White sees, and treats clearly; nor is he blind to Shakespeare's defects.

Of course Mr. White's admiration for Shakespeare is not, nor could it be, entirely separate from a certain love for "Old England." As Cicero, reading Sophocles or Homer, would think tenderly of Athens, so England is no doubt a species of Athens to cultivated Americans already. It is true that England stands to America in point of power in a relation something different to that of Athens to the Rome of Cicero. But the Americans have unconsciously discounted the difference, and overlooking the lapse of time yet ahead, they look already in imagination back upon "*Old England*" as a dignified old lady, perhaps dowager duchess, if you will, possessed of some considerable jewelry and old family apparel, and many fine traditions of the old time, but toothless for all that. Well, Mr.

Grant White will use many polite formulas of protestation perhaps, which we will with equal politeness accept, as they are tendered. But it is all there, protestations to the contrary. We have spoken of his book very warmly and deservedly, and therefore he will permit us — permit the present reviewer — to offer one or two casual observations on certain forms of expression which in another edition might with advantage be omitted. English critics would, we apprehend, join us in thinking that "the great heart of Nature," and "the throb of her deep pulses," are best left to the imitators, if he has any, of Sir Bulwer Lytton in his *Strange Stories*. Mr. White now and then cultivates a little too much the language of our grander school. For example, Americans are probably too sensible to stand "mute in delight and wonder," or if they do, to say so in those words. "Blazes of ever-brightening glory" are like blazes of all sorts, inartistic, and "fitful and lurid lights" are to be seen only in Bulwer and our smaller novelists and lesser painters. As a mere matter of critical taste, we do not like the hack combinations of "patrimonial fields," and "humbler husbandmen," "mocking of futile efforts," and "tomcs of pretentious title," "precious children," and "melodious versification," "surpassing beauties," and "unparalleled atrocities." At the same time these are mere matters of taste, which do not affect the substance of Mr. Grant White's book. Many expressions, which among us have passed into the literary cant of the day, may in America seem to be endowed with the crusted flavour of classical euphoniousness, as classical euphoniousness ought to be, and must be, in "Old" England. But Old England, busily plying the new paint-pot, and laughing in her sleeve at her old beaux, is pleased to consider that, old harridan or not, she is younger than ever she was, — in her feelings, at all events, if not in her complexion, — and means to be younger still to the end of the chapter.

From the Athenæum.

Legends and Lyrics. By Adelaide Anne Procter. With an Introduction by Charles Dickens. New Edition, with Additions. Illustrated. (Bell & Daldy.)

It was the fortune of this journal first to call public attention to the collected poems of a poet's daughter — the finish, clearness, and quiet individuality of which grow, and will grow, on their being returned to

Their writer has won a place of her own; a place which will last. Having gone minutely through the pages of this new edition, knowing many of the verses by heart, every impression formerly expressed is more than confirmed. The place of Adelaide Anne Procter is in the Golden Book of English poetesses.

This showy issue of her delicate, thoughtful, devotional verses put forth in a Christmas form, with illustrations which we take leave to think are nearly as unsatisfactory as illustrations can be, is prefaced by a few pages by Mr. Dickens which will live in connection with Adelaide Procter's poems, so long as any sympathy for verse shall endure. Let us take the first and the last of them:—

"In the spring of the year 1853, I observed, as conductor of the weekly journal *Household Words*, a short poem among the proffered contributions, very different, as I thought, from the shoal of verses perpetually setting through the office of such a periodical, and possessing much more merit. Its authoress was quite unknown to me. She was one Miss Mary Berwick, whom I had never heard of; and she was to be addressed by letter, if addressed at all, at a circulating library in the western district of London. Through this channel, Miss Berwick was informed that her poem was accepted, and was invited to send another. She complied, and became a regular and frequent contributor. Many letters passed between the journal and Miss Berwick, but Miss Berwick herself was never seen. How we came gradually to establish, at the office of *Household Words*, that we knew all about Miss Berwick, I have never discovered. But, we settled somehow, to our complete satisfaction, that she was governess in a family; that she went to Italy, in that capacity, and returned; and that she had long been in the same family. We really knew nothing whatever of her, except that she was remarkably business-like, punctual, self-reliant, and reliable: so I suppose we insensibly invented the rest. For myself, my mother was not a more real personage to me, than Miss Berwick the governess became. This went on until December, 1854, when the Christmas Number, entitled 'The Seven Poor Travellers,' was sent to press. Happening to be going to dine that day with an old and dear friend, distinguished in literature as Barry Cornwall, I took with me an early proof of that number, and remarked, as I laid it on the drawing-room table, that it contained a very pretty poem, written by a certain Miss Ber-

wick. Next day brought me the disclosure that I had so spoken of the poem to the mother of its writer, in its writer's presence; that I had no such correspondent in existence as Miss Berwick; and that the name had been assumed by Barry Cornwall's eldest daughter, Miss Adelaide Anne Procter. The anecdote I have here noted down, besides serving to explain why the parents of the late Miss Procter have looked to me for these poor words of remembrance of their lamented child, strikingly illustrates the honesty, independence, and quiet dignity of the lady's character. I had known her when she was very young; I had been honoured with her father's friendship when I was myself a young aspirant; and she had said at home, 'If I send him, in my own name, verses that he does not honestly like, either it will be very painful to him to return them, or he will print them for papa's sake, and not for their own. So I have made up my mind to take my chance fairly with the unknown volunteers.' Perhaps it requires an editor's experience of the profoundly unreasonable grounds on which he is often urged to accept unsuitable articles—such as having been to school with the writer's husband's brother-in-law, or having lent an alpenstock in Switzerland to the writer's wife's nephew, when that interesting stranger had broken his own—fully to appreciate the delicacy and the self-respect of this resolution. * * She was exceedingly humorous, and had a great delight in humour. Cheerfulness was habitual with her, she was very ready at a sally or a reply, and in her laugh (as I remember well) there was an unusual vivacity, enjoyment, and sense of drollery. She was perfectly unconstrained and unaffected: as modestly silent about her productions, as she was generous with their pecuniary results. * * No claim can be set up for her, thank God, to the possession of any of the conventional poetical qualities. She never by any means held the opinion that she was among the greatest of human beings; she never suspected the existence of a conspiracy on the part of mankind against her; she never recognized in her best friends, her worst enemies; she never cultivated the luxury of being misunderstood and unappreciated; she would far rather have died without seeing a line of her composition in print, than that I should have maundered about her, here, as 'the Poet,' or 'the Poetess.' * * Always impelled by an intense conviction that her life must not be dreamed away, and that her indulgence in her favourite pursuits

must be balanced by action in the real world around her, she was indefatigable in her endeavours to do some good. Naturally enthusiastic, and conscientiously impressed with a deep sense of her Christian duty to her neighbour, she devoted herself to a variety of benevolent objects. Now it was the visitation of the sick, that had possession of her; now, it was the sheltering of the houseless; now, it was the elementary teaching of the densely ignorant; now, it was the raising up of those who had wandered and got trodden under foot; now, it was the wider employment of her own sex in the general business of life; now, it was all these things at once. Perfectly unselfish, swift to sympathize and eager to relieve, she wrought at such designs with a flushed earnestness that disregarded season, weather, time of day or night, food, rest. Under such a hurry of the spirits, and such incessant occupation, the strongest constitution will commonly go down. Hers, neither of the strongest nor the weakest, yielded to the burden, and began to sink. To have saved her life, then, by taking action on the warning that shone in her eyes and sounded in her voice, would have been impossible, without changing her nature. As long as the power of moving about in the old way was left to her, she must exercise it, or be killed by the restraint. And so the time came when she could move about no longer, and took to her bed. All the restlessness gone then, and all the sweet patience of her natural disposition purified by the resignation of her soul, she lay upon her bed through the whole round of changes of the seasons. She lay upon her bed through fifteen months. In all that time, her old cheerfulness never quitted her. In all that time, not an impatient or a querulous minute can be remembered. At length, at midnight on the 2d of February, 1864, she turned down a leaf of a little book she was reading, and shut it up. The ministering hand that had copied the verses into the tiny album was soon around her neck, and she quietly asked, as the clock was on the stroke of One: 'Do you think I am dying, mamma?'—'I think you are very, very ill to-night, my dear.'—'Send for my sister. My feet are so cold. Lift me up!' Her sister entering as they raised her, she said: 'It has come at last!' And with a bright and happy smile, looked upward, and departed."

It is impossible to add to, still more to spoil, the beauty of this monograph.

From the Economist, 9th December.

THE ECONOMIC VALUE OF JUSTICE TO THE DARK RACES.

IN all these quarrels between the white and the dark races, of which we have of late years had so many—no year for eight years having been free of them—there is one point which is apt to escape European attention, and that is the economic value of being just. There is probably no one point of politics which involves economic results so wide or so permanent as the relation between the white and the dark races of the world. It is probably the destiny, it is even now the function, it is certainly the interest of the European, and more particularly of the English family of mankind, to guide and urge and control the industrial enterprises of all Asia, of all Africa, and of those portions of America settled by African, Asiatic, or hybrid races. Those enterprises are very large indeed,—very much larger than the majority even of considerate men are at all aware of. It would be very difficult to fix a limit to the industrial enterprises in India—railways, tramroads, works of irrigation, plantations of tea, coffee, indigo, cinchona, and other articles, which would be certain to pay; but the present limit, the amount now before our eyes, is not less than one-fourth our own heavy national debt. It is not certain indeed—in our judgment it is more than doubtful—whether an English guide and director of labour, a captain of labour (so to speak), paid by a per-centage, would not save expense and loss of strength in every department of Indian effort, whether it would not for example pay both European and native to cultivate rice in a scientific way in very extensive farms. If it would, of which we have little doubt, the work ready for Europeans in India alone is almost limitless, they being required to direct the cultivation as well as the political progress of two hundred millions of men. The field open in China is even greater, the Chinaman, who is already the most industrious and one of the most ingenious of mankind, needing nothing except a directing brain in which he will confide. The work to be done in that empire alone—we mean the profitable work—in railways and canals of irrigation, and tea planting, and silk growing, and above all in inland steam navigation, is wholly beyond any experience we have yet acquired in Europe. Supposing Englishmen and Chinese ready to work together, there is at this moment

in existence within that empire a traffic which would supply a system of railways three times as extensive as the Indian, a reproductive expenditure that is of three hundred millions sterling, and a range of inland navigation, open to steamers, as great as that of the United States. Similar conditions exist in Japan, in Indo-China, in Persia, and throughout Asiatic Turkey, while in Africa every form of tropical cultivation remains to be still begun, and almost every form; from sugar growing in Abyssinia to vine growing at the Cape, will be found to pay. There are, in fact, fields of enterprise in tropical regions greater than all those which we have as yet explored or partially exhausted. Of their ultimate pecuniary value we may judge from the single fact that, while in 1813 the trade of India was not three millions sterling, it now exceeds one hundred millions, and is still, in the opinion of many observers, in its infancy. Supposing China and India to take as many English articles head for head as Ceylon does, English exports to those two countries alone would rise to the immense figure of 250,000,000/ sterling, Ceylon in 1863 taking more than ten shillings' worth for each head of her population.

The one necessity essential to the development of these new sources of prosperity is the arrangement of some industrial system under which very large bodies of dark labourers will work willingly under a very few European supervisors. It is not only individual labour which is required, but organized labour, labour so scientifically arranged that the maximum of result shall be obtained at a minimum of cost, that immense sudden efforts, such as are required in tunnel cutting, cotton picking, and many other operations, shall be possible without strikes or quarrels, and that, above all, there shall be no unnatural addition to the price of labour in the shape of bribes to the workmen to obey orders naturally repulsive to their prejudices. All these ends were secured, it must freely be acknowledged, by slavery. For the mere execution of great works cheaply no organization could be equal to that which placed the skilful European at the top, and made him despotic master of the half-skilled black or copper-coloured labourer below. The slave, obtained only food, could not strike, and were not liable to those accidental temptations to desert work which so frequently impede great operations both in India and Egypt. The relation was almost as perfect as that of brain and hand, ex-

cept that the brain will never voluntarily put the hand to torture. Slavery, however, involves besides this organization which is beneficial, moral and social consequences which are not beneficial, which are so injurious that civilization, after a protracted struggle with its own interests and prejudices, has resolved to discard slavery from its working system. A new organization therefore must be commenced, and the only one as yet found to work effectively is, as might have been expected, one based upon perfect freedom and mutual self-interest. Half-slavery, that is slavery minus its immoral incidents, such as the separation of families and denial of education, does not work. It has been tried in every country under the sun in the shape of convict labour, in India in the form of statute, or as it is there called "impressed" labour, and in Egypt upon a splendid scale as "forced" labour under European chiefs, and it does not anywhere pay well. The dislike caused by the sense of compulsion produces too much laziness, too much cheating, too many revolts, and too many deaths, to be profitable to the State which employs it, even in the pecuniary sense. To be profitable, the compulsion must be carried out logically to its last point, the labourers being treated in all respects simply as valuable cattle. Short of that demoralizing condition there is no half-way position to be occupied by labour in which compulsion does not cost to the nation — of course not necessarily to the individual — more than it is worth.

If, however, complete freedom is to be the principle adopted, it is clear that the dark races must in some way or other be induced to obey white men willingly. Without at all affirming or denying any proposition as to the comparative powers of the two colours — a question which will probably never be settled — it is quite certain that for the next hundred years the average black will not catch up the average white, that for that space of time white leadership will save time, power, and money. Fortunately for the world there is no mental reluctance to accept that leadership. Some dark races, such as the Bengalees, honestly prefer it, as less worrying than their own habit of indecision — others, as the Chinese, recognize its superior efficacy — others, as the Africans, accept it as a sort of natural law. They will follow the white unless deterred by some injustice, or failure in honesty, or conduct which they consider — often very foolishly — to humiliate them. To remove the chance of such deterrents should therefore be the object of all wise

legislators, and the easiest mode of removing them is to enforce justice. It need not be justice according to English ideas, which are very lenient, and in respect to some offences are, according to the ideas of coloured men, over lax, but it must be substantial justice. An Asiatic, for example, does not deny the justice of allowing his employer to fine him as an Englishman would, but insists that before he is fined he shall have committed a fault which he previously knew would be so punished. An African is not irritated because larceny is punished with flogging, though an Asiatic is, but he wants a fair hearing first. In fact, he wants to be assured that he is subject to a law, however severe, and not to individual caprice. And, moreover, he insists that the moment work is done and paid for he shall be free of the employer's authority, legal or otherwise, and at liberty to do exactly as he pleases, subject only to the laws of the land. These two points conceded, the dark man will willingly organize labour in great masses under the white man. In India, it is well known that very unpopular persons who happen to have a reputation for justice can always obtain labour, when other men much more easy tempered are baffled, and strict and punctual payment is accepted as the first element in justice. The Indian railways, for example, have had, all circumstances considered, wonderfully little difficulty in obtaining labour. The contractors were generally sensible persons, who resolved that wages should be paid as in England, and half-savage tribes, quite as capricious as negroes and far fiercer, when they found out that fact, came in to work with docile regularity. It is well known there that in one remarkable instance a tribe bore quietly for months a discipline offensively strict without a murmur, but departed in an hour because one of their number had his face slapped against the rules. It is the same among the negroes. This very week a correspondent of the *Times* writing from South Carolina, after a number of statements unfavourable to black labour, makes this remarkable admission:—"A gentleman who has held a leading commercial position in Wilmington for twenty years past expressed a different opinion concerning the negro from any I have yet heard in the South. He had been the owner of slaves and now had the same negroes about him as he had before the emancipation. He had no difficulty whatever with them, and believed that any one who was disposed to pay them properly and treat them fairly would find

in them good and faithful servants. To one negro whom he pointed out to me on his premises he paid a dollar and a half a day. He looked upon the whites as the indolent class in the country." The truth is that justice is the essential element of concerted and joint action between blacks and whites, and could we once convince the dark races that we meant justice, that while enforcing performance of contract we enforced full pay, that if we flogged dark skins we also flogged white skins for the same fault, and above all that we recognized abuse as punishable on either side, there would be no difficulty about labour *except* so far as it arose from the superior profit of the *petite culture*. Of course if a Bengalee or a black can get more by digging his own plot than by digging his master's plot, he digs his own plot in preference, and so does a Belgian. Every event, therefore, which increases the suspicion of the dark man that he is not to be fairly dealt with disinclines him to enter the organization of labour, and he can gratify this disinclination more easily than an Englishman. The latter wants meat, and clothes, and some modicum of liquor, and is penetrated to the very bone with a wish to get on, to do something his fathers did not do. The former is content with vegetables, does not care about clothes except for adornment—very wealthy men in India, men we mean with capitals of 50,000l and upwards, sit at home and in office nearly naked—regards liquor only as a luxury, and rather prefers on the whole not to get on, to be as his father was before him. The possibility of avoiding work being great, it is necessary that the attraction to work should be great too, and to this end good pay, certain pay, and equal justice, are absolutely essential. In Ireland, men were once found to work for sixpence a day, because the choice lay between that and starvation. *but in the tropics Nature has given man the benefit, or the curse, of a perpetual poor law, a prodigality of food which of itself establishes a minimum of wages.* A Bengalee will not take less than customary wages, whatever his need, because he knows that—while the sun shines and the waters flow and the soil steams with its own richness—poverty, however deep, cannot become actual starvation. To make him work he must either be lashed or be treated as to pay, exemption from blows, and language, very much like average Englishmen under decently good employers. It is because events like those in Jamaica arrest the derangement of the only relations between master and man which can exist

without slavery, that we approve the official decision to make a full and searching inquiry into the condition of the island.

From the Saturday Review.

EGYPT, ANCIENT AND MODERN.*

THIS book is another proof of the vast and wholesome change that is gradually taking place in the learned literature of Germany. Although treating of a most abstruse subject, it is yet not only fit for human reading, but is absolutely one of the most interesting works which we have seen for some time. It consists of a series of essays or lectures delivered before a select circle in Berlin, during the last nine years, by Dr. Brugsch, the eminent Egyptologist. On changing his professorial chair at the Prussian University for his new official post at Cairo, he has published these essays as a farewell gift to his friends in Europe. They are divided into two parts, the first of which contains sketches and reminiscences of his journeys on the Nile, through the desert, and in the streets of Cairo. Teeming as these picturesque descriptions are with valuable and interesting remarks, we refrain from dwelling upon them. We prefer to reserve our space for the second part, in which the latest results of hieroglyphic science are put before us in so lucid and fascinating a manner that we are apt to forget at times how enormous were the labours which produced them.

The first essay of the second part is entitled "An Ancient Egyptian Fairy Tale; the Oldest Fairy Tale in the World." It is the first German, and altogether the first complete, version of the celebrated papyrus acquired by Mrs. D'Orbigny in 1852, which is now in the British Museum. Although, Dr. Brugsch says, the text has for years been before the learned world, nothing but extracts from it — of which we gave an account some time ago — have been translated as yet. And he adds quaintly, that this first version is not a philological trick nor altogether an offspring only of his own fancy. "My humble merit is confined simply and solely to the application to a given text of the rules of hieroglyphical grammar, which in these days have become the common property of science" — a statement of which the followers of Sir George

Cornwall Lewis will do well to make a note. This papyrus dates from the fourteenth century B.C., when Pharaoh Ramses Miamun, the founder of Pithom and Ramses, ruled at Thebes, and literature celebrated its highest triumphs at his brilliant court. Nine pre-eminent *savans* were attached to the person of this king, the contemporary of Moses. At their head stood, as "Master of the Rolls," a certain Kagabu, unrivalled in elegance of style and diction. It was he, probably, who officiated as Keeper at that vast Library at Thebes of which classical writers speak as having borne the inscription "*ψυχῇ λαρπειὸν*" — somewhat similar to Frederic II.'s inscription over the Royal Library at Berlin, "*Nutrimendum Spiritus*." This hieroglyphic document is the only one hitherto known which belongs to the world of fiction. Hymns, exhortations, historical records, accounts of journeys, general essays, eulogies on kings, and *bills*, form the general staple of that very brittle literature. Written expressly "in usum Delphini" — namely, for the Crown Prince, Seti Menephta, son of Rameses II. — our papyrus bears the following critical note, or mark of official censorship: — "Found worthy to be wedded to the names of the Pharaonic Scribe Kagabu and the Scribe Hora and the Scribe Meremapu. Its author is the Scribe Annana, the proprietor of this scroll. May the God Toth guard all the words contained in this scroll from destruction!" In language and manner it resembles most of the productions of its classical period. It is lucid and clear, and though full of poetical fancy, yet simple and unaffected, reminding the reader occasionally of the grand simplicity in word and thought found in Scripture. It further resembles the latter in its occasional monotony and repetitions; both, however, drawbacks common to nearly all the early documents of different literatures. The tale itself is rather a curious one to be selected for the special reading of a young prince. Its "motive" is the same as in the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife. The chief persons are two brothers and the wife of the elder one, who brings a false accusation against her young brother-in-law. The latter saves himself from his brother's wrath, and goes, aided by the Sun-God, through a peculiar transformation. The wife meets her well-deserved fate, and the two brothers are in the end restored to each other's esteem and love, and the elder becomes regent of Egypt. Apart from the general literary interest attaching to this relic of more than three thousand years ago — which gains a

* *Aus dem Orient.* Von Heinrich Brugsch. Zweite Theile. Berlin: Grosse.

peculiar significance from the fact that it was first written and read at the very Court of Ramses II. at which Moses was educated — it incidentally reveals so much of the manners and customs, the notions and views, of that peculiar era of ancient Egypt, that we cannot be too grateful for its almost miraculous preservation.

Of more vital interest, however, are those hieroglyphic discoveries which enable us to trace the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt, in its monuments. Almost all recent investigators of this subject agree that the time between the immigration and the Exodus formed part of one of the most glorious epochs of Pharaonic rule — namely, that of the eighteenth dynasty. For twenty centuries Egyptian sovereigns had held all the country in undisturbed possession, when suddenly, pushed by the Assyrians, Shemitic hordes broke into the Eastern Delta and seized upon it, gradually extending their dominion so as to make even the kings of Upper Egypt tributary. For more than five hundred years the Egyptians bore the yoke of these foreign conquerors — called in the inscriptions either “Amu,” i. e. “shepherds of oxen,” or “Aadu,” “detested, wicked ones” — whose kings held court at Tanis (Hauar, Avaris) in much prouder style than the Theban monarchs themselves. Who were the gallant and skilful generals who, by a few bold strokes, reconquered the independence of Egypt, and expelled or utterly subdued the foreign population, is not known. But this reverse to the fortunes of the native Pharaohs happened, we know for certain, during that eighteenth Theban dynasty, and the three centuries that followed form the most flourishing period of Egyptian history. Egyptian armies penetrated into Palestine, marched along the Royal road by Gaza and Megiddo to the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris, made Babylon and Nineveh tributary, and erected their last victorious columns on the borders of Armenia, where, as the hieroglyphic texts have it, Heaven rests on its four pillars. No doubt these conquests in Asia, and the thousands and thousands of Shemitic prisoners whom the conquerors carried home as slaves, were looked upon in the light of reprisals for the long period of Shemitic oppression. Endless are the processions of figures on the gigantic and apparently indestructible temple walls erected by these wretched Asiatic prisoners, representing them in the act of carrying water to knead the mortar, forming bricks in wooden frames, spreading them out to dry in the sun, carrying them to the

buildings in the course of erection, and the like; all this being done under the eye of Egyptian officials lounging about armed with weighty sticks, while different inscriptions inform us of the nature of the special work done by these “prisoners whom the King has taken, that they might build temples to his gods.”

About the middle of the fifteenth century before our era, there arose a new dynasty, the nineteenth, at the head of which stands *Rameses I.* It is under the long rule of his grandson, *Rameses II.*, who mounted the throne at about 1400, that we meet with the first monumental hints regarding the events recorded in Scripture. This *Per-aa* or *Pher-ao* — literally “High House” — who reigned sixty-six years, erected, so the hieroglyphical sources tell us, a chain of forts or fortified cities from Pelusium to Heliopolis, of which the two principal ones bore the names of “*Rameses*” and “*Pachtum*,” our biblical “*Pithom*,” both situated in the present Wadi Tumilar, near the sweet-water canal that joined the Nile with the Red Sea. Papyri of the time of this “Pharaoh of the Exodus” give a glowing description of those new strongholds. In the Papyrus Anastasi (in the British Museum), the scribe Pinebsa reports to his superior, Amenenaput, how very “sweet” and “incomparable” life is in *Rameses*, how “its plains swarm with people, its fields with birds, and its ponds and canals with fishes; how the meadows glitter with balmy flowers, the fruits taste like unto honey, and the corn-houses and barns overflow with grain.” This official further describes the splendid reception given to the king at his first entry (in the tenth year of his reign) into the new city, and how the people pressed forward to salute “him, great in victory.” We even find the very name of the Hebrews recorded in the official reports of the day. A papyrus in the Museum of Leyden contains the following, addressed by the scribe Kautsir to his superior, the scribe Bakenptah: —

May my Lord find satisfaction in my having complied with the instruction my Lord gave me, saying, Distribute the rations among the soldiers, and likewise among the *Hebrews* (*Apuru*) who carry the stones to the great city of King *Rameses-Miamun*, the lover of truth; [and who are] under the orders of the Captain of the police soldiers, *Ameneman*. I distribute the food among them monthly, according to the excellent instructions which my Lord has given me.

Similar distinct indications of the people

and their state of serfdom are found in another Leyden papyrus, and even in the long rock-inscription of Hamamât. Joseph had never been at the court of an Egyptian Pharaoh, but at that of one of those Shemite kings of Avaris-Tanis; and when, after the expulsion of this foreign dynasty and the quick extinction of the one which overthrew it, Rameses had come to the throne, it was natural enough that "he knew not Joseph."

The Exodus took place under Menephtes, the successor of that second Rameses in the sixth year of whose reign Moses probably was born. In the twenty-first year of his rule, Rameses had concluded a treaty with the Hittites, the text of which is found cut into a stone-wall at Thebes, and in which occurs the following important passage: — "If the subjects of King Rameses should come to the King of the Hittites, the King of the Hittites is not to receive them, but to force them to return to Rameses the King of Egypt." This sufficiently explains the fear expressed by the biblical Pharaoh, lest the people might "go up from the land." The Shemitic population, subdued and enslaved as they were, had one glowing desire only — to escape from Egypt, and join their brethren at home in their wars against the Pharaohs.

The name of Moses is now universally recognized to be of Egyptian origin. It is the Mas or Massu of rather frequent occurrence on the monuments, and means "child." A certain connection of Egyptian ideas with the Mosaic legislation, its sacrifices, purifications, &c., is also no longer questioned. But there is one most important monumental testimony, which is not sufficiently recognized yet, and which fully proves that to those far-famed Egyptian adepts of priestly wisdom the sublime doctrine of the Unity of the Deity was well known, and that the manifold forms of the Egyptian Pantheon were nothing but religious masks, so to speak — grotesque allegorical embodiments of that originally pure dogma communicated to the initiated in the Mysteries. And the initiated took their sublime Confession of Faith, inscribed upon a scroll, with them even into the grave. The name of the One God, however, is not mentioned on it, but is expressed only in the circumlocution, *Nuk pu Nuk* — "I am he who I am." Who does not instantly remember the awful "I am that I am" sounding from amid the flames of the bush?

We shall not further pursue these and similar points of high importance touched upon in the essay inscribed "Moses and the

Monuments," but turn to a chapter quaintly entitled "What the Stones are Saying." It is the vast and varied number of stone inscriptions found in Egyptian tombs of which Dr. Brugsch here treats. He finds the reason for the people dwelling during their lifetime in tents of mud, but erecting everlasting monuments for their corpses, in their firm conviction of the existence of another, an everlasting, world, to which this present one is merely the entrance-hall. While a general inscription on the walls of these tombs uniformly exhorts the living to praise the Deity gladly, to leave all earthly things behind when the parting moment arrives, and to pray for the dead, there are others upholding most characteristically the advantages and the high rank possessed by the *literatus* in comparison with all other ranks and professions. Thus many are found like the following: —

What does all this talk about an officer being better off than a scholar amount to? Just look at an officer's life, and see how manifold are his miseries. While still young he is shut up in a military school. He is there punished until they make his head to bleed; he is stretched out and beaten. After that, he is sent to the wars into Syria. He must wander on rocky heights, he has to carry his bread and drink suspended from his arm, like unto a beast of burden. The water he gets is foul. Then he is marched off to mount guard over the tent. After that, the enemy arrives and catches him, as in a mousetrap. Should he, however, be lucky enough to return to Egypt, he will only be like a worm-eaten block of wood. Should he be sick, he is put on a litter and carried on a donkey's back. His things, meanwhile, are stolen by thieves, and his attendants run away.

Truly a picture of an Egyptian soldier's life worthy of Joseph Bertha, *le Conscrié*. But other trades and professions fare no better when contrasted with the *savant's* noble state. There are similar caricatures from the farmer's or peasant's life, down to that of the barber, "who has to run from inn to inn to get customers." Out of this high opinion of, and eager desire for, literary education and refinement, there grew almost naturally an eminently high ethical and moral code of feeling. Take the following inscription over a tomb at El-Kalb, over four thousand years old: — "He loved his father, he honoured his mother, he loved his brother, and never left his house with an angry heart. A man of high position was never preferred by him to a humbler man." There are many traces even of that chivalrous deference to women which is always found in highly-cultivated nations. The

names of the husbands are more often omitted in the genealogical tablets than those of the "Ladies of the House," whose principal ornament, the stones record, was their "love to their wedded lords." They are called in the inscriptions — not generally given to poetic phraseology — "the beautiful palms, whose fruit was tender love," and the most glorious present accorded to the favourites of the Gods is "the esteem of men and the love of women."

The last chapter in the book is a valuable contribution to comparative Indo-Germanic mythology, treating of certain Sagas found

both in Firdusi and the Nibelungen, and of a number of mysterious customs and notions common to both Persians and Germans. Although this is no less replete with interesting facts and speculations than the foregoing essays, we cannot further enlarge upon it here. All we can do is once more to thank the eminent author, now dwelling in that land which already has revealed to him so many of its secrets, and to express the hope that, notwithstanding his many official and editorial occupations, he will find leisure again to speak to us thus pleasantly of Pharaonic scrolls and stones.

CHRISTMAS.

[We adopt selections made by the *Boston Transcript*, whose good taste may always be depended upon.]

On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stole'd priest the chalice rear.
Then opened wide the baron's hall,
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose.
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight
And general voice, the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year.

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

The bells — the bells — the Christmas bells,
How merrily they ring!

As if they felt the joy they tell
To every human thing.
The silvery tones, o'er vale and hill,
Are swelling soft and clear,
As, wave on wave, the tide of sound
Fills the bright atmosphere.

The bells — the merry Christmas bells,
They're ringing in the morn!
They ring when in the eastern sky
The golden light is born;
They ring, as sunshine tips the hills,
And gilds the village spire —
When, through the sky, the sovereign
Rolls his full orb of fire.

The Christmas bells — the Christmas bells,
How merrily they ring!
To weary hearts a pulse of joy,
A kindlier life they bring.
The poor man on his couch of straw,
The rich, on downy bed,
Hail the glad sounds, as voices sweet
Of angels overhead.

The bells — the silvery Christmas bells,
O'er many a mile they sound!
And household tones are answering till,
In thousand homes around,
Voices of childhood, blithe and shrill,
With youth's strong accents blend,
And manhood's deep and earnest tone
With woman's praise ascend.

The bells — the solemn Christmas bells,
 They're calling us to prayer;
 And hark, the voice of worshippers
 Floats on the morning air.
 Anthems of noblest praise there'll be,
 And glorious hymns to-day,
 TE DEUMS loud — and GLORIAS:
 Come, to the church — away.

OLD CHRISTMAS.

WITH footstep slow, in furry pall yclad,
 His brows enwreathed with holly never sere,
 Old Christmas comes, to close the wained
 year;
 And aye the shepherd's heart to make right
 glad;
 Who, when his teeming flocks are homeward
 had,
 To blazing hearth repairs, and nut brown beer,
 And views well pleased the ruddy prattlers
 dear
 Hug the grey mungrel; meanwhile maid and
 lad
 Squabble for roasted crabs. Thee, Sire, we
 hail,
 Whether thine aged limbs thou dost enshroud
 In vest of snowy white and hoary veil,
 Or wrap'st thy visage in a sable cloud;
 Thee we proclaim with mirth and cheer, nor
 fail
 To greet thee well with many a carol loud.
 [Bamfylde.]

CHRIST INCARNATE.

"Jam desinant suspiria."

AWAY with sorrow's sigh,
 Our prayers are heard on high;
 And through Heaven's crystal door
 On this our earthly floor
 Comes meek-eyed Peace to walk with poor
 mortality.

In dead of night profound,
 There breaks a seraph sound
 Of never-ending morn;
 The Lord of glory born
 Within a holy grot on this our sullen ground.

Now with that shepherd crowd,
 If it might be allowed,
 We fain would enter there
 With awful hastening fear,
 And kiss that cradle chaste in reverend worship
 bowed.

O sight of strange surprise
 That fills our gazing eyes;

A manger coldly strewed,
 And swaddling bands so rude,
 A leaning mother poor, and child that helpless
 lies.

Art Thou, O wondrous sight,
 Of lights the very Light,
 Who holdest in Thy hand
 The sky and sea and land, —
 Who than the glorious heavens art more ex-
 ceeding bright?

'Tis so; faith darts before,
 And, through the cloud drawn o'er,
 She sees the God of all,
 Where angels prostrate fall,
 Adoring tremble still, and trembling still adore.

No thunders round Thee break;
 Yet doth Thy silence speak
 From that, Thy Teacher's seat,
 To us around Thy feet,
 To shun what flesh desires, what flesh abhors
 to seek.

Within us, Babe divine,
 Be born, and make us Thine;
 Within our souls reveal
 Thy love and power to heal;
 Be born, and make our hearts Thy cradle and
 Thy shrine.

WONDERFUL NIGHT.

Wonderful night!
 Angels and shining immortals,
 Thronging thine ebony portals,
 Fling out their banners of light:
 Wonderful night!

Wonderful night!
 Dreamed of by prophets and sages!
 Manhood redeemed for all ages,
 Welcomes thy hallowing might,
 Wonderful night!

Wonderful night!
 Down o'er the stars to restore us,
 Leading His flame-winged chorus,
 Comes the Eternal to sight: —
 Wonderful night!

Wonderful night!
 Sweet be thy rest to the weary,
 Making the dull heart and dreary
 Laugh in a dream of delight;
 Wonderful night!

Wonderful night!
 Let me, as long as life lingers,
 Sing with the cherubim singers,
 "Glory to God in the height,"
 Wonderful night!

A HYMN ON THE NATIVITY OF MY SAVIOUR.

I sing the birth was born to-night,
The Author both of life and light;
The angels so did sound it,
And like the ravished shepherds said,
Who saw the light and were afraid,
Yet searched, and true they found it.

The Son of God, th' Eternal King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soul from danger;
He whom the whole world could not take,
The Word which heaven and earth did make,
Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom willed it so,
The Son's obedience knew no No.
Both wills were in one stature:
And as that wisdom had decreed,
The Word was now made flesh indeed,
And took on Him our nature.

What comfort by Him do we win,
Who made himself the price of sin,
To make us heirs of glory!
To see this babe all innocence,
A martyr born in our defence:
Can man forget this story?
[Ben Jonson.]

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

SWEET rest ye, happie Christians,
'Tis earlie Christmas daye,
When Christ our Lord and Savioure
Became the sinner's staye.
Arise, and for such benefits
His precepts all obeye.
Joyful tidings let us singe,
Christ our refuge, Christ our kinge,
To hallowe Christmas daye.

In Judah's lands, in Bethlehem,
The lovlie babe was born,
Upon a manger poorlie laid,
On Christmas happie morn.
God speed ye, merrie gentlemen,
And Christian grace adorn.
Joyful tidings let us singe,
Christ our refuge, Christ our kinge.
To hallowe Christmas morn.
[Stuart Farquharson.]

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy;—
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

Christ is born, the Great Anointed,
Heaven and earth His praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!"
[Cawood.]

CHRISTMAS DAY.

And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God.—St. Luke ii. 13.

WHAT sudden blaze of song
Spreads o'er th' expanse of Heaven?
In waves of light it thrills along,
Th' angelic signal given—
"Glory to God!" from yonder central fire
Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry choir;

Like circles widening round
Upon a clear blue river,
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
Is choed on forever:
"Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And love towards men of love—salvation and release."

Yet stay, before thou dare
To join that festal throng;
Listen and mark what gentle air
First stirr'd the tide of song;
'Tis not "the Saviour born in David's home,
To Whom for power and health obedient
worlds should come:"—

'Tis not, "the Christ, the Lord:"—
With fix'd adoring look
The choir of Angels caught the word
Nor yet their silence broke:
But when they heard the sign, where Christ
should be,
In sudden light they shone and heavenly harmony.

Wrapp'd in His swaddling bands
And in His manger laid,
The Hope and Glory of all lands
Is come to the world's aid:
No peaceful home upon His cradle smiled,
Guests rudely went and came, where slept the
royal Child.

But where Thou dwellest, Lord,
No other thought should be,
Once duly welcom'd and ador'd,
How should I part with Thee?
Bethlehem must lose Thee soon, but Thou
wilt grace
The single heart to be Thy sure abiding place.

Thee, on the bosom laid
Of a pure Virgin mind,
In quiet ever, and in shade,

Shepherd and sage may find;
They who have bow'd untaught to Nature's
sway,
And they, who follow Truth along her star-
pav'd way.

The pastoral spirits first
Approach Thee, Babe divine,
For they in lowly thoughts are nurs'd,
Meet for Thy lowly shrine:
Sooner than they should miss where Thou
dost dwell,
Angels from Heaven will stoop to guide them
to Thy cell.

Still as the day comes round
For Thee to be revealed,
By wakeful shepherds Thou art found,
Abiding in the field.
All through the wintry heaven and chill
night air,
In music and in light Thou dawnest on their
prayer.

O faint not ye for fear —
What though your wandering sheep,
Reckless of what they see and hear,
Lie lost in wilful sleep?
High Heaven in mercy to your sad annoy
Still greets you with glad tidings of immortal
joy.

Think on th' eternal home,
The Saviour left for you;
Think on the Lord most holy, come
To dwell with hearts untrue:
So shall ye tread untir'd His pastoral ways,
And in the darkness sing your carol of high
praise.

A PARODY.

TURKEYS! who on Christmas bled,
Turkeys! who on corn have fed,
Welcome to us now you're dead,
And in the frost have hung.

Now's the day and now's the hour,
Through the market how we scour,
Seeking turkeys to devour,
Turkeys old and young.

Who would be a turkey hen,
Fed and fattened in a pen —
Killed and eat by hungry men —
Can you tell, I pray?

Lay the proud old turkeys low,
Let the young ones run and grow,
To market they're not fit to go
Till next Christmas day.

FOREFATHERS' DAY, 1865.

[ON 22 December the returned Massachusetts
soldiers marched in procession through the
streets of Boston, carrying their tattered flags
to the State-House, where they are to remain.]

THE crowded streets, in silence dead,
Watched all our war-worn veterans tread
The peaceful way — no loud acclaim
Struck out the chord of praise or blame.

The tattered flags, the guidons torn,
The splintered staff in battle borne,
Told all the tale — the freed-land gave
The word of welcome to the brave.

We could not speak. By each man's side
Rose the dear comrade who had died.
In crowded ranks, with noiseless tread,
Marched the great army of our dead.
Boston Transcript. E. L.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

THE MAN OF BUSINESS, RETURNING TO HIS
MANSION, FINDETH HIS WIFE AT THE
GRAND PIANO-FORTE.

SING to me, love, I need thy song,
I need that thou should'st cheer me well,
For everything is going wrong,
And life appears an awful sell.
I've overdrawn my banker's book,
I'm teased for loans by brother John;
Last night our clerk eloped, and took
Two thousand pounds — sing on — sing on.

My partner proves a man of straw,
And straw, alas! I dare not thrash;
My mortgagee has gone to law,
And swears he'll have his pound of flesh.
My nephew's nose has just been split
In some mad student fight at Bonn;
My tailor serves me with a writ
For three years' bills — sing on — sing on.

My doctor says I must not think,
But go and spend a month at Ems;
My coachman, overcome by drink,
Near Barnes upset me in the Thames.
My finest horse is ruined quite,
And hath no leg to stand upon;
The other's knees are such a sight,
He'll never sell — sing on — sing on.

My love, no tears? I'll touch thee now:
Thy parrot in our pond is drowned;
Thy lap-dog met a furious cow,
Whose horn hath saved thee many a pound;
Thy son from Cambridge must retire
For trying crackers to a don;
Thy country-house last night took fire —
It's down, sweet love — sing on — sing on.
— Punch.

From the North British Review.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

FIRST PART.

MORE than enough has perhaps been said in disparagement of the eighteenth century. It is not therefore to speak more evil of that much-abused time, but merely to note an obvious fact, if we say that its main tendency was towards the outward and the finite. Just freed from the last ties of feudalism, escaped too from long religious conflicts which had resulted in war and revolution, the feelings of the British people took a new direction: the nation's energies were wholly turned to the pacific working out of its material and industrial resources. Let us leave those deep, interminable questions, which lead only to confusion, and let us stick to plain, obvious facts, which cannot mislead, and which yield such comfortable results. This was the genius and temper of the generation that followed the glorious Revolution. Nor was there wanting a man to give definite shape and expression to this tendency of the national mind. Locke, a shrewd and practical man, who knew the world, furnished his countrymen with a way of thinking singularly in keeping with their then temper; a philosophy which, discarding abstruse ideas, fashioned thought mainly out of the senses; an ethics founded on the selfish instincts of pleasure and pain; and a political theory which, instead of the theocratic dreams of the Puritans, or the divine right of the High-Churchmen, or the historic traditions of feudalism, grounded government on the more prosaic but not less unreal phantasy of an original contract. This whole philosophy, however inconsistent with what is noblest in British history, was so congenial a growth of the British soil, that no other has ever struck so deep a root, or spread so wide and enduring an influence. But this process, introduced by Locke for the purpose of moderating the pretensions of human thought, came to be gloried in by his followers as its highest achievement. The half century after Locke was no doubt full of mental activity in certain directions. It

saw Physical Science attain its highest triumph in the Newtonian discoveries; History studied after a certain manner by votaries more numerous than ever before; and the new science of Political Economy created. But while these fields were thronged with busy inquirers, and though Natural Theology was much argued and discussed, yet from the spiritual side of all questions, from the deep things of the soul, from men's living relations to the eternal world, educated thought seemed to turn instinctively away. The guilds of the learned, as by tacit consent, either eschewed these subjects altogether, or, if they were constrained to enter on them, they had laid down for themselves certain conventional limits, beyond which they did not venture. On the other side of these lay mystery, enthusiasm, fanaticism — spectres abhorred of the wise and prudent. How entirely the mechanical philosophy had saturated the age, may be seen from the fact that Wesley, the leader of the great spiritual counter-movement of last century, the preacher of divine realities to a generation fast bound in sense, yet in the opening of his sermon on faith indorses the sensational theory, and declares that to man in his natural condition sense is the only inlet of knowledge.

The same spirit which pervaded the philosophy and theology of that era is apparent not less in its poetry and literature. Limitation of range, with a certain perfectness of form, contentment with the surface-view of things, absence of high imagination, repression of the deeper feelings, man looked at mainly on his conventional side, careful descriptions of manners, but no open vision, — these are the prevailing characteristics. Doubtless the higher truth was not even then left without its witnesses, Butler and Berkeley in speculation, Burns and Cowper in poetry, Burke in political philosophy, — these were either the criers in the wilderness against the idols of their times, or the prophets of the new truth that was being born. Men's thoughts cannot deal earnestly with many things at once; and each age has its own work assigned it; and the work of the eighteenth century was mainly one of the utilitarian understanding, one of ac-

tive but narrow intelligence, divorced from imagination, from deep feeling, from reverence, from spiritual insight. And when this one-sided work was done, the result was isolation, individualism, self-will; the universal in thought lost sight of, the universal in ethics denied; everywhere, in speculation as in practice, the private will dominant, the Universal Will forgotten. To exult over the ignorant past, to glory in the wonderful present, to have got rid of all prejudices, to have no strong beliefs except in material progress, to be tolerant of all things but fanaticism, this was its highest boast. And though this self-complacent wisdom received some rude shocks in the crash of revolution with which its peculiar era closed, and though the soul and spirit that are in man, long unheeded, then once more awoke and made themselves heard, that one-sided and soulless intelligence, if weakened, was not destroyed. It was carried over into this century in the brisk but barren criticism of the early *Edinburgh Review*. And at this very moment there are symptoms enough on every side that the same spirit, after having received a temporary repulse, is again more than usually alive.

The same manner of thought which we have attempted to describe as it existed in our own country, dominated in others during the same period. So well is it known in Germany that they have a name for it, which we want. They call it by a term which means the Illumination or Enlightenment, and they have marked the notes by which it is known. Some who are deep in German lore tell us that Europe has produced but one power really counteractive of this Illumination, or tyranny of the mere understanding, and that is, the philosophy of Kant and Hegel. And they affect no small scorn for any attempt at reaction, which has originated elsewhere. Nevertheless, at the turn of the century, there did arise nearer home men who felt the defect in the thought of the preceding age, and did much to supply it; who strove to base philosophy on principles of universal reason; and who, into thought and sentiment dwarfed and starved by the effects of Enlightenment, poured the inspiration of soul and spirit. The men who mainly did this in England were Wordsworth and Coleridge. These are the native champions of spiritual truth against the mechanical philosophy of the Illumination. Of the former of the two we took occasion to speak not long since in this *Review*. In something of the same way we propose to place now be-

fore our readers some account of the friend of Wordsworth, whom his name naturally recalls, a man not less original nor remarkable than he — Samuel Taylor Coleridge. And yet, though the two were friends, and shared together many mental sympathies, between the lives and characters of the philosophic poet and the poetic philosopher there was more of contrast than of likeness. The one, robust and whole in body as in mind, resolute in will, and single in purpose, knowing little of books and of other men's thoughts, and caring less for them, set himself, with his own unaided resources, to work out the great original vein of poetry that was within him, and stopped not, nor turned aside, till he had fulfilled his task, had enriched English literature with a new poetry of the deepest and purest ore, and thereby made the world for ever his debtor. The other, master of an ampler and more varied, though not richer field, of quicker sympathies, less self-sustained, but touching life and thought at more numerous points, eager to know all that other men had thought and known, and working as well on a basis of wide erudition as on his own internal resources, but with a body that did him grievous wrong, and frustrated, not obeyed, his better aspirations, and a will faltering and irresolute to follow out the behests of his surpassing intellect, he but drove in a shaft here and there into the vast mine of thought that was in him, and died leaving samples rather of what he might have done, than a full and rounded achievement, — yet samples so rich, so varied, so suggestive, that to thousands they have been the quickeners of new intellectual life, and that to this day they stand unequalled by anything his country has since produced. In one point, however, the friends are alike. They both turned aside from professional aims, devoted themselves to pure thought, set themselves to counterwork the mechanical and utilitarian bias of their time, and became the great spiritualizers of the thought of their countrymen, the fountain-heads from which has flowed most of what is high and unworldly and elevating in the thinking and speculation of the succeeding age.

It is indeed strange, that of Coleridge's philosophy, once so much talked of, and really so important in its influence, no comprehensive account has been ever attempted. The only attempt in this direction that we know of, is that made six years after Coleridge's death, and now more than twenty years ago, by one who has since become the chief expounder of that philosophy which

Coleridge laboured all his life to refute. In his well-known essay, Mr. Mill, while fully acknowledging that no other Englishman, save only his own teacher Bentham, had left so deep an impress on his age, yet turns aside from making a full survey of Coleridge's whole range of thought, precluded, as he confesses, by his own radical opposition to Coleridge's fundamental principles. After setting forth clearly the antagonistic schools of thought which, since the dawn of philosophy, have divided opinion as to the origin of knowledge, and after declaring his own firm adhesion to the sensational school, and his consequent inability to sympathize with Coleridge's metaphysical views, he passes from this part of the subject, and devotes the rest of his essay mainly to the consideration of Coleridge as a political philosopher. This, however, is but one, and that by no means the chief department of thought, to which Coleridge devoted himself. Had Mr. Mill felt disposed to give to the other and more important of Coleridge's speculations,—his views on metaphysics, on morals, and on religion,—as well as to his criticisms and his poetry, the same masterly treatment which he has given to his politics, any further attempt in that direction might have been spared. But it is characteristic of Mr. Mill, that, though gifted with a power which no other writer of his school possesses, of entering into lines of thought, and of apparently sympathizing with modes of feeling, most alien to his own, he still, after the widest sweep of appreciation, returns at last to the ground from which he started, and there entrenches himself within his original tenets as firmly as if he had never caught a glimpse of other and higher truths, with which his own principles are inconsistent.

Before we enter on the intellectual result of Coleridge's labours, and inquire what new elements he has added to British thought, it may be well to pause for a moment, and review briefly the well-known circumstances of his life. This will not only add a human interest to the more abstract thoughts which follow, but may perhaps help to make them better understood. And if, in contrast with the life of Wordsworth, and with its own splendid promise, the life of Coleridge is disappointing even to sadness, it has not the less for that a mournful interest; while the union of transcendent genius with infirmity of will and irregular impulses, the failure and the penitential regret, lend to his story a humanizing, even a tragic, pathos, which

touches our common nature more closely than any gifts of genius.

The vicarage of Ottery St. Mary's, Devonshire, was the birthplace and early home of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. As in Wordsworth, we said that his whole character was in keeping with his native Cumberland—the robust northern yeoman, only touched with genius—so the character of Coleridge, as far as it had any local hue, seems more native to South England. Is it fanciful to imagine that there was something in that character which accords well with the soft mild air, and the dreamy loveliness that rests on the blue coombes and sea-coves of South Devon? He was born on the 21st of October, 1772, the youngest child of ten by his father's second marriage with Anne Bowdon, said to have been a woman of strong practical sense, thrifty, industrious, very ambitious for her sons, but herself without any "tincture of letters." Plainly not from her, but wholly from his father, did Samuel Taylor take his temperament. The Rev. John Coleridge, sometime head-master of the Free Grammar School, afterwards vicar of the parish of Ottery St. Mary's, is described as, for his age, a great scholar, studious, immersed in books, altogether unknowing and regardless of the world and its ways, simple in nature and primitive in manners, heedless of passing events, and usually known as "the absent man." In a Latin grammar which he wrote for his pupils, he changed the case which Julius Cæsar named, from the ablative to the Quale-quare-quidditive, just as his son might have done had he ever taken to writing grammars. He wrote dissertations on portions of the Old Testament, showing the same sort of discursiveness which his son afterwards did on a larger scale. In his sermons, he used to quote the very words of the Hebrew Scriptures, till the country people used to exclaim admiringly, "How fine he was! He gave us the very words the Spirit spoke in." Of his absent fits and his other eccentricities many stories were long preserved in his own neighbourhood, which Coleridge used to tell to his friends at Highgate, till the tears ran down his face at the remembrance. Among other well-known stories, it is told that once when he had to go from home for several days, his wife packed his portmanteau with a shirt for each day, charging him strictly to be sure and use them. On his return, his wife, on opening the portmanteau, was surprised to find no

shirts there. On asking him to account for this, she found that he had duly obeyed her commands, and had put on a shirt every day, but each above the other. And there were all the shirts, not in the portmanteau, but on his own back. With all these eccentricities, he was a good and unworldly Christian pastor, much beloved and respected by his own people. Though Coleridge was only seven years old when his father was taken away by a sudden death, he remembered him to the last with deep reverence and love. "Oh that I might so pass away, if, like him, I were an Israelite without guile! The image of my father — my revered, kind, learned, simple-hearted father — is a religion to me."

During his childhood, he tells us, he never took part in the plays and games of his brothers, but sought refuge by his mother's side to read his little books and listen to the talk of his elders. If he played at all it was at cutting down nettles with a stick, and fancying them the seven champions of Christendom. He had, he says, the simplicity and docility of a child, but he never thought or spoke as a child.

But his childhood, such as it was, did not long last. At the age of nine he was removed to a school in the heart of London, Christ's Hospital, "an institution," says Charles Lamb, "to keep those who yet hold up their heads in the world from sinking." The presentation to this charity school, no doubt a great thing for the youngest of so many sons, was obtained through the influence of Judge Buller, formerly one of his father's pupils. "O what a change," writes Coleridge in after years, from home to this city school: depressed, moping, friendless, a poor orphan, half-starved!" Of this school Charles Lamb, the school companion, and through life the firm friend of Coleridge, has left two descriptions in his delightful Essays. Everything in the world has, they say, two sides; certainly Christ's Hospital must have had. One cannot imagine any two things more unlike than the picture which Lamb draws of the school in his first essay and that in the second. The first sets forth the look which the school wore to Lamb himself, a London boy, with his family close at hand, ready to welcome him at all hours, and ready to send him daily supplies of additional food, and with influential friends among the trustees, who, if he had wrongs, would soon see them righted. The second shows the stepdame side it turned on Coleridge, an orphan from the country, with no friends at hand, moping, half-starved, "for

in those days the food of the Blue-coats was cruelly insufficient for those who had no friends to supply them." Any one who cares to see these things sketched off as no other could sketch them, may turn to Lamb's essay, *Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years Ago*. "To this late hour of my life," he represents Coleridge as saying, "I trace impressions left by the recollection of those friendless holidays. The long warm days of summer never return, but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those whole-day leaves, when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out for the livelong day upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to or none. I remember those bathing excursions to the New River. How merrily we would sally forth into the fields, and strip under the first warmth of the sun, and wanton like young dace in the streams, getting us appetites for noon, which those of us that were penniless (our scanty morning crust long since exhausted) had not the means of allaying; the very beauty of the day, and the exercise of the pastime, and the sense of liberty setting a keener edge upon them! How faint and languid, finally, we would return towards nightfall to our desired morsel, half-rejoicing, half-reluctant that the hours of our uneasy liberty had expired." In one of these bathing excursions Coleridge swam the New River in his clothes, and let them dry in the fields on his back. This laid the first seeds of those rheumatic pains and that prolonged bodily suffering which never afterwards left him, and which did so much to frustrate the rich promise of his youth.

In the lower school at Christ's the time was spent in idleness, and little was learnt. But even then Coleridge was a devourer of books, and this appetite was fed by a strange accident, which, though often told, must here be repeated once again. One day as the lower schoolboy walked down the Strand, going with his arms as if in the act of swimming, he touched the pocket of a passer-by. "What, so young and so wicked!" exclaimed the stranger, at the same time seizing the boy for a pickpocket. "I am not a pickpocket; I only thought I was Leander swimming the Hellespont." The capturer, who must have been a man of some feeling, was so struck with the answer, and with the intelligence as well as simplicity of the boy, that instead of handing him over to the police, he subscribed to a library, that thence Coleridge might in future get his fill of books. In a short time he read right through the catalogue and exhausted the library. While

Coleridge was thus idling his time in the lower school, Middleton, an elder boy, afterwards writer on the Greek article and Bishop of Calcutta, found him one day sitting in a corner and reading Virgil by himself, not as a lesson, but for pleasure. Middleton reported this to Dr. Bowyer, then head-master of the school, who, on questioning the master of the lower school about Coleridge, was told that he was a dull scholar, could never repeat a single rule of syntax, but was always ready to give one of his own. Henceforth Coleridge was under the head-master's eye, and soon passed into the upper school to be under his immediate care. Dr. Bowyer was one of the stern old disciplinarians of those days, who had boundless faith in the lash. Coleridge was one of those precocious boys who might easily have been converted into a prodigy, had that been the fashion at the time. But, "thank Heaven," he said, "I was flogged instead of flattered." He was so ordinary looking a boy, with his great black head, that Bowyer, when he had flogged him, generally ended with an extra cut, "For you are such an ugly fellow." When he was fifteen, Coleridge, in order to get rid of school, wished to be apprenticed to a shoemaker and his wife, who had been kind to him. On the day when some of the boys were to be apprenticed to trades, Crispin appeared and sued for Coleridge. The head-master, on hearing the proposal, and Coleridge's assent, hurled the tradesman from the room with such violence, that had this last been litigiously inclined, he might have sued the doctor for assault. And so Coleridge used to joke, "I lost the opportunity of making safeguards, for the *understandings* of those who will never thank me for what I am trying to do in exercising their reason."

While Coleridge was at school, one of his brothers was attending the London Hospital, and from his frequent visits there the Blue-coat boy imbibed a love of surgery and doctoring, and was for a time set on making this his profession. He devoured English, Latin, and Greek books of medicine voraciously, and had by heart a whole Latin medical dictionary. But this dream gave way, or led on to rage for metaphysics, which set him on a course of abstruse reading, and finally landed him in Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary*, after perusing which, he sported infidel. When this new turn reached Bowyer's ears, he sent for Coleridge. "So, sirrah! you are an infidel, are you? Then I'll flog your infidelity out of you." So saying, the doctor administered the severest, and, as Coleridge used to

say, the only just flogging he ever received. Of this stern scholastic Lamb has left the following portrait:—

"He had two wigs, both pedantic, but of different omen. The one serene, smiling, powdered, betokening a mild day. The other, an old discoloured, unkempt, angry caxon, denoting frequent and bloody execution. Woe to the school when he made his morning appearance in his 'Passy,' or passionate wig. Nothing was more common than to see him make a headlong entry into the schoolroom from his inner recess or library, and with turbulent eye, singling out a lad, roar out, 'Ods my life, sirrah (his favourite adjuration), I have a great mind to whip you,' then with as retracting an impulse fling back into his lair, and then, after a cooling relapse of some minutes (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the context), drive headlong out again, piecing out his imperfect sense, as if it had been some devil's litany, with the expletory yell, 'and I *will*, too.' In his gentler moods he had resort to an ingenuous method, peculiar, for what I have heard, to himself, of whipping a boy, and reading the *Debates* at the same time—a paragraph and a lash between." . . . "Perhaps," adds Lamb, "we cannot dismiss him better than with the pious ejaculation of Coleridge (the joke was no doubt Lamb's own) when he heard that his old master was on his deathbed, 'Poor J. B., may all his faults be forgiven, and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys, all head and wings, with no bottoms to reproach his sublunary infirmities.'"

How much of all this may be Lamb's love of fun one cannot say. Coleridge always spoke of Dr. Bowyer with grateful affection. In his literary life he speaks of having enjoyed the inestimable advantage of a very sensible, though severe master; one who taught him to prefer Demosthenes to Cicero, Homer and Theocritus to Virgil, and Virgil to Ovid; who accustomed his pupils to compare Lucretius, Terence, and the purer poems of Catullus, not only with "the Roman poets of the silver, but even with those of the Augustan era, and on grounds of plain sense and universal logic, to see the superiority of the former in the truth and nativeness both of their thoughts and diction." This doctrine was wholesome, though rare in those days, not so common even now, so much so that some have supposed that in these and other lessons with which Coleridge credited Dr. Bowyer, he was but reflecting back on his master from his own after thoughts.

While Coleridge was being thus wholesomely drilled in the great ancient models, his own poetic power began to put forth some buds. Up to the age of fifteen, his school verses were not beyond the mark of

a clever schoolboy. At sixteen, however, the genius cropped out. The first ray of it appears in a short allegory, written at the latter age, and entitled "Real and Imaginary Time." The opening lines are —

"On the wide level of a mountain's head,
I knew not where; but 'twas some faery place."

In that short piece, short and slight as it is, there is a real touch of his after spirit and melody.

During those years when he was in the upper school, metaphysics and controversial theology struggled some time with poetry for the mastery; but at last, under the combined influence of a first love and of Bowles' poems, he was led clear of the bewildering maze, and poetry for some years was paramount. It may seem strange now that Bowles' sonnets and early poems, which Coleridge then met with for the first time, should have produced on him so keen an impression of novelty. But so it often happens that what was, on its first appearance, quite original, looked back upon in after years, when it has been absorbed into the general taste, seems to lose more than half its freshness. There can be no doubt of the powerful effect that Bowles had on Coleridge's dawning powers; that he opened the young poet's eyes to what was false and meretricious in the courtly school from Pope to Darwin, and made him feel that here, for the first time in contemporary poetry, natural thought was combined with natural diction — heart reconciled with head. To those who care for these things, it would be worth while to turn to the first chapter of Coleridge's *Literary Life*, and see there the first fermenting of his poetic taste and principles. But during those last school years, while his mind was thus expanding, and while his existence was a more tolerable, in some respects even a happy one, he was suffering much in that body, in which throughout life he had to endure so much. Full half his time from seventeen to eighteen was passed in the sick-ward, afflicted with jaundice and rheumatic fever, inherent it may be in his constitution, but doubtless not lessened by those swimnings over the New River in his clothes. But, above these sufferings, which were afterwards so heavily to weigh him down, Coleridge, during his early years, had a buoyancy of heart which enabled him to rise, and to hide them from ordinary observers. Having dwelt thus long on Coleridge's school-days, because they are very fully recorded, and contain as in miniature both the strength and the

weakness of the full-grown man, we may close them with Lamb's description of Coleridge, as he appeared in retrospect of Lamb's school companions: —

"Come back to my memory like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee — the dark pillar not yet turned — Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Logician, Metaphysician, Bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and the garb of the young *Mirandula*), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of *Iamblichus* or *Plotinus*; for even then thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts; or reciting *Homer* in his Greek, or *Pindar*; while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed the accents of the inspired charity boy!"

It is hardly possible to conceive two school times more unlike than this of Coleridge at Christ's, pent into the heart of London city, and that of Wordsworth at Hawkshead, free of Esthwaite Mere, and all the surrounding solitudes. And yet each, as well in habits and teaching as in outward scenery and circumstance, answers strangely to the characters and after lives of the two friends.

Coleridge entered Jesus College, Cambridge, in February 1791, just a month after Wordsworth had quitted the University. On neither of the poets did their University life leave much impression. For neither was that the place and the hour. Coleridge for a time, under the influence of his elder friend Middleton, was industrious, read hard, and obtained the prize for the Greek Sapphic ode. It was on some subject about slavery, and was better in its thoughts than its Greek. Afterwards he tried for the Craven Scholarship, in which contest his rivals were Keate, afterwards head-master of Eton, Bethell, who became an M.P. for Yorkshire, and Butler, the future head of Shrewsbury School and Bishop of Lichfield, who won the scholarship. Out of sixteen or seventeen competitors, Coleridge was selected along with these three; but he was not the style of man to come out great in University competitions. He had not that exactness and readiness which are needed for these trials; and he wanted entirely the competitive ardour which is with many so powerful an incentive. After this there is no more notice of regular work. His heart was elsewhere — in poetry, with Bowles for guide; in philosophy, with Hartley, who had belonged to his own college, for master; and in politics, which then filled

all ardent young minds even to passionate intoxication. For the French Revolution was then in its first frenzy, promising liberty, virtue, regeneration to the old and outworn world. Into that vortex of boundless hope and wild delirium what high-minded youth could keep from plunging? Not Coleridge. "In the general conflagration," he writes, "my feelings and imagination did not remain unkindled. I should have been ashamed rather than proud of myself if they had." Pamphlets were pouring from the press on the great subjects then filling all men's minds; and whenever one appeared from the pen of Burke or other man of power, Coleridge, who had read it in the morning, repeated it every word to his friends gathered round their small supper-tables. Presently one Friend, a fellow of Jesus College, being accused of sedition, of defamation of the Church of England, and of holding Unitarian doctrines, was tried by the authorities, condemned, and banished the University. Coleridge sided zealously with Friend, not only from the sympathy which generous youth always feel for the persecuted, but also because he had himself adopted those Unitarian and other principles for which Friend was ejected. Hence would come a growing disaffection, which must have been weakening his attachment to his University, when other circumstances arose, which, in his second year of residence, brought his Cambridge career to a sudden close. The loss of his trusty friend and guide Middleton, who, failing in his final examination, quitted the University without obtaining a fellowship; and the pressure of some college debts, less than £100, incurred through his own inexperience, drove Coleridge into despondency. He went to London, and wandered hopelessly about the streets, and at night sat down on the steps of a house in Chancery Lane, where, being soon surrounded by swarms of beggars, real or feigned, he emptied to them the little money that remained in his pockets. In the morning, seeing an advertisement—"Wanted Recruits for the 15th Light Dragoons," he said to himself, "Well, I have hated all my life soldiers and horses; the sooner I cure myself of that the better." He enlisted as Private Comberbach, a name, the truth of which he himself was wont to say, his horse must have fully appreciated. A rare sight it must have been to see Coleridge perched on some hard-set, rough-trotting trooper, and undergoing his first lessons in the riding-school, with the riding-master shouting out to the rest of the awkward squad, "Take care of that Comber-

bach; he'll ride over you." For the grooming of his horse and other mechanical duties Coleridge was dependent on the kindness of his comrades, with whom he was a great favourite. Their services he repaid by writing all their letters to their wives and sweethearts. At last the following sentence written up in the stable under his saddle, "*Eheu, quam infortuni, miserrimum est fuisse felicem,*" revealed his real condition to a captain who had Latin enough to translate the words, and heart enough to feel them. About the same time an old Cambridge acquaintance, passing through Reading on his way to join his regiment, met Coleridge in the street in dragoon dress, stopped him when he would have passed, and informed his friends. After about four months' service he was bought off, returned to Cambridge, stayed there but a short time, and finally left in June, 1794, without taking a degree.

Then followed what may be called his Bristol period, including his first friendship with Southey, their dream of emigration, their marriage, Coleridge's first attempts at authorship, and his many ineffectual plans for settling what he used to call the Bread and Cheese Question. On leaving Cambridge he went to Oxford, and there met with Southey, still an undergraduate at Balliol, whose friendship, quickly formed, became one of the main hinges on which Coleridge's after life turned. Their tastes and opinions on religion and politics were then at one, though their characters were widely different. Southey, with far less genius than Coleridge, possessed that firmness of will, that definite aim and practical wisdom, the want of which was the bane of Coleridge's life. Southey's high and pure disposition and consistent conduct, combined with much mental power and literary acquirement, awakened in Coleridge an admiring sense of the duty and dignity of making actions accord with principles, both in word and deed. In after years Southey was to Coleridge a faithful monitor in word, and a friend firm and self-denying in deed. Morally, we must say that he rose as much above Coleridge; as in genius he fell below him. But at their first meeting, pure and high-minded as Southey was, he had not so fixed his views, or so systematically ordered his life, as he soon after did. He too had been stirred at heart, as Coleridge and Wordsworth also were, by the moral earthquake of the French Revolution. Enthusiastically democratic in politics and Unitarian in religion, he at once responded to the day-dream of Pantisocracy, which Coleridge

opened to him at Oxford. This was a plan of founding a community in America, where a band of brothers, cultivated and pure-minded, were to have all things in common, and selfishness was to be unknown. The common land was to be tilled by the common toil of the men; the wives, for all were to be married, were to perform all household duties, and abundant leisure was to remain over for social intercourse, or to pursue literature, or in more pensive moods

"Soothed sadly by the dirgeful wind
Muse on the sore ills they had left behind."

The banks of Susquehanna were to be this earthly paradise, chosen more for the melody of the name than for any ascertained advantages. Indeed, they hardly seem to have known exactly where it was. Southey soon left Balliol, and the two friends went to Bristol, Southey's native town, there to prepare for carrying out the Pantisocratic dream. Such visions have been not only dreamed since then, but carried out by enthusiastic youths, and the result leaves no reason to regret that Coleridge's and Southey's project never got further than being a dream. Want of money was, as usual, the immediate cause of the failure; everything else had been provided for, but when it came to the point it was found that neither the two leaders, nor any of the other friends who had embarked in the scheme, had money enough to pay their passage to America. Southey was the first to see how matters stood and to recant. At this Coleridge was greatly disgusted, and gave vent to his disappointment in vehement language. The scheme was abandoned early in 1795, and the two young poets, having been for some time in love with two sisters of a Bristol family, were married, Coleridge in October of that year to Sarah Fricker, and Southey six weeks later to her sister Edith.

Marriage, of course, brought the money question home to Coleridge more closely than Pantisocracy had done. And the three or four following years were occupied with attempts to solve it. But his ability was not of the money-making order, nor did his habits, natural or acquired, give even such ability as he had a fair chance in the toil for bread. First he tried lecturing to the Bristol folks on the political subjects of the time, and on religious questions. But either the lectures did not pay, or Coleridge did not stick to them steadily, so they were soon given up, and afterwards published as *Conciones ad Populum*, Coleridge's first prose work. Attacking with equal ve-

hemence Pitt, the great minister of the day, and his opponents, the English Jacobins, Coleridge showed in this his earliest, as in his latest works, that he was not an animal that could be warranted to run quietly in the harness of any party, and that those who looked to him to do this work were sure of an upset. Coleridge's next enterprise was the publication of a weekly miscellany; its contents were to range over nearly the same subjects as those now discussed in the best weeklies, and its aim was to be, as announced in the motto, that "all may know the truth, and that the truth may make us free." But powerful as he would have been as a contributor, Coleridge was not the man to conduct such an undertaking, least of all to do so single-handed. The most notable thing about *The Watchman* was the tour he made through the Midland county towns with a flaming prospectus, "Knowledge is power," to cry the political atmosphere. One of the most amusing descriptions Coleridge ever wrote is that of his encounter with the Birmingham tallow-chandler, with hair like candle-wicks, and face pinguin-tescent, for it was a melting day with him. After Coleridge had harangued the man of dips for half an hour, and run through every note in the whole gamut of eloquence, now reasoning, now declaiming, now indignant, now pathetic, on the state of the world as it is compared with what it should be; at the first pause in the harangue the tallow-chandler interposed:—

"And what might the cost be?" "Only *Four Pence* (O the ante-climax, the abysmal bathos of that *Four Pence*!) only four-pence, sir, each number." "That comes to a deal of money at the end of a year; and how much did you say there was to be for the money?" "Thirty-two pages, sir! large octavo, closely printed." "Thirty and two pages? Bless me, except what I does in a family way on the Sabbath, that's more than I ever reads, sir, all the year round. I am as great a one as any man in Brummagem, sir! for liberty and truth, and all that sort of things, but as to this (no offence, I hope, sir) I must beg to be excused."

But notwithstanding this repulse Coleridge returned to Bristol triumphant with above a thousand subscribers' names, and having left on the minds of all who heard his wonderful conversation an impression that survived long after *The Watchman* with all it contained was forgotten. The first number of *The Watchman* appeared on the 1st of March, the tenth and last on the 13th of May 1796. From various causes, delay in publishing beyond the fixed day, offence

given to the religious subscribers by an essay against fast-days, to his democratic patrons by inveighing against Jacobinism and French philosophy, to the Tories by abuse of Pitt, to the Whigs by not more heartily backing Fox, the subscription list rapidly thinned, and he was glad to close the concern at a dead loss of money to himself, not to mention his wasted labour. Though this failure was to him a very serious matter, he could still laugh heartily at the ludicrous side of it. He tells how one morning when he had risen earlier than usual, he found the servant girl lighting the fire with an extravagant quantity of paper. On his remonstrating against the waste, "La, sir!" replied poor Nanny, "why, it's only *The Watchman*."

The third of the Bristol enterprises was the publication of his *Juvenile Poems*, in the April of 1796, while *The Watchman* was still struggling for existence. For the copyright of these he received thirty guineas from Joseph Cottle, a Bristol bookseller, who to his own great credit undertook to publish the earliest works of Southey, of Coleridge, and of Wordsworth, at a time when those higher in the trade would have nothing to say to them. If Cottle long afterwards, when their names had waxed great, published a somewhat gossiping book of reminiscences, and gave to the public many petty details which a wiser man would have withheld, it should always be remembered to his honour, that he showed true kindness and liberality towards these men, especially towards Coleridge, when he greatly needed it, and that he had a genuine admiration of their genius for its own sake, quite apart from its marketable value. No doubt, if any one wishes to see the seamy side of genius he will find it in the letters and anecdotes of Coleridge preserved in Cottle's book. But though these details, petty and painful as they are, in any complete estimate of Coleridge's character are not to be disregarded, in this brief notice we gladly pass them by.

Other plans for a livelihood were ventilated during this Bristol sojourn, such as writing for the *Morning Chronicle* and taking private pupils, but as these came to nought, we need only notice one other line in which Coleridge's energies found at this time occasional vent, which he once, at least, thought of taking up as a profession. We have seen that before leaving Cambridge he had become an Unitarian, and so he continued till about the time of his visit to Germany. While he was in Bristol he was engaged from time to time to preach in the

Unitarian chapels in the neighbourhood. The subjects which he there discussed seem to have been somewhat miscellaneous, and the reports of his success vary. Nothing can be more dreary, if it were not grotesque, than Cottle's description of his *début* as a preacher in an Unitarian chapel in Bath. On the appointed Sunday morning, Coleridge, Cottle, and party, drove from Bristol to Bath in a post-chaise. Coleridge mounted the pulpit in blue coat and white waistcoat, and for the morning service, choosing a text from Isaiah, treated his audience to a lecture against the Corn Laws; and, in the afternoon, he gave them another on the Hair-Powder Tax. The congregation at the latter service consisted of seventeen, of whom several walked out of the chapel during the service. The party returned to Bristol disheartened, Coleridge from a sense of failure, the others with a dissatisfying sense of a Sunday wasted. Compare this with Hazlitt's account of his appearance sometime afterwards before a Birmingham congregation:—

"It was in January, 1798, that I rose one morning before daylight, to walk ten miles in the mud to hear this celebrated person preach. Never, the longest day I have to live, shall I have such another walk as that cold, raw, comfortless one. When I got there the organ was playing the 100th Psalm, and when it was done, Mr. Coleridge arose and gave out his text, 'He departed again into a mountain himself alone.' As he gave out this text, his voice rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes; and when he came to the two last words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sound had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The preacher then launched into his subject, like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was upon peace and war, upon Church and State—not their alliance, but their separation; on the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity—not as the same, but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had inscribed the cross of Christ on banners dripping with human gore. He made a poetical and pastoral excursion, and to show the fatal effects of war, drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd boy, driving his team a-field, or sitting under the hawthorn, piping to his flock as though he never should be old; and the same poor country lad, crimped, kidnapped, brought into town, made drunk at an alehouse, turned into a wretched drummer-boy, with his hair sticking on end with powder and pomatum, a long cue at his back, and tricked out in the finery of the profession of blood.

"Such were the notes our own loved poet sung."

"And for myself, I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres. Poetry and Philosophy had met together, Truth and Genius had embraced, under the eye and sanction of Religion. This was even beyond my hopes."

Which of the two was right in his estimate of Coleridge's preaching, Cottle or Hazlitt? Or were both right, and is the difference to be accounted for by Coleridge, like most men of genius, having his days when he was now above himself and now fell below? With one more passage from Hazlitt, descriptive of his talk at that time, we may close his Bristol life:—

"He is the only person I ever knew who answered to the idea of a man of genius. He is the only person from whom I ever learned anything. There is only one thing he might have learned from me in return, but that he has not. He was the first poet I ever knew. His genius at that time had angelic wings, and fed on manna. He talked on for ever; and you wished him to talk on for ever. His thoughts did not seem to come with labour and effort; but as if borne on the gusts of genius, and as if the wings of imagination lifted him off his feet. His voice rolled on the ear like a pealing organ, and its sound alone was the music of thought. His mind was clothed with wings; and raised on them he lifted philosophy to heaven. In his descriptions, you then saw the progress of human happiness and liberty in bright and never-ending succession, like the steps of Jacob's ladder, with airy shapes ascending and descending. And shall I who heard him then, listen to him now? Not I! That spell is broke; that time is gone for ever; that voice is heard no more: but still the recollection comes rushing by with thoughts of long-past years, and rings in my ears with never-dying sound."

It is pitiful to turn from such high-flown descriptions to the glimpses of poverty and painful domestic cares which his letters of this date exhibit. Over these we would gladly draw the veil. Whoso wishes to linger on them may turn him to Cottle. There are many more incidents of this time which we can but name: his residence for some months in a rose-bound cottage in the neighbouring village of Clevedon; the birth of his first son, whom he named Hartley, for love of the philosopher; his complete reconciliation with Southey on his return from Portugal. One little entry, in a letter of November, 1796, is sadly memorable as the first appearance of

"The little rift within the lute,
Which soon will make the music mute."

He complains of a violent neuralgic pain in

the face, which for the time was like to overpower him. "But," he writes, "I took between sixty and seventy drops of laudanum, and sopped the Cerberus." That sop was soon to become the worst Cerberus of the two.

It was early in 1797 that Coleridge moved with his family from Bristol, and pitched his tent in the village of Nether Stowey, under the green hills of Quantock. One of the kindest and most hospitable of his friends, Mr. Poole, had a place hard by; and Coleridge having in June made a visit to Wordsworth at Racedown, persuaded this young poet, and his scarcely less original sister, to adjourn thence to the neighbouring mansion of Alfoxden. With such friends for daily intercourse, with the most delightful country for walks on every side, and with apparently fewer embarrassments, Coleridge here enjoyed the most genial and happy years that were ever granted him in his changeful existence. "Wherever we turn we have woods, smooth downs, and valleys, with small brooks running down them, through green meadows to the sea. The hills that cradle these valleys are either covered with ferns and bilberries or oak woods. Walks extend for miles over the hill tops, the great beauty of which is their wild simplicity; they are perfectly smooth, without rocks." Over these green hills of Quantock the two young poets wandered for hours together, rapt in fervid talk: Coleridge, no doubt, the chief speaker, Wordsworth not the less suggestive. Never before or since have these downs heard such high converse. "His society I found an invaluable blessing, and to him I looked up with equal reverence as a poet, a philosopher, and a man." So wrote Coleridge in after years. By this time Wordsworth had given himself wholly to poetry as his work for life. Alfoxden saw the birth of many of the happiest, most characteristic of his shorter poems. Coleridge had some years before this, when he first fell in with Wordsworth's *Descriptive Sketches*, found even in these the opening of a new vein. He himself, too, had from time to time turned aside from more perplexing studies, and found poetry to be its own exceeding great reward. But in this Nether Stowey time Coleridge came all at once to his poetic manhood. Whether it was the freedom from the material ills of life which he found in the aid and kindly shelter of Mr. Poole, or the secluded beauty of the Quantock, or the converse with Wordsworth, or all combined, that stirred him, there cannot be any doubt that this was, as it has been called,

his *annus mirabilis*, his poetic prime. This was the year of *Genevieve*, *The Dark Ladie*, *Kubla Khan*, *France*, the lines to Wordsworth on first hearing *The Prelude* read aloud, the *Ancient Mariner*, and the first part of *Christabel*, not to mention many other poems of less mark. The occasion which called forth the two latter poems, to form part of a joint volume with Wordsworth, has been elsewhere noticed. But if Coleridge could have only maintained the high strain he then struck, with half the persistency of his brother poet, posterity may perhaps have reason to regret that he should ever have turned to other subjects. During all his time at Nether Stowey he kept up a fire of small letters to Cottle in Bristol, at one time about poems or other literary projects, at another asking Cottle to find him a servant-maid, "simple of heart, physiognomically handsome, and scientific in vaccinulgence!" When they had composed poems enough to form one or more joint volumes, Cottle is summoned from Bristol to visit them. Cottle drove Wordsworth thence to Alfoxden in his gig, picking up Coleridge at Nether Stowey. They had brought the viands for their dinner with them in the gig: a loaf, a stout piece of cheese, and a bottle of brandy. As they neared their landing-place, a beggar, whom they helped with some pence, returned their kindness by helping himself to the cheese from the back of the gig. Arrived at the place, Coleridge unyoked the horse, dashed down the gig shafts with a jerk, which rolled the brandy bottle from the seat, and broke it to pieces before their eyes. Then Cottle set to unharnessing the horse, but could not get off the collar. Wordsworth next essayed it, with no better success. At last Coleridge came to the charge, and worked away with such violence that he nearly thrawed the poor horse's head off his neck. He too was forced to desist, with a protest that "the horse's head must have grown since the collar was put on." While the two poets and their publisher were standing thus nonplussed, the servant-girl happened to pass through the stable-yard, and seeing their perplexity, exclaimed, "La! master, you don't go about the work the right way, you should do it like this." So saying, she turned the collar upside down, and slipped it off in a trice. Then came the dinner, "a superb brown loaf, a dish of lettuces, and, instead of the brandy, a jug of pure water." The bargain was struck, and Cottle undertook the publication of the first edition of the famous *Lyrical Ballads*, which appeared

about Midsummer 1798. About the same time the two Messrs. Wedgwood settled on Coleridge £150 a year for life, which made him think no more of Unitarian chapels, and enabled him to undertake, what he had for some time lounged for, a continental tour. In September of that year the two poets bade farewell, Wordsworth, with his sister, to Alfoxden, Coleridge to Nether Stowey, and together set sail for Hamburg.

So ended the Nether Stowey time, to Coleridge the brief blink of a poetic morning which had no noon; to Wordsworth but the fresh dawn of a day which completely fulfilled itself.

Landed at Hamburg, Wordsworth was interpreter, as he had French, Coleridge nothing but English and Latin. After having an interview with the aged poet Klopstock, the two young poets parted company. Wordsworth, with his sister, settling at Goslar, there to compose, by the German firestoves, the poems on *Matthew*, *Nutting*, *Ruth*, the *Poet's Epitaph*, and others, in his happiest vein; while Coleridge made for Ratzeburg, where he lived for four months in a pastor's family, to learn the language, and then passed on to Göttingen to attend lectures, and consort with German students and professors. Among the lectures were those of Blumenbach on Natural History, while Eichhorn's lectures on the New Testament were repeated to him from notes by a student who had himself taken them down. Wordsworth kept sending Coleridge the poems he was throwing off during this prolific winter, and Coleridge replied in letters full of hope that their future homes might be in the same neighbourhood: "Whenever I spring forward into the future with noble affections, I always alight by your side." His whole time in Germany, he seems to have overflowed with exuberant spirits and manifold life. "Instead of troubling others with my own crude notions, I was better employed in storing my head with the notions of others. I made the best use of my time and means, and there is no period of my life to which I look back with such unmingled satisfaction." He had passed within a zone of thought new to himself, and up to that time quite unknown in England; one of the great intellectual movements such as occur but rarely, and at long intervals, in the world's history. The philosophic genius of Germany, which awoke in Kant during the latter part of last century, is an impulse the most original, the most far reaching, and the most profound, which Europe has of late years seen. It has given birth to linguistic

science, has re-cast metaphysics, and has penetrated history, poetry, and theology. For good or for evil, it must be owned that, under the shadow of this great movement, the world is now living, and is likely to live more or less for some time to come. Perhaps we should not call it German philosophy, for philosophy is but one side of a great power which is swaying not only the world's thought, but those feelings which are the parents of its thoughts, as well as of its actions and events. If asked to give in a sentence the spirit of this great movement, most men in this country would feel constrained to answer, as the great German sage is reported to have answered Cousin, "These things do not sum themselves up in single sentences." If any one still insists, we would refer him to some adroit French critic who will formularize the whole thing for him in a word, or at most a phrase. Into this great atmosphere, however we define it, then seething and fermenting, it was that Coleridge passed. Most of his fourteen months were, no doubt, given to acquiring the language, but he could not mingle with those professors and students without catching some tincture of that way of thought which was then busy in all brains. It was not, however, till after his return to England that he studied Kant and other German philosophers. His name will ever be historically associated with the first introduction of these new thoughts to the English mind, which having been for more than a century deluged to repletion with Lockianism, was now sadly in need of some other aliment. Some have reviled Coleridge because he did not know the whole cycles of thought so fully as they suppose that they themselves do. As if anything, especially German philosophy so all-embracing as these, can be taken in completely all at once; as if the first delver in any mine ever yet extracted the entire ore. But to such impugnors it were enough to say, We shall listen with more patience to your accusations, when you have done one-half as much to bring home the results of German thought to the educated British mind, as Coleridge by his writings has done.

The first fruits, however, of his newly acquired German were poetic, not philosophic. Arriving in London in November 1799, he set to work to translate Schiller's *Wallenstein*, and accomplished in three weeks what many competent judges regard as, notwithstanding some inaccuracies, the best translation of any poem into the English language. It is a free translation, with

here and there some lines of Coleridge's own added where the meaning seemed to him to require it. At the time, the translation fell almost dead from the press, but since that day it has come to be prized as it deserves.

In the autumn of 1799, Coleridge joined Wordsworth on a tour among the Lakes, that tour on which the latter fixed on the Town End of Grasmere for his future home. This was Coleridge's first entry into a really mountainous country. Rydal and Grasmere, he says, gave him the deepest delight; Hawes Water kept his eyes dim with tears. During the last days of the year, Wordsworth, with his sister, walked over the Yorkshire fells, and settled in their new home. Coleridge had to return to London, and labour till near the close of 1802, writing for the *Morning Post*. About Coleridge's contributions to that paper, there has been maintained, since his death, a debate which hardly concerns us here. Enough to say that having originally agreed with Fox in opposing the French war of 1800, and having at that time written violently against Pitt in the *Morning Post* and elsewhere, he was gradually separated from the leader of the opposition by the independent view he took against Napoleon, as the character of the military despot gradually unfolded itself. Coleridge passed over to the Tories, as he himself says,

"only in the sense in which all patriots did so at that time, by refusing to accompany the Whigs in their almost perfidious demeanour towards Napoleon. Anti-ministerial they styled their policy, but it was really anti-national. It was exclusively in relation to the great feud with Napoleon that I adhered to the Tories. But because this feud was so capital, so earth shaking, that it occupied all hearts, and all the councils of Europe, suffering no other question almost to live in the neighbourhood, hence it happened that he who joined the Tories in this was regarded as their ally in everything. Domestic politics were then in fact forgotten."

But though he thus was constrained to come round to Pitt's foreign policy, however, that we know, recanted the invectives with which he assailed that minister in 1800. There is still extant, among "The Essays on his Own Times," a well-known character of Pitt from the pen of Coleridge, which appeared in the *Morning Post*. Coleridge, in general fair-minded and far-seeing, had one or two strange and unaccountable antipathies to persons, which Wilson mentions, and this against Pitt was perhaps the strongest and the blindest. On the day that the

character of Pitt appeared, the character of Buonaparte was promised for "to-morrow," but that to-morrow never arrived. What the portrait would have been may perhaps be gathered from a paragraph on the same subject, contained in Appendix B. to the *First Lay Sermon*. The will, dissevered from moral feeling and religion,

"becomes Satanic pride and rebellious self-idolatry in the relations of the spirit to itself, and remorseless despotism relatively to others; the more hopeless as the more obdurate by its subjugation of sensual impulses, by its superiority to toil and pain and pleasure; in short, by the fearful resolve to find in itself alone the one absolute motive of action, under which all other motives from within and from without must be either subordinated or crushed. . . .

This is the character which Milton has so philosophically, as well as sublimely, embodied in the Satan of his *Paradise Lost*:—Hope in which there is no cheerfulness; steadfastness within and immovable resolve, with outward restlessness and immovable activity; violence with guile; temerity with cunning; and, as the result of all, interminableness of object with perfect indifference of means—these are the marks that have characterized the masters of mischief, the libicides, and mighty hunters of mankind, from Nimrod to Buonaparte. . . . By want of insight into the possibility of such a character, whole nations have been so far duped as to regard with palliative admiration, instead of wonder and abhorrence, the Molochs of human nature, who are indebted for the larger portion of their meteoric success to their total want of principle, and who surpass the generality of their fellow-creatures in one act of courage only, that of daring to say with their whole heart, 'Evil, be thou my good!' All system is so far power; and a systematic criminal, self-consistent and entire in wickedness, who entrenches villany within villany, and barricades crime by crime, has removed a world of obstacles by the mere decision, that he will have no other obstacles but those of force and brute matter."

It must have been early in 1801 that Coleridge turned his back on London for a time, and on the *Morning Post*, and migrated with his family to the Lakes, and settled at Greta Hall, the landlord of which was a Mr. Jackson, the "Master" of Wordsworth's poem of the *Waggoner*; for from this house, destined to become Southey's permanent earthly home, as early as April of that year, Coleridge thus writes describing his new home to Southey, then in Portugal:—

"In front we have a giant's camp, an encamped army of tent-like mountains which, by an inverted arch, gives a view of another vale. On our right the lovely vale and wedge-shaped

lake of Bassenthwaite; and on our left, Derwentwater and Lodore in full view, and the fantastic mountains of Borrowdale. Behind us the massy Skiddaw, smooth, green, high, with two chasms and a tent-like ridge in the larger. A fairer scene you have not seen in all your wanderings."

There Southey soon joined Coleridge, and the two kindred families shared Greta Hall together, a common home with two doors.

Coleridge was now at the full manhood of his powers, he was about thirty, and the time was come when the marvellous promise of his youth ought to have had its fulfilment. He was surrounded with a country which, if any could, might have inspired him; with friends beside him who loved, and were ready in any way to aid him. But the next fifteen years, the prime strength of his life, when his friends looked for fruit, and he himself felt that it was due, were all but unproductive. The *Ode to Dejection*, written at the beginning of the Lake time, and *Youth and Age*, written just before its close, with two or three more short pieces, are all his poetry of this period, and they fitly represent the sinking of heart and hope which were now too habitual with him. What was the cause of all this failure? Bodily disease, no doubt, in some measure, and the languor of disease depressing a will by nature weakly irresolute. But more than these, there was a worm at the root, that was sapping his powers, and giving fatal effect to his natural infirmities. This process had already set in, but it was some years yet before the result was fully manifest. During these first years at the Lakes, though Greta was his home, Coleridge, according to De Quincey, was more often to be found at Grasmere. This retirement, for such it then was, had for him three attractions, a loveliness more complete than that of Derwentwater, an interesting and pastoral people, not to be found at Keswick, and, above all, the society of Wordsworth. It was about this time that there arose the name of the Lake School, a mere figment of the *Edinburgh Review*, which it invented to express its dislike to three original writers, all unlike each other, but who agreed in nothing so much as in their opposition to the hard and narrow spirit which was the leading inspiration of the *Edinburgh*. How unlike Wordsworth and Coleridge really were, in their way of thinking and working, may be now clearly seen by comparing the works they have left behind. And as for Southey and Wordsworth, they had nothing at all in common, and were not even on friendly terms till

ten years after the Lake School was first talked of. Likely enough Coleridge found Wordsworth more original and suggestive than Southey. The singleness and wholeness of moral purpose which inspired the lives of both his friends, must have been to Coleridge a continual rebuke; and Southey, perhaps, if we may argue from his letters, on the strength of his near relationship, and his greater opportunities of seeing the domestic unhappiness caused by Coleridge's neglect, may have added to the silent reproof of his example, admonitions more openly expressed. In August 1803, Wordsworth and his sister visited Coleridge at Keswick, and took him with them on that first tour in Scotland of which Wordsworth, and his sister too, have left such imperishable memorials. Most of the way they walked, from Dumfries up Nithsdale, over Crawfordmuir by the Falls of Clyde, and so on to Loch Lomond. Coleridge, never in good health, being at this time in bad spirits, and somewhat too much in love with his own dejection, left his two companions somewhere about Loch Lomond to return home. But either at this, or some other time not specially recorded, he must have got farther north, for we find him, in his second *Lay Sermon*, speaking of his solitary walk from Loch Lomond to Inverness, and describing the impression made upon him by the sight of the recently unpeopled country, and by the recital he heard from an old Highland widow near Fort Augustus of the wrongs she and her kinsfolk and her neighbours had suffered in those sad clearances. But if Scotland woke in him no poetry on this his first, and perhaps only visit, and if Scotchmen have had some severe things said of them by him, they can afford to pardon them. The land is none the less beautiful for not having been sung by him; and if from the people he could have learned some of that shrewdness of which they have enough and to spare, his life would have been other and more successful than it was.

If the Lake country had suited Coleridge's constitution, and if he had turned to advantage the scenery and society it afforded, in no part of England, it might seem, could he have found a fitter home. But the dampness of the climate brought out so severely the rheumatism from which he had suffered since boyhood, that he was forced to seek a refuge from it on the shores of the Mediterranean, — a doubtful measure, it is said, for one in his state of nerves. Arriving at Malta in April 1804, he soon became known

to the Governor, Sir Alexander Ball, and during a change of secretaries Coleridge served for a time as a temporary secretary. The official task-work, and not less the official parade, which he was expected but never attempted to maintain, were highly distasteful to him, and he gladly resigned, as soon as the new secretary could relieve him. He made, however, the friendship of the Governor, whose character he has painted glowingly in *The Friend*. Whether Sir Alexander Ball merited this high encomium we cannot say, but Professor Wilson mentions that Coleridge's craze for the three B's, Ball, Bell, and Bowyer, was a standing joke among his friends. The health he sought at Malta he did not find. The change at first seemed beneficial, but soon came the reaction, with his limbs "like lifeless tools, violent internal pains, labouring and oppressed breathing." For relief from these he had resource to the sedative, which he had begun to use so far back as 1796, and the habit became now fairly confirmed. Leaving Malta in September 1805, he came to Rome, and there spent some time in seeing what every traveller sees, but what Coleridge would see with other eyes and keener insight than most men. Full observations on these things he noted down for after use. There, too, he made the acquaintance of the German poet Tieck, of an American painter, Alton, and of Humboldt, the brother of the great traveller. Gilman informs us that Coleridge was told by Humboldt that his name was on the list of the proscribed at Paris, owing to an article which he (Coleridge) had written against Buonaparte in the *Morning Post*; that the arrest had already been sent to Rome, but that one morning Coleridge was waited on by a noble Benedictine, sent to him by the kindness of the Pope, bearing a passport signed by the Pope, and telling him that a carriage was ready to bear him at once to Leghorn. Coleridge took the hint; at Leghorn embarked on board of an American vessel sailing for England; was chased by a French ship; and was, during the chase, forced by the captain to throw overboard all his papers, and among them his notes and observations made in Rome. So writes Coleridge's biographer. Wilson laughs at the thought of the Imperial eagle stooping to pursue such small game as Coleridge. And certainly it does seem hardly credible that Buonaparte should have so noted the secrets of the London newspaper press, or taken such pains to get his hands on one stray member of that corps. De Quincey,

however, argues from Buonaparte's character and habits that the thing was by no means improbable.

It is hardly worth while to attempt to trace all the changes of his life for the next ten years after his return from Malta. Sometimes at Keswick, where his family still lived; sometimes with Wordsworth at the town-end of Grasmere; sometimes in London, living in the office of the *Courier*, and writing for its pages; sometimes lecturing at the Royal Institution, often, according to De Quincey, disappointing his audience by non-appearance; anon an inmate in Wordsworth's new home at Allan Bank, while *The Excursion* was being composed; then taking final farewell of the Lakes in 1810, travelling with Basil Montagu to London, and leaving his family at Keswick, for some years, under care of Southey; domiciled now with Basil Montagu, now with a Mr. Morgan at Hammersmith, or Calne, now with other friends in or not far from London: so passed those homeless, unsatisfactory years of his middle manhood. No doubt, there were bright spots here and there, when his marvellous powers found vent in lecturing on some congenial subject, or flowed forth in that stream of thought and speech which was his native element. During these wanderings he met now and then with the wits of the time, either in rivalry not of his own seeking, or in friendly intercourse. Scott has recorded a rencounter he had with Coleridge at a dinner party, when some London *littérateurs* sought to lower Scott by exalting Coleridge. Coleridge had been called on to recite some of his own unpublished poems, and had done so. Scott, called on to contribute his share, refused, on the plea that he had none to produce, but offered to recite some clever lines which he had lately read in a newspaper. The lines were the unfortunate *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*, of which Coleridge was the then unacknowledged author. It is amusing to see the two sides of the story; the easy, off-hand humour with which Scott tells it in a letter, or in his journal; and the laborious self-defence with which Coleridge ushers in the lines in his published poems. More friendly was his intercourse with Lord Byron, who, while he was lessee of a London theatre, had brought forward Coleridge's *Remorse*, and had taken much interest in its success. This brought the two poets frequently into company, and in April 1816, Coleridge thus speaks of Byron's appearance:—"If you had seen Lord Byron you could scarcely disbelieve him. So beautiful a countenance I scarcely ever saw; his

teeth so many stationary smiles; his eyes the open portals of the sun—things of light, and made for light; and his forehead, so ample, and yet so flexible, passing from marble smoothness into a hundred wreaths and lines and dimples, correspondent to the feelings and sentiments he is uttering." But lecturing, or conversation, or intercourse with brother poets, even taken at their best, is no sufficient account of the prime years of such genius as Coleridge was intrusted with.

The record of his writings, from 1801 till 1816, contains only one work of real importance. This was *The Friend*, a periodical of weekly essays, intended to help to the formation of opinions on moral, political, and artistic subjects, grounded upon true and permanent principles. Undertaken with the countenance of, and with some slight aid from, Wordsworth, it began to be published in June 1809, and ceased in March 1810, because it did not pay the cost of publishing, which Coleridge had imprudently taken on himself. The original work having been much enlarged and recast, was published again in its present three-volume form in 1818. Even as it now stands, the ground-swell after the great French Revolution tempest can be distinctly felt. It is full of the political problems cast up by the troubled waters of the then recent years, and of the attempt to discriminate between the first truths of morality and maxims of political expediency, and to ground each on their own proper basis. No one can read this work without feeling the force of Southey's remark: "The vice of *The Friend* is its round-aboutness." But whoever will be content to bear with this and to read right on, will find all through fruit more than worth the labour, with essays here and there which are nearly perfect both in matter and in form. But its defects, such as they are, must have told fatally against its success when it appeared in its early periodical shape. It was Coleridge's misfortune in this, as in so many of his works, to have to try to combine two things, hard, if not impossible to reconcile,—immediate popularity, and the profit accruing therefrom, with the attempt to dig deep, and to implant new truths which can only be taken in by an effort of painful thought, such as readers of periodicals will seldom give. Few writers have attained present popularity and enduring power, and least of all could Coleridge do so. *The Friend* contains in its present, and probably it did in its first shape, clear indications of the change that

Coleridge's mind had gone through in philosophy, as well as in his religious belief. But of this we shall have to speak again. This middle portion of Coleridge's life may, perhaps, be not inaptly closed by the description of his appearance and manner, as these were when De Quincey first saw him in 1807:—

"I had received directions for finding out the house where Coleridge was visiting; and in riding down a main street of Bridgewater, I noticed a gateway corresponding to the description given me. Under this was standing and gazing about him a man whom I will describe. In height he might seem to be about five feet eight (he was in reality about an inch and a half taller, but his figure was of an order which drowns the height); his person was tall and full, and tended even to corpulence; his complexion was fair, because it was associated with black hair; his eyes were large and soft in their expression; and it was from the peculiar appearance of haze or dreaminess which mixed with their light that I recognized my object. This was Coleridge. I examined him steadfastly for a minute or more, and it struck me that he saw neither myself nor any other object in the street. He was in a deep reverie, for I had dismounted and advanced close to him before he had apparently become conscious of my presence. The sound of my voice, announcing my own name, first awoke him; he started, and for a moment seemed at a loss to understand my purpose or his own situation. There was no '*mauvaise honte*' in his manner, but simple perplexity, and an apparent difficulty in recovering his position amongst daylight realities. This little scene over, he received me with a kindness of manner so marked, that it might be called gracious. The hospitable family with whom he was domesticated all testified for Coleridge deep affection and esteem; sentiments in which the whole town of Bridgewater seemed to share. . . .

"Coleridge led me to the drawing-room, rung the bell for refreshments, and omitted no point of a courteous reception. . . . That point being settled, Coleridge, like some great Orellana, or the St. Lawrence, that, having been checked and fretted by rocks or thwarting islands, suddenly recovers its volume of waters, and its mighty music, swept at once, as if returning to his natural business, into a continuous strain of eloquent dissertation, certainly the most novel, the most finely illuminated, and traversing the most spacious fields of thought, by transitions the most just and logical, that it was possible to conceive. . . . Coleridge to many people, and often I have heard the complaint, seemed to wander; and he seemed then to wander the most when in fact his resistance to the wandering instinct was greatest, viz., when the compass and huge circuit, by which his illustrations moved, travelled farthest into remote regions, before they

began to revolve. Long before this coming round commenced, most people had lost him, and naturally enough supposed that he had lost himself. They continued to admire the separate beauty of the thoughts, but did not see their relations to the dominant theme. However, I can assert, upon my long and intimate knowledge of Coleridge's mind, that logic the most severe was as inalienable from his modes of thinking as grammar from his language."

Admirable as in the main the essay is from which this sketch is taken, it contains some serious blemishes. De Quincey dwells on some alleged faults of Coleridge with a loving minuteness which the pure love of truth can hardly account for; and with regard to the great and all-absorbing fault, the habit of opium-taking, his statements are directly opposed to those made by Coleridge himself, and by those of his biographers who had the best means of knowing the truth. He says that Coleridge first took opium, "not as a relief from bodily pains or nervous irritations, for his constitution was naturally strong and excellent, but as a source of luxurious sensations." Here De Quincey falls into two errors. First, Coleridge's constitution was not really strong. Though full of life and energy, his body was also full of disease, which gradually poisoned the springs of life. All his letters bear witness to this, by the many complaints of ill-health which they contain, before he ever touched opium. Again, as we have already seen, what he sought in opium was not pleasurable sensations, but freedom from pain, — an antidote to the nervous agitations under which he suffered. But whatever may have been the beginning of the habit, the result of continued indulgence in it was equally disastrous. We have given the letter which marks his first recourse to the fatal drug in 1796. As his ailments increased, so did his use of it. At Malta, opium-taking became a confirmed habit with him, and from that time for ten years it quite overmastered him. In 1807, the year when De Quincey first met him, he writes of himself as "rolling rudderless," with an increasing and overwhelming sense of wretchedness. The craving went on growing, and his consumption of the drug had reached a quite appalling height, when, in 1814, Cottle having met Coleridge, and seeing what a wreck he had become, discovered the fatal cause, and took courage to remonstrate by letter. Coleridge makes no concealment, pleads guilty to the evil habit, and confesses that he is utterly miserable. Sadder letters were perhaps never written than those cries out

of the depths of that agony. He tells Cottle that he had learned what "sin is against an imperishable being, such as is the soul of man; that he had had more than one glimpse of the outer darkness and the worm that dieth not; that if annihilation and the possibility of heaven were at that moment offered to his choice, he would prefer the former." More pitiful still is that letter to his friend Wade:—"In the one crime of opium, what crime have I not made myself guilty of? Ingratitude to my Maker; and to my benefactors injustice; and unnatural cruelty to my poor children. . . . After my death, I earnestly entreat that a full and unqualified narrative of my wretchedness, and of its guilty cause, may be made public, that at least some little good may be effected by the direful example." It is painful to dwell on these things, nor should they have been reproduced here, had it not been that, as they have been long since made fully known, it might seem that we had given a too partial picture of the man had we avoided altogether this its darkest side.

Strange and sad as it is to think that one so gifted should have fallen so low, it is hardly less strange that from that degradation he should ever have been enabled to rise. The crisis seems to have come about the time when those letters passed between Cottle and him in 1814. For some time there followed a struggle against the tyrant vice, by various means, but all seemingly ineffectual. At last he voluntarily arranged to board himself with the family of Mr. Gilman, a physician, who lived at Highgate in a retired house, in an airy situation, surrounded by a large garden. It was in April, 1816, that he first entered this house at Highgate, which continued to be his home for eighteen years till his death. The letter in which he opens his grief to Mr. Gilman, and commends himself to his care, is very striking, showing at once his strong desire to overcome the inveterate habit, and his feeling of inability to do so, unless he were placed under a watchful eye and external restraint. In this home he learned to abandon opium, and here, though weighed down by ever increasing bodily infirmity, and often by great mental depression, he found on the whole "the best quiet to his course allowed." That the vice was overcome might be inferred from the very fact that his life was so prolonged. And though statements to the contrary have been made from quarters whence they might least have been expected, yet we know from the most trustworthy authorities now living, that there was no ground for these statements,

and that the friends of Coleridge who had best access to the truth, believed that at Highgate he obtained that self-mastery which he sought. No doubt, the habit left a bane behind it, a body shattered, and a mind shorn of much of its power for continuous effort, ever-recurring seasons of despondency, and visitings of self-reproach for so much of life wasted, so great powers given, and so little done. Still, under all these drawbacks, he labored earnestly to redeem what of life remained; and most of what is satisfactory to remember of his life belongs to these last eighteen years. It was a time of gathering up of the fragments that remained—of saving splinters washed ashore from a mighty wreck. But to this time, such as it is, we are indebted for most of that by which Coleridge is now known to men, and by which, if at all, he has benefited his kind. During these years the great religious change that had long been going on was completed and confirmed. As far back as 1800 his adherence to the Hartleian philosophy and his belief in Unitarian theology had been shaken. By 1805 he was in some manner a believer in the Trinity, and had entered on a closer study of Scripture, especially of St. Paul and St. John. There were in him, as De Quincey observed, the capacity of love and faith, of self-distrust, humility, and child-like docility, waiting but for time and sorrow to bring them out. Such a discipline the long ineffectual struggle with his infirmity supplied. The sense of moral weakness, and of sin, working inward contrition, made him seek for a more practical, upholding faith, than his early years had known. And so he learned that while the consistency of Christianity with right reason and the historic evidence of miracles are the outworks, yet that the vital centre of faith lies in the believer's feeling of his great need, and the experience that the redemption which is in Christ is what he needs; that it is the "sorrow rising from beneath and the consolation meeting it from above," the actual trial of the faith in Christ, which is its ultimate and most satisfying evidence. With him, too, as with so many before, it was *credidi, ideoque intellexi*. The Highgate time was also the period of his most prolonged and undisturbed study. Among much other reading, the old English divines were diligently perused and commented on; and his criticisms and reflections on them fill nearly the whole of the third and fourth volumes of his *Literary Remains*. A discriminating, often a severe critic of these writers, he was still a warm admirer, in this a striking contrast to Ar-

nold, who certainly unduly depreciated them.

Almost the whole of his prose works were the product of this time. First the *Two Lay Sermons*, published in 1816 and 1817. Then the *Biographia Literaria*, published in 1817, though in part composed some years before. In 1818 followed the recast and greatly enlarged edition of *The Friend*; and in 1825 he gave to the world the most mature of all his works, the *Aids to Reflection*. Incorporated especially with the earlier part of this work, are selections from the writings of Archbishop Leighton, of which he has said that to him they seemed "next to the inspired Scriptures, yea, as the vibration of that once-struck hour remaining on the air." The main substance of the work, however, contains his own thoughts on the grounds of morality and religion, and of the relation of these to each other, along with his own views on some of the main doctrines of the faith. The last work that appeared during his lifetime was that on *Church and State*, published in 1830. After his death appeared his posthumous works, viz., the four volumes of *Literary Remains*, and the small volume on the inspiration of Scripture, entitled *Concessions of an Inquiring Spirit*.

It is by these works alone, incomplete as many of them are, that posterity can judge of him. But the impression of pre-eminent genius which he left on his contemporaries was due not so much to his writings as to his wonderful talk. Printed books have made us undervalue this gift, or at best regard it more as a thing of display than as a genuine thought-communicating power. But as an organ of teaching truth, speech is older than books, and for this end Plato, among others, preferred the living voice to dead letters. Measured by this standard, Coleridge had no equal in his own, and few in any age. How his gift of discourse in his younger days arrested Hazlitt and De Quincey, we have already seen; and in his declining years at Highgate, when bodily ailments allowed, and during the pauses of study and writing, fuller and more continuous than ever the marvellous monologue went on. Some faint echoes of what then fell from him have been caught up and preserved in the well-known *Table Talk*, by his nephew and son-in-law, Henry Nelson Coleridge, who in his preface has finely described the impression produced by his uncle's conversation on congenial listeners. To that retirement at Highgate flocked, as on a pilgrimage, most of what was brilliant in intellect or ardent in youthful genius at

that day. Edward Irving, Julius Hare, Sterling, and many more who might be named, were among his frequent and most devoted listeners. Most came to wonder, and hear, and learn. But some came and went to shrug their shoulders and pronounce it unintelligible; or in after years to scoff, as Mr. Carlyle. Likely enough this latter came craving a solution of some pressing doubt or bewildering enigma; and to receive instead a prolonged and circuitous disquisition must to his then mood of mind have been tantalizing enough. But was it well done, O great Thomas! for this, years afterwards, to jeer at the old man's enfeebled gait, and caricature the tones of his voice?

In the summer of 1833, Coleridge was seen for the last time in public, at the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge. Next year, on the 25th of July, he died in Mr. Gilman's house in The Grove, Highgate, which had been so long his home, and was laid hard by in his last resting-place within the old churchyard by the roadside. *

Twelve days before his death, not knowing it to be so near, he wrote to his godchild this remarkable letter,* which, gathering up the sum of his whole life's experience, reads like his unconscious epitaph on himself:—

"MY DEAR GODCHILD,— . . . Years must pass before you will be able to read with an understanding heart what I now write; but I trust that the all-gracious God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, who, by his only begotten Son (all mercies in one sovereign mercy), has redeemed you from the evil ground, and willed you to be born out of darkness, but into light; out of death, but into life; out of sin, but into righteousness, even into the Lord our Righteousness,— I trust that He will graciously hear the prayers of your dear parents, and be with you as the spirit of health and growth in body and mind.

" . . . I, too, your godfather, have known what the enjoyments and advantages of this life are, and what the more refined pleasures which learning and intellectual power can bestow; and with the experience which more than threescore years can give, I now, on the eve of my departure, declare to you (and earnestly pray that you may hereafter live and act on the conviction) that health is a great blessing, competence obtained by honourable industry a great blessing, and a great blessing it is to have kind, faithful, and loving friends and relatives; but that the greatest of all blessings, as it is the most ennobling of all privileges, is to be indeed a Christian. But I have been

* This letter was written on the 13th, and he died on the 25th day of July.

likewise, through a large portion of my later life, a sufferer, sorely afflicted with bodily pains, languors, and infirmities; and for the last three or four years have, with a few and brief intervals, been confined to a sick-room, and at this moment, in great weakness and heaviness, write from a sickbed, hopeless of a recovery, yet without prospect of a speedy removal; and I, thus on the very brink of the grave, solemnly bear witness to you, that the Almighty Redeemer, most gracious in His promises to them that truly seek Him, is faithful to perform what He hath promised, and has preserved, under all my pains and infirmities, the inward peace that passeth all understanding, with the supporting assurance of a reconciled God, who will not withdraw His Spirit from me in the conflict, and in His own time will deliver me from the Evil One.

"Oh, my dear godchild! eminently blessed are those who begin early to seek, fear, and love their God, trusting wholly in the righteousness and mediation of their Lord, Redeem-

er, Saviour, and everlasting High Priest, Jesus Christ.

"Oh, preserve this as a legacy and bequest from your unseen godfather and friend,
S. T. COLERIDGE."

And now, perhaps, we cannot more fitly close this sketch than in those affectionate words of his nephew, the faithful defender of the memory of his great uncle:—

"Coleridge! blessings on his gentle memory! Coleridge was a frail mortal. He had indeed his peculiar weaknesses as well as his unique powers; sensibilities that an averted look would rack, a heart which would beat calmly in the tremblings of an earthquake. He shrank from mere uneasiness like a child, and bore the preparatory agonies of his death-attack like a martyr. He suffered an almost life-long punishment for his errors, whilst the world at large has the unwithering fruits of his labours, and his genius, and his sufferings."

PETROLIA.

In these busy days,
Unless anything "pays,"
'Tis put down as of minor importance;
What matter how filthy
The way to be wealthy,
If, by it, men, dirt cheap, make fortunes,
Petrolia, that's a fine *Ile* land —
A slimy, detestable *Ile* land —
Venturesome men
Run off to Penn-
sylvania's unctuous *Ile* land!

Let the whales rest in peace,
Like old Heroes of Grease,
They may blubber all over their faces;
But the whalers won't pay
Them attention, when they
Have found out more available places.
They'll go to Petrolia's *Ile* land —
That sweet, oleaginous *Ile* land —
They'll play their harpoons
And a-singing of tunes
They'll be off to this unctuous *Ile* land.

You may talk, upon paper,
Of mud, slime, and vapour,
Such reports speculators are pleased at;
But who cares for the smell
That can work an oil-well?
Cent. per cent's not a thing to be sneezed at.
If you are a cunning old file, land
With money to rent and to buy land,
With that trump card a spade
Why, your fortune is made
In this wondrous Petrolian *Ile* Land.

Oh! just wait awhile
And we all shall burn *ile*,
Gas and candles grow dearer and dearer,
Snuff out each short six in this
Day of oil wicks, in this
Oil and Victorian Era.
Farewell to my own native sile! and
To-day I embark from this Island!
We, of Petrolia
Slowly, too slowly are,
Steaming away to the *Ile* Land.

—Punch.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE CASE OF THE ALABAMA.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

NEITHER the American nor the English nation, at this moment, at all contemplates a war. But civilized nations never contemplate a war. They drift into situations in which war becomes inevitable.

The disposition of the Americans towards England, so far as we can see, though not yet cordial, is improving, and is very far from being such as of itself to lead to a rupture. But a political struggle is about to commence in America, which in its issue may possibly bring a party, by tradition and interest unfriendly to England, again into the ascendant, and thus materially change the aspect of affairs.

It was a strange thing for England to be thrown into the arms of the slave-owners. It was an equally strange thing for her to be thrown into the arms of the Democratic party.

The Democratic party, which our pro-Southern aristocracy and their journals delighted to honour as the "Conservative," was healed, as everybody who knows anything of American politics is aware, by the Southern slave-owners, who drew after them as their political dependants the Irish of the Northern cities. A section of rich men at the North connected with the South by commerce, or sympathizing socially with the slave-owning aristocracy, and a certain number of mere party adherents, formed the remaining elements of the confederation, the main objects of which latterly became slavery at home and aggression abroad. The slave-owners, who led the party, were of course bitterly hostile to this country on account of slavery and the slave-trade. The sentiments of the Irish towards England it is not necessary to describe. We have said before, but we cannot too often repeat, that it was from the Democratic party, which down to the outbreak of this revolution had enjoyed some thirty years of almost uninterrupted ascendancy, that England received all the affronts and insults which, under the guidance of our great public instructors, we have been sagaciously wreaking on the heads of the Republicans, now, after a long exclusion, restored by the rebellion to power. It was the Democratic party that made war upon us in 1812. The Republican party suffered ostracism on that occasion for the suspicion under which it lay of sympathizing with the mother country rather than with France, and for its resis-

tance, as the party of morality, of religion, and of Washington, to an immoral war.

Short-sighted people here have embraced the Democratic party as the party of Free Trade. But it included in its ranks the iron-masters of Pennsylvania, the most inveterate of all Protectionists, whose organs fan the flame of hostility to England, in order to exclude our iron, though it be at the risk of war.

The rebellion cut the Democratic party in two. The tail of it in the North, sympathizing too openly with the head in the South against the national cause, fell into utter discredit, and received at the last Presidential election what seemed a decisive overthrow; and had the Old England known her own interest, she and her statesmen would have rejoiced in that great victory of law, order, morality, and peace, as heartily as the New. But Mr. Lincoln fell by a blow which history, misled by no fanciful interpretations of Providence, will always reckon among the great calamities of the world. The new President, in spite of sinister appearances, has proved himself a skilful, temperate, and dignified ruler. But though a strong Unionist, and now on political grounds a decided Abolitionist, he was formerly a member of the Democratic party, and a slave-owner. It is too early (we say it most emphatically) as yet to pronounce judgment on Mr. Johnson's reconstructive policy. But its present tendency appears to be towards a reconstruction not only of the Union, but of the old Democratic party. It is not without a colour of reason, at least, that the President receives the calamitous approbation of the Southern press in this country. And the destinies of the nation are to a great, to a terrible extent in the hands of this one man; who, from the schism which has taken place in the Republican ranks on the subject of negro suffrage, has evidently all parties at his feet.

Should the Democratic party rise again, it would again consist of slave-owners, or serf-owners inheriting the interests and sentiments of the slave-owners, as its head, and of Fenians as its tail. Its game would be a spirited foreign policy, especially in relations with England. It would hope thus to purge itself in the eyes of the nation of the fatal stain of disunion and rebellion. It would hope thus to dissipate in the whirlwind of new passions the accusing memories of the civil war. And a man must have a very inadequate idea of the character of Southern politicians if he refuses to believe them capable, in case it suits their tactics, of exciting the American people to hostility

against this country, for having allowed Southern corsairs to issue from our ports.

Of the military designs of the Fenians we need entertain no fear. Fortunately for the mutual interest of the two Anglo-Saxon communities, the Irish at this moment are not popular in America. The assertion which one English journal repeated after another till all began to believe the slander, that the American armies were mainly composed of Irishmen, was the reverse of the fact. The Irish, from their jealousy of the negro, as well as from their Democratic connection, were throughout opposed to the war, and, after the fall of the Democratic general, McClellan, very few of them entered the ranks. They voted as one man for McClellan and slavery at the last Presidential election: and their insurrection in New York, marked as it was with the same horrible atrocity which has always characterized the insurrections of Celts in Ireland and in France, did not fail to leave a deep impression on the minds of the most humane and law-loving of nations. No disposition, therefore, exists on the part of the Anglo-Americans to second Fenian enterprise; on the contrary, there is, perhaps, rather a disposition to make more allowance than has been hitherto made for the difficulties which England has to encounter in ruling and civilizing this unhappy race. But Fenians have votes; and, if the opportunity presents itself to them of using their votes in such a way so as to determine American policy in a sense adverse to England, we fear they will not show themselves sufficiently grateful for all the applause and encouragement which they received as "the Conservative party," from their admirers in the London press.

With this cloud on the horizon, it is desirable in the interests of peace and all that depends on peace (including constitutional government and national solvency in American as well as English trade) that all questions between the two nations should be settled while each remains in its present temper and under its present government; and that the settlement should not be delayed till the Democrats get into power on one side, and the Tories on the other. On the part of neither government at present is there any lack of determination to maintain the national honour, while both are, as we hope and believe, sincerely anxious to avoid a war.

The continuance of the general disarmament in America divests any claims which may be presented by that government of the air of intimidation; and, surely, every

Englishman, with a vestige of candour in his nature, will allow that the Americans have so borne themselves, both in their civil war and after its close, that the proudest of nations need not feel itself humiliated by rendering to them all that justice requires; if, indeed, in any question of justice there could, under any circumstances, be so great a humiliation as persistence in a wrong.

The only question really remaining for settlement is that of the *Alabama* claims. But this question derives its angry and (we fear it must be said) threatening character in part, at least, from other grievances which have rankled in the heart of the American people.

The American ambassador still dwells on the general attitude of England during the war. In reply to the soothing assurances of the kindly feelings of England, tendered by Earl Russell, he still complains of the "coldness and apathy which he has found prevailing in many quarters from which his countrymen had a right to expect warm and earnest sympathy." We are not careful to answer Mr. Adams in this matter. We are ourselves among the Englishmen who have deplored as much as he has the sympathy shown for the wrong cause by a large class in this country: and we do not doubt that he has had personally, in his intercourse with English society during this period, much to endure, and by the almost heroic patience and forbearance with which he has endured it earned a title to the gratitude of both nations. But he is eminently a man of sense. He knows whether his countrymen, or the friends of political equality and religious liberty in general, have much reason to be surprised and scandalized because the old aristocracies and established hierarchies of Europe do not exhibit warm and earnest sympathy for a democracy whose friends proclaim that its success is their inevitable doom, if they are even somewhat unmeasured in their joy over such a respite to old institutions as the apparent downfall of the model republic. He knows, in short, whether it is quite rational to upbraid the thistle of aristocracy for not bearing republican figs. He knows also whether, in the quarters where he had really a right to look for warm and earnest sympathy in a crusade against the attempt to erect a slave empire, the character of the struggle was, or could be at the outset, sufficiently apparent to produce its full moral effects. Did he ever experience a chillier blast of adverse sentiment in the "coldest" society of aristocratic London than that

which blew upon him, and all enemies of slavery, but a few weeks ago from his own coast, when Connecticut refused political rights to the negroes? Did not an American proclaim the other day to English scepticism that after all it was right, for that, to the best men in America, the negro was an object of loathing? Is there not among his own countrymen, at this moment, a considerable party entitled to the sympathy only of these Englishmen who are for "the Constitution as it is, the Union as it was, and the negroes as they were?"

If the object of the civil war had been simply to restore the territorial greatness of the American republic, it might have commanded the sympathies of those whose political views lead them to wish that the American republic should be very powerful and influential among nations. But no man is bound by any moral obligation to have this object at heart, much less to desire that it should be sought at the cost of an effusion (which long seemed an utterly hopeless effusion) of seas of blood.

Each of the two kindred nations has in it explosive elements, which are dangerous to the common peace and welfare. We have our Tory aristocracy, our Liverpool plutocracy, our High Church Bishops. The Americans have their Fenians, their slave-owners, their violent war politicians. There is much on both sides to be controlled, and though, upon the whole, the control has been effectual, we must not wonder if there is still something on both sides to be forgiven. England may be reasonably expected to bury in magnanimous oblivion the unauthorized sallies of American subordinates. Americans may be as reasonably (and, considering their splendid victory over all their enemies and detractors, more reasonably) expected to bury in magnanimous oblivion the vain fulminations of our orators, the unheard prayers of our prelates, and the unfulfilled predictions of our political seers.

At all events, let want of sympathy, however discreditable and provoking, be retaliated by want of sympathy, not by slaughter and destruction. Every soldier who should fall merely to avenge the wounded self-esteem of his nation, would be murdered by the government which sent him into the field. We moralize on the king who plunged two nations in blood to avenge an epigram on his mistress. Why are these things less horrible in nations than in kings?

Of the acts of the English Government, as distinguished from the general attitude of the English nation, the one which gave

the greatest offence, and the memory of which rankles most deeply, is the concession of belligerent rights to the South. To this the American ambassador, on behalf of his Government, still reverts in a tone of unabated resentment. It is for this, as we suspect, that we are being called to account in the case of the *Alabama*, almost as much as for the depredations of the *Alabama* themselves.

Now, no Englishman, however great may be his admiration of America, however strong may be his conviction that her greatness is, or ought to be, identical with that of the nation from which she sprang, however firmly he may have believed that the hopes of humanity were bound up in the cause of the North, however warmly he may have resented all proceedings on the part of his own countrymen adverse to that cause, even though he may have incurred the opprobrium of a "Yankee" and an "un-Englishman," can scarcely hope to be regarded by Americans as free from partiality in passing judgment on the acts of his own country. But Englishmen, of whom all this is true, are not able, after giving the case the best and calmest consideration in their power, to see that in this matter their Government did, much less that it intended, a substantial wrong.

A power had sprung into existence, infamous, traitorous, and accursed it may be, but exercising dominion practically complete over a vast and united territory, and having mighty armaments in the field. That at some point this power must have been recognized as possessing belligerent rights, all parties will allow. And never for one single moment, or in one single transaction, did the Federals themselves withhold those rights from their opponents. Never from the time when the first shots were interchanged between the besiegers and the garrison of Fort Sumter, did the Federals themselves incur in a single instance the awful risk of treating the Confederates as rebels, to be hanged when they were taken, not as regular enemies, entitled to quarter, and to all the other rights of regular war.

The only question, then, was as to the time when the recognition of belligerency should take place. This question, depending on the extent of an insurrection and the consistency which it has assumed, is, of course, one which in any given case it is very difficult to decide. No one can decide it infallibly. But the judgment of a bystander, provided he is acting in good faith, is more likely to be right than that of either of the parties engaged. It appears to us

that our Government was right, or, at all events, that it was not palpably wrong, in deciding that there existed from the moment of the Secession a great power, which neutrals could not avoid recognizing as belligerent, and investing with the rights — and it must be remembered at the same time with the liabilities — belonging to that character. Such was, in fact, the opinion of Americans themselves, when, not having our conduct or any other disturbing consideration before their eyes, they were led to take an impartial view of the subject. The judgment of the United States Court in 1862, cited by Lord Russell, in laying down the law in favour of the course taken by the American Government, practically rules the question of belligerency in favour of ours.

"This greatest of civil wars was not gradually developed by popular commotion, tumultuous assemblies, or local organized insurrections. However long may have been its previous conception, it nevertheless sprang forth suddenly from the parent brain, a Minerva in the full panoply of war. The President was bound to meet it in the shape it presented itself without waiting for Congress to baptize it with a name; and no name given to it by him or them could change the fact."

It would be a curious instance of the inconvenience resulting from the want of cognate words in the English language, if the friendly relations between the two portions of the English race were to be disturbed because, while they were agreed that there was a *war*, one of them denied that there were *belligerents*.

Let us suppose, however, that the British Government were mistaken. They cannot be the proper objects of serious blame, much less of sanguinary vengeance, if, in a matter notoriously difficult and doubtful, they acted in good faith.

Now, that they did act in good faith, that they were determined in recognizing the Confederates as belligerents, not by any unfriendly designs or feelings towards the Federal Government, but by an honest sense of the necessity of the case, is a fact about which we believe no candid and reasonable Englishman, however little he may have admired the Government of that day, entertains any serious doubt. Lord Russell has, perhaps, in the course and under the polemical temptations of the controversy, cast a shadow of retrospective suspicion on the character of his own act by defending it too much on mere technical grounds, such as the declaration by the Federal Government of an intended blockade of the Southern

ports. But at the time it was unquestionably founded on the real state of the case between the Federals and Confederates, as it appeared to the most ardent friends of the Federals on this side of the water. The measure emanated, in fact, immediately, not from any diplomatic deliberations in the bosom of the Cabinet itself, but from the call which our Admiral on the station addressed to his Government for a rule of conduct, on merely professional grounds.

That an English Government, looking at the question in the interest of England, desired to give strength to the rebellion, and to prolong the civil war, and that it set justice and decency at defiance for that diabolical purpose, will not be easily believed by any one who remembers the awful peril, not only commercial, but social, with which the cotton famine threatened us, and the thrill of alarm and horror which, upon the dawning of that peril, ran through the whole land. The minds of many Americans, in judging of the motives which have actuated England, are full of the gains which we are supposed to have made, or hoped to make out of American calamity by trafficking in Confederate bonds, and for which a great nation is imagined to have sold its honour; though such a speculation is to the general trade of England as the contents of a pedlar's pack are to the contents of the greatest warehouse in New York. It is forgotten that we had the most tremendous motive for desiring the peace and tranquillity of the republic; and that, in fact, we have borne to an enormous extent the pecuniary burden of what to us also was almost a civil war.

As to the substance of this act of its Government, then, the conscience of the English nation is clear; and if a war were forced on England ostensibly or really on that ground, she would have much reason indeed to mourn (and on other grounds than that of loss of money or even of blood), but she could have no reason to fear; for she would be fighting as the North has been fighting, in self-defence and for the right.

There was more ground for complaint, we must frankly confess, as to the manner in which the act was done. Full of affliction and anguish as the American nation then was, under the pressure of a sudden and overwhelming calamity, every right feeling dictated that a step which, however inevitable, could not fail to be most unwelcome, should be taken with all the forms of studious and considerate courtesy of which the circumstances of the case would per-

mit. The intention of the Government ought, in our humble judgment, at least, to have been communicated to the American ambassador, who, at the moment when the proclamation was issued, was known to be on the point of arriving in this country. It is said by the apologists of the Government that Mr. Adams would have felt it his duty to protest against the measure; that our Government would then have had to carry it into effect in the face of his protest; and that an aggravated misunderstanding, perhaps an immediate quarrel with the Americans, would have been the result. But the answer to this plea, we apprehend, is that in public and in private life you have to look only to your own actions. Do what is right, and do it with perfect frankness and courtesy towards all who are concerned; and if those with whom you deal persist, nevertheless, in objecting to your decision, and take to violent courses, the blame will rest on them, not on you. No man, no nation, can guarantee himself of itself against unreasonable resentment on the part of others: all that he or it can do is to take care that the resentment shall be without reason.

A mere defect of manner, however, like a defect of sympathy with the right cause, finds its meet punishment both among men and nations in a loss of esteem and influence, not in a lawsuit or a war.

That the recognition of belligerency, even supposing it to have been precipitate, can have done much practical mischief in the way of consolidating and encouraging the rebellion, or that its delay for a few weeks would have made a great practical difference in that respect, is a thing which we can scarcely believe. This seems to us to be a part of the "sixty days" view of the secession, which, though naturally cherished at first from the unwillingness of all hearts to acknowledge the arrival of a great disaster, proved, as we know, in fact to be unfounded. Considering the almost demoniac fury and tenacity with which the South persisted in the struggle long after all hope of foreign assistance, long after all hope of every kind was at an end, posterity will, we are convinced, seek the key to the strength and duration of the Confederacy in causes more deeply rooted and nearer home than the early recognition by a distant nation of belligerent rights which the Confederates were from the first unquestionably strong enough to assert, and which the Federals themselves never practically withheld.

The French recognition of belligerency,

though it came after ours, was not led by ours; it was a spontaneous and independent act of the French Government. The French were not under so urgent a necessity as we were of determining their maritime relations with the Confederates in American waters. And besides, while the British Government are, generally speaking, honest, straightforward, true to their engagements, but totally wanting in the faculty of conciliation, French Governments in general, and that which sprang from the conspiracy of 1851 in particular, rival the Government which sprang from the Charleston Convention in the address with which they practise all the arts by which good opinions can be won. They have the gift of making rapine itself almost popular; and know well how, out of any alliance or course of joint action in which they may engage, to suck all the advantage themselves and deftly cast all the odium on their partners. Substantially, what has been the conduct of France towards America compared with ours? Did not France in the darkest hour of American distress propose to England a "mediation," which would have amounted in fact to an intervention in favor of the rebels? and was not that proposal rejected by the English Government with the cordial approbation of the vast majority of the English nation? Has not the French Emperor taken advantage of the calamities of the republic to plant in the New World an offset of the upas tree which is blighting with its pestilential shade the political and social morality, not of France only, but of the surrounding nations? The day may come when the Mexican empire may spread the contagion of Imperialism, military aristocracy and political priesthood over American States in whose veins the virus of a kindred malady is not yet extinct; and when American statesmen may know what it is to allow French despotism and sacerdotalism to extend their dominion from shore to shore by taking advantage of the divisions of the Anglo Saxon race, the guardians in both hemispheres of freedom and of truth.

Frankness requires us to confess, in connection with this question of the concession of belligerent rights, that we have always been of the number of those who contended that Confederate cruisers ought not to have been allowed to destroy merchantmen uncondemned; and who inclined to think that our Government erred, as the leading maritime Power among the neutrals, in not proposing to the other maritime Powers to protest against a practice which was clearly a relapse into the barbarous times when the end

sought in war was not victory, but destruction. The answer given was, that Lord Stowell had decided that it was lawful to burn an enemy's vessel, without taking her into a prize-court, rather than allow her to escape. This answer did not seem to us conclusive. The great interests of humanity and civilization are not to be given into the hands of a dead lawyer. Questions relating to them are to be decided by the living generation, on grounds as broad and as substantial as the interests themselves. The necessity of carrying prizes into a prize-court is not merely a security to neutrals, it is a restraint imposed, in the interest of the whole commonwealth of nations, upon the destructive agency of war. The systematic burning at sea of multitudes of merchantmen by cruisers without a port or prize-court, was a state of things far beyond anything that Lord Stowell had experienced, or that he could have foreseen. Such an irruption of relapsed barbarism ought to have been arrested by the common action of civilized nations. But this concerned all the Governments, at least all other maritime Governments, as much as ours. The law, so called, was in favor of permitting the destruction of an enemy's vessel; and if the Confederates were burning Federal property on the sea, the Federals were burning Confederate property by land. Indeed, though the issue has been raised, we are not aware that any sustained charge has been made by American publicists against our Government on this special ground.

The affair of the *Trent* is another grievance which still rankles, though in a less degree. It was an affair in which the British nation had very great reason for reproaching its own Government. The suppression of Mr. Seward's pacific note, and the positive denial of the fact that such a communication had been received, published in the Prime Minister's personal organ, would have formed the subject of discussion in Parliament, if Parliament had not been at the time in a remarkably complaisant mood. The expedition to Canada, at a season when no military operations could possibly be undertaken in that quarter, has entailed upon this country a waste of several millions, besides other bad effects. Undoubtedly the Prime Minister of that day did exhibit his usual love of displaying military force; and all will admit that anything like a gratuitous menace was peculiarly offensive and unworthy when directed against a nation in distress. But can Americans honestly say that no colour of

justification for a display of force was afforded on their side? Let them remember the banquet given to Captain Wilkes at Boston, at which the Governor of the State was present. Let them remember the note addressed to him by the Secretary of the Navy, telling him "that his conduct in seizing these public enemies had been marked by intelligence, ability, decision, and firmness, and had the emphatic approval of the Department." In that case, as in many other cases, the American Government had reason to complain of the uncontrolled action of too eager subordinates. But other Governments and nations must be excused for believing that when the Secretary of the Navy has formally approved the act of an officer, it will be necessary for a foreign Government to show some determination in order to get the act reversed. Let the truth be told: we have never conversed with a candid and well-informed American on the subject, who seemed quite sure that the resolution to insist on her demand evinced on the part of England had not some influence in enabling the American Government, in the midst of great popular excitement, to do what, all admit, was required by public law. To the language in which our claim was preferred no objection can possibly be taken. It was the most studiously considerate and respectful which courtesy could dictate. On the whole we may heartily thank Heaven on both sides, that we were not led into a quarrel about a couple of slave-drivers, who were as hateful to the mass of the people in England as they were to the Americans themselves, and be content to think as little as possible for the future of this most hateful incident of the past.

Of the blockade-running, the Americans never professed to complain as a contravention of public law. Their own people, with the same temptations, would have done the same. But it was most natural that they should be galled by seeing the outlying dependency of a distant nation serving as a depot and a base of operations for their enemy in a war which imperilled the existence of their nation. It will be well if the English people are led some day to consider whether so offensive and dangerous a possession as Nassau has any countervailing advantages which make it at all worth our while to retain it in our hands.

We come to the case of the *Alabama* itself, on which we will say a few words, not for the purpose of taking a case of international law out of the master hands of "His-

toricus," but for the purpose of insisting on a few leading considerations of a practical kind.

The first thing, indeed, which it is necessary in all these cases to reiterate is, that there is, properly speaking, no such thing as international law. It is heartily to be desired that nations had a recognized authority of some kind which could make laws in international matters binding on them all, and a tribunal armed by common consent with the requisite powers for enforcing these laws, and interpreting them in any doubtful case. Possibly such discussions as are now going on, by cultivating the general sense of legality, and the general conviction of the irrational as well as dreadful character of an appeal to force to decide a question of right, may help to advance the world towards this yet very distant consummation. But at present there is no law-giver, no tribunal, no sanction, and therefore no law. There are only usages, more or less ratified by the general consent of nations, and recorded in the works of eminent writers. Whenever a dispute arises between nations, we are still in a state of nature. Nor can we rely upon this quasi-law, as we can upon real law, to protect us by its technicalities in doing anything injurious or offensive to our neighbours. A citizen, so long as he keeps within the technical boundaries of the law, may make himself a nuisance to his fellow-citizens with physical impunity; but, if a nation makes itself a nuisance to other nations, and they feel themselves strong enough to put the nuisance down, they will, on some pretext or other, certainly go to war. Let Ireland rise, let us blockade the Irish coast, let privateers issue from the ports of Holland or Portugal and prey on our commerce under the Irish flag; whatever technical precepts of the international jurists may stand in the way, we shall quarrel with the Dutch or Portuguese, and they will appeal to Vattel and Puffendorf in vain. Distinctions between different kinds of legal obligations, again, belong only to a state of law: between nations, which are in a state of nature, all real obligations stand on an equal footing, and if disregarded, will be equally enforced by arms.

American citizens had in more than one instance—in the war between England and the French revolutionists, and again in the wars between Spain and Portugal and the South American States—indulged to a great extent in the habit of preying on the commerce of a friendly nation under a foreign flag. The existence of this practice,

and the dangers which it involved, had thus been brought vividly home to the mind of the American Government, which had wisely and honourably taken measures to prevent its recurrence by increasing the stringency of the law. Of course the Confederates, from the same experience, were familiar with this device, and they hastened, as soon as their own ports were blockaded, to avail themselves of the ports of an unsuspecting nation, for the purpose of carrying on a naval war.

To the British Government and nation, on the contrary, this offence was practically unknown. When the first instance of it occurred, in the case of the *Alabama*, it struck the bulk of our people as a new and monstrous invention of the Confederates and their Liverpool allies. Large public meetings were immediately held to protest against its continuance; great indignation was manifested by the masses of the people; the Government, awakened to the full gravity of the occasion, effectually bestirred itself; and the practice was at once and finally put down. For though other vessels, built in English yards, and manned, unhappily, in part by Englishmen, were used by the Confederates for purposes of war, and under circumstances disgraceful to the English adventurers who were concerned in such enterprises, not a single real instance can be shown, after that of the *Alabama*, in which a ship armed for war was allowed actually to go forth from our ports; while Earl Russell is able to point to several cases in which their departure was arrested, sometimes by the exertion on his part of powers almost beyond the law.

Mr. Adams complains that we refused to increase the stringency of our law. But this complaint seems not tenable. The state of our municipal law is properly a domestic concern. Foreign nations have only to see that we fulfil our international obligations. A despot, with no law at all but his own arbitrary will, would be perfectly unimpeachable as against foreigners so long as he caused his subjects practically to abstain from doing wrong to those of other Powers; while, on the other hand, the most perfect municipal law that could be imagined would not afford the slightest defence against the charges of another Government whose subjects, in spite of the existence of that law, had practically suffered wrong. The municipal law is merely the instrument by which each Government restrains its own subjects, for whose acts, not for the state of the law, it has to answer to other nations. A perfect uniformity of municipi-

pal law upon these subjects, indeed, so far from being indispensable, might not be desirable; since a law applicable to the circumstances and general institutions of one country might not be applicable to the circumstances and general institutions of another. It signifies nothing to Mr. Adams, or to his Government, whether we changed our law or not. If we executed it, or strained it, or even acted in defiance of it, so as to prevent any more of these vessels from leaving our ports, that is all that he and they have a right to require. The steam rams were stopped. They were stopped, it is true, by an expedient discreditable to the municipal law, and humiliating to the majesty of England—that of purchasing them with the public money, of the offender who had built them. But this is a purely domestic question, not one affecting Mr. Adams as the representative of a foreign Power. If we had wilfully or carelessly allowed the rams to escape from Birkenhead, we should not have been exonerated in the court of international right, though we had been able to state that, by our municipal law, equipping ships without the permission of the State against Her Majesty's allies subjected the offender to the penalties of treason. But as we did not allow them to escape, we should have been perfectly exonerated, though, in addition to paying the builder of the rams for his offence, we had made him a Privy Councillor and a Knight of the Garter. The improvement of municipal law for the purpose of better fulfilling international obligations is a very proper subject of mutual suggestion and negotiation, and a strict Foreign Enlistment Act is evidence of good intentions; but so long as the obligation is performed, whether improvement in the means of performing it are adapted or not, no complaint can be sustained.

Before the nation and the Government could be roused, however, one vessel had escaped, and, unfortunately, she did great damage to American commerce; though to charge us with the whole extent of that damage would, on any hypothesis as to the history of the vessel short of wilful connivance on the part of our Government, be unreasonable in the highest degree; since we should thus be held responsible not only for our own want of diligence in letting her escape, but for the slackness of the Americans in pursuit. Remissness is the worst fault with which either party can, consistently with any regard for probability and decency, charge the other; and the remissness of the Americans in failing to catch

this vessel, or arrest her depredations, was, to say the least, quite as great as our remissness in allowing her to leave port. It is difficult to understand how, with such a navy afloat, they can have allowed a single corsair so long to sweep the sea.

Remissness, however, in the fulfilment of a national obligation, though confined to a single instance, and extenuated even in this instance by the novelty of the case, is a fault, and a fault which, if it can really be brought home, calls for some kind of reparation, which, the greater a nation is, the more ready it will be to afford. With remissness Mr. Adams charges us. And from the facts set forth upon both sides, many Englishmen believe that there is some ground for the charge—that, unfamiliar with cases of this kind, and not sufficiently impressed with the gravity of the subject, our Government did not attend to his warnings so promptly, or act upon them so vigorously, as it ought. They are confirmed in this impression by the reports circulated in excuse for the Government of untoward delays caused by the mental illness of the Queen's Advocate, and of a betrayal by some treacherous subordinate of the decision which had been taken at the Foreign Office to detain the *Alabama* at Liverpool. The truth, however, can scarcely in this, any more than in other disputed cases, be arrived at merely by comparing the assertions and counter-assertions of the parties to the dispute. It can be arrived at only by means of a judicial investigation, conducted before an impartial tribunal. We do not see by what other means an unjust accusation can be effectually disposed of, the character of this country effectually cleared of reproach, or, what is of the highest importance, the rule of right clearly established and solemnly recognized by both parties for the future. We are, therefore, very sorry, and we apprehend that there is a general feeling of regret, that both Governments should, as the case now stands, have rejected this mode of settling their difference, and determined each to make itself judge, in the last resort, in its own cause. In ordinary life, such a refusal of friendly arbitration to decide a question of right which it is morally impossible that the two parties, though each were the soul of justice and honour, should be able to decide for themselves, would be thought a sure proof of wrongheadedness and folly. Why it is not equally so in diplomacy, diplomacy alone knows.

That the British Government were somewhat taken by surprise, and did not know

exactly how to deal with the case, appears from the course which they pursued when they learned that the vessel had escaped. They sent out orders to detain her at Nassau, but she did not visit that place; and next time she appeared in a British port, having then entered on her career of depredation, she was hospitably received, and treated as a lawful belligerent. It is impossible, as it seems to us, to reconcile such a course with any intention to do wrong upon the one hand, or any well-settled rule of right upon the other.

To hunt the *Alabama* down as a corsair, which had sailed from our port to prey upon the commerce of our friends, was perhaps the course prescribed to our Government by the highest considerations of public right, by the real justice of the case, and by our interests as a great commercial nation. But this course had not been taken by the American Government in similar cases, nor was it a part of the acknowledged law of nations. We are not aware, even, that the Americans ever demanded that we should take it; though, by putting in a claim for the whole of the damages done by the *Alabama*, they now seek, in effect, to make us responsible for its not having been taken.

Again, to have called the Confederate Government to account for a violation of our neutrality, strictly analogous, and equal in heinousness, to marching troops over our territory for the invasion of our allies, would perhaps have been a just and (considering the vast interests we had at stake) a wise measure, and it was one which, as it seems to us, a really strong English minister would have adopted. But it had not been adopted by the Americans, and therefore they were not in a position to upbraid our Government with its omission. In fact, they had taken up a position which would have made it very difficult for them in any case to require that our Government should hold the Confederates to belligerent duties; for to require that the Confederates should be held to belligerent duties would have been to acknowledge, by necessary implication, that they had been duly invested with belligerent rights.

We repeat, however, that if there is any fair ground for suspecting that the English Government was guilty of remissness in the performance of international obligations, even in the slightest degree, and that through this remissness, wholly or in part, a friendly and allied nation has suffered a serious injury, the honour of England not only does not forbid us to submit the matter

to arbitration, but requires that we shall do so, in order that by this, the only possible mode, our character for good faith may be cleared to our allies, and before the world.

Any arbitrator before whom we might go would, of course, give due weight to the precedents in our favour, furnished by the conduct of the American Government in the case of the Spanish and Portuguese claims, about which Lord Russell and Mr. Adams, as the parties interested, having once given their respective versions of the facts, can do little more than bandy words. Those precedents, as at present set forth, seem to us almost decisive in our favour. The only difference which Mr. Adams succeeds in pointing out between the conduct of our Government and that of his own, to the advantage of his own, is that the American Government consented to improve its law, — though not so effectually, it appears, but that the offence continued to be committed after the change. But we did what was, in effect, the same thing — we administered the law more strictly; and whether the offence is prevented by a stricter law, or by a stricter administration of it, or by any other means, is, as we have said before, a matter with which the representative of a foreign nation has no concern.

An arbitrator would take care to separate the case of the *Alabama*, as the issue really before him, from the other cases of Confederate cruisers built in English ports, which are made to cluster round it, and by the seeming connection artificially to deepen its hue, in the polemical despatches of Mr. Adams; but which really belong to a different class. An arbitrator would note, in our favour, the strangeness of the present situation, in which the Confederates themselves, the principal and only wilful offenders, are received back to the privileges of American citizenship, while we, at worst their involuntary abettors, are called upon to bear all the consequences of the offence; so that, literally, the real criminals would be allowed to take part in voting war against other people, for not having been sufficiently active in preventing the commission of their crimes. An arbitrator, taking a large and equitable view of the entire case, would in his own mind trace back the whole of these calamities to their original source; and would pronounce, as we apprehend, that the Americans, who had by their own institutions nursed the sure elements of a great political explosion, ought to be somewhat lenient in heaping blame and inflicting vengeance on their neighbours, who, having also some combus-

tibles in their houses, did not entirely escape the conflagration which ensued.

It is the more necessary that we should embrace all available means of purging our honour, since, unfortunately, the bearing of our Government, or rather of our Prime Minister and of a party in our Parliament, was such as, so far from removing, materially to increase whatever sinister appearance might attach to the transaction. In the debate on Mr. Forster's motion, the builder of the *Alabama* was not only tolerated, but cheered; and whereas from Pitt, Canning, or Peel he would assuredly have met the lofty and crushing rebuke of English honour, by Lord Palmerston he was acquitted with the faintest blame. The mention of the *Alabama's* depredations was received with cheers by the violent partisans of the South. And the Prime Minister, instead of holding towards the Americans the language which in public and private life is always held by a gentleman who has, however involuntarily, done an injury to a friend, courted popularity by magnanimously refusing to change the law at the instance of a foreign Power—a boast, the dignity of which receives its meet illustration when Lord Palmerston's colleague, under circumstances less favourable to magnanimity, is fain to claim credit from the same foreign Power, for having at its instance strained, if not overstepped the law. The Attorney (then Solicitor) General, also, in the arduous apparently of advocacy, made a speech which caused great and (considering what the Americans were suffering at our hands, if not through our fault) most natural irritation; though no one, we believe, to whom Sir Roundell Palmer's character is known, would suspect him for a moment of any want of justice or of good feeling, and, though so far as his personal opinions were concerned, he was understood to be friendly to the cause of the North. The Americans have not forgotten these things, nor is it to be expected that they should.

The conduct of a large portion of our press on the same occasion was also such as to expose us to the worst suspicions. Whoever will be at the pains of referring to the language which was held by great English journals at the time of the *Alabama* affair, will see that, if it had been a real exposition of the sentiments and intentions of this country, the American Government would have had no alternative but, in defence of its own honour and the property of its subjects, at once to prepare for war.

As to the specific grounds upon which

Lord Russell takes his stand, they are, we believe, felt to be untenable by the majority of the nation in whose name he speaks. He says that England is the guardian of her own honour. Nobody has impeached the honour even of any English Minister, much less that of the English nation. All that has been alleged on the other side is that our Ministers have, by want of reasonable care and precaution, led to the infliction of an injury on our neighbours, and that we owe reparation accordingly. Such complaints are constantly made and attended to in private life without involving the impeachment of anybody's honour. If I am charged with having neglected my fences and thereby allowed my cattle to escape and do mischief in my neighbour's grounds, am I to be allowed to meet his demand for reparation by saying that I am the only guardian of my own honour?

Again, Lord Russell says he will not consent to arbitration because he cannot submit the correctness of the Attorney-General's opinion on the law of England to the decision of a foreign Power. But nobody has asked him to do anything of the kind. The Attorney-General is in no way concerned with the present issue, which relates wholly to the external conduct of the English Government in its dealings with another country. The Attorney-General is the adviser of his own Government on the state of the English law, not the arbiter of what is due from the English Government to those of foreign nations. The Attorney-General to the Dey of Algiers advised the Dey that, according to the law of that state, piracy on the high seas was a legal and laudable occupation. We did not question in the slightest degree the correctness of this opinion, though we very properly knocked the Dey's city about his ears.

It is no disparagement to Earl Russell's capacity to say that the traditions upon which he acts are drawn rather from a bygone age—an age which settled all questions, not by arbitration, but by force; and, when we may add, the relative strength of England and her neighbours naturally tempted her, oftener than she ought, to insist on being, in questions of right, "the guardian of her own honour,"—in other words, judge in her own cause. Our policy is not likely to be brought entirely into harmony with a new morality and with changed circumstances until we have a Minister of the present generation.

The Attorney-General's law, as delivered in the debate on the *Alabama*, happens, we believe, to be looser than that of other jur-

ists on the same side. It would in this case be doubly absurd and wrong to take our stand upon that opinion, and in deference to it to refuse the obvious means of averting war. But, we repeat, the opinion of the domestic advisers of our Government is in no way concerned in the present issue.

That which, as all men of sense on both sides feel and say, ought to result from the present discussion, is not a war, which would be simply a disgrace to our civilization as well as to our humanity, but a stricter understanding between the two nations for the future on a subject of vital importance to both of them, and not more so to us than to the Americans, who have a vast ocean commerce and carrying trade, without, in ordinary times, a great war navy for their protection.

At present the American Foreign Enlistment Act may be somewhat stricter than ours, but we suspect that it is not, any more than our own, sufficient to meet all the Protean forms of this most heinous and dangerous offence. There is nothing, we believe, in either Act to prevent a ship from being built in a private yard, on a private speculation, without any contract or understanding for sale to any foreign Power, and, when she is completed, taken out to sea, there sold to a belligerent, and by that belligerent immediately commissioned and launched on a course of depredation against the commerce of a Power friendly to the nation in whose port the ship was built. She would be contraband of war, no doubt, in the same sense as a rifle or a bag of salt-petre, but her builders and vendors would be liable to no other penalties, provided the sale was *bonâ fide*, and no agreement could be proved to have been entered into while the ship was in port. And if this door of evasion is really open, as the law now stands, cupidity may drive a coach and four through the Foreign Enlistment Acts of both nations at its pleasure.

These events, furthermore, have clearly revealed the necessity of placing in the hands of all Governments some more effectual instrument for controlling the acts of greedy adventurers, who are ready to sacrifice the peace of nations and the welfare of the country to their own commercial end, than any which the English Government possesses under our existing law. • It is not liberty, but anarchy, when men are allowed not only to commit with impunity a crime of the deepest dye, but almost to boast of it before the Legislature of the nation. The thousands and hundreds of thousands who might perish or be ruined through the consequences of

an offence of which they are perfectly innocent, and against which they have protested with all their might, have a right to demand that, as they are protected by a regular police and sufficient penalties against murder and arson, so they shall be protected in the same manner against the building of *Alabamas*.

We have purposely abstained so far from dwelling on the terrible consequences which a war would entail on both nations. England would be able to protect her trade with France, and probably her trade in the Baltic and in the Mediterranean. In fact, the progress of free-trade has now bound the European nations together in a commercial confederacy so close, that an enemy in cutting up the commerce of any one of them would run a serious risk of making enemies of them all. But our Eastern trade would probably be in a great measure destroyed. Our American and West Indian trade would, of course, almost entirely cease. Great suffering, a stoppage of all political and social progress, possibly in the end political convulsions, would be entailed upon this country. We should lose Canada and the West Indies in a way which would inflict upon us immediate dishonour and loss of social strength, though in the long run the severance would be substantially a gain. The Americans would gratify their resentment, but at a tremendous cost. Their import trade would be entirely suspended, at a moment when the import duties are required to sustain a weight of taxation which is fraught with political danger as well as with fiscal embarrassment. If they took Canada by force, they would only incorporate a disaffected population, and mar the natural course of events, which is evidently tending to bring all the English-speaking States of America amicably into one great Confederation. They would run a great risk of having the smouldering embers of Southern hostility fanned again into a flame. And they would bring upon themselves at once the heavy expense of replacing their army and fleet upon a war footing; for the belief, which seems to prevail among them, that they would only find it necessary to prepare a few iron-clads for the defence of their principal ports, rests on the precarious assumption, as we venture to think it, that a proud and powerful nation, stung in every part of its frame by a waspish swarm of privateers, and having a vast mass of sailors thrown from the commercial into the war marine by the destruction of trade, would not attempt to deal a body blow at its enemy either on the eastern or the western

sea. An enemy could offer the Southerners, as the price of co-operation or neutrality, together with independence, immunity from the galling tribute of taxation, which they are called upon to pay as interest on the heavy debt contracted for their own subjugation.

The consequences to the world at large of a war between the two Anglo-Saxon nations may be summed up in a word. English liberty would succumb, and French despotism would ride triumphant in one hemisphere certainly, perhaps in both.

But we will augur no such evil; and while a liberal government, containing more than

one tried and staunch friend of the American cause, holds the reins on one side, and Mr. Seward on the other, we can hardly, in spite of ominous appearances, bring ourselves to entertain a serious fear of war. To preserve the honour of both nations and their respect for each other unimpaired, to keep the peace between them, to get the rule of right so vital to both of them clearly laid down and ratified for the future, to sink the precedent of the *Alabama* as deep as the *Alabama* herself is sunk in the sea — these are the objects which true statesmen will keep in view, and which we confidently expect to see accomplished.

THE LAUREL AND THE OLIVE.

At a fête given by Cambacères to Napoleon, October 8, 1800, a song composed in honor of the First Consul by the celebrated Chevalier de Bouffiers, then sixty-three years of age, was sung; and the following couplet so well applies to our great and modest Lieutenant-General, whose sobriquet of "Unconditional Surrender" beautifully blends with his efforts to restore good feelings, whether his hopes be well founded or vain, that I venture to send you my free translation.

The rendering rang in my ears as I was watching from a window the tattered flags under which we have marched to glory, and while my eyes were filled with tears at the recognition of my old regiment, friends, brothers, children, as my heart feels them to be.

ONE OF THE FIRST MASSACHUSETTS CAVALRY.

"Admirez, à ces traits si calmes,
Ce Guerrier si fier et si doux,
Qui revient du pays des palmes
Planter l'olivier parmi nous.
Tranquille au fort de la tempête.
Et modéré dans le bonheur,
Si la victoire est dans sa tête,
Il porte la paix dans son cœur."

TRANSLATION.

To this calm greatness, reverence show!
So fierce, so mild, a soldier, He,
Who comes from fields where laurels grow,
To plant with us the olive-tree.
So tranquil at the tempest's height,
So moderate when Good Fortune blessed,
His brain bore victory armed for fight,
But Peace he nurtured in his breast.

Boston, Dec. 22, 1865.

—Daily Advertiser.

BLOSSOM AND FRUIT.

Who weeps for childhood's joys?
What are they but a round of tricks and fun-
ning,
A vast bazaar of toys,
And hide-go-seek, and laughs and cries and
cunning?
As well grieve for the noise
The brooklet makes when to the river run-
ning!

When fruit is in its prime,
Who cares for petals dropped in fragrant
flutter
In the sweet blossom-time?—
Or, when the strong man burning thoughts
doth utter,
Who sighs for the droll chime
When his queer baby-tongue began to stutter?

Never doth noonday sigh
To be the dawn again — with crimson flushes!
No oak-tree towering high
Would be a bush again among the bushes!
Only weak man doth cry
For babyhood, and nursery tales and hushes!

Our brightest hours fly fast!
And if we pine for Life's poor frail beginning
The golden Now is Past,
While we look backward in regretful sinning:
Joy waits, and Heaven is vast!
And both are for our seeking and our winning.

And Time is but a school,
Where all great souls to some broad truth
awaken; —
A mighty vestibule
Where from our feet the mortal dust is shaken,
And where from ceaseless rule
The hungering, thirsting heart at last is taken.

EMILIE LAWSON.

—Public Opinion.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THERE IS NOTHING TO TELL.

CAPTAIN AYLMER had never before this knelt to Clara Anedroz. Such kneeling on the part of lovers used to be the fashion, because lovers in those days held in higher value than they do now that which they asked their ladies to give, — or because they pretended to do so. The forms at least of supplication were used; whereas in these wiser days Augustus simply suggests to Caroline that they two might as well make fools of themselves together, — and so the thing is settled without the need of much prayer. Captain Aylmer's engagement had been originally made somewhat after this fashion. He had not, indeed, spoken of the thing contemplated as a folly, not being a man given to little waggeries of that nature; but he had been calm, unenthusiastic, and reasonable. He had not attempted to evince any passion, and would have been quite content that Clara should believe that he married as much from obedience to his aunt as from love for herself, had he not found that Clara would not take him at all under such a conviction. But though she had declined to come to him after that fashion, — though something more than that had been needed, — still she had been won easily, and, therefore, lightly prized. I fear that it is so with everything that we value, — with our horses, our houses, our wines, and, above all, with our women. Where is the man who has heart and soul big enough to love a woman with increased force of passion because she has at once recognized in him all that she has herself desired? Captain Aylmer having won his spurs easily, had taken no care in buckling them, and now found, to his surprise, that he was like to lose them. He had told himself that he would only be too glad to shuffle his feet free of their bondage; but now that they were going from him, he began to find that they were very necessary for the road that he was to travel. "Clara," he said, kneeling by her side, "you are more to me than my mother; ten times more!"

This was all new to her. Hitherto, though she had never desired that he should assume such attitude as this, she had constantly been unconsciously wounded by his coldness, — by his cold propriety and unbending self-possession. His cold propriety and unbending self-possession were gone now, and he was there at her feet. Such an argument, used at Aylmer Park, would have

conquered her, — would have won her at once, in spite of herself; but now she was minded to be resolute. She had sworn to herself that she would not peril herself, or him, by joining herself to a man with whom she had so little sympathy, and who apparently had none with her. But in what way was she to answer such a prayer as that which was now made to her? The man who addressed her was entitled to use all the warmth of an accepted lover. He only asked for that which had already been given to him.

"Captain Aylmer —," she began.

"Why is it to be Captain Aylmer? What have I done that you should use me in this way? It was not I who, — who, — made you unhappy at Aylmer Park."

"I will not go back to that. It is of no use. Pray get up. It shocks me to see you in this way."

"Tell me, then, that it is once more all right between us. Say that, and I shall be happier than I ever was before; — yes, than I ever was before. I know how much I love you now, how sore it would be to lose you. I have been wrong. I had not thought enough of that, but I will think of it now."

She found that the task before her was very difficult, — so difficult that she almost broke down in performing it. It would have been so easy and, for the moment, so pleasant to have yielded. He had his hand upon her arm, having attempted to take her hand. In preventing that she had succeeded, but she could not altogether make herself free from him without rising. For a moment she had paused, — paused as though she were about to yield. For a moment, as he looked into her eyes, he had thought that he would again be victorious. Perhaps there was something in his glance, some too visible return of triumph to his eyes, which warned her of her danger. "No!" she said, getting up and walking away from him; "no!"

"And what does 'no' mean, Clara?" Then he also rose, and stood leaning on the table. "Does it mean that you will be forsworn?"

"It means this, — that I will not come between you and your mother; that I will not be taken into a family in which I am scorned; that I will not go to Aylmer Park myself or be the means of preventing you from going there."

"There need be no question of Aylmer Park."

"There shall be none!"

"But, so much being allowed, you will be my wife?"

"No, Captain Aylmer;—no. I cannot be your wife. Do not press it further; you must know that on such a subject I would think much before I answered you. I have thought much, and I know that I am right."

"And your promised word is to go for nothing?"

"If it will comfort you to say so, you may say it. If you do not perceive that the mistake made between us has been as much your mistake as mine, and has injured me more than it has injured you, I will not remind you of it,—will never remind you of it after this."

"But there has been no mistake, — and there shall be no injury."

"Ah, Captain Aylmer! you do not understand; you cannot understand. I would not for worlds reproach you; but do you think I suffered nothing from your mother?"

"And must I pay for her sins?"

"There shall be no paying, no punishment, and no reproaches. There shall be none at least from me. But,—do not think that I speak in anger or in pride,—I will not marry into Lady Aylmer's family."

"This is too bad;—too bad! After all that is past, it is too bad!"

"What can I say? Would you advise me to do that which would make us both wretched?"

"It would not make me wretched. It would make me happy. It would satisfy me altogether."

"It cannot be, Captain Aylmer. It cannot be. When I speak to you in that way, will you not let it be final?"

He paused a moment before he spoke again, and then he turned sharp upon her. "Tell me this, Clara; do you love me? Have you ever loved me?" She did not answer him, but stood there, listening quietly to his accusations. "You have never loved me, and yet you have allowed yourself to say that you did. Is not that true?" Still she did not answer. "I ask you whether that is not true?" But though he asked her, and paused for an answer, looking the while full into her face, yet she did not speak. "And now I suppose you will become your cousin's wife?" he said. "It will suit you to change, and to say that you love him."

Then at last she spoke. "I did not think that you would have treated me in this way, Captain Aylmer! I did not expect that you would insult me!"

"I have not insulted you."

"But your manner to me makes my task easier than I could have hoped it to be."

You asked me whether I ever loved you? I once thought that I did so; and so thinking, told you, without reserve, all my feeling. When I came to find that I had been mistaken, I conceived myself bound by my engagement to rectify my own error as best I could; and I resolved, wrongly,—as I now think, very wrongly,—that I could learn as your wife to love you. Then came circumstances which showed me that a release would be good for both of us, and which justified me in accepting it. No girl could be bound by any engagement to a man who looked on and saw her treated in his own home, by his own mother, as you saw me treated at Aylmer Park. I claim to be released myself, and I know that this release is as good for you as it is for me."

"I am the best judge of that."

"For myself at any rate I will judge. For myself I have decided. Now I have answered the questions which you asked me as to my love for yourself. To that other question which you have thought fit to put to me about my cousin, I refuse to give any answer whatsoever." Then, having said so much, she walked out of the room, closing the door behind her, and left him standing there alone.

We need not follow her as she went up, almost mechanically, into her own room,—the room that used to be her own,—and then shut herself in, waiting till she should be assured, first by sounds in the house, and then by silence, that he was gone. That she fell away greatly from the majesty of her demeanour when she was thus alone, and descended to the ordinary ways of troubled females, we may be quite sure. But to her there was no further difficulty. Her work for the day was done. In due time she would take herself to the cottage, and all would be well, or, at any rate, comfortable with her. But what was he to do? How was he to get himself out of the house, and take himself back to London? While he had been in pursuit of her, and when he was leaving his vehicle at the public-house in the village of Belton, he,—like some other invading generals,—had failed to provide adequately for his retreat. When he was alone he took a turn or two about the room, half thinking that Clara would return to him. She could hardly leave him alone in a strange house,—him, who, as he had twice told her, had come all the way from Yorkshire to see her. But she did not return, and gradually he came to understand that he must provide for his own retreat without assistance. He was hardly aware, even now, how greatly he had tran-

scended his usual modes of speech and action, both in the energy of his supplication and in the violence of his rebuke. He had been lifted for awhile out of himself by the excitement of his position, and now that he was subsiding into quiescence, he was unconscious that he had almost mounted into passion, — that he had spoken of love very nearly with eloquence. But he did recognize this as a fact, — that Clara was not to be his wife, and that he had better get back from Belton to London as quickly as possible. It would be well for him to teach himself to look back on the result of his aunt's dying request as an episode in his life satisfactorily concluded. His mother had undoubtedly been right. Clara, he could now see, would have led him the devil of a life; and even had she come to him possessed of a moiety of the property, — a supposition as to which he had very strong doubts, — still she might have been dear at the money. "No real feeling," he said to himself, as he walked about the room, — "none whatever; and then so deficient in delicacy!" But still he was disconcerted, — because he had been rejected, and therefore tried to make himself believe that he could still have her if he chose to persevere. "But no," he said, as he continued to pace the room, "I have done everything, — more than everything that honour demands. I shall not ask her again. It is her own fault. She is an imperious woman, and my mother read her character aright." It did not occur to him, as he thus consoled himself for what he had lost, that his mother's accusation against Clara had been altogether of a different nature. When we console ourselves by our own arguments, we are not apt to examine their accuracy with much strictness.

But whether he were consoled or not, it was necessary that he should go, and in his going he felt himself to be ill-treated. He left the room, and as he went down stairs was disturbed and tormented by the creaking of his own boots. He tried to be dignified as he walked through the hall, and was troubled at his failure, though he was not conscious of any one looking at him. Then it was grievous that he should have to let himself out of the front door without attendance. At ordinary times he thought as little of such things as most men, and would not be aware whether he opened a door for himself or had it opened for him by another; but now there was a distressing awkwardness in the necessity for self-exertion. He did not know the turn of the handle, and was unfamiliar with the man-

ner of exit. He was being treated with indignity, and before he had escaped from the house had come to think that the Amedroz and Belton people were somewhat below him. He endeavoured to go out without a noise, but there was a slam of the door, without which he could not get the lock to work; and Clara, up in her own room, knew all about it.

"Carriage; — yes; of course I want the carriage," he said to the unfortunate boy at the public-house. "Didn't you hear me say that I wanted it?" He had come down with a pair of horses, and as he saw them being put to the vehicle he wished he had been contented with one. As he was standing there, waiting, a gentleman rode by, and the boy, in answer to his question, told him that the horseman was Colonel Askerton. Before the day was over Colonel Askerton would probably know all that had happened to him. "Do move a little quicker; will you?" he said to the boy and the old man that was to drive him. Then he got into the carriage, and was driven out of Belton, devoutly purposing that he never would return; and as he made his way back to Perivale he thought of a certain Lady Emily, who would, as he assured himself, have behaved much better than Clara Amedroz had done in any such scene as that which had just taken place.

When Clara was quite sure that Captain Aylmer was off the premises, she, too, descended, but she did not immediately leave the house. She walked through the room, and rang for the old woman, and gave certain directions, — as to the performance of which she certainly was not very anxious, and was careful to make Mrs. Bunce understand that nothing had occurred between her and the gentleman that was either exalting or depressing in its nature. "I suppose Captain Aylmer went out, Mrs. Bunce?" "Oh yes, Miss, a' went out. I stood and seed 'un from the top of the kitchen stairs." "You might have opened the door for him, Mrs. Bunce." "Indeed then I never thought of it, Miss, seeing the house so empty and the like." Clara said that it did not signify; and then, after an hour of composure, she walked back across the park to the cottage.

"Well?" said Mrs. Askerton as soon as Clara was inside the drawing-room.

"Well," replied Clara.

"What have you got to tell? Do tell me what you have to tell."

"I have nothing to tell."

"Clara, that is impossible. Have you

seen him? I know you have seen him, because he went by from the house about an hour since."

"Oh yes; I have seen him."

"And what have you said to him?"

"Pray do not ask me these questions just now. I have got to think of it all;—to think what he did say and what I said."

"But you will tell me."

"Yes; I suppose so." Then Mrs. Askerton was silent on the subject for the remainder of the day, allowing Clara even to go to bed without another question. And nothing was asked on the following morning,—nothing till the usual time for the writing of letters.

"Shall you have anything for the post?" said Mrs. Askerton.

"There is plenty of time yet."

"Not too much if you mean to go out at all. Come, Clara, you had better write to him at once."

"Write to whom? I don't know that I have any letter to write at all." Then there was a pause. "As far as I can see," she said, "I may give up writing altogether for the future, unless some day you may care to hear from me."

"But you are not going away."

"Not just yet;—if you will keep me. To tell you the truth, Mrs. Askerton, I do not yet know where on earth to take myself."

"Wait here till we turn you out."

"I've got to put my house in order. You know what I mean. The job ought not to be a troublesome one, for it is a very small house."

"I suppose I know what you mean."

"It will not be a very smart establishment. But I must look it all in the face; must I not? Though it were to be no house at all, I cannot stay here all my life."

"Yes, you may. You have lost Aylmer Park because you were too noble not to come to us."

"No," said Clara, speaking aloud, with bright eyes,—almost with her hands clinched. "No;—I deny that."

"I shall choose to think so for my own purposes. Clara, you are savage to me;—almost always savage; but next to him I love you better than all the world beside. And so does he. 'It's her courage,' he said to me the other day. 'That she should dare to do as she pleases here, is nothing; but to have dared to persevere in the fangs of that old dragon,'—it was just what he said,—'that was wonderful!'"

"There is an end of the old dragon now, as far as I am concerned."

"Of course there is;—and of the young dragon too. You wouldn't have had the heart to keep me in suspense if you had accepted him again. You couldn't have been so pleasant last night if that had been so."

"I did not know I was very pleasant."

"Yes, you were. You were soft and gracious,—gracious for you, at least. And now, dear, do tell me about it. Of course I am dying to know."

"There is nothing to tell."

"That is nonsense. There must be a thousand things to tell. At any rate, it is quite decided?"

"Yes; it is quite decided."

"All the dragons, old and young, are banished into outer darkness."

"Either that, or else they are to have all the light to themselves."

"Such light as glimmers through the gloom of Aylmer Park. And was he contented? I hope not. I hope you had him on his knees before he left you."

"Why should you hope that? How can you talk such nonsense?"

"Because I wish that he should recognise what he has lost;—that he should know that he has been a fool;—a mean fool."

"Mrs. Askerton, I will not have him spoken of like that. He is a man very estimable,—of excellent qualities."

"Fiddle-de-dee. He is an ape,—a monkey to be carried on his mother's organ. His only good quality was that you could have carried him on yours. I can tell you one thing; there is not a woman breathing that will ever carry William Belton on hers. Whoever his wife may be, she will have to dance to his piping."

"With all my heart;—and I hope the tunes will be good."

"But I wish I could have been present to have heard what passed;—hidden, you know, behind a curtain. You won't tell me?"

"I will tell you not a word more."

"Then I will get it out from Mrs. Bunce. I'll be bound she was listening."

"Mrs. Bunce will have nothing to tell you; and I do not know why you should be so curious."

"Answer me one question at least;—when it came to the last, did he want to go on with it? Was the final triumph with him or with you?"

"There was no final triumph. Such things, when they have to end, do not end triumphantly."

"And is that to be all?"

"Yes;—that is to be all."

"And you say that you have no letter to write."

"None;—no letter; none at present; none about this affair. Captain Aylmer, no doubt, will write to his mother, and then all those who are concerned will have been told."

Clara Amedroz held her purpose and wrote no letter, but Mrs. Askerton was not so discreet, or so indiscreet, as the case might be. She did write,—not on that day or on the next, but before a week had passed by. She wrote to Norfolk, telling Clara not a word of her letter, and by return of post the answer came. But the answer was for Clara, not for Mrs. Askerton, and was as follows:—

"Plaistow Hall, April, 186—.

"MY DEAR CLARA,

"I don't know whether I ought to tell you, but I suppose I may as well tell you, that Mary has had a letter from Mrs. Askerton. It was a kind, obliging letter, and I am very grateful to her. She has told us that you have separated yourself altogether from the Aylmer Park people. I don't suppose you'll think I ought to pretend to be very sorry. I can't be sorry, even though I know how much you have lost in a worldly point of view. I could not bring myself to like Captain Aylmer, though I tried hard." [Oh, Mr. Belton, Mr. Belton!] "He and I never could have been friends, and it is no use my pretending regret that you have quarrelled with them. But that, I suppose, is all over, and I will not say a word more about the Aylmers.

"I am writing now chiefly at Mary's advice, and because she says that something should be settled about the estate. Of course it is necessary that you should feel yourself to be the mistress of your own income, and understand exactly your own position. Mary says that this should be arranged at once, so that you may be able to decide how and where you will live. I therefore write to say that I will have nothing to do with your father's estate at Belton;—nothing, that is, for myself. I have written to Mr. Green to tell him that you are to be considered as the heir. If you will allow me to undertake the management of the property as your agent, I shall be delighted. I think I could do it as well as any one else; and, as we agreed that we would always be dear and close friends, I think that you will not refuse me the pleasure of serving you in this way.

"And now Mary has a proposition to make, as to which she will write herself to-morrow, but she has permitted me to speak of it first. If you will accept her as a visitor, she will go to you at Belton. She thinks, and I think too, that you ought to know each other. I suppose nothing would make you come here,—at present, and therefore she must go to you. She thinks that all about the estate would be settled more comfortably if you two were together. At any rate, it would be very nice for her,—and I think you would like my sister Mary. She proposes to start about the 10th of May. I should take her as far as London and see her off, and she would bring her own maid with her. In this way she thinks that she would get as far as Taunton very well. She had, perhaps, better stay there for one night, but that can all be settled if you will say that you will receive her at the house.

"I cannot finish my letter without saying one word for myself. You know what my feelings have been, and I think you know that they still are, and always must be, the same. From almost the first moment that I saw you I have loved you. When you refused me I was very unhappy; but I thought I might still have a chance, and therefore I resolved to try again. Then, when I heard that you were engaged to Captain Aylmer, I was indeed broken-hearted. Of course I could not be angry with you. I was not angry, but I was simply broken-hearted. I found that I loved you so much that I could not make myself happy without you. It was all of no use, for I knew that you were to be married to Captain Aylmer. I knew it, or thought that I knew it. There was nothing to be done,—only I knew that I was wretched. I suppose it is selfishness, but I felt, and still feel, that unless I can have you for my wife, I cannot be happy or care for anything. Now you are free again,—free, I mean, from Captain Aylmer;—and how is it possible that I should not again have a hope? Nothing but your marriage or death could keep me from hoping.

"I don't know much about the Aylmers. I know nothing of what has made you quarrel with the people at Aylmer Park;—nor do I want to know. To me you are once more that Clara Amedroz with whom I used to walk in Belton Park, with your hand free to be given wherever your heart can go with it. While it is free I shall always ask for it. I know that it is in many ways above my reach. I quite understand that in education and habits of thinking you are my superior. But nobody can love you bet-

ter than I do. I sometimes fancy that nobody could ever love you so well. Mary thinks that I ought to allow a time to go by before I say all this again;—but what is the use of keeping it back? It seems to me to be more honest to tell you at once that the only thing in the world for which I care one straw is that you should be my wife.

"Your most affectionate cousin,
"WILLIAM BELTON."

"Miss Belton is coming here, to the castle, in about a fortnight," said Clara that morning at breakfast. Both Colonel Askerton and his wife were in the room, and she was addressing herself chiefly to the former.

"Indeed. Miss Belton! And is he coming?" said Colonel Askerton.

"So you have heard from Plaistow?" said Mrs. Askerton.

"Yes;—in answer to your letter. No, Colonel Askerton, my cousin William is not coming. But his sister purposes to be here, and I must go up to the house and get it ready."

"That will do when the time comes," said Mrs. Askerton.

"I did not mean quite immediately."

"And are you to be her guest, or is she to be yours?" said Colonel Askerton.

"It is her brother's home, and therefore I suppose I must be hers. Indeed it must be so, as I have no means of entertaining any one."

"Something, no doubt, will be settled," said the Colonel.

"O what a weary word that is," said Clara; "weary, at least, for a woman's ears! It sounds of poverty and dependence, and endless trouble given to others, and all the miseries of female dependence. If I were a young man I should be allowed to settle for myself."

"There would be no question about the property in that case," said the Colonel.

"And there need be no question now," said Mrs. Askerton.

When the two women were alone together, Clara, of course, scolded her friend for having written to Norfolk without letting it be known that she was doing so;—scolded her, and declared how vain it was for her to make useless efforts for an unattainable end; but Mrs. Askerton always managed to slip out of these reproaches, neither asserting herself to be right, nor owning herself to be wrong. "But you must answer his letter," she said.

"Of course I shall do that."

"I wish I knew what he said."

"I shan't show it you, if you mean that."

"All the same I wish I knew what he said."

Clara, of course, did answer the letter; but she wrote her answer to Mary, sending, however, one little scrap to Mary's brother. She wrote to Mary at great length, striving to explain, with long and laborious arguments, that it was quite impossible that she should accept the Belton estate from her cousin. That subject; however, and the manner of her future life, she would discuss with her dear cousin Mary, when Mary should have arrived. And then Clara said how she would go to Taunton to meet her cousin, and how she would prepare William's house for the reception of William's sister; and how she would love her cousin when she should come to know her. All of which was exceedingly proper and pretty. Then there was a little postscript, "Give the enclosed to William." And this was the note to William:—

"DEAR WILLIAM,

"Did you not say that you would be my brother? Be my brother always. I will accept from your hands all that a brother could do; and when that arrangement is quite fixed I will love you as much as Mary loves you, and trust you as completely; and I will be obedient, as a younger sister should be.

"Your loving sister,
"C. A."

"It's all no good," said William Belton, as he crunched the note in his hand. "I might as well shoot myself. Get out of the way there, will you?" And the injured groom scudded across the farm-yard, knowing that there was something wrong with his master.

CHAPTER XXX.

MARY BELTON.

It was about the middle of the pleasant month of May when Clara Amedroz again made that often repeated journey to Taunton with the object of meeting Mary Belton. She had transferred herself and her own peculiar belongings back from the cottage to the house, and had again established herself there so that she might welcome her new friend. But she was not satisfied with simply receiving her guest at Belton, and

therefore she made the journey to Taunton, and settled herself for the night at the inn. She was careful to get a bed-room for an "invalid lady," close to the sitting-room, and before she went down to the station she saw that the cloth was laid for tea, and that the tea parlour had been made to look as pleasant as was possible with an inn parlour.

She was very nervous as she stood upon the platform waiting for the new-comer to show herself. She knew that Mary was a cripple, but did not know how far her cousin was disfigured by her infirmity; and when she saw a pale-faced little woman, somewhat melancholy, but yet pretty withal, with soft, clear eyes, and only so much appearance of a stoop as to soften the hearts of those who saw her, Clara was agreeably surprised, and felt herself to be suddenly relieved of an unpleasant weight. She could talk to the woman she saw there, as to any other woman, without the painful necessity of treating her always as an invalid. "I think you are Miss Belton?" she said, holding out her hand. The likeness between Mary and her brother was too great to allow of Clara being mistaken.

"And you are Clara Amedroz? It is so good of you to come to meet me!"

"I thought you would be dull in a strange town by yourself."

"It will be much nicer to have you with me."

Then they went together up to the inn; and when they had taken their bonnets off, Mary Belton kissed her cousin. "You are very nearly what I fancied you," said Mary.

"Am I? I hope you fancied me to be something that you could like."

"Something that I could love very dearly. You are a little taller than what Will said; but then a gentleman is never a judge of a lady's height. And he said you were thin."

"I am not very fat."

"No; not very fat; but neither are you thin. Of course, you know, I have thought a great deal about you. It seems as though you had come to be so very near to us; and blood is thicker than water, is it not? If cousins are not friends, who can be?"

In the course of that evening they became very confidential together, and Clara thought that she could love Mary Belton better than any woman that she had ever known. Of course they were talking about William, and Clara was at first in constant fear lest some word should be said on her lover's behalf, — some word which

would drive her to declare that she would not admit him as a lover; but Mary abstained from the subject with marvellous care and tact. Though she was talking through the whole evening of her brother, she so spoke of him as almost to make Clara believe that she could not have heard of that episode in his life. Mrs. Askerton would have dashed at the subject at once; but then, as Clara told herself, Mary Belton was better than Mrs. Askerton.

A few words were said about the estate, and they originated in Clara's declaration that Mary would have to be regarded as the mistress of the house to which they were going. "I cannot agree to that," said Mary.

"But the house is William's, you know," said Clara.

"He says not."

"But of course that must be nonsense, Mary."

"It is very evident that you know nothing of Plaistow ways, or you would not say that anything coming from William was nonsense. We are accustomed to regard all his words as law, and when he says that a thing is to be so, it always is so."

"Then he is a tyrant at home."

"A beneficent despot. Some despots, you know, always were beneficent."

"He won't have his way in this thing."

"I'll leave you and him to fight about that, my dear. I am so completely under his thumb that I always obey him in everything. You must not, therefore, expect to range me on your side."

The next day they were at Belton Castle, and in a very few hours Clara felt that she was quite at home with her cousin. On the second day Mrs. Askerton came up and called, — according to an arrangement to that effect made between her and Clara. "I'll stay away if you like it," Mrs. Askerton had said. But Clara had urged her to come, arguing with her that she was foolish to be thinking always of her own misfortune. "Of course I am always thinking of it," she had replied, "and always thinking that other people are thinking of it. Your cousin, Miss Belton, knows all my history, of course. But what matter? I believe it would be better that everybody should know it. I suppose she's very straight-laced and prim." "She is not prim at all," said Clara. "Well, I'll come," said Mrs. Askerton, "but I shall not be a bit surprised if I hear that she goes back to Norfolk the next day."

So Mrs. Askerton came, and Miss Belton did not go back to Norfolk. Indeed, at the

end of the visit, Mrs. Askerton had almost taught herself to believe that William Belton had kept her secret, even from his sister. "She's a dear little woman," Mrs. Askerton afterwards said to Clara.

"Is she not?"

"And so thoroughly like a lady."

"Yes; I think she is a lady."

"A princess among ladies! What a pretty little conscious way she has of asserting herself when she has an opinion and means to stick to it! I never saw a woman who got more strength out of her weakness. Who would dare to contradict her?"

"But then she knows everything so well," said Clara.

"And how like her brother she is!"

"Yes;—there is a great family likeness."

"And in character, too. I'm sure you'll find, if you were to try her, that she has all his personal firmness, though she can't show it as he does by kicking out his feet and clinching his fist."

"I'm glad you like her," said Clara.

"I do like her very much."

"It is so odd,—the way you have changed. You used to speak of him as though he was merely a clod of a farmer, and of her as a stupid old maid. Now, nothing is too good to say of them."

"Exactly, my dear;—and if you do not understand why, you are not so clever as I take you to be."

Life went on very pleasantly with them at Belton for two or three weeks;—but with this drawback as regarded Clara, that she had no means of knowing what was to be the course of her future life. During these weeks she twice received letters from her cousin Will, and answered both of them. But these letters referred to matters of business which entailed no contradiction.—to certain details of money due to the estate before the old squire's death, and to that vexed question of Aunt Winterfield's legacy, which had by this time drifted into Belton's hands, and as to which he was inclined to act in accordance with his cousin's wishes, though he was assured by Mr. Green that the legacy was as good a legacy as had ever been left by an old woman. "I think," he said in his last letter, "that we shall be able to throw him over in spite of Mr. Green." Clara, as she read this, could not but remember that the man to be thrown over was the man to whom she had been engaged, and she could not but remember also all the circumstances of

the intended legacy,—of her aunt's death, and of the scenes which had immediately followed her death. It was so odd that William Belton should now be discussing with her the means of evading all her aunt's intentions,—and that he should be doing so, not as her accepted lover. He had, indeed, called himself her brother, but he was in truth her rejected lover.

From time to time during these weeks Mrs. Askerton would ask her whether Mr. Belton was coming to Belton, and Clara would answer her with perfect truth that she did not believe that he had any such intention. "But he must come soon," Mrs. Askerton would say. And when Clara would answer that she knew nothing about it, Mrs. Askerton would ask further questions about Mary Belton. "Your cousin must know whether her brother is coming to look after the property?" But Miss Belton, though she heard constantly from her brother, gave no such intimation. If he had any intention of coming, she did not speak of it. During all these days she had not as yet said a word of her brother's love. Though his name was daily in her mouth,—and: latterly, was frequently mentioned by Clara,—there had been no allusion to that still enduring hope of which Will Belton himself could not but speak,—when he had any opportunity of speaking at all. And this continued till at last Clara was driven to suppose that Mary Belton knew nothing of her brother's hopes.

But at last there came a change,—a change which to Clara was as great as that which had affected her when she first found that her delightful cousin was not safe against love-making. She had made up her mind that the sister did not intend to plead for her brother,—that the sister probably knew nothing of the brother's necessity for pleading,—that the brother probably had no further need for pleading! When she remembered his last passionate words, she could not but accuse herself of hypocrisy when she allowed place in her thoughts to this latter supposition. He had been so intently earnest! The nature of the man was so eager and true! But yet, in spite of all that had been said, of all the fire in his eyes, and life in his words, and energy in his actions, he had at last seen that his aspirations were foolish, and his desires vain. It could not otherwise be that she and Mary should pass these hours in such calm repose without an allusion to the disturbing subject! After this fashion,

and with such meditations as these, had passed by the last weeks;—and then at last there came the change.

"I have had a letter from William this morning," said Mary.

"And so have not I," said Clara, "and yet I expected to hear from him."

"He means to be here soon," said Mary.

"Oh, indeed!"

"He speaks of being here next week."

For a moment or two Clara had yielded to the agitation caused by her cousin's tidings; but with a little gush she recovered her presence of mind, and was able to speak with all the hypocritical propriety of a female. "I am glad to hear it," she said. "It is only right that he should come."

"He has asked me to say a word to you, — as to the purport of his journey."

Then again Clara's courage and hypocrisy were so far subdued that they were not able to maintain her in a position adequate to the occasion. "Well," she said, laughing, "what is the word? I hope it is not that I am to pack up, bag and baggage, and take myself elsewhere. Cousin William is one of those persons who are willing to do everything except what they are wanted to do. He will go on talking about the Belton Estate, when I want to know whether I may really look for as much as twelve shillings a week to live upon."

"He wants me to speak to you about — about the earnest love he bears for you."

"Oh dear, Mary! — could you not suppose it all to be said? It is an old trouble, and need not be repeated."

"No," said Mary, "I cannot suppose it to be all said." Clara looking up as she heard the voice, was astonished both by the fire in the woman's eye and by the force of her tone. "I will not think so meanly of you as to believe that such words from such a man can be passed by as meaning nothing. I will not say that you ought to be able to love him; in that you cannot control your heart; but if you cannot love him, the want of such love ought to make you suffer, — to suffer much and be very sad."

"I cannot agree to that, Mary."

"Is all his life nothing, then? Do you know what love means with him; — this love which he bears to you? Do you understand that it is everything to him? — that from the first moment in which he acknowledged to himself that his heart was set upon you, he could not bring himself to set it upon any other thing for a moment? Perhaps you have never understood this; have never perceived that he is so much in earnest, that to him it is more

than money, or land, or health, — more than life itself; — that he so loves that he would willingly give everything that he has for his love? Have you known this?"

Clara would not answer these questions for awhile. What if she had known it all, was she therefore bound to sacrifice herself? Could it be the duty of any woman to give herself to a man simply because a man wanted her? That was the argument as it was put forward now by Mary Belton.

"Dear, dearest Clara," said Mary Belton, stretching herself forward from her chair, and putting out her thin, almost transparent, hand, "I do not think that you have thought enough of this; or, perhaps, you have not known it. But his love for you is as I say. To him it is everything. It pervades every hour of every day, every corner in his life! He knows nothing of anything else while he is in his present state."

"He is very good; — more than good."

"He is very good."

"But I do not see that; — that — of course I know how disinterested he is."

"Disinterested is a poor word. It insinuates that in such a matter there could be a question of what people call interest."

"And I know, too, how much he honours me."

"Honour is a cold word. It is not honour, but love, — downright true, honest love. I hope he does honour you. I believe you to be an honest, true woman; and, as he knows you well, he probably does honour you; — but I am speaking of love." Again Clara was silent. She knew what should be her argument if she were determined to oppose her cousin's pleadings; and she knew also, — she thought she knew, — that she did intend to oppose them; but there was a coldness in the argument to which she was averse. "You cannot be insensible to such love as that!" said Mary, going on with the cause which she had in hand.

"You say that he is fond of me."

"Fond of you! I have not used such trifling expressions as that"

"That he loves me."

"You know he loves you. Have you ever doubted a word that he has spoken to you on any subject?"

"I believe he speaks truly."

"You know he speaks truly. He is the very soul of truth."

"But, Mary" —

"Well, Clara! But remember; do not answer me lightly. Do not play with a man's heart because you have it in your power."

"You wrong me. I could never do like

that. You tell me that he loves me;—but what if I do not love him? Love will not be constrained. Am I to say that I love him because I believe that he loves me?"

This was the argument, and Clara found herself driven to use it,—not so much from its special applicability to herself, as on account of its general fitness. Whether it did or did not apply to herself she had not time to ask herself at that moment; but she felt that no man could have a right to claim a woman's hand on the strength of his own love,—unless he had been able to win her love. She was arguing on behalf of women in general rather than on her own behalf.

"If you mean to tell me that you cannot love him, of course I must give over," said Mary, not caring at all for men and women in general, but full of anxiety for her brother. "Do you mean to say that,—that you can never love him?" It almost seemed, from her face, that she was determined utterly to quarrel with her new-found cousin,—to quarrel and to go at once away if she got an answer that would not please her.

"Dear Mary, do not press me so hard."

"But I want to press you hard. It is not right that he should lose his life in longing and hoping."

"He will not lose his life, Mary."

"I hope not;—not if I can help it. I trust that he will be strong enough to get rid of his trouble,—to put it down and trample it under his feet." Clara, as she heard this, began to ask herself what it was that was to be trampled under Will's feet. "I think he will be man enough to overcome his passion; and then, perhaps,—you may regret what you have lost."

"Now you are unkind to me."

"Well; what would you have me say? Do I not know that he is offering you the best gift that he can give? Did I not begin by swearing to you that he loved you with a passion of love that cannot but be flattering to you? If it is to be love in vain, this to him is a great misfortune. And, yet, when I say that I hope that he will recover, you tell me that I am unkind."

"No;—not for that."

"May I tell him to come and plead for himself?"

Again Clara was silent, not knowing how to answer that last question. And when she did answer it, she answered it thoughtlessly. "Of course he knows that he can do that."

"He says that he has been forbidden."

"Oh, Mary, what am I to say to you? You know it all, and I wonder that you can continue to question me in this way."

"Know all what?"

"That I have been engaged to Captain Aylmer."

"But you are not engaged to him now."

"No—I am not."

"And there can be no renewal there, I suppose?"

"Oh, no!"

"Not even for my brother would I say a word if I thought"—

"No; there is nothing of that; but—If you cannot understand, I do not think that I can explain it." It seemed to Clara that her cousin, in her anxiety for her brother, did not conceive that a woman, even if she could suddenly transfer her affection from one man to another, could not bring herself to say that she had done so.

"I must write to him to-day," said Mary, "and I must give him some answer. Shall I tell him that he had better not come here till you are gone?"

"That will perhaps be best," said Clara.

"Then he will never come at all."

"I can go;—can go at once. I will go at once. You shall never have to say that my presence prevented his coming to his own house. I ought not to be here. I know it now. I will go away, and you may tell him that I am gone."

"No, dear; you will not go."

"Yes;—I must go. I fancied things might be otherwise, because he once told me that—he—would—be—a brother to me. And I said I would hold him to that;—not only because I want a brother so badly, but because I love him so dearly. But it cannot be like that."

"You do not think that he will ever desert you?"

"But I will go away, so that he may come to his own house. I ought not to be here. Of course I ought not to be at Belton.—either in this house or in any other. Tell him that I will be gone before he can come, and tell him also that I will not be too proud to accept from him what it may be fit that he should give me. I have no one but him;—no one but him;—no one but him." Then she burst into tears, and, throwing back her head, covered her face with her hands.

Miss Belton, upon this, rose slowly from the chair on which she was sitting, and making her way painfully across to Clara, stood leaning on the weeping girl's chair. "You shall not go while I am here," she said.

"Yes; I must go. He cannot come till I am gone."

"Think of it all once again, Clara. May I not tell him to come, and that while he is

coming you will see if you cannot soften your heart towards him?"

"Soften my heart! Oh, if I could only harden it!"

"He would wait. If you would only bid him wait, he would be so happy in waiting."

"Yes;—till to-morrow morning. I know him. Hold out your little finger to him, and he has your whole hand and arm in a moment."

"I want you to say that you will try to love him."

But Clara was in truth trying not to love him. She was ashamed of herself because she did love the one man, when, but a few weeks since, she had confessed that she loved another. She had mistaken herself and her own feelings, not in reference to her cousin, but in supposing that she could really have sympathized with such a man as Captain Aylmer. It was necessary to her self-respect that she should be punished because of that mistake. She could not save herself from this condemnation,—she would not grant herself a respite,—because, by doing so, she would make another person happy. Had Captain Aylmer never crossed her path, she would have given her whole heart to her cousin. Nay; she had so given it,—had done so, although Captain Aylmer had crossed her path and come in her way. But it was matter of shame to her to find that this had been possible, and she could not bring herself to confess her shame.

The conversation at last ended, as such conversations always do end, without any positive decision. Mary wrote of course to her brother, but Clara was not told of the contents of the letter. We, however, may know them, and may understand their nature, without learning above two lines of the letter. "If you can be content to wait awhile, you will succeed," said Mary; "but when were you ever content to wait for anything?" "If there is anything I hate, it is waiting," said Will, when he received the letter; nevertheless the letter made him happy, and he went about his farm with a sanguine heart, as he arranged matters for another absence. "Away long?" he said, in answer to a question asked him by his head man; "how on earth can I say how long I shall be away? You can go on well enough without me by this time, I should think. You will have to learn, for there is no knowing how often I may be away, or for how long."

When Mary said that the letter had been written, Clara again spoke about going. "And where will you go?" said Mary.

"I will take a lodging in Taunton."

"He would only follow you there, and there would be more trouble. That would be all. He must act as your guardian, and in that capacity, at any rate, you must submit to him." Clara, therefore, consented to remain at Belton; but, before Will arrived, she returned from the house to the cottage.

"Of course I understand all about it," said Mrs Askerton; "and let me tell you this,—that if it is not all settled within a week from his coming here, I shall think that you are without a heart. He is to be knocked about, and cuffed, and kept from his work, and made to run up and down between here and Norfolk, because you cannot bring yourself to confess that you have been a fool."

"I have never said that I have not been a fool," said Clara.

"You have made a mistake,—as young women will do sometimes, even when they are as prudent and circumspect as you are,—and now you don't quite like the task of putting it right."

It was all true, and Clara knew that it was true. The putting right of mistakes is never pleasant; and in this case it was so unpleasant that she could not bring herself to acknowledge that it must be done. And yet, I think, that, by this time, she was aware of the necessity.

CHAPTER XXXI.

TAKING POSSESSION.

"I WANT her to have it all," said William Belton to Mr. Green, the lawyer, when they came to discuss the necessary arrangements for the property.

"But that would be absurd."

"Never mind. It is what I wish. I suppose a man may do what he likes with his own."

"She won't take it," said the lawyer.

"She must take it if you manage the matter properly," said Will.

"I don't suppose it will make much difference," said the lawyer, "now that Captain Aylmer is out of the running."

"I know nothing about that. Of course I am very glad that he should be out of the running, as you call it. He is a bad sort of fellow, and I didn't want him to have the property. But all that has nothing to do with it. I'm not doing it because I think she is ever to be my wife."

From this the reader will understand that Belton was still fidgeting himself and the lawyer about the estate when he passed

through London. The matter in dispute, however, was so important that he was induced to seek the advice of others besides Mr. Green, and at last was brought to the conclusion that it was his paramount duty to become Belton of Belton. There seemed in the minds of all these councillors to be some imperative and almost imperious requirement that the acres should go back to a man of his name. Now, as there was no one else of the family who could stand in his way, he had no alternative but to become Belton of Belton. He would, however, sell his estate in Norfolk, and raise money for endowing Clara with commensurate riches. Such was his own plan; — but having fallen among councillors, he would not exactly follow his own plan, and at last submitted to an arrangement in accordance with which an annuity of eight hundred pounds a year was to be settled upon Clara, and this was to lie as a charge upon the estate in Norfolk.

"It seems to me to be very shabby," said William Belton.

"It seems to me to be very extravagant," said the leader among the councillors. She is not entitled to sixpence."

But at last the arrangement as above described was the one to which they all assented.

When Belton reached the house which was now his own he found no one there but his sister. Clara was at the cottage. As he had been told that she was to return there, he had no reason to be annoyed. But nevertheless he was annoyed, or rather discontented, and had not been a quarter of an hour about the place before he declared his intention to go and seek her.

"Do no such thing, Will; pray do not," said his sister.

"And why not?"

"Because it will be better that you should wait. You will only injure yourself and her by being impetuous."

"But it is absolutely necessary that she should know her own position. It would be cruelty to keep her in ignorance: — though for the matter of that I shall be ashamed to tell her. Yes; — I shall be ashamed to look her in the face. What will she think of it after I had assured her that she should have the whole?"

"But she would not have taken it, Will. And had she done so, she would have been very wrong. Now she will be comfortable."

"I wish I could be comfortable," said he.

"If you will only wait" —

"I hate waiting. I do not see what good it will do. Besides, I don't mean to say

anything about that, — not to-day, at least. I don't indeed. As for being here and not seeing her, that is out of the question. Of course she would think that I had quarrelled with her, and that I meant to take everything to myself, now that I have the power."

"She won't suspect you of wishing to quarrel with her, Will."

"I should in her place. It is out of the question that I should be here, and not go to her. It would be monstrous. I will wait till they have done lunch, and then I will go up."

It was at last decided that he should walk up to the cottage, call upon Colonel Askerton, and ask to see Clara in the Colonel's presence. It was thought that he could make his statement about the money better before a third person who could be regarded as Clara's friend, than could possibly be done between themselves. He did, therefore, walk across to the cottage, and was shown into Colonel Askerton's study.

"There he is," Mrs. Askerton said, as soon as she heard the sound of the bell. "I knew that he would come at once."

During the whole morning Mrs. Askerton had been insisting that Belton would make his appearance on that very day, — the day of his arrival at Belton, and Clara had been asserting that he would not do so.

"Why should he come?" Clara had said.

"Simply to take you to his own house, like any other of his goods and chattels."

"I am not his goods or his chattels."

"But you soon will be; and why shouldn't you accept your lot quietly? He is Belton of Belton, and everything here belongs to him."

"I do not belong to him."

"What nonsense! When a man has the command of the situation, as he has, he can do just what he pleases. If he were to come and carry you off by violence, I have no doubt the Beltonians would assist him, and say that he was right. And you of course would forgive him. Belton of Belton may do anything."

"That is nonsense, if you please."

"Indeed if you had any of that decent feeling of feminine inferiority which ought to belong to all women, he would have found you sitting on the door-step of his house waiting for him."

That had been said early in the morning, when they first knew that he had arrived; but they had been talking about him ever since, — talking about him under pressure from Mrs. Askerton, till Clara had been driven to long that she might be spared. "If

he chooses to come, he will come," she said. "Of course he will come," Mrs. Askerton had answered, and then they heard the ring of the bell. "There he is. I could swear to the sound of his foot. Doesn't he step as though he were Belton of Belton, and conscious that everything belonged to him?" Then there was a pause. "He has been shown in to Colonel Askerton. What on earth could he want with him?"

"He has called to tell him something about the cottage," said Clara, endeavouring to speak as though she were calm through it all.

"Cottage! Fiddlestick! The idea of a man coming to look after his trumpery cottage on the first day of his showing himself as lord of his own property! Perhaps he is demanding that you shall be delivered up to him. If he does, I shall vote for obeying."

"And I for disobeying, — and shall vote very strongly, too."

Their suspense was yet prolonged for another ten minutes, and at the end of that time the servant came in and asked if Miss Amedroz would be good enough to go into the master's room. "Mr. Belton is there, Fanny?" asked Mrs. Askerton. The girl confessed that Mr. Belton was there, and then Clara, without another word, got up and left the room. She had much to do in assuming a look of composure before she opened the door; but she made the effort, and was not unsuccessful. In another second she found her hand in her cousin's, and his bright eye was fixed upon her with that eager, friendly glance which made his face so pleasant to those whom he loved.

"Your cousin has been telling me of the arrangements he has been making for you with the lawyers," said Colonel Askerton. "I can only say that I wish all ladies had cousins so liberal, and so able to be liberal."

"I thought I would see Colonel Askerton first, as you are staying at his house. And as for liberality, — there is nothing of the kind. You must understand, Clara, that a fellow can't do what he likes with his own in this country. I have found myself so bullied by lawyers and that sort of people, that I have been obliged to yield to them. I wanted that you should have the old place, to do just what you pleased with it."

"That was out of the question, Will."

"Of course it was," said Colonel Askerton. Then, as Belton himself did not proceed to the telling of his own story, the Colonel told it for him, and explained what was the income which Clara was to receive.

"But that is as much out of the question,"

said she, "as the other. I cannot rob you in that way. I cannot and I shall not. And why should I? What do I want with such an income? Something I ought to have, if only for the credit of the family, and that I am willing to take from your kindness; but" —

"It's all settled now, Clara."

"I don't think that you can lessen the weight of your obligation, Miss Amedroz, after what has been done up in London," said the Colonel.

"If you had said a hundred a year" —

"I have been allowed to say nothing," said Belton; "those people have said eight, — and so it is settled. When are you coming over to see Mary?"

To this question he got no definite answer, and as he went away immediately afterwards he hardly seemed to expect one. He did not even ask for Mrs. Askerton, and, as that lady remarked, behaved altogether like a bear. "But what a munificent bear!" she said. "Fancy; — eight hundred a year of your own. One begins to doubt whether it is worth one's while to marry at all with such an income as that to do what one likes with! However, it all means nothing. It will all be his own again before you have even touched it."

"You must not say anything more about that," said Clara gravely.

"And why must I not?"

"Because I shall hear nothing more of it. There is an end of all that, — as there ought to be."

"Why an end? I don't see an end. There will be no end till Belton of Belton has got you and your eight hundred a year as well as everything else."

"You will find that — he — does not mean — anything — more," said Clara.

"You think not?"

"I am — sure of it." Then there was a little sound in her throat as though she were in some danger of being choked; but she soon recovered herself, and was able to express herself clearly. "I have only one favour to ask you now, Mrs. Askerton, and that is that you will never say anything more about him. He has changed his mind. Of course he has, or he would not come here like that and have gone away without saying a word."

"Not a word! A man gives you eight hundred a year, and that is not saying a word!"

"Not a word except about money? But of course he is right. I know that he is right. After what has passed he would be very wrong to — to — think about it any

more. You joke about his being Belton of Belton. But it does make a difference."

"It does;—does it?"

"It has made a difference. I see and feel it now. I shall never—hear him—ask me—that question—any more."

"And if you did hear him, what answer would you make him?"

"I don't know."

"That is just it. Women are so cross-grained that it is a wonder to me that men should ever have anything to do with them. They have about them some madness of a phantasy which they dignify with the name of feminine pride, and under the cloak of this they believe themselves to be justified in tormenting their lovers' lives out. The only consolation is that they torment themselves as much. Can anything be more cross-grained than you are at this moment? You were resolved just now that it would be the most unbecoming thing in the world if he spoke a word more about his love for the next twelvemonths"—

"Mrs. Askerton, I said nothing about twelvemonths."

"And now you are broken-hearted because he did not blurt it all out before Colonel Askerton in a business interview, which was very properly had at once, and in which he has had the exceeding good taste to confine himself altogether to the one subject."

"I am not complaining."

"It was good taste; though if he had not been a bear he might have asked after me, who are fighting his battles for him night and day."

"But what will he do next?"

"Eat his dinner, I should think, as it is now nearly five o'clock. Your father used always to dine at five."

"I can't go to see Mary," she said, "till he comes here again."

"He will be here fast enough. I shouldn't wonder if he was to come again to-night." And he did come again that night.

When Belton's interview was over in the Colonel's study he left the house, — without even asking after the mistress, as that mistress had taken care to find out,—and went off, rambling about the estate which was now his own. It was a beautiful place, and he was not insensible to the gratification of being its owner. There is much in the glory of ownership, — of the ownership of land and houses, of beeves and woolly flocks, of wide fields and thick-growing woods, even when that ownership is of late date, when it conveys to the owner nothing but the realization of a property on the

soil; but there is much more in it when it contains the memories of old years; when the glory is the glory of race as well as the glory of power and property. There had been Beltons of Belton living there for many centuries, and now he was the Belton of the day, standing on his own ground, — the descendant and representative of the Beltons of old, — Belton of Belton without a flaw in his pedigree! He felt himself to be proud of his position, — prouder than he could have been of any other that might have been vouchsafed to him. And yet amidst it all he was somewhat ashamed of his pride. "The man who can do it for himself is the real man after all," he said.

"But I have got it by a fluke, — and by such a sad chance too!" Then he wandered on, thinking of the circumstances under which the property had fallen into his hands, and remembering how and when and where the first idea had occurred to him of making Clara Amedroz his wife. He had then felt that if he could only do that he could reconcile himself to the heirship. And the idea had grown upon him instantly, and had become a passion by the eagerness with which he had welcomed it. From that day to this he had continued to tell himself that he could not enjoy his good fortune unless he could enjoy it with her. There had come to be a horrid impediment in his way, — a barrier which had seemed to have been placed there by his evil fortune, to compensate the gifts given to him by his good fortune, and that barrier had been Captain Aylmer. He had not, in fact, seen much of his rival, but he had seen enough to make it matter of wonder to him that Clara could be attached to such a man. He had thoroughly despised Captain Aylmer, and had longed to show his contempt of the man by kicking him out of the hotel at the London railway station. At that moment all the world had seemed to him to be wrong and wretched.

But now it seemed that all the world might so easily be made right again! The impediment had got itself removed. Belton did not even yet altogether comprehend by what means Clara had escaped from the meshes of the Aylmer Park people, but he did know that she had escaped. Her eyes had been opened before it was too late, and she was a free woman, — to be compassed if only a man might compass her. While she had been engaged to Captain Aylmer, Will had felt that she was not assailable. Though he had not been quite able to restrain himself, — as on that fatal occasion when he had taken her in his arms and

kissed her, — still he had known that as she was an engaged woman, he could not, without insulting her, press his own suit upon her. But now all that was over. Let him say what he liked on that head, she would have no proper plea for anger. She was assailable; — and, as this was so, why the mischief should he not set about the work at once? His sister bade him to wait. Why should he wait when one fortunate word might do it? Wait! He could not wait. How are you to bid a starving man to wait when you put him down at a well-covered board? Here was he, walking about Belton Park, — just where she used to walk with him; — and there was she at Belton Cottage, within half an hour of him at this moment, if he were to go quickly; and yet Mary was telling him to wait! No; he would not wait. There could be no reason for waiting. Wait, indeed, till some other Captain Aylmer should come in the way and give him more trouble!

So he wandered on, resolving that he would see his cousin again that very day. Such an interview as that which had just taken place between two such dear friends was not natural, — was not to be endured. What might not Clara think of it! To meet her for the first time after her escape from Aylmer Park, and to speak to her only on matters concerning money! He would certainly go to her again on that afternoon. In his walking, he came to the bottom of the rising ground on the top of which stood the rock on which he and Clara had twice sat. But he turned away, and would not go up to it. He hoped that he might go up to it very soon, — but, except under certain circumstances, he would never go up to it again.

"I am going across to the cottage immediately after dinner," he said to his sister.

"Have you an appointment?"

"No; I have no appointment. I suppose a man doesn't want an appointment to go and see his own cousin down in the country."

"I don't know what their habits are."

"I shan't ask to go in; but I want to see her."

Mary looked at him with loving, sorrowing eyes, but she said no more. She loved him so well that she would have given her right hand to get for him what he wanted; — but she sorrowed to think that he should want such a thing so sorely. Immediately after his dinner, he took his hat and went out without saying a word further, and made his way once more across to the gate of the cottage. It was a lovely summer evening,

at that period of the year in which our summer evenings just begin, when the air is sweeter and the flowers more fragrant, and the forms of the foliage more lovely than at any other time. It was now eight o'clock, but it was hardly as yet evening; none at least of the gloom of evening had come, though the sun was low in the heavens. At the cottage they were all sitting out on the lawn; and as Belton came near he was seen by them, and he saw them.

"I told you so," said Mrs. Askerton to Clara, in a whisper.

"He is not coming in," Clara answered.

"He is going on."

But when he had come nearer, Colonel Askerton called to him over the garden paling, and asked him to join them. He was now standing within ten or fifteen yards of them, though the fence divided them. "I have come to ask my cousin Clara to take a walk with me," he said. "She can be back by your tea time." He made his request very placidly, and did not in any way look like a lover.

"I am sure she will be glad to go," said Mrs. Askerton. But Clara said nothing.

"Do take a turn with me, if you are not tired," said he.

"She has not been out all day, and cannot be tired," said Mrs. Askerton, who had now walked up to the paling. "Clara, get your hat. But, Mr. Belton, what have I done that I am to be treated in this way? Perhaps you don't remember that you have not spoken to me since your arrival."

"Upon my word, I beg your pardon," said he, endeavouring to stretch his hand across the bushes. "I forgot I didn't see you this morning."

"I suppose I musn't be angry, as this is your day of taking possession; but it is exactly on such days as this that one likes to be remembered."

"I didn't mean to forget you, Mrs. Askerton; I didn't, indeed. And as for the special day, that's all bosh, you know. I haven't taken particular possession of anything that I know of."

"I hope you will, Mr. Belton, before the day is over," said she. Clara had at length arisen, and had gone into the house to fetch her hat. She had not spoken a word, and even yet her cousin did not know whether she was coming. "I hope you will take possession of a great deal that is very valuable. Clara has gone to get her hat."

"Do you think she means to walk?"

"I think she does, Mr. Belton. And there she is at the door. Mind you bring her back to tea."

Clara, as she came forth, felt herself quite unable to speak, or walk, or look, after her usual manner. She knew herself to be a victim,—to be so far a victim that she could no longer control her own fate. To Captain Aylmer, at any rate, she had never succumbed. In all her dealings with him she had fought upon an equal footing. She had never been compelled to own herself mastered. But now she was being led out that she might confess her own submission, and acknowledge that hitherto she had not known what was good for her. She knew that she would have to yield. She must have known how happy she was to have an opportunity of yielding; but yet,—yet, had there been any room for choice, she thought she would have restrained from walking with her cousin that evening. She had wept that afternoon because she had thought that he would not come again; and now that he had come at the first moment that was possible for him, she was almost tempted to wish him once more away.

"I suppose you understand that when I came up this morning I came merely to talk about business," said Belton, as soon as they were off together.

"It was very good of you to come at all so soon after your arrival."

"I told those people in London that I would have it all settled at once, and so I wanted to have it off my mind."

"I don't know what I ought to say to you. Of course I shall not want so much money as that."

"We won't talk about the money any more to-day. I hate talking about money."

"It is not the pleasantest subject in the world."

"No," said he; "no indeed. I hate it,—particularly between friends. So you have come to grief with your friends, the Aylmers?"

"I hope I haven't come to grief,—and the Aylmers, as a family, never were my friends. I'm obliged to contradict you, point by point,—you see."

"I don't like Captain Aylmer at all," said Will, after a pause.

"So I saw, Will; and I dare say he was not very fond of you."

"Fond of me! I didn't want him to be fond of me. I don't suppose he ever thought much about me. I could not help thinking of him."—She had nothing to say to this, and therefore walked on silently by his side. "I suppose he has not any idea of coming back here again?"

"What; to Belton? No, I do not think he will come to Belton any more."

"Nor will you go to Aylmer Park?"

"No; certainly not. Of all the places on earth, Will, to which you would send me, Aylmer Park is the one to which I should go most unwillingly."

"I don't want to send you there."

"You never could be made to understand what a woman she is; how disagreeable, how cruel, how imperious, how insolent."

"Was she so bad as all that?"

"Indeed she was, Will. I can't but tell the truth to you."

"And he was nearly as bad as she."

"No, Will; no; do not say that of him."

"He was such a quarrelsome fellow. He flew at me just because I said we had good hunting down in Norfolk."

"We need not talk about all that, Will."

"No;—of course not. It's all passed and gone, I suppose."

"Yes;—it's all passed and gone. You did not know my aunt Winterfield, or you would understand my first reason for liking him."

"No," said Will; "I never saw her."

Then they walked on together for a while without speaking, and Clara was beginning to feel some relief,—some relief at first; but as the relief came, there came back to her the dead, dull, feeling of heaviness at her heart which had oppressed her after his visit in the morning. She had been right, and Mrs. Askerton had been wrong. He had returned to her simply as her cousin, and now he was walking with her and talking to and in this strain, to teach her that it was so. But of a sudden they came to a place where two paths diverged, and he turned upon her and asked her quickly which path they should take. "Look, Clara," he said, "will you go up there with me?" It did not need that she should look, as she knew that the way indicated by him led up among the rocks.

"I don't much care which way," she said, faintly.

"Do you not? But I do. I care very much. Don't you remember where that path goes?" She had no answer to give to this. She remembered well, and remembered how he had protested that he would never go to the place again unless he could go there as her accepted lover. And she had asked herself sundry questions as to that protestation. Could it be that for her sake he would abstain from visiting the prettiest spot on his estate,—that he would continue to regard the ground as hallowed because of his memories of her? "Which way shall we go?" he asked.

"I suppose it does not much signify," said she, trembling.

"But it does signify. It signifies very much to me. Will you go up to the rocks?"

"I am afraid we shall be late, if we stay out long."

"What matters how late? Will you come?"

"I suppose so, — if you wish it, Will."

She had anticipated that the high rock was to be the altar at which the victim was to be sacrificed; but now he would not wait till he had taken her to the sacred spot. He had of course intended that he would there renew his offer; but he had perceived that his offer had been renewed, and had, in fact, been accepted, during this little parley as to the pathway. There was hardly any necessity for further words. So he must have thought; for, as quick as lightning, he flung his arms around her, and kissed her again, as he had kissed her on that other terrible occasion, — that occasion on which he had felt that he might hardly hope for pardon.

"William, William," she said; "how can you serve me like that?" But he had a full understanding as to his own privileges, and was well aware that he was in his right now, as he had been before that he was trespassing egregiously.

"Why are you so rough with me?" she said.

"Clara, say that you love me."

"I will say nothing to you because you are so rough."

They were now walking up slowly towards the rocks. And as he had his arm round her waist, he was contented for awhile to allow her to walk without speaking. But when they were on the summit it was necessary for him that he should have a word from her of positive assurance.

"Clara, say that you love me."

"Have I not always loved you, Will, since almost the first moment that I saw you?"

"But that won't do. You know that is not fair. Come, Clara; I've had a deal of trouble, — and grief too; haven't I? You should say a word to make up for it; — that is, if you can say it."

"What can a word like that signify to you to-day? You have got everything."

"Have I got you?" Still she paused.

"I will have an answer. Have I got you?"

"Are you now my own?"

"I suppose so, Will. Don't now. I will not have it again. Does not that satisfy you?"

"Tell me that you love me."

"You know that I love you."

"Better than anybody in the world?"

"Yes; — better than anybody in the world."

"And after all you will be — my wife?"

"Oh, Will, — how you question one!"

"You shall say it, and then it will all be fair and honest."

"Say what? I'm sure I thought I had said everything."

"Say that you mean to be my wife."

"I suppose so, — if you wish it."

"Wish it!" said he, getting up from his seat, and throwing his hat into the bushes on one side; "wish it! I don't think you have ever understood how I have wished it. Look here, Clara; I found when I got down to Norfolk that I couldn't live without you. Upon my word it is true. I don't suppose you'll believe me."

"I didn't think it could be so bad with you as that."

"No; — I don't suppose women ever do believe. And I wouldn't have believed it of myself. I hated myself for it. By George, I did. That is when I began to think it was all up with me."

"All up with you! Oh, Will!"

"I had quite made up my mind to go to New Zealand. I had, indeed. I couldn't have kept my hands off that man if we had been living in the same country. I should have wrung his neck."

"Will, how can you talk so wickedly?"

"There's no understanding it till you have felt it. But never mind. It's all right now; isn't it, Clara?"

"If you think so."

"Think so! Oh, Clara. I am such a happy fellow. Do give me a kiss. You have never given me one kiss yet."

"What nonsense! I didn't think you were such a baby."

"By George, but you shall; — or you shall never get home to tea to-night. My own, own, own darling! Upon my word, Clara, when I begin to think about it I shall be half mad."

"I think you are quite that already."

"No, I'm not; — but I shall be when I'm alone. What can I say to you, Clara, to make you understand how much I love you? You remember the song, 'For Bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and dee.' Of course it is all nonsense talking of dying for a woman. What a man has to do is to live for her. But that is my feeling. I'm ready to give you my life. If there was anything to do for you, I'd do it if I could, whatever it was. Do you understand me?"

"Dear Will! Dearest Will!"

"Am I dearest?"

"Are you not sure of it?"

"But I like you to tell me so. I like to feel that you are not ashamed to own it. You ought to say it a few times to me, as I have said it so very often to you."

"You'll hear enough of it before you've done with me."

"I shall never have heard enough of it. Oh, heavens, only think, when I was coming down in the train last night I was in such a bad way."

"And are you in a good way now?"

"Yes; in a very good way. I shall crow over Mary so when I get home."

"And what has poor Mary done?"

"Never mind."

"I dare say she knows what is good for you better than you know yourself. I suppose she has told you that you might do a great deal better than trouble yourself with a wife."

"Never mind what she has told me. It is settled now; — is it not?"

"I hope so, Will."

"But not quite settled as yet. When shall it be? That is the next question."

But to that question Clara positively refused to make any reply that her lover would consider to be satisfactory. He continued to press her till she was at last driven to remind him how very short a time it was since her father had been among them; and then he was very angry with himself, and declared himself to be a brute. "Anything but that," she said. "You are the kindest and the best of men; — but at the same time the most impatient."

"That's what Mary says; but what's the good of waiting? She wanted me to wait to-day."

"And as you would not, you have fallen into a trap out of which you can never escape. But pray let us go. What will they think of us?"

"I shouldn't wonder if they didn't think something near the truth."

"Whatever they think, we will go back. It is ever so much past nine."

"Before you stir, Clara, tell me one thing. Are you really happy?"

"Very happy?"

"And are you glad that this has been done?"

"Very glad. Will that satisfy you?"

"And you do love me?"

"I do — I do — I do. Can I say more than that?"

"More than anybody else in the world?"

"Better than all the world put together."

"Then," said he, holding her tight in his arms, "show me that you love me." And as he made his request he was quick to explain to her what, according to his ideas, was the becoming mode by which lovers might show their love. I wonder whether it ever occurred to Clara, as she thought of it all before she went to bed that night, that Captain Aylmer and William Belton were very different in their manners. And if so, I must wonder further whether she most approved the manners of the patient man or the man who was impatient.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CONCLUSION.

ABOUT two months after the scene described in the last chapter, when the full summer had arrived, Clara received two letters from the two lovers, the history of whose loves have just been told, and these shall be submitted to the reader, as they will serve to explain the manner in which the two men proposed to arrange their affairs. We will first have Captain Aylmer's letter, which was the first read; Clara kept the latter for the last, as children always keep their sweetest morsels.

"Aylmer Park, August, 186—.

"MY DEAR MISS AMEDROZ,

"I heard before leaving London that you are engaged to marry your cousin Mr. William Belton, and I think that perhaps you may be satisfied to have a line from me to let you know that I quite approve of the marriage." "I do not care very much for his approval or disapproval," said Clara as she read this. "No doubt it will be the best thing you can do, especially as it will heal all the sores arising from the entail." "There never was any sore," said Clara. "Pray give my compliments to Mr. Belton, and offer him my congratulations, and tell him that I wish him all happiness in the married state." "Married fiddlestick!" said Clara. In this she was unreasonable; but the euphonious platitudes of Captain Aylmer were so unlike the vehement protestations of Mr. Belton that she must be excused if by this time she had come to entertain something of an unreasonable aversion for the former.

"I hope you will not receive my news

with perfect indifference when I tell you that I also am going to be married. The lady is one whom I have known for a long time, and have always esteemed very highly. She is Lady Emily Tagmaggert, the youngest daughter of the Earl of Mull." Why Clara should immediately have conceived a feeling of supreme contempt for Lady Emily Tagmaggert, and assured herself that her ladyship was a thin, dry, cross old maid with a red nose, I cannot explain; but I do know that such were her thoughts, almost instantaneously, in reference to Captain Aylmer's future bride. "Lady Emily is a very intimate friend of my sister's; and you, who know how our family cling together, will feel how thankful I must be when I tell you that my mother quite approves of the engagement. I suppose we shall be married early in the spring. We shall probably spend some months every year at Perivale, and I hope that we may look forward to the pleasure of seeing you some time as a guest beneath our roof." On reading this Clara shuddered, and made some inward protestation which seemed to imply that she had no wish whatever to revisit the dull streets of the little town with which she had been so well acquainted. "I hope she'll be good to poor Mr. Possitt," said Clara, "and give him port wine on Sundays."

"I have one more thing that I ought to say. You will remember that I intended to pay my aunt's legacy immediately after her death, but that I was prevented by circumstances which I could not control. I have paid it now into Mr. Green's hands on your account, together with the sum of £59 18s. 3d., which is due upon it as interest at the rate of five per cent. I hope that this may be satisfactory." "It is not satisfactory at all," said Clara, putting down the letter, and resolving that Will Belton should be instructed to repay the money instantly. It may, however, be explained here that in this matter Clara was doomed to be disappointed; and that she was forced, by Mr. Green's arguments, to receive the money. "Then it shall go to the hospital at Perivale," she declared when those arguments were used. As to that, Mr. Green was quite indifferent, but I do not think that the legacy which troubled poor Aunt Winterfield so much on her dying bed was ultimately applied to so worthy a purpose.

"And now, my dear Miss Amedroz," continued the letter, "I will say farewell, with many assurances of my unaltered esteem,

and with heartfelt wishes for your future happiness. Believe me to be always

"Most faithfully and sincerely yours,

"FREDERIC F. AYLMER."

"Esteem!" said Clara, as she finished the letter. "I wonder which he esteems the most, me or Lady Emily Tagmaggert. He will never get beyond esteem with any one."

The letter which was last read was as follows:—

"Plaistow, August, 186—.

"DEAREST CLARA,

"I don't think I shall ever get done, and I am coming to hate farming. It is awful lonely here, too; and I pass all my evenings by myself, wondering why I should be doomed to this kind of thing, while you and Mary are comfortable together at Belton. We have begun with the wheat, and as soon as that is safe I shall cut and run. I shall leave the barley to Bunce. Bunce knows as much about it as I do, — and as for remaining here all the summer, it's out of the question.

"My own dear, darling love, of course I don't intend to urge you to do anything that you don't like; but upon my honour I don't see the force of what you say. You know I have as much respect for your father's memory as anybody, but what harm can it do to him that we should be married at once? Don't you think he would have wished it himself? It can be ever so quiet. So long as it's done, I don't care a straw how it's done. Indeed for the matter of that I always think it would be best just to walk to church and to walk home again without saying anything to anybody. I hate fuss and nonsense, and really I don't think anybody would have a right to say anything if we were to do it at once in that sort of way. I have had a bad time of it for the last twelve months. You must allow that, and I think that I ought to be rewarded.

"As for living, you shall have your choice. Indeed you shall live anywhere you please; — at Timbuctoo if you like it. I don't want to give up Plaistow, because my father and grandfather farmed the land themselves; but I am quite prepared not to live here. I don't think it would suit you, because it has so much of the farm-house about it. Only I should like you sometimes to come and look at the old place. What I should like would be to pull down the house

at Belton and build another. But you musn't propose to put it off till that's done, as I should never have the heart to do it. If you think that would suit you, I'll make up my mind to live at Belton for a constancy; and then I'd go in for a lot of cattle, and don't doubt I'd make a fortune. I'm almost sick of looking at the straight ridges in the big square fields every day of my life.

"Give my love to Mary. I hope she fights my battle for me. Pray think of all this, and relent if you can. I do so long to have an end of this purgatory. If there was any use, I wouldn't say a word; but there's no good in being tortured, when there is no use. God bless you, dearest love. I do love you so well!

"Yours most affectionately,

"W. BELTON."

She kissed the letter twice, pressed it to her bosom, and then sat silent for half an hour thinking of it;—of it, and the man who wrote it, and of the man who had written the other letter. She could not but remember how that other man had thought to treat her, when it was his intention and her intention that they two should join their lots together;—how cold he had been; how full of caution and counsel; how he had preached to her himself, and threatened her with the preaching of his mother; how manifestly he had purposed to make her life a sacrifice to his life; how he had premeditated her incarceration at Perivale, while he should be living a bachelor's life in London! Will Belton's ideas of married life were very different. Only come to me at once,—now, immediately, and everything else shall be disposed just as you please. This was his offer. What he proposed to give,—or rather his willingness to be thus generous, was very sweet to her; but it was not half so sweet as his impatience in demanding his reward. How she doted on him because he considered his present state to be a purgatory! How could she refuse anything she could give to one who desired her gifts so strongly?

As for her future residence, it would be a matter of indifference to her where she should live, so long as she might live with him; but for him,—she felt that but one spot in the world was fit for him. He was Belton of Belton, and it would not be becoming that he should live elsewhere. Of course she would go with him to Plais-tow Hall as often as he might wish it; but Belton Castle should be his permanent res-

ing-place. It would be her duty to be proud for him, and therefore, for his sake, she would beg that their home might be in Somersetshire.

"Mary," she said to her cousin soon afterwards, "Will sends his love to you."

"And what else does he say?"

"I couldn't tell you everything. You shouldn't expect it."

"I don't expect it; but perhaps there may be something to be told."

"Nothing that I need tell,—specially. You, who know him so well, can imagine what he would say."

"Dear Will! I am sure he would mean to write what was pleasant."

Then the matter would have dropped had Clara been so minded,—but she, in truth, was anxious to be forced to talk about the letter. She wished to be urged by Mary to do that which Will urged her to do;—or, at least, to learn whether Mary thought that her brother's wish might be gratified without impropriety. "Don't you think we ought to live here?" she said.

"By all means,—if you both like it."

"He is so good,—so unselfish, that he will only ask me to do what I like best."

"And which would you like best?"

"I think he ought to live here because it is the old family property. I confess that the name goes for something with me. He says that he would build a new house."

"Does he think he could have it ready by the time you are married?"

"Ah;—that is just the difficulty. Perhaps, after all, you had better read his letter. I don't know why I should not show it to you. It will only tell you what you know already,—that he is the most generous fellow in all the world." Then Mary read the letter. "What am I to say to him?" Clara asked. "It seems so hard to refuse anything to one who is so true, and good, and generous."

"It is hard."

"But you see my poor dear father's death has been so recent."

"I hardly know," said Mary "how the world feels about such things."

"I think we ought to wait at least twelve months," said Clara, very sadly.

"Poor Will! He will be broken-hearted a dozen times before that. But then, when his happiness does come, he will be all the happier." Clara, when she heard this, almost hated her cousin Mary,—not for her own sake, but on Will's account. Will trusted so implicitly to his sister, and yet she could not make a better fight for him than this! It almost seemed that Mary was

indifferent to her brother's happiness. Had Will been her brother, Clara thought, and had any girl asked her advice under similar circumstances, she was sure that she would have answered in a different way. She would have told such girl that her first duty was owing to the man who was to be her husband, and would not have said a word to her about the feeling of the world. After all, what did the feeling of the world signify to them, who were going to be all the world to each other?

On that afternoon she went up to Mrs. Askerton's, and succeeded in getting advice from her also, though she did not show Will's letter to that lady. "Of course, I know what he says," said Mrs. Askerton. "Unless I have mistaken the man, he wants to be married to-morrow."

"He is not so bad as that," said Clara.

"Then the next day, or the day after. Of course he is impatient, and does not see any earthly reason why his impatience should not be gratified."

"He is impatient."

"And I suppose you hesitate because of your father's death."

"It seems but the other day;—does it not?" said Clara.

"Everything seems but the other day to me. It was but the other day that I myself was married."

"And, of course, though I would do anything I could that he would ask me to do"—

"But would you do anything?"

"Anything that was not wrong I would. Why should I not, when he is so good to me?"

"Then write to him, my dear, and tell him that it shall be as he wishes it. Believe me, the days of Jacob are over. Men don't understand waiting now, and it's always as well to catch your fish when you can."

"You don't suppose I have any thought of that kind?"

"I am sure you have not;—and I'm sure that he deserves no such thought;—but the higher that are his deserts, the greater should be his reward. If I were you, I should think of nothing but him, and I should do exactly as he would have me." Clara kissed her friend as she parted from her, and again resolved that all that woman's sins should be forgiven her. A woman who could give such excellent advice deserved that every sin should be forgiven her. "They'll be married yet before the summer is over," Mrs. Askerton said to her husband that afternoon. "I believe a man

may have anything he chooses to ask for, if he'll only ask hard enough."

And they were married in the autumn, if not actually in the summer. With what precise words Clara answered her lover's letter I will not say; but her answer was of such a nature that he found himself compelled to leave Plaistow, even before the wheat was garnered. Great confidence was placed in Bunce on that occasion, and I have reason to believe that it was not misplaced. They were married in September;—yes, in September, although that letter of Will's was written in August, and by the beginning of October they had returned from their wedding trip to Plaistow. Clara insisted that she should be taken to Plaistow, and was very anxious when there to learn all the particulars of the farm. She put down in a little book how many acres there were in each field, and what was the average produce of the land. She made inquiry about four-crop rotation, and endeavoured, with Bunce, to go into the great subject of stall-feeding. But Belton did not give her as much encouragement as he might have done. "We'll come here for the shooting next year," he said; "that is, if there is nothing to prevent us."

"I hope there'll be nothing to prevent us."

"There might be, perhaps; but we'll always come if there is not. For the rest of it, I'll leave it to Bunce, and just run over once or twice in the year. It would not be a nice place for you to live at long."

"I like it of all things. I am quite interested about the farm."

"You'd get very sick of it if you were here in the winter. The truth is that if you farm well, you must farm ugly. The picturesque nooks and corners have all to be turned inside out, and the hedgerows must be abolished, because we want the sunshine. Now, down at Belton, just about the house, we won't mind farming well, but will stick to the picturesque."

The new house was immediately commenced at Belton, and was made to proceed with all imaginable alacrity. It was supposed at one time,—at least Belton himself said that he so supposed,—that the building would be ready for occupation at the end of the first summer; but this was not found to be possible. "We must put it off till May, after all," said Belton, as he was walking round the unfinished building with Colonel Askerton. "It's an awful bore, but there's no getting people really to pull out in this country."

"I think they've pulled out pretty well.

Of course you couldn't have gone into a damp house for the winter."

"Other people can get a house built within twelve months. Look what they do in London."

"And other people with their wives and children die in consequence of colds and sore throats and other evils of that nature. I wouldn't go into a new house, I know, till I was quite sure it was dry."

As Will at this time was hardly ten months married, he was not as yet justified in thinking about his own wife and children; but he had already found it expedient to make arrangements for the autumn, which would prevent that annual visit to Plaistow which Clara had contemplated, and which he had regarded with his characteristic prudence as being subject to possible impediments. He was to be absent himself for the first week in September, but was to return immediately after that. This he did; and before the end of that month he was justified in talking of his wife and family. "I suppose it wouldn't have done to have been moving now,—under all the circumstances," he said to his friend, Mrs. Askerton, as he still grumbled about the unfinished house.

"I don't think it would have done at all, under all the circumstances," said Mrs. Askerton.

But in the following spring or early summer they did get into the new house; and a very nice house it was, as will, I think, be believed by those who have known Mr. William Belton. And when they were well settled, at which time little Will Belton was some seven or eight months old,—little Will, for whom great bonfires had been lit, as though his birth in those parts was a matter not to be regarded lightly; for was he not the first Belton of Belton who had been born there for more than a century?—when that time came, visitors appeared at the new Belton Castle, visitors of importance, who were entitled to, and who received, great consideration. These were no less than Captain Aylmer, member for Perivale, and his newly-married bride, Lady Emily Aylmer, *née* Tagmaggert. They were then just married, and had come down to Belton Castle immediately after their honeymoon trip. How it had come to pass that such friendship had sprung up,—

or rather how it had been revived,—it would be bootless here to say. But old alliances, such as that which had existed between the Aylmer and the Amedroz family, do not allow themselves to die out easily, and it is well for us all that they should be long-lived. So Captain Aylmer brought his bride to Belton Park, and a small fatted calf was killed, and the Askertons came to dinner,—on which occasion Captain Aylmer behaved very well, though we may imagine that he must have had some misgivings on the score of his young wife. The Askertons came to dinner, and the old rector, and the squire from a neighbouring parish; and everything was very handsome and very dull. Captain Aylmer was much pleased with his visit, and declared to Lady Emily that marriage had greatly improved Mr. William Belton. Now Will had been very dull the whole evening, and very unlike the fiery, violent, unreasonable man whom Captain Aylmer remembered to have met at the station hotel of the Great Northern Railway.

"I was as sure of it as possible," Clara said to her husband that night.

"Sure of what, my dear?"

"That she would have a red nose."

"Who has got a red nose?"

"Don't be stupid, Will. Who should have it but Lady Emily?"

"Upon my word I didn't observe it."

"You never observe anything, Will; do you? But don't you think she is very plain?"

"Upon my word I don't know. She isn't as handsome as some people."

"Don't be a fool, Will. How old do you suppose her to be?"

"How old? Let me see. Thirty, perhaps."

"If she's not over forty, I'll consent to change noses with her."

"No;—we won't do that; not if I know it."

"I cannot conceive why any man should marry such a woman as that. Not but what she's a very good woman, I dare say; only what can a man get by it? To be sure there's the title, if that's worth anything."

But Will Belton was never good for much conversation at this hour, and was too fast asleep to make any rejoinder to the last remark.

THE END.

From the Reader.

NEW-ENGLAND LIFE.

Faith Gartney's Girlhood. By the Author of "The Gayworthys," &c., &c. (Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.)

THE author of the "Gayworthys" is one with whom it is a real pleasure to become better acquainted. He does not ask you to pay him a flying visit, or seek to dazzle you by spreading before you false glitter and electro-plate. He takes you home with him into New-England life, and, if your palate be not vitiated by highly-spiced sensational condiments, you will be sure to enjoy the sound and healthy food which he places abundantly before you; good wholesome country fare, choicest of its kind, in plenty. Human nature in its best and simplest phases, peace and kindliness without cant, puritanism in its purest form, are the materials the author delights to work with, and in his hands the result is that "Faith Gartney's Girlhood" is one of the most genial gifts which America has sent over, in recognition of close kindred, to the Old Country.

We are told in the preface that "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," was "a story begun for young girls; that it has grown as they grow, to womanhood; and, having no artistic pretension, is a simple record of something of the thought and life that lies between fourteen and twenty." A most critical period is chosen; one that stamps its impress upon the character for good or evil that is never effaced; a period of waiting and longing for something to do out of the ordinary routine of that daily life in which what we know and what we do is the world to us — a period so little understood, that we are glad to find an author able and willing to "dedicate a work to those young girls, who dream, and wish, and strive, and err, and obtain, perhaps, little help to interpret their own spirits to themselves."

The scene is laid in New England. Aunt Faith Henderson has relics of the Pilgrim Fathers — a blunderbuss, a wooden ox-saddle, high-backed claw-footed chairs, and other by-gones, in the low oak-pannelled rooms of her old home in Kinnicutt, "where generation after generation of the same name and line had inhabited it until now." Aunt Faith Henderson arrives at her nephew's, Mr. Gartney's house, on New Year's Eve, somewhat unexpectedly. Her young namesake, Faith Gartney, is absent at a party at the Rushleigh's, an influential family, residing in Signal-street, Mishaumok; Mrs. Rushleigh being "a sort of St. Peter of

fashion, holding its mystic keys, and admitting or rejecting whom she would." Faith Gartney, at the age of nine, objected to her own "old-maid's" name, and would have preferred either Clotilda or Cleopatra. Whereupon Miss Henderson told her she was welcome to change it for any heathen woman's, the worse behaved perhaps the better.

"Aunt Henderson had a downright, and rather extreme fashion of putting things; nevertheless, in her heart she was not unkindly." Her object in coming to Mishaumok at this time was to provide herself with another "girl," her servant Prue having become "Mrs. Pelatiah Trowe."

"I haven't told you yet, Elizabeth, what I came to town for," said Aunt Faith, when Mrs. Gartney came back into the breakfast-room.

"I am going to hunt up a girl."

"But why in the world do you come to the city for a servant? It's the worst possible place. Nineteen out of twenty are utterly good for nothing."

"I'm going to look out for the twentieth."

"But aren't there girls enough in Kinnicutt who would be glad to step into Prue's place?"

"Of course there are; plenty. But they're all well enough off where they are. When I have a chance to give away, I want to give it to somebody that needs it."

"I'm afraid you'll hardly find any efficient girl who will appreciate the chance of going twenty miles into the country."

"I don't want an efficient girl. I'm efficient myself, and that's enough."

"Going to train another, at your time of life, aunt?" asked Mrs. Gartney, in surprise.

"I suppose I must either train a girl, or let her train me; and, at my time of life, I don't feel to stand in need of that."

"How shall I go to work to inquire?" resumed Aunt Henderson, after a pause.

"Well, there are the Homes, and the Offices, and the Ministers at Large. At a Home, they would probably recommend you somebody they've made up their minds to put out to service, and she might or might not be such an one as would suit you. Then at the Offices, you'll see all sorts, and mostly poor ones."

"I'll try an Office first," interrupted Miss Henderson. "I want to see all sorts. Faith, you'll go with me, by-and-bye, won't you, and help me find the way."

Faith is busy writing in her album, ab-

sorbed in copying into it the oracle, which, in the game of "Sortes," played the night before, had fallen to her share. It ran thus :—

Rouse to some high and holy work of love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know ;
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above ;
The good begun by thee while here below
Shall like a river run, and broader flow.

This oracle is the key to Faith's aspirations. But nothing "high and holy" presents itself, and "common calls to common duty" alone await her. Faith leaves the room to attend upon her mother, and Aunt Henderson reads the lines her niece has just copied into her album. When Faith returns, in alluding to them, she says to her aunt, "There don't seem to be much that I can do." The aunt's reply gives the key to that lady's character : "Just take hold of the first thing that comes in your way. If the Lord's got anything bigger to give you, he'll see to it. There's your mother's mending-basket brim-full of stockings.

Faith Gartney has beauty, loving friends, tender parents, though Mr. Gartney is improvident and always short of money, a young lover in Paul Rushleigh, and much that should have made life bright to her ; while in another young existence, that of Glory M'Whirk, an orphan brought up in Stonebury Poor-house, into which there seemed little probability of "any great joy" ever getting, though she, also, was looking for something to happen. A place is found for her with a Mrs. Grubbling, in Budd Street, "one of those houses where they have fried dinners so often that the smell never gets out," and "here Glory M'Whirk, from eight years old to nearly fifteen, scoured knives and brasses, tended door-bell, set tables, washed dishes, and minded the baby ; whom, at her peril, she must 'keep pacified'—i. e., amused and content, while its mother is busy." This girl—

Uncherished, repressed in every natural longing to be and to have, took in all the more of what was possible ; for God had given her this glorious insight, this imagination, wherewith we fill up life's scanty outline, and grasp at all that might be, or that elsewhere is. In her, as in us all, it was often—nay, daily—a discontent ; yet a noble discontent, and curbed with a grand, unconscious patience. She scoured her knives ; she shuffled along the streets on hasty errands ; she went up and down the house in her small menial duties ; she put on and off her coarse, repulsive clothing ; she uttered herself in her common, ignorant forms of speech ; she showed only as a poor, low, little Irish girl,

with red hair and staring, wondering eyes, and awkward movements, and a frightened fashion of getting into everybody's way ; and yet, behind all this, there was another life that went on in a hidden beauty that you and I cannot fathom, save only as God gives the like, inwardly, to ourselves.

Glory had one friend after a time ; Bridget Foye, a tidy, kindly, merry apple-woman, who gives the poor girl a portion of her bench to rest upon, and tells Master Herbert Grubbling, the baby's elder brother, some of her funny stories to keep him quiet, till Glory can take up the baby again, and return to her hard duties. This boy is untruthful, and brings unmerited charges against Glory, who, in her indignation at being accused of falsehood, suddenly breaks the chain that binds her to such servitude, and declares her wish to leave. She is taken at her word, and despatched forthwith, Mrs. Grubbling telling her never to return but to "fetch her things," though secretly expecting to receive her again as an abject penitent, when she would get more work out of her than ever. Glory is taken by Bridget Foye to her own poor home, and kindly cared for. From hence she goes to an office where girls are waiting "for a place."

Having tried a "genteel West-end intelligence office," Aunt Henderson and Faith, in great disgust, "go down town, and try some of the common ones." Here they meet with Glory ; attracted by her pitiful exclamation, as another girl stepped before her, of "Plenty of good times going, but they all go right by ; I ain't never in any of 'em!"—

"Call that red-headed girl to me," said Miss Henderson, turning square round from the dirty figure that was presenting itself before her, and addressing the desk. "She looks clean and bright," she added, aside, to Faith, as Glory timidly yet hastily answered a signal and approached. "And poor. And longing for a chance. I'll have her."

"What was it I heard you say just now?"

"I didn't mean to speak out so, mum. It was only what I mostly thinks. That there's always lots of good times in the world, only I ain't never in 'em."

"And you thought it would be good times, did you, to go off twenty miles into the country, to live alone with an old woman like me?"

Miss Henderson's tone softened kindly to

the rough, uncouth girl, and encouraged her to confidence.

"Well, you see, mum, I should like so to go where things is green and pleasant. I lived in the country once, ever so long ago, when I was a little girl."

Miss Henderson could not help a smile that was half amused, and wholly pitiful, as she looked in the face of this creature of fourteen, so strange and earnest, with its outline of fuzzy, cropped hair, and heard her talk of "ever so long ago."

"There's only just the common here, you know, mum. And that's when all the chores is done. And you can't go on the grass, either."

"Are you strong?"

"Yes'm. I ain't never sick."

"And willing to work?"

"Yes'm. Jest as much as I know how."

"And want to learn more?"

"Yes'm. I don't know as I'd know enough hardly, to begin, though."

"Can you wash dishes? And sweep? And set table?"

To each of these queries Glory successively interposed an affirmative monosyllable, adding, gratuitously, at the close, "and tend baby, too, real good." Her eyes filled, as she thought of the Grubbling baby, with the love that always grows for that whereto one has sacrificed oneself.

"You won't have any babies to tend. Time enough for that when you've learnt plenty of other things. Who do you belong to?"

"I don't belong to anybody, mum. Father, and mother, and grandmother is all dead. I've done the chores and tended baby up at Mrs. Grubbling's ever since. That's in Budd Street. I'm staying now in High Street, with Mrs. Foye. Number 15."

"I'll come after you to-morrow. Have your things ready to go right off."

"Something happens" to Faith, besides mending stockings and making Glory fit to be seen. Mr. Gartney's health gives way under the heavy losses he sustains, and the sacrifices he is obliged to make to pay his creditors. A critical case of typhoid requires other care than wife or daughter can bestow, and Dr. Gracie, the old, tried friend and physician of the family, obtains the services of Miss Sampson, the best nurse in all Mishaumok. After explaining to her all that he requires, he takes her down for a morsel of supper, stating that if that were chicken on the table, she was a woman who always chose "drumsticks;" and as she was a study, Faith is set to work by him to

find her out. That somebody must always eat "drumsticks" being Miss Sampson's motto, she illustrates it by always choosing the hardest nursing, "the toughest job," and by her quiet, self-reliant, experienced way, and energetic rule, brings repose and comfort to the anxious hearts around a sick bed.

"And you always take the very worst and hardest cases, Dr. Gracie says."

"What's the use of taking a tough job if you don't face the toughest part of it. I don't want the comfortable end of the business. *Somebody's* got to nurse small-pox, and yellow-fever, and raving-distracted people; and I *know* the Lord made me fit to do just that very work. There ain't many that He *does* make for it, but I'm one. And if I shirked, there'd be a stitch dropped."

"Yellow fever! where have you nursed that?"

"Do you suppose I didn't go to Norfolk? I've nursed it, and I've *had* it, and nursed it again. I've been in the cholera hospitals, too. I'm seasoned to most everything."

"Do you think everybody ought to take the hardest thing they can find to do?"

"Do you think everybody ought to eat drumsticks? We'd have to kill an unreasonable lot of fowls to let 'em. No. The Lord portions out breast and wings, as well as legs. If He puts anything into your plate, take it."

There is a hearty and loving purpose in the book, so that we go willingly whithersoever it is the author's will to take us; whether it be into Aunt Faith's cozy dwelling, where she and Glory receive the minister, Roger Armstrong, as an inmate, or to Cross Corner's Farm, across the field, where Faith has persuaded her father and mother to reside, giving up business, and letting the house in Hickory Street to add to his small income, and without other cares recover his lost health and strength. How Paul Rushleigh's wooing prospered, how Faith rewarded his constancy, and how Glory found the "good times, and was always in 'em," it is not for us to reveal.

Faith's path was made so pleasant and so easy, that trial of the kind that bruises the broken reed was not sent to her. Therefore, the young life that may read "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," must not suppose that, when "something happens" to herself, her longings and strivings to achieve "some high and holy work of love" shall be attained in like manner; but take, as her

guide, the simple direction of doing with all her might that which her hand finds to do, and therewith be content. "Faith Gartney's Girlhood" is quite worthy of the author of the "Gayworthys," and greater praise cannot be bestowed upon it.

From the London Review.

INDECENT DANCES.

FATHERS and mothers will not, we trust, look on us as puritanical, if we think it time to call their attention to a subject in which the interests of morality are deeply involved, though some of its aspects have only lately begun to engage the notice of the press. It has long been notorious that that species of public entertainment called the *ballet*, though as an interlude on the lyric stage it is looked on without complaint by sedate and respectable members of society, tends to recruit the ranks of a class whose existence is a pestilent sore, and whose increase is a national disgrace; that rich voluptuaries in many cases supply the funds by which a manager's exchequer is enabled to bear the drain caused by the expensive spectacles in which crowds of dancing-girls appear; and that the patrons have all the opportunities which the *courtisanes* afford of cultivating an intimacy with those whom they may specially wish to favour. To be just, however, we must admit that there are instances in which public dancing became, from necessity, the calling of young girls who were brought up to it from childhood by worthless or helpless parents, and in the end could hardly find any other; that it is an extremely laborious and even painful occupation, in which the most moderate degree of distinction cannot be attained without a considerable amount of actual suffering; and that there are many poor creatures by whom the toils and hardships of such a life are endured as a bitter but unavoidable necessity. But, on the other hand, the more unpleasant such a life is, the stronger must be the temptation to escape from it; and the humble *coryphée*, who is not sustained by the triumphs and the rewards of a Taglioni or an Ellsler, is often only too happy to fly from a bullying manager and a sneering *maitre-de-ballet*, to find a relief in praises that degrade, and consolations that destroy.

Bad as the case was, however, when only the opera-houses and principal theatres

could afford such an entertainment, it has now become exceedingly serious when, from the Alhambra Palace in Leicester-square to the Agricultural Hall at Islington, the demand for troops of girls who are to appear every night, encumbered with as little clothing as possible, before a crowd of spectators, has attained such extraordinary proportions. It is not by the "poetry of motion" that the visitors of such places of amusement are attached and their attention fascinated. Poetical such motions may be, in the sense in which Catullus was a poet; but otherwise they are simply prurient to the depraved, and to the undepraved (who had better stay away) disgusting. Sensuality alone, and that of the coarsest, is stimulated and indulged by advertisements which particularly insist upon the "loveliness" of the numerous performers, and by sights which, within the limits of decent language, are indescribable. It is time to ask, then, what we are coming to? We are naturalizing in London some of the institutions of Lahore; but worse than that, we are training our English nautch-girls not for a mere *ὄρχησις παροϊνός*, performed in private before a limited number of spectators, but for a system of public exhibitions, to find a parallel for which we must go back to the worst period of Corinthian corruption. This is not a matter upon which even the highest classes of society can afford to look with indifference. If tolerated, much more if patronized, the taint will spread, and a moral pestilence, worse immeasurably than any cholera or cattle plague, will desolate every rank of society. Already our noblest matrons have found reason to complain that their sons openly display their intimacy with the Anonyms who exhibit their horse-breaking abilities in Hyde-park; and even their high-bred daughters form the style of their conversation on such vicious and vulgar models. But the imitation, they may be sure, will not stop there. If we can draw any conclusion from what is happening in France, where at least one lady of very high rank and position has lately distinguished herself in a way of which Sallust's words — "*psallere, saltare elegantius quam necesse est probæ*" — are a mild description, is there not some reason to apprehend that we may find amongst us not only an enormous increase of Phrynes, but even a large growth of Fulvias?

Among fashionable people fashion is the only standard of morality. A good many years ago our grandfathers and grandmothers were shocked by the introduction of a

foreign dance which was too bad for the not very stern morality of Lord Byron, though it found favour with Lord Palmerston. Byron, it is true, was no dancer, and Palmerston was a good one. But, at the present day, no person of fashion sees any harm in waltzing. Later, another dance of foreign origin made its appearance amongst us, and, though discountenanced by the very highest authority, has nevertheless taken and maintained its place at the balls of the best society. Whether the young ladies, who sometimes complain that the bouquets they wore on their bosoms were crushed by their partners in the waltz or the polka, sustained at the same time any damage not visible to the eye, we will not undertake to decide; though we must own that it is not calculated to produce in a well-regulated mind any sense of satisfaction to see an honourably-nurtured maiden performing such dances in conjunction with some one who is known to disregard in practice the stringency of the seventh commandment. Brothers, however (of fashion, be it understood), who know all about them, have no difficulty in introducing such persons to their sisters as suitable partners. Upon this point, however, we will not enter further into detail; we refer to the subject merely to illustrate the influence of public spectacles upon the morals of society. The dances which have become in time popular and fashionable, when first seen on the stage were not thought quite correct, and society did not entertain any good opinion of the performers. But what was at first barely "endured" was afterwards "embraced," and now one would be thought rather strait-laced who should condemn what "all the world" approves of. Clearly, however, a line must be drawn somewhere, and society had better decide in time how far it is prepared to go in this direction. Parents will do well to set their faces against the spread of immoral entertainments if they do not wish to find their sons laying the foundations of a life of shame in a youth of sin; and, above all, if they would not have that said of their daughters which was once written with too much truth:—

"Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura virgo, et fingitur artubus
Jam nunc, et incestos amores
De tenero meditatur ungui."

POETRY.

Brother Fabian's Manuscript, and Other Poems. By Sebastian Evans. (Macmillan & Co.)

Wayside Warbles. By Edward Capern, Rural Postman of Bideford, Devon. (Sampson Low & Marston.)

The Wild Garland; or, Curiosities of Poetry, Selected, Arranged, and Classified. By Isaac J. Reeve. Vol. I. (F. Pitman.)

THE reviewer whose long search in the dreary waste of modern verse is at length rewarded by a glimpse of poetry will probably recall the lines in which Keats expresses his feelings on reading Chapman's "Homer":—

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken:
Or like bold Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise —
Silent upon a peak in Darien.

The discovery of a new planet is, in fact, an event almost as rare in the poetical heaven as in the sidereal. Mr. Evans is undoubtedly a poet; rough, unformed, and somewhat sinewless, but still a poet. His volume of *Juvenilia* is rich in promise, and leads us to believe that its author, when he has learned to trust fully in his own powers, to avoid imitation, to perfect his work, and, most of all, to "blot" will produce poetry of a high order. We are equally impressed with the wealth and the incompleteness of his work. He scatters on every side gems, pure indeed in water, but badly cut, and but half polished. There is scarcely an author whose works principally influence the prevailing forms of modern poetry, of whom, as we read, we are not at times reminded. Keats, Tennyson, Hood, and Browning are, in turns, recalled to us, and recollections of older poets, as Milton and Herrick, are also evoked.

The scene of the opening poem is laid in the fifteenth century, in the Abbey of Saint Werewolf juxta Slingsby; and in the poem itself Prior Hugo narrates how the Abbey became possessed of Brother Fabian's "Manuscript." The prioress of a neighbouring convent transferred to the abbott of Saint Werewolf the precious roll, in order, by its sacrifice, to obtain the remission of a pen-

alty about to be inflicted upon her graceless nephew, Randal. The offence committed by the youth consisted in fishing for pike, after a peculiar fashion recommended by Dame Juliana Berners. A gudgeon is fastened to the leg of a gander, which is then thrown into the lake, near the haunt of the pike. The latter swallows the bait, whereupon a combat ensues between the pike and the gander, very similar to that which, in modern days, we have witnessed in barbarous districts, when a duck, with an owl fastened on its back, is thrown into water. The whole of this opening poem is written with much humour. The following verses describe the fight which Randal, half wild with delight, surveys from the shore:—

Gabbling and plashing half across the pool,
A fleet of goose-down scudding in his wake,
Wrestles the gander, straining web and wing—
Suddenly halts, — a charm-wrecked argosy
Dreamily foundering in enchanted deeps,
The feathery poop half tugged beneath the waves

By a live anchor. Up he flaps again,
Like a mad trampler in a vintage-vat,
Churning the ripples into foam; his head
Now ducking fruitlessly beneath the surge,
Now lifted cackling his despair to heaven!
A lull! — Sir John fights sulky. Randal's bird

Now prematurely jubilant, as before
Despairing prematurely, wags his tail
And prunes his ruffled pinions, gabbling low
The while a ditty of gracious self-applause.

Again the poop bobs under! — off he starts,
The craziest he of biped lunatics,
A gander desperate! Universal earth,
Itself fast shuddering into chaos, holds
But one thing certain, that the pool's bewitched!

Within the unhallowed banks weird sorcery lurks

Fatal to goose-kind! With a spooming plunge
That trails his torturer-victim in his wake
He wrestles shoreward, paddling piteously
With impotent neck outstretched beyond the marge,

So freely near, so inaccessible,
With that lithe fiend still jerking at his leg;
Till Randal, conscious of the coming Dame,
Clutching the chance and outstretched neck at once

With his right hand, falls flat, and with his left
Gropes for his pike-line in the muddy ooze,
Unmoors the hapless proxy of his rod,
And lands Sir John in triumph.

The contents of the manuscript consist, with the exception of "A Charm," of poetical legends of the "Three Kings of Cologne," "St. Bernard," "Robin Hood's Death and Burial," "Judas Iscariot's Paradise,"

"Charlemagne's Daughter," "Nickar the Soulless," and the "Fifteen Days of Judgment." In these the style of old monkish legends is cleverly imitated; the most ambitious, the "Fifteen Days of Judgment," is also the least satisfactory. "Charlemagne's Daughter" though resembling much too closely for accident the St. Agnes' Eve of Keats, is, on the whole, the best, and rises at times to a considerable poetical elevation. "The Charm" is very cleverly written, and embodies many forms of old superstition:—

When at Easter on thy lea
First thick-legged lamb thou see, —
If upon the greenwood side
Brock or crafty fox be spied,
Goodman, turn thy money!

If the magpie or the jay,
Or the lapwing, cross thy way,
Or the raven from his oak
Ban thee hoarsely with his croak,
Goodman, turn thy money!

If when at the hearth thou sit
Spark from out the fire should flit, —
If, when wintry tempests beat,
Candle wear a winding sheet,
Goodman, turn thy money!

If the wizard's ring appear
Round the moon, or if thou see her
Full or new, — or, worse mishap,
New with old upon her lap,
Goodman, turn thy money!

If the salt thou chance to spill,
Token sure of coming ill, —
If thirteen sit down to sup,
And thou first have risen up,
Goodman, turn thy money!

Goodman true, wouldst fend thyself
From witchcraft and midnight elf?
Wouldst thou dree no faery harm?
Keep in mind my simple charm;
Goodman, turn thy money!

Goodman, learn my charm and verse,
Learn to carry poke or purse!
And, that not in vain thou learn,
Somewhat keep therein to turn! —
Goodman, turn thy money!

Quoth Fabian.

"Judas Iscariot's Paradise" is written in verse in which the mysticism of monkish chronicles is exceedingly well copied, and the legend of Robin Hood has the ring of the old ballads about it. "Nickar the Soulless One" is more modern in style, but

tells a quaint and very pleasing story.
We can quote a few stanzas only :—

Where by the marishes
Boometh the bittern,
Nickar the soulless one
Sits with the glittern —
Sits inconsolable,
Friendless and foeless,
Wailing his destiny—
Nickar the Soulless.

"Mine, O to make her mine!
Mine, and for ever!
Why did I gaze on her?
Mine she is never!
Down by the river-aits
Walked she at day-rise,
Beautiful, bright as a
Child of the Faeries ;

"Kirtled right maidenly,
Broidered her bodice,
Belted with emeralds
Fit for a goddess,
Came where the whispering
Aspen-leaves quiver,
Just where the silver mere
Spreads from the river,

"Came for a morning bath,
Lovely and lonely,
Ornan the swan-breasted,
Ornan the only!
Came, and the silken fret,
Deftly untwining,
Let fall the golden locks,
Ripple-like shining."

Among the miscellaneous poems which form the later portion of the volume, "The Harvest Home" is by far the best; indeed, we are inclined to rank it as the best in the volume. Its metre is happy and varied, and charming rural pictures are continually presented :—

Four grey horses, sleek and strong,
Bear the harvest wain along ;
While the lime-trees, as it rolls,
Snatch aloft the golden tolls
Immemorially due
To their cloistral avenue.

The lines which follow are worthy of
Wither or Herrick :—

Scrape it, fiddlers ! foot it, dancers !
See how heel to fiddle answers !
Foot it, shuffling, shifting places,
Down the avenue of faces ;
Shifting, shuffling, in and out,
Up and down and round about ;
Whirling skirts and ribbons streaming,
Neat-laced ankles trimly gleaming,

Corduroys all shaking, reeling,
Hob-nailed boot-soles toeing, heeling,
Stamping, shuffling, all in line,
Treading out the tune like wine.

Lines addressed to Garibaldi and to Cavour are not very successful ; others, upon William Makepeace Thackeray, December 24, 1863, are in a happier vein. The last poem in the book, "A Christmas Dream," is impressive. The following are its opening lines :—

I dreamed a dream, towards Christmas Eve,
Of a people whose God was Make-believe,
And a time nigh come to do more than grieve.

A dream of an old Faith shrunk to a Guess,
And a Christian Church, and Senate, and
Press,
Which believed they believed in it more or less.

These extracts will enable the reader to judge of the music of Mr. Evans' versification, and of the nature of the subjects he has selected. We have chosen them for their beauty alone, and have not endeavoured by quotation to fortify the opinion we have expressed as to the faults and slovenliness of which he has been guilty. We believe that the faults we find in this volume, though numerous, are all remediable ; and we see in what Mr. Evans has already done ample ground for hope and encouragement to future effort.

Mr. Capern, the rural postman of Bideford, has already made himself a name among our minor minstrels, and everything from his pen we receive with pleasure. Among our rural poets, our Bloomfields and Clares, he is entitled to a foremost rank, and there is a lyrical grace in his verses to which none of his compeers have attained. His last volume is divided into two portions, whereof the former is composed of lyrics on various subjects, while the latter, entitled "Willow Leaves," consists of poems having a common centre of interest in a domestic calamity which is the theme of them all. In the foremost portion, "Why so jealous grown," and "The Missing Star," are our favourites. The former has been suggested by a song of Sir H. Wotton. From the "Willow Leaves" we quote the following short and melancholy poem, entitled "Under the Snow" :—

Sweet little loving thing, low, low, low,
Down in the cold, cold grave she lies ;
Deep 'neath the daisy-knoll under the snow,
Silenced for ever her carols and cries.

Sweet little Dimpled chin, how she would
dance!
Dear little Laughing eyes, how she would
smile!
Still are her tiny feet now, and her glance
Beams not on me for a weary long while.

"Dead!" do my neighbours say? Death
is a dream:
In the mid-Maytime she went out to play;
Daily I see her by meadow and stream,
Couch'd 'mid the goldencups, sunny as they.

Weep, my eyes, scalding tears, weep, weep,
weep!
Bleed, my soul; throb, my heart, heavy with
pain!
When shall my tender one wake from her
sleep?
When shall I gaze on my beauty again?

Sweet little loving thing, low, low, low,
Down in the cold, cold grave she lies;
Deep 'neath the daisy-knoll under the snow,
Silenced for ever her carols and cries.

The "Wild Garland" is a collection of whimsical verses, rebuses, epigrams, inscriptions, &c. It has an introduction and notes by Mr. Reeve. Our language is not particularly rich in this description of literature. Epigram has never been so important a weapon of ridicule in England as, since the time of the Mazarinades, it has been in France, and we possess only single specimens of those Macaronic verses which in Italy constitute almost a literature. Many curious trifles are, however, preserved in this volume. Mr. Reeve, quoting the well-known verse containing the rhyme to *Ipecacuanha*, ascribes it, we fancy erroneously, to Canning. He does not, moreover, seem to be aware of the existence of more than one verse, whereas the poem consists of four.

J. K.

From the London Review.

ENGRAVING WITH A SUNBEAM.

THIS is assuredly the age of scientific wonders. If in point of philosophic abstraction our generation is somewhat inferior to preceding ones, in all that concerns the practical application of theories it is far in advance of its predecessors. Our modern *savants* are of the utilitarian school, and they seek rather to discover the mode in which scientific speculations may be made subser-

vient to the comforts of man, than to frame generalizations which have only an abstract importance. How far this condition is to be admired, we do not pretend to say. The contemplation of Nature's works and the search for the laws by which she controls the universe, are pursuits of the sublimest type; but in these days the man who is completely absorbed by them is often looked on as a dreamer — as one who does not take his rank in the race of life. Whether it be that Transatlantic tendencies have taken possession of us or not it is difficult to determine, but one thing is certain — we of the nineteenth century pride ourselves above all things upon being "practical men." Need we adduce proofs that the *utile* is the fetish of the age? Can we not flash our thoughts with the rapidity of lightning to the remotest portions of the globe? — nay, can we not even cause them to be written down in enduring letters by Casselli's recording telegraph? Have we not turned the spectroscope towards the sun and stars, and investigated their chemical constitution? Do not our microscopes, in fulfilling the highest anticipations of optical theorists, enable us almost to penetrate into the molecular condition of matter? Can we not with the most rigid accuracy forecast the hurricane, explore the bowels of the earth, and examine the very recesses of the human frame? These surely are sufficient examples of the practical science of to-day.

There is, however, another instance which, from its familiarity and the infinity of its possible applications, is better testimony to what we have said than any of the foregoing — we allude to the art of sun-painting. Photography, which is the application of a very simple chemical principle, has done, and promises to do, more for man than any other invention save that of the steam-engine. Already it has lent its aid to the painter, the sculptor, the philosopher; but it now extends its sphere of usefulness, and gives a helping hand to "the arts," properly so called. By M. Willème's curious apparatus, photography has been made to do the greater portion of the work formerly achieved by the sculptor's chisel. Through the exertions of Mr. Brooke, it has been made the handmaid of meteorology — the records of the various indications of scientific instruments being now intrusted to this "genius of the lamp." It is wonderful to think that, through the long hours of the night, when the whole world is at rest, photography takes the place of human labor, and moment by moment writes down

a history of the natural phenomena which are taking place around us; yet this is no freak of the imagination. In the Royal Observatory at Greenwich the night assistants have been, in a great measure, done away with, and the unerring pen of photography records, in legible and truthful symbols, the operations of the physical universe. The combination of lithography and sun-painting is another important illustration of what photography has done. Photo-lithography is undoubtedly a most useful application of the art, but its field of action is a limited one. When a picture in black and white alone is required, the process of photo-lithography is admirably adapted to the cheap reproduction of the original representation. But when it is necessary to preserve a variety of gradations of shading — when a number of half-tints have to be delineated — the photo-lithograph cannot be employed.

One of the most valuable qualities which photography possesses is its precision. By it we get an undeniably faithful picture of the object portrayed, and one whose accuracy can never be called in question. Therefore in all pictorial illustrations which are not merely works of the imagination, photography surpasses the pencil in truthfulness, and would necessarily be universally employed were it not for the time and expense attending the production of copies on a large scale. To illustrate cheap works by photography alone, would necessitate an expenditure which no experienced publisher would dream of. This difficulty of reproduction, then, has hitherto trammelled the application of photography to literary purposes. We say hitherto, for a new invention removes all obstacles, and henceforth we hope to see the reliable labours of the photographer substituted for the less assuring results of the pencil and the graving-tool.

The title of our article is by no means figurative. We can now dispense with the engraver, and employ the sunbeam in his stead. The new process by which this revolution is to be effected is that of Mr. Walter Woodbury, and has been recently described in the scientific journals. As it is not a complex one, we shall try and convey an idea of its general features. In taking an ordinary photograph, a solution of silver is placed upon glass, and has projected on it, through the medium of a camera obscura, an image of some object which it is desired to represent. This image consists of several combinations of light and shade, and, as the effect of light is to darken the silver solution

by decomposing it, the lightest shades (those most illuminated) are represented on the glass plate by dark portions, and the dark shades, being less decomposed, are fainter. In this case, the object photographed has been represented by lights and shades. There are, however, certain combinations other than those of silver, which are differently affected by light. Now, a compound of gelatine and bichromate of ammonia is one of these. When this is exposed to the action of light, it becomes perfectly insoluble; so that when a photograph taken with it is placed in hot water, the parts which were least exposed are dissolved away, and those submitted to the light remain, thus leaving a representation in relief. Upon this quality of bichromatized gelatine depends the principal feature in the new process. In the first instance, a negative (that is, a photograph of a special kind on glass) is taken of the picture or object of which it is wished to obtain an engraving, and this is placed over a plate of talc, bearing a stratum of the prepared gelatine, and in this position exposed to the light. The sun's rays, in passing through the negative, fall upon the gelatine, with various intensity, hardening the parts least covered, and leaving those parts unaltered which are completely protected by the shadows of the negative. After sufficient exposure, the gelatine plate is removed, and placed in hot water, which dissolves away all those parts unacted on by the sun, leaves those completely exposed intact, and partially removes the portions of the plate which were slightly protected. When, therefore, the gelatine plate, with its support of talc, is removed from the water, it presents a series of elevations and depressions which exactly correspond in extent and height to the lights and shades of the picture. It is in fact an intaglio plate in gelatine, but one which, as its depressions correspond to the light portions of the picture, cannot be used for engraving. A cast must be taken; and this is effected either by metallic deposition, as in electrotyping, or by pressing the hardest gelatine plate into one of soft lead. The latter method is the one which Mr. Woodbury employs, and although it seems hard to believe, it is unquestionably the fact that by pressure alone a perfect impression of the gelatine is produced on type-metal.

The next stage in the process is that of printing. An intaglio block, i. e., one in which the depressions are to be filled with ink and the surface to be left clean, has been produced, but it remains to be shown how it is used. If it were simply coated with or-

dinary printing ink the "proof" would be as devoid of half-tones as the worst photo-lithograph, and therefore a peculiar ink, suggested many years ago by Mr. Gaudin, is employed. This ink consists of gelatine holding colouring matter, of whatever hue is desired, in solution; it is a translucent preparation and is not densely coloured. This compound is poured into the intaglio mould — for a mould it really is — and the latter is pressed down upon the paper which is to receive the print. The ink, which has become semi-solid, falls from the depressions in the block somewhat in the manner of jelly from a jelly-mould, and soaks into the paper. In this way the deepest depressions, corresponding to the darkest shades, throw down the greatest number of layers of ink, and the shallowest ones the least; so that a picture is produced in which

even the most delicate half-tints are exquisitely brought out. Indeed, the result is somewhat similar to that of "washing" in water-colour painting, the greatest quantity of colour producing the greatest shade, and conversely — every tint in the gradation being preserved.

The inventor of the exceedingly ingenious method we have described considers that one man at work with four "presses" could produce as many as one hundred and twenty prints per hour, and at a cost which would be very trifling. If in practice Mr. Woodbury's process turns out as successful results as those we have already seen, we have no doubt of its coming into general use. At present we can only testify to the beauty and perfection of the specimens we have inspected.

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

THREE white-clad forms beside the bed,
With little hands upheld,

When all their toys are laid away,
And the noise of day is quelled;
And mother hears them each repeat,
With voices earnest, low and sweet,

The simple prayer
She teaches there;

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child."

Fond kisses and "good nights" from all,
As rosy cheeks are laid

On snowy pillows, then, calm sleep
Till dreamy night shall fade.
Good angels bend above each face

That silent lies in smiling grace!

Though toil and care
Our lives must share:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child."

O, loved and sinless little ones,

When years have led you on,
And she who lingers o'er you now

To her reward has gone;

When the toys of life are laid away,
And evening comes, still may you pray,

With faithful hearts,
As life departs:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child!"

GEORGE COOPER.

— *N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE COLLAR OF FREEDOM.

BY J. C. HAGEN.

I HAD a strange vision while musing at eve,
That did all reality seem ;
For humanity's sake I would gladly believe,
It may prove to be only a dream.

America's genius all radiant stood,
Conferring reward and applause
On the champions brave and the counsellors
good,
Who have faithfully fought in her cause.

She gave her white heroes with liberal hand,
The honors their valor had earned ;
And then with a smile condescending and
bland,
To her sable-hued champions she turned.

"None stood by their country more bravely
than you,
When ready to sink 'neath her foes,
And now in a spirit of gratitude true,
Behold the reward she bestows !"

Round each swarthy neck then a collar she
cast,
Inscribed with the words — " I AM FREE !"
But a long pendent chain through each collar
that passed,
Could hardly for ornament be !

A strange badge of freedom this collar thought
I,
And stranger reward for the brave ;
And so thought the freedmen, I judged, by the
sigh
And piteous look which they gave.

"This collar of freedom must win you ap-
plause,"
She said, "for all by it may see,
To those who have battled and bled in her
cause,
How grateful a nation can be.

"And though your late master still hold by the
chain,
Lest freedom your ruin should be,
They never can make of you chattels again —
This collar declares you are free.

"You are free to submit, you are free to obey,
You are free, if submissive, to live ;
And you have the freedom to work for such
pay
As the white man may grudgingly give.

"But the loftier freedom that manhood implies,
Of course, you will gladly forego ;
For your friends, your late masters, have deem-
ed it unwise
Such dangerous boon to bestow.

"Thus, with all the freedom which, prudence
demands
The black should receive from the white,
I trust to your friends, with the chain in their
hands,
To lead you and guide you aright."

She ceased, and I started awe-struck and
amazed,
So real the pageant did seem,
And I said, as I did when upon it I gazed,
I trust it is only a dream.

—Christian Inquirer.

CHILI VINEGAR FOR SPAIN.

DON AND JOHN.

DON.

WILL you force me, will-I-nill-I, to refrain from
hurting Chili ?
Oh ! how partial and how silly is your conduct,
don't you see ?
Why you quietly let Russia trample Poland,
Sir, and Prussia
Plunder Denmark, yet to crush a little State
won't suffer me.

JOHN.

Yes, but Denmark, Don, and Poland, are com-
mercially as no land,
I'm for chivalry a Roland when aggression
stops my trade.
True, the Czar did Poland smother ; Prussia's
Monarch robbed his brother :
But they neither, one or other, did my custom-
ers blockade.

You shan't murder, you shan't plunder ; if I
knock your Donship under,
It will cost me less to thunder than it would to
let you prey.
You must know my toleration of foul wrong
and spoliation
Is a question of taxation — how will interven-
tion pay ?

—Punch.

From the Shilling Magazine.

LADY MAY'S LOVER.

THE quiet autumn of my life has come,
A sober eventide, with yet some gleams
Of mellowed gold, of smiles serenely sweet,
Some tender memories of days now dead,
Some tranquil present joys, some future hopes
For here, more for hereafter, and my days
Flow calmly on beneath God's loving eye.

And I, like one who after travelling long
Has reached a high hill-top, and turns to gaze
Upon the route now traversed, pause at times
With retrospective eye, and wondering see
Clearly set out before me on the plain
The landmarks that have each a tale to tell
Of fears, hopes, passions, aspirations high,
Dangers, despairs, sick faintings by the way,
Bold risings up unvanquished.

And 'mid all,
Clearer than all, deeper, more bright, more
dear—

More dear a thousandfold!—rises a shape,
The image of my young life's one young love.

I cannot tell when first I saw her face.
Hubert and I—we were young writers both,
Striving to earn our crust, because we knew
The homes we left had only bread enough
To feed the helpless ones, while we had hands
And hearts and heads—or so, at least, we
hoped

(Not without reason, as the event declared)
To win our own, and honour further on,
The first stage passed.—Hubert and I, I say,
Were wont at times, when work was slack, or
when

The press of it had worn us, to go forth
And saunter in the Parks, to watch the tide
Of brighter, idler, richer, prouder lives
Than ours, glide smoothly past.

Amid the host
Of high-born, high-bred Anglo-Norman girls
Nested in carriages, or pacing by
On horses blood-like as themselves, as calm
As they, but with the self-same latent fire
Ready to flash from eye and swell in vein
When the spirit moved them,—always we
took note

Of one of these patricians. When she came
In all the precious splendour of a youth
Of matchless loveliness, each turned to each,
Touching an arm and murmuring, "Here she
comes,

Our beauty, Lady May!" And as she passed,
Our eyes and thoughts pursued her unconscious
form

With half-unconscious blessings.

I have seen
No face like Lady May's throughout long years
Of home and travel. As I saw it then
In those first days, ere over we had met,
It was a face that touched some inner spring
With a quick sympathy that thrilled me
through

With yearning tenderness unspeakable;
A love so touched with pity that at times
To think of her would fill my eyes with tears;

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I know not why; but something in *her* eyes
Thus wrought on mine, and in her full-lipped
mouth

Pouting, yet pensive, like a child aggrieved,
Taking its wrongs in sorrow, not in wrath.
Later I knew how this same pensive mouth
Could smile, and how those tender, shaded
eyes

Could pierce a soul that now they only stirred
With an emotion deep but undefined.

And thus the time wore on. Hubert and I
Were struggling upwards, seeing day by day
Our efforts bursting into vigorous bud
That promised early bloom and mellow fruit,
And still wrought till the promise of our spring
Summer fulfilled. And then the day arrived
When the world's sun shone brightly forth and
smiled

Upon our new-plucked laurels, and we found
The world's hand offered us, its massive doors
Flung wide on well-oiled hinges to admit
Those whose good wits had struggled long to find
The Open Sesame.

The world does well
To crown success well wrought for. I, for one,
When hardest pushed and most despondent, felt
I had no right to claim its smiles until
I had deserved them. For the world lacks time
To spy out "modest merit," and to see
A man's end in his crude beginning—he
Must show his work complete, and not expect
The world to follow patient every step
Of his slow progress.

Hubert held aloof,
Not from false pride, but from an unnamed fear
That this bright unknown world had unknown
snars

Fraught with all danger to a temperament
Excitable as his. But I beheld
In the fair field before me this one dream—
I shall meet Lady May, and face to face
Shall speak with her; perchance shall touch
her hand.

No more than this I aimed at, dreamt of,
sought;

Such chance were bliss enough to fill my soul,
And lay upon my life a shining crown
Of perfect rapture, with a smile of hers
To form the centre jewel.

Lady May,
Did no warm summer sigh, no summer song
Of bird, or breath of flower, or voice of rill,
Bring to your heart a whisper, soft and vague,
Of how well you were worshipped?

Came a day
When face to face I met her; when I bowed
With leaping heart before her; when I heard
The liquid music of her tongue, that brought
Again that quick up-welling of the tears
To my hot lids, so full its accents seemed
Of some unfathomed depth of unknown power
To move the under-currents of my soul
That heard and thrilled and sought to under-
stand.

We talked together. I remember she
Spoke little of my books, but with a smile
And simultaneous blush—she never spoke

With earnestness, and very seldom smiled
Without so blushing — those blest lips of hers
Repeated from the last a certain passage
That I had written from the inmost depths
Of my heart's core one day when I had seen
Her pass before me, and had turned away
To ease my soul by pouring forth in words
Some portion of its fulness. How I longed
To tell her so ! but I as soon had dared
To kiss her hand, or take her glove, or look
Or breathe a word of worship. So I smiled
And murmured incoherent words, and looked
And felt a fool, and loathed myself and stole
A trembling glance to see if she should smile,
Derisive of my boorishness. But she,
Sweet soul, had never such a cruel thought.
She, 'mid the stately calm that fenced her
round,

Was yet as shy as any village maid,
And though her birth and training made her
school

Her shyness, she had ready sympathy
For bashfulness in others.

What we said
More I recall not. Only this I know —
That when we parted, and I felt the touch
Of her gloved hand vouchsafed to me, I felt
Caught of a sudden from the lowly earth
On which I trod, up to St. Paul's third heaven —
All by that hand.

The season passed,
And rarely chanced it that a week went by
Without our meeting. In the early days
Of our acquaintance, I was wont to speak
Of her to Hubert. Steadily I spoke,
Stilling my pulses, tutoring my voice,
To cheat him and myself into the thought
That naught of passion tinged the reverence
With which I viewed her. Hubert never
smiled,

Nor never questioned : silently he heard :
Until at last, one night, when I came home,
My heart so brimful of her that I spoke
Less guardedly, perchance, than was my wont,
Or something in my face or in my voice
Betrayed me, Hubert shook his head and
sighed.

That silenced me. Thenceforth between us rose
The barrier of a secret. 'Twas the first
And last, and only one ; but there it stood ;
And in the intercourse of every day,
We who had lived as brothers, only felt
The unacknowledged pain of such reserve,
And felt it all the more that either strove
To disavow it, and to seem as though
Unconscious of the gulf between us fixed.

Upon the sloping banks of quiet Thames,
Beneath the hill that's crowned by pleasant
Sheen,
A house there stood amid its garden fair
As those of paradise.

This Eden bloomed
For Lady May. For often, when the heat
And throng of crowded rooms had paled her
check,
Or that her tender nature craved to be

Amid the blush of flowers, and 'neath the shade
Of June-leaved trees and song of nightingales,
The Earl, her father, and her mother took
Their darling for a summer holiday
To the Richmond villa. There, amid a knot
Of chosen guests, the days and nights passed
Truly like those of Eden. Lady May
Was privileged to ask whatever guests
It pleased her to this quiet nest, o'er which
She held a smiling sway, for it was called
Always "May's villa" by her parents, who
Declared themselves, like others, visitors.
The pretty fiction pleased her and pleased
them ;

And oh ! how it enraptured me, when she,
One night as we were parting, left her hand
An instant within mine the while she said —
"On Saturday we go to spend a week
At Richmond, at my villa ; you will come ?"
I went, of course. I felt that I was mad,
For I had no illusions ; never dreamt
That I could e'er be taught to Lady May
Than just what I was then, a sort of friend :
Yet hardly that — for though she always sought
To bridge, or hide, the abyss between us
stretched,

I never could forget it, and I felt
The tenure of my footing lay in such
Continued recollection of myself ;
Not in small points and trifling etiquettes,
Nor yet in aught befitting to a man
Who holds his manliness and dignity
As things inherent to his state, and deems
He only merits the regard he wins.
From those above him in the social scale
While he maintains them — but in subtle points
Which lie beyond the certain boundary
That marks each grade upon that social scale.

I knew this always ; and I also knew
That — though herself unconscious of the
thought

I carefully kept dormant, should she wake
To my idolatry — awake to know
My humble homage was the love that man
Bestows on woman ; just the love that Eve
Inspired in Adam — the patrician blood
Would lift itself against me, make her feel
As I had injured her — with treachery
Had stolen into her confidence to take
Presumptuous advantage of the place
Her kindness had accorded.

This I knew,
And knew each day I saw her must increase
Tenfold the love, tenfold the agony,
Tenfold the hopelessness — and yet I went !

I went, thinking it madness : for my youth,
Starved of youth's joys by manhood's work
and care,

Hungering for happiness, athirst for love —
Sought them alone, deemed them the one reward
Of honourable toil and hours well spent
In manly labour, spurning silken ease
No less than vice : — I went, knowing that these
Were to be shown me, made to float before
My dazzled sight, like ignes fatui,
But never to be tasted.

I had yet

To learn the deeper secret that the years
 Slowly unfold. How a great love becomes
 Its own reward; how its most holy flame
 Warms, purifies, expands the heart and brain;
 Makes a man godlike with the sacred force
 And elevation it accords to him;
 How, the love-lesson learned, the love thrown
 back
 By one extends into a wider sphere,
 And takes the world into its great embrace.

My lady! O my darling! O my love!
 How, as those days I spent beside thee float
 Back on my memory, my heart awakes
 And makes them present! all the joys alive,
 The pain so deadened by Time's mellowing hand
 That all my thoughts of thee are tender-sweet
 As dying June days, even song of thrush,
 Moonlight on water, flow'rs that through the
 night
 Unseen waft odours, cooing of the doves
 In summer woods! My blessing on thee,
 sweet!

The joy was all thy giving; all the pain
 Was born of circumstance. I thank my God,
 No thought of thee is tinged with bitterness;
 My memory has never to record
 A frown of thine, a word less kindly toned,
 A hand withdrawn. Across the gulf of Time
 I look upon thee as the men of old
 Looked on the angels sent with messages
 Direct from God.

If I have spoken aught
 That hath brought courage to a fainting heart,
 Hath waked a soul to higher, holier aims,
 Hath given light in darkness, marked the way
 That leads to Heaven — 'twas thou, beloved!
 'twas thou

That wast that angel-messenger 'twixt God
 And me, His servant, teaching me to speak.
 It matters not that all unknown to thee
 Thou workedst out thy mission: — Love thro'
 thee,
 And God through Love, chose well their mes-
 senger.

I think there's not an hour of all those days
 I spent by Lady May I could not now
 Clearly remember. Even now I see
 Each flower she loved the best; large luscious
 roses,

Apricot-tinted, heavy with the wealth
 Of odour rich yet subtle; jasmine stars,
 Studding with light the dark of sombre green;
 Fervid, full-blooded cloves; magnolias white,
 Each bloom a vase, filled up and brimming o'er
 With perfume on the balmy summer air —
 These, and a hundred others, to this day
 Bring her before me as I saw her then,
 And still shall see her till the day I die.

Those days with anguish and with rapture
 filled!

Sometimes I wonder how I ever kept
 My heart in silence; never by a word,
 A look, a tremor of the hand, a sigh,
 Betrayed the passion that filled all my being!

Certain it is, that if she once had shown
 The slightest consciousness of what I felt —
 The faintest sense of what I *might* have felt —
 Had her eyes drooped from mine, her colour
 risen

When I addressed her; had she turned aside
 A moment from my glance — then all in vain
 I had struggled not to burst the gates that held
 The swelling torrent of my mighty love.
 She never dreamt of it: she was not proud,
 She treated me as friend and equal, still
 Was pleased to have me near her, sought me
 out

Amid her high-born guests, distinguished me
 Above them all. But in those very acts
 Was marked unconsciously the constant sense
 Of the barrier between us, making love
 'Twixt her and me a possibility
 Not once to be admitted. In her mind
 She never shaped such thought; but there it
 lay

A dormant embryo one word of mine
 Might wake and fashion. So I held my breath
 To keep it sleeping and unshapen still.

And so 'twixt Heaven and Hell five days
 passed by,
 Five days and nights. Into what little space
 May the concentrate essence of a life
 Be Love-condensed!

The sixth day, Lady May
 And I were in the garden. 'Neath a beech
 That waved the verdant layers of its boughs
 With soft upheaving o'er a rustic seat
 I sat beside her. While she grouped her flow-
 ers,

She had bid me read to her St. Agnes' Eve,
 And, as I read, the hand that held the bloom
 Drooped on her knees, and all her angel face
 Grew lucent with the light of her sweet soul.

Just so unto the eyes of Porphyro
 Had Madeline appeared. Ah, Porphyro,
 Thy heart's own instinct to thy heart had told
 The boldness of thy venture would approve
 Rather than mar thy cause with Madeline!
 She loved thee, Porphyro; and women call
 That noble courage in the man they love
 Which in the unloved were basest insolence
 The mildest Christian maid could scarce forgive

To see her thus, and I alone with her —
 And all the summer in the balmy air —
 And my life's summer in its fullest prime —
 And I to keep my voice untremulous,
 My eyes upon the book — my heaving heart
 From bursting into eloquence of love! —

I to refrain from falling at her feet,
 And telling her how all of me was given
 Unto her solely — how my heart and brain
 Were by the love of her enlarged, enriched,
 Ennobled and unfolded, — she my Moon,
 I her Endymion, worshipping with pain

And passionate yearnings not to be declared!
 What might have been I know not: but what
 was

I must remember to my dying day.
 A step came down the path — a buoyant
 step,

And then a young man's voice, a young man's
face,
Full of glad confidence and of the sense
Of bringing and receiving happiness,
Burst through the boughs beside us.

May arose ;
Up to her temples leaped the sudden tide
Of love and welcome in a circling flush
Of vermeil rapture.

"Sydney come!" she said,
"And I not know it!"

O'er my sight there spread
A veil of darkness — in my ears arose
A rush of many waters — on my brain
A merciful numbness pressed.

I cannot tell
Distinctly what then happened. I believe
Some form of introduction was gone through ;
I dimly heard my name pronounced and his —
Lord Clydesdale — and I dimly saw him bow,
And bowed, no doubt, responsive. Then they
went,

Or I went — which I know not. But I woke
Out of my trance of agony, and found
Myself there in the garden all alone.
Alone, beside the water ; gazing down
Into its languid depths.

How well a man
Might rest down there, with all that even
weight

Of slow, cold water gliding over him,
And whispering to the unrevealing sea
The secret both would keep. Oh, to forget,
Low pillowed in the ooze, this sudden stun
That lay upon me like the whelming rocks
That crushed the Titans! Oh, to make ex-
tinct.

This dull, numb agony, ere it should wake
To all the keen perception of itself
I knew must follow!

Just then at my feet
A faint, complaining, wistful cry arose :
I turned, and gazing upward to my face
With such a look of human sympathy
As seldom speaks from human eyes, I saw
May's dog, Consuelo, that ne'er left her side,
That scarce vouchsafed a motion of his tail
To any blandishment from other hand ;
A nervous creature, shy and cold and strange
To all but her, to her the soul of love,
Living but in the circling atmosphere
Of her life-giving presence. As I turned,
He stirred his tail and whined again, and
reared

His little paws against my knee, and sought
To lick my listless hand.

That turned the tide
And current of my thoughts : I truly think
That saved me. Bending down upon my knee,
I took the little creature in my arms,
And pressed him nestling to my aching heart —
Was not his aching with the self-same pain ? —
And kissed his glossy head, and let the rain
Of my released tears fall thick on it.

I could not sleep again beneath the roof
That sheltered him — her lover — so I feigned
An urgent summons calling me away.

Had it been possible I would have fled
Upon the instant, not again to see
That love-look on her face. I almost wished
She knew I loved her, that her tender soul
Might bid her veil it, and replace its light
With decent pity for the man who went
Forth from her presence with a dying heart
Into an empty world.

Did she divine
Aught of my agony ? I sometimes feel
Nigh sure she guessed it : for I saw a change
Come o'er her face — a quick inquiry spring
Up to her eyes as mine encountered them,
And then they fell, and then a troubled flush —
O Heaven! how different to the blush that
burned

My life's life out anon ! — distressed her face,
And her voice trembled.

Then I turned to go,
And closed the door between us, and outside
I paused to man myself ere going forth
With dying heart into the empty world.

The handle turned full softly : then appeared
Her face, suffused with a pitying pain
That brought my soul before her on its knees
To kiss her garment's hem.

She spoke my name :
"Consuelo wants to follow you. It seems" —
And here she smiled a little tender smile —
"You've made him faithless to me : since his
love

Is yours now more than mine, he shall be
yours ;

I give him freely." Here she took the dog
Into her arms and kissed his head, the while
Her sweet eyes filled with tears, and then she
pressed

Him silently into my arms and turned,
And the door closed, and I was left alone.

Long years of travel followed ; for I felt
My usual world too small to hold my grief :
I must go forth and wander up and down
Among the high- and bye-ways of the earth,
Self-goaded to a ceaseless restlessness,
Until the vastness of the world should grow
Upon its sense and dwarf it to itself,
And make it feel what a mere speck it was
In man's time and the universe — what then
In God's own Heaven and in Eternity ?

Consuelo never left me till the day
He breathed his little faithful loving life
Out softly in my arms, his tender eyes
Gazing upon me till the films of death
For ever veiled them. Softly now he lies
Where mighty sighings of the Desert wind
Sound 'mid the cedar-boughs of Lebanon.

Then I returned to England, and we met ;
She — Lady Clydesdale — mother, wife — with
all
Her girlish beauty ripened to a rich,
Full, perfect womanhood. But, as we met,

The sweet old smile, that ever seemed to grow
Half sadly — 'twas so tender — from the depths
Of her dear eyes, so brought back the old time
And all that had been, that I kept away,
Lest all the love-springs lying in my heart
Should, welling up, o'erwhelm it once again.

She was my first, my last, my only love.
She sleeps now in her grave; and when at
night

I see the moonbeams gliding on my bed,
And hear the night-wind sighing in the yew,
I think, so glide the beams, so sighs the wind
Above her tomb in that green quiet spot
Where I shall lie beside her when, in peace,
God shall release me from this mortal coil
I neither love nor hate, but bear content
While 'tis His pleasure. May His will be
done!

MARGUERITE A. POWER.

From the Argosy.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE NERVES.

CONSIDERED as white threads, efferent or afferent, belonging either to the cerebro-spinal or sympathetic system, the Nerves require, so far as I am aware, no apology. An apology for the Glands, or the Tendons, or the Medulla Oblongata would be just as much to the purpose. We know that between Dogmatism and Final Causes men fall to the ground; and that Paley has, in his *Natural Theology*, felt it polite to offer something like an apology for cork-trees, for which he could find no ginger-beer bottles. But if the reader expects any of the crudities of physiology in this paper he will be disappointed: pretty certainly he does not expect any, but he must be a very small reader if his experience has not taught him that he must constantly submit to be informed of unnecessary things. It is part of the established economy of the essay to exclude, with flourishes of phrase, what no human being would ever suppose was going to be taken in.

The Nerves, then, for our present purpose, are "as one should say," the Nerves! If as scientific men assure us, there is, without Nerve, no Thought (this deviation from the rule just laid down is more apparent than real, and if it were real, is only the felicitous exception which illuminates the rule), we can hardly have too much of the Nerves, unless we of Thought can have too much. Perhaps it may maliciously be said that we can, and that something depends upon the quality. No doubt; but we can also have too little. Taken absolutely,

Thought is a good thing, and I appeal to common experience to declare if an excess of a good thing is Nature's rule? On the contrary, it is so decidedly her exception that a proverb, of that defiant tone which is usual in proverbs which apply to exceptions, has been made on purpose to include the accident when it does happen to happen. Yet there is such a prejudice against the Nerves that even the Muscles have been preferred to them, and that, too, in a connection the most unlikely.

No human being has yet pretended to think with his Muscles, or feel with his muscles. Who ever heard of the aspiration of a biceps? And yet we have been told of Muscular Christians, never of Nervous Christians. It is true the phrase Muscular Christianity has been repudiated by Mr. Kingsley, and very properly; but not, as I conceive, on sufficiently broad grounds. A Christian must, like other people, have muscles, macerate him as you will; nor is it easy to conceive him without bones. But I appeal to physiologists whether the Sympathetic Nervous System is not reckoned a great channel of emotion? (this is another felicitous and illuminating exception, admitted because a *solitary* exception is always held in suspicion). The philosophic physiologist is welcome to suggest that the real final synthesis of nature defeats all such distinctions — we can some of us see where *that* drives him to — but, in the meantime, a nervous Christian is a far more natural combination than a muscular one.

The truth, however, is, that the Nerves are the objects of systematic enmity and depreciation among mankind at large. Fat, however it may excite complaint in the fat person, is not, I believe, an object of enmity, except in an omnibus or in some position where it occupies an unusual portion of the planetary space. Prophetic denunciations against such as be fat in Zion are on record; none against such as be nervous. Yet the fat man is tolerated, loved, at worst laughed at: while the nervous man is not only laughed at, he is disliked. But is it Fat that has been the chief benefactor of the human race? Was it a fat man that invented printing? Was it a fat man that discovered the circulation of the blood? Was George Stephenson fat? Were the martyrs fat men? Heliogabalus was, but was Antoninus? Julius Caesar, though for his own selfish ends he preferred fat men about his person, was he fat himself? Was Hampden a fat man? Was Milton? Was Cromwell? Was William III.? No; it was George IV. who was the fat man: and

he built the fat pavilion at Brighton. Charles James Fox was fat; but he gambled. Falstaff was fat; but he was not a respectable character. Hamlet, again, was fat; but he believed in ghosts and was a very undecided young man. The fattest man of modern times is a distinguished undertaker — he *may* make good coffins, but I am not a judge of coffins. On the other hand, is Mr. Tennyson fat? Is Mr. John Stuart Mill fat? Is Mr. Browning fat? Is Mr. Gladstone fat? No; the nation would not trust its income with a fat man; it knows better. The only fat financier I ever heard of was Mr. Hudson the railway king. Thus, it is with nervous men that we trust our money, and it is from nervous men that we expect all that makes money worth having. Or if this statement should be too wide, let it be met by contradiction — there are plenty of contradictory people in the world — and the other side have too long had it all their own way — have too long been permitted to treat the Nervous as not only miserable in themselves but the causes of misery in others.

Part of this results from sheer error in classification. It was with extreme indignation that I once read "Dr. Trotter (of Bath) on the Nervous Temperament" — a book lent to me by a friend, who supposed me to be, as a nervous man, both wretched and a cause of wretchedness. In Dr. Trotter I found an elaborate discussion of — Indigestion! His idea of a nervous person was, I found, a person who had "the wind;" who had a poor appetite; who had ignominious symptoms not to be particularized; who suffered from "*borborrigmi*." And his prescriptions were such beggarly elements as calcined magnesia: gentian: exercise: occupation; and "the warm gums." I returned the book with disgust, assuring my friend that, however nervous I might be, I never had "the wind;" knew nothing of "*borborrigmi*;" ate like a trooper; walked ten miles a day; and had ample "occupation." To this hour I find people who "understand" — ah, how people do "understand" things! — that I am "nervous," suppose that what they call "nervousness" is a sort of disease. They recommend rhubarb, or peppermint drops, or more exercise, or pale ale. The fact is they do not understand vivacity of sensation. They think it is a complaint, they localize it in the regions under or below the waistband; and prescribe to the "nervous" just as a penguin or a porpoise might prescribe to a darting swallow or a leaping salmon.

Thus, the nervous suffer in popular estimation because they are confounded with the dyspeptic, and, it may be added, with the hysterical. There is a complaint, or manifestation, or something, which in the days of Pamela and Joseph Andrews was known as the megrims, or the doldrums, or the vapours; it was a fine madam's common excuse for not being seen, or for neglecting a duty, and it was supposed to be cured by "Hungary water," for which the modern succedaneum is red lavender. I found all the symptoms of the "megrims" described in Dr. Trotter's book as symptoms of the nervous temperament. In the name of all the nervous I indignantly repel the slander; that is just the way of the world — it never will discriminate. Let hysterics speak for themselves, *we*, the real honest "nervous" ladies and gentlemen, do *not* have "a difficulty in swallowing," and, most distinctly, do *not* have "St. Vitus's dance," which is described by the infamous Trotter as part of the ordinary diagnosis of our temperament! I speak both in sorrow *and* in anger, but without surprise; for have not many of us, comrades in nervousness, been asked, "What makes you so nervous? You should take tonics!" when we were no more "nervous" in that sense than the jubilant shrimp at sunset, or the lark in the happy agitation of his matin song.

The truth is, the vulgar phlegmatic do not love to see others lively and brisk. A creature with only a few sides — say two, an inside and an outside — is naturally jealous of another with a hundred facets, or is at least puzzled by it. So, a crocodile, which takes fifteen minutes to turn round, might fancy a kitten chasing its own tail mad or diseased. True, as we all know, or as the attendants at many places of public entertainment will tell us if we ask, the phlegmatic vulgar are particularly fond of watching machinery in motion, anything that "goes of itself" is a passion with them. But then there is here no room for comparison or jealousy. The phlegmatic man knows that he might stop a steam-bobbin; that, in any case, he can do things the bobbin cannot do, and that *somebody* could make another bobbin. But he cannot repress the disturbing mobility of the nervous man; he may impute *borborrigmi*, and recommend potass or cardamoms, or even "the warm gums;" but he could not have given Elizabeth Barrett Browning in charge for reminding him of a fire-fly, or stopped Douglas Jerrold like a steam-bobbin. Thank heavens, we have yet our Mag-

na Charta, our Bill of Rights, our liberty of the subject! *Sunt certi denique fines* — there are limits, and it galls him.

One thing remains — he can confound nervousness with indigestion, and make it odious by maladive associations innumerable. It is high time to write this Apology, and disclaim the whole, from Indescribable Agony, and Incapacity for Business, to the end of the alphabet. We nervous folk have *no* agony, and are *not* incapable. Our Nerves are not disease, they are capacity; we have as much right to wonder at your lethargy as you at our vivacity.

Nervous people, again, are constantly confounded with ill-tempered people. Now, the one essential condition of genuine ill-temper is stupidity. It is the fool, and the fool only, he who cannot quickly distinguish between accident and design, and readily trace effects to causes, that is angry without cause, or for more than a minute *beyond* cause. Now, your nervous man is not often a fool — how should he be? — and is rarely *absurd* in his anger. It is true he may often be tempted to express his disgust at the ineptitudes of others, but what then? a sensitive creature,

More sensible than are the horns of cockled snails,

(is that correct?) must have some means of protecting itself. There are limits to human endurance, and who will have the boldness to fix them? Job was patient, but "did Job e'er lose a barrel of such ale?" When the fire has been let out, and the door left unshut, and the letter put into the wrong box, and the sheet put damp on the bed for the seven times seventieth time; when "gentle dullness," glorying in its shame, has had my right cheek and my left, is the common privilege of speech to be denied me? No, and if my speech is pungent, it is a mercy to gentle dullness, as well as a relief to me. In Homer even the wounded god may complain; is the right of complaint refused to me, because I happen to understand the use of words? How is gentle dullness to know its differential unless the nervous people howl when hit, and use appropriate and convincing language? The displeased surprise which the sensitive involuntarily manifest at the insensibility of the insensible is a beneficent provision for the Education of the Human Race. This is a great topic, and worthy of extensive treatment. The average human being, he who is always speaking opprobriously of the Nerves, is distinguished by three characteristics: —

1. He never knows when a thing is going to happen.

2. He never knows when a thing is happening.

3. He never remembers a thing when it has happened.

These melancholy features, which are, in truth, the brand of inferiority, he turns to a boast. It is the function of the nervous, a function not free from pain, to worry him into proper sensibility. If he knew his place, and his obligations, he would sing hymns in praise of his benefactors: —

Who taught me when there was a draught,
And showed me perils fore and aft,
And frowned when I, untimely, laughed?
The Nervous!

Who told me when the glass would rise
Or fall, and with their prophecies
Or recollections, made me wise?
The Nervous!

Who heard a crash before it fell,
And knew things were not going well,
And would some warning story tell?
The Nervous!

Who, when I was a pachyderm,
By many a proper, piercing term,
Thinned my coarse skin, so hard and firm?
The Nervous!

The difference between the nervous and those who depreciate them is not, however, to be expressed by such a figure as that of a difference in the thickness of the skin. Compared with the phlegmatic vulgar the nervous have *antennæ* — they have a sixth sense — a second sight! They "see as from a tower the end of all," when others see only fog. They are the Jessie Browns of every Lucknow.* They are the Hugin and Mugin of Odin's ears. They possess all the fairies' gifts that the unselfish need care for. They carry the turquoise that turns yellow at the approach of a lie; and, to make an end of raptures, they have their inconveniences, and very often get their light narrow wheels knocked about by the abounding heavy broad wheels of life. But their revenges compensate them. When Count D'Orsay, in his filimily-built chaise, struck off the wheel of a stupid, stolid brewer's dray that obstinately blocked the

* I am told for the thousandth time that this story is not true. But what business is that of mine? I roll the responsibility back upon the originator — why should we doubt a gentleman's word? "A Gentleman, indeed!" says a voice — "It was a penny-liner!" But surely a man may tell the truth at a penny a line — he is far more likely to grow florid if you offer him a guinea a line!

path, he called it the triumph of mind over matter. Such is the triumph of the nervous element over the phlegmatic element in human affairs. And, if it sometimes gets the worst of it, what then? "You young rascal," said the old gentleman to the rash little boy in the street, "if that cab had run over you where would you have been then?" and the boy answered, "Up behind, a-takin' of his number!" Just so; when vulgar brute force runs over Nerve, where is Nerve immediately? Why, "Up behind, a-takin' of his number!" It is a glorious mission.

All men despise, or think they despise, or pretend to despise, cowards. And—this is another misrepresentation—with cowards the nervous are perpetually confounded. Now let us waive all distinctions—which, indeed, can never be made final—between moral and physical courage, and it will certainly not be found that the bravest men are the least nervous. The greatest of the Napiers was an exquisitely nervous man. The late Rev. F. W. Robertson of Brighton may be said to have died of a fine nervous system—but he had all the instincts and characteristics of a soldier, and sacrificed himself to his father's wish in entering the church instead of the army. The list of illustrative instances might be much extended; but it is unnecessary. Without pushing beyond the truth, and looking candidly round the whole subject, we must all of us see that it is absurd to suppose the highest forms of any fine quality exhibited by the lower organizations. The very essence of being "nervous" is apprehensiveness, or being quick to apprehend things. This may minister to fearfulness, but it is not fear. The hawk is not afraid of his prey because he sees it afar off, nor the savage of his enemy because he hears the tramp of his advance miles away in the desert.—But a nervous writer, using similes like these on a simple subject, in a playful vein, is afraid of making the subject absurd, and stops short!

It may be taken for granted by phlegmatic people that the apprehensiveness of the high nervous temperament is far greater than it appears, or than it can be intelligibly represented to be. We all know the famous Turner anecdote. "Mr. Turner, I never saw blues and reds like yours in the sky!" "No, ma'am; but don't you wish you could?" Now, in reality, no human being need wish to change places with another—it may be my mistake, but I do not believe any human being ever does, or did, or will wish to relinquish his identity: no, not on the rack. But that the "nerves"

see "blues and reds" which others do not see; that the difference between moderate nerve and much nerve is the difference between the apprehensiveness of a babe and the apprehensiveness of a grown person is as certain as that twice three are six. In reality the old schoolboy story of "Eyes and No-Eyes" ought to be called Nerves and No-Nerves; although an image borrowed from the sense of sight may help us to apprehend the difference between an organization like that of the stout tradesman next door, and De Quincey or Hartley Coleridge. I have often wondered how short-sighted men are affected by female beauty. How do they feel in a ball-room for instance? Necessarily short sight must miss seeing loveliness at the farther end of the room; while ordinary sight might have the whole current of his life changed by it. How ridiculous, one might here say, is our moral criticism of each other, unless we regard it as give-and-take, tit-for-tat—not that my wrongness is lessened by your wrongness, you know, or that moral distinctions are obliterated, but that in what may be called the courtesies of ethics, the mote must remember the beam.

I do not at all know whether human conditions are equally balanced, nor even whether they are "*pretty* equally" balanced or not. It is often asserted, but nobody knows anything about it. But in mere quantity of sensation, the nervous people would probably claim to have the best of it. What, in the pleasures of sense? Yes, certainly, says our nervous friend, a fig for your pleasures of sense! What is "sense?" Do you mean to tell me that the man who could "die of a rose in aromatic pain" does not get more delight out of "sense" than a horn-handed clown? more even at given hours, to say nothing of memory and hope; the echo, the refraction, the resonance, the reduplications of joy?

Let spirit star the dome
Of flesh, that flesh may miss no peak!

Do you mean to tell me that if Nerves sees the sun before he rises and after he sets, as well as all the time he is above the horizon, he does not get more pleasure out of the sun? Yes, says No-Nerves, I do mean to say that; he has discounted his pleasure, and his memory is regret. And, ah, how I can plague him! I can bang doors, and stomp about over his head till he maddens! I can spoil all his pleasures by slipping in little sly drops—one drop to a cup is enough!—of poison that others would not taste. And I know that the shifting winds,

and the creeping clouds, the hang of a curl, the delay of a minute, the suspicion that some one is in pain, a knock at the door, a cat on the tiles, a mere film or phantasm of a smile or a frown, can make him uncomfortable? — Ah, says Nerves, you know all that, do you? But you do not know enough. This hyperapprehensiveness of mine is far greater than you fancy. You would shrink into nothing, collapse, *zusammenfabren* if you knew it all. You think I am irritable sometimes? In the scientific sense *always*, but in the base sense not so often —

What's done you partly may compute,
But never what's resisted; —

and if I were to let you see how much I discern of cause for irritation, you would discern how much I forbear. But life would be impossible to us both if I were to make disclosures. My friend, I not only know that I am surrounded by Things and Persons as you do; I have in addition an incessant sixth sense of Things and Persons, of what is past, present, and to come. You live in the world, No-Nerves. I live in the world, and in a refracting atmosphere of the world as well. Which is the better man of the two? I don't know. Which is the happier? I don't care.

For this style of answer may be quoted at least the authority of Confucius. Some one asked him how many stars there were in the sky? "I don't know," said he, "I mind things near me." The questioner resumed, "Then how many hairs are there in the cat's back?" "I don't care," said the philosopher. This is the quip-heroic — omitted by Touchstone in his well-known enumeration. But, to deal more civilly with the matter. An elderly lady once asked how I thought a person would feel who was sure of going to heaven. In a long and very eloquent speech, I told her my views. To my surprise, she was not comforted; on the contrary, she began to cry, saying, "Ah, then, I shall never go to heaven, for I never felt a bit like that!" But in five minutes I had convinced her that she *did* feel like that. I simply altered the phraseology of my description, and she recognized the picture at once — she *had* felt just what I described. The moral is obvious. Let no person who happens to read anything here written of the joys of nervousness go a-crying and say, "I never felt like that!" — a little explanation might set all to rights. Very likely you have been talking proee all your life without knowing it. All I say is, do not let us have any abuse of the Nerves. Do not confound

nervousness with the megrims, or the dol-drum, or any other complaint. Do not confound it with cowardice or ill-temper. And, when you come into practical relations with it in daily life, put it upon its defence as seldom as you can. *It never forgets* — and if it is a decent sort of nervousness it will reward you some day for not driving it into anything more than general and remote apologies like the present.

MATTHEW BROWNE.

From the Argosy.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SCOTCHMEN.

ARE all Scotchmen alike? Is it enough to say of a man that he is a Scotchman to convey a full and accurate idea respecting him? On the contrary there is perhaps a greater diversity of character in Scotland than in any other country. Let a classification of Scotchmen be, with equal fairness, brevity, and modesty, attempted by one who thinks that though national peculiarities cannot be artificially maintained, yet that their decay is ever to be lamented, and that cosmopolitanism is infinitely detestable.

The *Canny Scot* is so well known as scarcely to require description. He carries caution, cunning, and selfishness to excess. Deceitful when a purpose is to be accomplished, he is not habitually deceitful. One thing he never loses sight of — his own interest. But of his own interest he is not the most enlightened judge. His sycophancy disgusts, and he forgets that a cowardly reserve may war with a comprehensive prudence. As a general rule, address accomplishes more than tact, tact more than talent, talent more than genius. It is to address, to adroitness, to astuteness, that the *Canny Scot* trusts. For the most part the *Canny Scot* is a native of the north-eastern part of Scotland. The weakness of the *Canny Scot* is, that he is glad — not from hypocrisy, but from vanity — to get credit for virtues that he does not possess. So far from being the normal Scotchman, the *Canny Scot* is nowhere so warmly hated as in Scotland itself.

It would be more easy to demonstrate that the *Uncanny Scot* is the normal Scotchman. The *Uncanny Scot* has many noble qualities: — he is romantic, chivalrous, generous; an idealist, but wild and reckless. From vice he is altogether free, but almost every step that he takes is a folly, and almost every word that he utters is an indiscretion; and he is more terribly pu

er men for their vices. The tragic remorse, which from time to time assail him, do not make him wiser; they simply intensify his lawless and anarchic temper. Yet he is keenly sensitive to ridicule and to good report. He dreads calumny, and would fain stand well with earnest men. It is in the reaction against the Canny Scot, and in the loathing for the ecclesiastical despotism of Scotland, that we must seek the secret of the Uncanny Scot's conduct. His life is a painful and fruitless fatality, and his faculties and aspirings are invariably wasted. His consolation when dying must be that, if he has accomplished little, he has had magnificent dreams.

The *Dour Scot* is the grim, hard, pertinacious Scot. Work is for him a fierce and gloomy pleasure. Necessity may turn him from his purpose — reason never. Though a singularly unamiable mortal, he can do memorable things if you set him to the right sort of labour, humour him a little, and carefully abstain from thwarting him.

The *Pawkie Scot* is the Scot who is shrewd, and who prides himself on his shrewdness. He is a born lawyer, Jesuit, casuist; he is at once an intellectual athlete and an intellectual detective; and he is often guilty of monstrous cruelties and villainies, but from the love of intellectual excitement and triumph, not from avarice or ambition. The devil he admires, not for being wicked, but for being clever.

The *Snell Scot* resembles in many points the Pawkie Scot; but it is the reward, and not the pursuit, which principally fascinates him. His intellect is sharper than that of the Pawkie Scot, but not so robust. The Pawkie Scot has a thousand different schemes, the Snell Scot fastens through life on one scheme. He scruples not to employ all means, yet he prefers a strict economy of means. In every profession he may be found; but whatever his occupation, you always see him going straight to his object.

The *Blate Scot* is the bashful Scot. Now there are bashful men everywhere, but the Blate Scot carries bashfulness to its most absurd degree. Yet if Scottish bashfulness is unmatched, Scottish impudence is unmatched too; and it has not, like Irish Impudence, any atoning attributes. It is coarse, ugly, fierce, and greedy.

The *Holy Willie Scot* is an accomplished hypocrite, though not a hypocrite of the Tartuffe type. He has no tragic dignity, he is simply the caricature of Scottish Calvinism. The Scotch have strong appetites and strong passions. As they are taught, however, from infancy, that passion and ap-

petite are things in themselves evil, they are always in open or secret revolt against nature. Holy Willie is one of the secret rebels. Being orthodox, moreover, he does not think himself obliged to be moral.

The *Neerdoweel Scot* resembles the English scapegrace. For the English scapegrace, however, there is hope; for the Scottish Neerdoweel, none. The Scotch heart, though full of tenderness, has no mercy for the sinner, and hunts him down with the ferocity of the bloodhound. Hence, if the Scotch blackguard is the worst and most incorrigible of blackguards, it is the fault of his grimly merciless country.

The *Dominie Scot* is the pedantic Scot. Few Scotchmen are quite free from pedantry. Nearly all young Scotchmen think that they are bound to play the Dominie — bound to instruct and illuminate the universe. The moment a young Scotchman enters England, he appoints himself reformer, professor, missionary, and judge; he knows everything, and he wants to teach everybody. Gradually he learns a little wisdom and modesty. But there are Scotchmen who, whether they remain at home, or travel the world over, can never put off the Dominie. A Scotchman is, spite of genuine and noble qualities, not a very attractive animal at the best, and his dominie mania does not add to his popularity.

The *Guffawing Scot* is the man whose life is one long, loud laugh. Only the most conceited of cockneys can venture to maintain that the Scotch have no wit and humor. They have abundance of both. But the enjoyment of laughter is, with the Scotch generally, and with the Guffawing Scot in particular, a thing apart from humor and wit. The Scotch are better laughers than the English, and the Guffawing Scot is the best laugher in the world. There is talk in these days of Homeric, truly colossal laughter; but Homeric laughter is transcended by the Guffawing Scot.

The *Douce Scot* is an Epicurean, but a sort of earnest Epicurean. He is not a coward, and he is not selfish. His pleasures, however, and his good qualities, are all of the quiet kind. Delighted to serve others, he is still more delighted to brood on his own thoughts. He has contentment and cheerfulness as a natural heritage, and they are his whole philosophy and religion.

The *Braw Scot* is the handsome, gallant Scot, who represents not the higher attributes of his countrymen, but their normal virtues, their spontaneousness, their sympathy. He is neither canny nor uncanny, but joyous, brave, unaffected — a natural gentleman, with just as much of the moun-

taineer's wildness as is pleasant. Of his huge strength he manifests no more than is sufficient to keep fops and fools from insulting him.

The *Wearifu' Scot* is the monotonous creature who insists on dragging you into the barren realm of cants and commonplaces and provincial platitudes. He is prosaic as a grindstone, and has about the same amount of music and of meaning in him. With his own small affairs, and with Scotland's small notabilities, he bores you to death. If he were a leech seizing you, he could at least be shaken off; but he is a tapeworm, piercing into your vitals, and there abiding. Keep clear of this dreary mortal if you wish to avoid a worse death than his who perishes of thirst in the desert.

The *Pirnickety Scot* is the being who seems as if he had been made with a pair of the smallest scissors, and as if he thought that a pair of the smallest scissors were the fittest weapon to apply to all questions. He is sharp, subtle, always darting from point to point, and always talking about *precision*.

The *Thrawn Scot* is the rancorous, cantankerous Scot, who is so perverse that he is never so displeased with himself as when he has so far forgotten his nature as to be pleased for a moment with something or somebody. He cultivates bad temper, half with artistic skill and half with religious zeal.

The *Arglebargleing Scot* is the disputatious Scot. He is the pest of Scotland, and England would rejoice if Scotland kept him to herself. It is really no small annoyance, when you have made the most unimportant and inoffensive statement, to be immediately assailed by a whole battery of arguments against it. Not the smallest assertion does the Arglebargleing Scot allow you to make, without giving it a direct and decided denial. Even if you yield the point, he goes on combating. He finds that you have yielded too much, or have not yielded in the right fashion. Your very silence is provocative of deadly conflict.

The *Flodden Scot* is the Scot who maintains that the Scotch lost the battle of Flodden by mistake; that the English are a match for the world, and that the Scotch have always been more than a match for the English; and that all the most famous British victories for two hundred years have been gained by Scottish valour. The belief is harmless enough.

The *Auld-farrant Scot* is a kind of village Socrates. He is shrewd, knows a great deal, but does not parade either his shrewdness or his knowledge. People trust his counsels, like to hear his discourse; but he does not obtrude the former, and is not lavish of the latter. The characteristic of the Auld-farrant Scot is general sagacity.

The *Bawbee Scot* is the sordid, saving Scot. That the Scotch are a mean people, is about as true as that they are destitute of wit and humour. They are unbouedly hospitable, and, both as individuals and as a nation, they can be magnificently generous. For the things that really interest them such as religion, they give enormous sums in the most ungrudging spirit. But it must be confessed that Scotch penuriousness is tragically minute, and cuts very keen; and the Bawbee Scot, without being absolutely a miser, has, in his cupidity, a good deal of the maniac.

The *Montrose Scot* is the Scot whose whole being is grace and genius and chivalry and devotedness. In the hero and martyr, Montrose, Scotland saw all her divinest elements blending into radiant beauty. But Scotland has had many Montroses, and she will have many more as long as the poetry and the pride of national memories are dear to her heart.

The *Irving Scot* is the prophetic Scot. Prophecy is not so much prediction as inspired and godlike utterance. The Scotch are, the English are not, a prophetic people. Of all recent Scottish prophets, incomparably the greatest was Edward Irving: a man whose nobleness the world knew not till the world saw his face no more. Those worship at his tomb who vilified and ridiculed him when he marched, a giant in the midst of the living. It is to the Irving or prophetic Scot that Scotland must look for moral and religious regeneration.

We have given some—we do not say that we have given all—of the types of the Scottish nature.

In the days when France and Scotland were allies, the French thoroughly understood and warmly valued the Scotch. The English have never either understood or valued them. It cannot be said that herein the English have been influenced, even by prejudices. They have simply repeated some absurd jargon about the Scotch which had once been uttered, a jargon which might be called a calumny, if it were not so helplessly absurd.

W. M.

From the *Argosy*.

AN ESSAY ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

THE discovery of a grey hair when you are brushing out your whiskers of a morning — first fallen flake of the coming snows of age — is a disagreeable thing. So is the intimation from your old friend and comrade that his eldest daughter is about to be married. So are flying twinges of gout, shortness of breath on the hill-side, the fact that even the moderate use of your friends' wines at dinner upsets you. These things are disagreeable because they tell you that you are no longer young — that you have passed through youth, are now in middle age, and faring onward to the shadows in which, somewhere, a grave is hid.

Thirty is the age of the gods — and the first grey hair informs you that you are at least ten or twelve years older than that. Apollo is never middle-aged, but you are. Olympus lies several years behind you. You have lived for more than half your natural term; and you know the road which lies before you is very different from that which lies behind. You have yourself changed. In the present man of forty-two you can barely recognize the boy of nineteen that once was. Hope sang on the sunny slope of life's hill as you ascended; she is busily singing the old song in the ears of a new generation — but you have passed out of the reach of her voice. You have tried your strength: you have learned precisely what you can do: you have thrown the hammer so often that you know to an inch how far you can throw it — at least you are a great fool if you do not. The world, too, has been looking on and has made up her mind about you. She has appraised and valued you as an auctioneer appraises and values an estate or the furniture of a house. "Once you served Prince Florizel and wore three pile," but the brave days of campaigning are over. What to you are canzonets and love-songs? The mighty passion is vapid and second-hand. Cupid will never more flutter rosiely over your head; at most he will only flutter in an uninspired fashion above the head of your daughter-in-law. You have sailed round the world, seen all its wonders, and come home again, and must adorn your dwelling as best you can with the rare things you have picked up on the way. At life's table you have tasted of every dish except the Covered One, and of that you will have your share by-and-by. The road over which you are fated to march is more than half accomplished, and at every onward

stage the scenery is certain to become more sombre, and in due time the twilight will fall. To you, on your onward journey there will be little to astonish, little to delight. The Interpreter's House is behind where you first read the poets; so is also the House Beautiful with the Three Damsels where you first learned to love. As you pass onward you are attended by your henchman Memory, who may be either the cheerfullest or gloomiest of companions. You have come up out of the sweet-smelling valley-flowers; you are now on the broken granite, seamed and wrinkled, with dried up water-courses; and before you, striking you full in the face, is the broad disk of the solitary setting sun.

One does not like to be an old fogie, and still less perhaps does one like to own to being one. You may remember when you were the youngest person in every company into which you entered; and how it pleased you to think how precociously clever you were, and how opulent in Time. You were introduced to the great Mr. Blank — at least twenty years older than yourself — and could not help thinking how much greater you would be than Mr. Blank by the time you reached his age. But pleasant as it is to be the youngest member of every company, that pleasure does not last for ever. As years pass on you do not quite develop into the genius you expected; and the new generation makes its appearance and pushes you from your stool. You make the disagreeable discovery that there is a younger man of promise in the world than even you; then the one younger man becomes a dozen younger men; then younger men come flowing in like waves, and before you know where you are, by this impertinent younger generation — fellows who were barely breeched when you won your first fame — you are shouldered into Old Fogiedom, and your staid ways are laughed at, perhaps, by the irreverent scoundrels into the bargain. There is nothing more wonderful in youth than this wealth in Time. It is only a Rothschild who can indulge in the amusement of tossing a sovereign to a beggar. It is only a young man who can dream and build castles in the air. What are twenty years to a young fellow of twenty? An ample air-built stage for his pomps and triumphal processions. What are twenty years to a middle-aged man of forty-five? The falling of the curtain, the covering up of the empty boxes, the screwing out of the gas, and the counting of the money taken at the doors, with the notion, perhaps, that the performance was rather a poor thing. It is

with a feeling curiously compounded of pity and envy that one listens to young men talking of what they are going to do. They will light their torches at the sun! They will regenerate the world! They will abolish war and hand in the Millennium! What pictures they will paint! What poems they will write! One knows while one listens how it will all end. But it is Nature's way; she is always sending on her young generations full of hope. The Atlantic roller bursts in harmless foam among the shingle and drift-wood at your feet, but the next, nothing daunted by the fate of its predecessor, comes on with threatening crest, as if to carry everything before it. And so it will be for ever and ever. The world could not get on else. My experience is of use only to myself. I cannot bequeath it to my son as I can my cash. Every human being must start untrammelled and work out the problem for himself. For a couple of thousand years now the preacher has been crying out *Vanitas vanitatum*, but no young man takes him at his word. The blooming apple must grate in the young man's teeth before he owns that it is dust and ashes. Young people will take nothing on hearsay. I remember when a lad of Todd's *Student's Manual* falling into my hands. I perused therein a solemn warning against novel-reading. Nor did the reverend compiler speak without authority. He stated that he had read the works of Fielding, Smollett, Sir Walter Scott, American Cooper, James, and the rest, and he laid his hand on his heart and assured his young friends that in each of these works, even the best of them, were subtle snares and gilded baits for the soul. These books they were adjured to avoid as they would a pestilence, or a raging fire. It was this alarming passage in the transatlantic Divine's treatise that first made a novel-reader of me. I was not content to accept his experience. I must see for myself. Every one must begin at the beginning, and it is just as well. If a new generation were starting with the wisdom of its elders, what would be the consequence? Would there be any love-making twenty years after? Would there be any fine extravagance? Would there be any lending of money? Would there be any noble friendships such as that of Damon and Pythias, or of David and Jonathan, or even of our own Beaumont and Fletcher, who had purse, wardrobe, and genius in common? It is extremely doubtful. *Vanitas vanitatum* is a bad doctrine to begin life with. For the plant Experience to be of any worth a man must grow it for himself.

The man of forty-five or thereby is compelled to own, if he sits down to think about it, that existence is very different from what it was twenty years previously. His life is more than half spent to begin with. He is like one who has spent seven hundred and fifty pounds of his original patrimony of a thousand. Then, from his life there has departed that "wild freshness of morning" which Tom Moore sang about. In his onward journey he is not likely to encounter anything absolutely new. He has already conjugated every tense of the verb To Be. He has been in love twice or thrice. He has been married — only once let us trust. In all probability he is the father of a fine family of children. He has been ill and he has recovered; he has experienced triumph and failure; he has known what it is to have money in his purse, and what it is to want money in his purse. Sometimes he has been a debtor, sometimes he has been a creditor. He has stood by the brink of half a dozen graves, and heard the clod falling on the coffin-lid. All this he has experienced; the only new thing before him is death, and even to that he has at various times approximated. Life has lost most of the unexpectedness, its zest, its novelty, and has become like a worn shoe or a threadbare doublet. To him there is no new thing under the sun. But then this growing old is a gradual process: and zest, sparkle, and novelty are not essential to happiness. The man who has reached five-and-forty has learned what a pleasure there is in customariness and use and wont — in having everything around him familiar, tried, confidential. Life may have become humdrum, but his tastes have become humdrum too. Novelty annoys him, the intrusion of an unfamiliar object puts him out. A pair of newly embroidered slippers would be much more ornamental than the well-worn articles which lie warming for him before the library fire; but then he cannot get his feet into them so easily. He is contented with his old friends — a new friend would break the charm of the old familiar faces. He loves the hedgerows and the fields and the brook and the bridge which he sees every day, and he would not exchange them for Alps and glaciers. By the time a man has reached forty-five he lies as comfortably in his habits as the silk-worm in its cocoon. On the whole I take it that middle age is a happier period than youth. In the entire circle of the year there are no days so delightful as those of a fine October, when the trees are bare to the mild heavens, and the red leaves bestrew the road, and you can feel

the breath of winter morning and evening — no days so calm, so tenderly solemn, and with such a reverent meekness in the air. The lyrical up-burst of the lark at such a time would be incongruous. The only sounds suitable to the season are the rusty caw of the homeward-sliding rook — the creaking of the wain returning empty from the farm-yard. There is an “unrest which men miscall delight,” and of that “unrest” youth is for the most part composed. From that middle age is free. The setting suns of youth are crimson and gold; the setting suns of middle age

Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o’er man’s mortality.

Youth is the slave of beautiful faces, and fine eyes, and silver-sweet voices — they distract, madden, alarm. To middle age they are but the gracefullest statues, the loveliest poems. They delight but hurt not. They awake no passion, they heighten no pulse. And the imaginative man of middle age possesses after a fashion all the passionate turbulence, all the keen delights, of his earlier days. They are not dead — they are dwelling in the antechamber of memory awaiting his call; and when they are called they wear an ethereal something which is not their own. The Muses are the daughters of Memory: youth is the time to love, but middle age the period at which the best love poetry is written. And middle age too — the early period of it, when a man is master of his instruments and knows what he can do — is the best season of intellectual activity. The playful capering flames of a newly-kindled fire is a pretty sight; but not nearly so effective — any housewife will tell you — as when the flames are gone and the whole mass of fuel has become caked into a sober redness that emits a steady glow. There is nothing good in this world which time does not improve. A silver wedding is better than the voice of the Epithalamium. And the most beautiful face that ever was is made yet more beautiful when there is laid upon it the reverence of silver hairs.

There is a certain even-handed justice in Time; and for what he takes away he gives us something in return. He robs us of elasticity of limb and spirit, and in its place he brings tranquillity and repose — the mild autumnal weather of the soul. He takes away Hope, but he gives us Memory. And the settled, unfluctuating atmosphere of middle age is no bad exchange for the stormful emotions, the passionate crises and suspenses, of the earlier day. The consti-

tutional melancholy of the middle-aged man is a dim back-ground on which the pale flowers of life are brought out in the tenderest relief. Youth is the time for action, middle age for thought. In youth we hurriedly crop the herbage; in middle age, in a sheltered place, we chew the ruminative cud. In youth, red-handed, red-ankled, with songs and shoutings we gather in the grapes; in middle age, under our own fig-tree, or in quiet gossip with a friend, we drink the wine free of all turbid lees. Youth is a lyrical poet, middle age a quiet essayist, fond of recounting experiences and of appending a moral to every incident. In youth the world is strange and unfamiliar, novel and exciting, everything wears the face and garb of a stranger; in middle age the world is covered over with reminiscence as with a garment — it is made homely with usage, it is made sacred with graves. The middle-aged man can go nowhere without treading the mark of his own footsteps. And in middle age, too — provided the man has been a good and an ordinarily happy one — along with this mental tranquillity, there comes a corresponding sweetness of the moral atmosphere. He has seen the good and the evil that are in the world, the ups and the downs, the almost general desire of the men and the women therein to do the right thing if they could but see how — and he has learned to be uncensorious, humane; to attribute the best motives to every action, and to be chary of imputing a sweeping and cruel blame. He has a quiet smile for the vain-glorious boast; a feeling of respect for shabby-genteel virtues; a pity for the thread-bare garments proudly worn, and for the napless hat glazed into more than pristine brilliancy from frequent brushing after rain. He would not be satirical for the world. He has no finger of scorn to point at anything under the sun. He has a hearty “Amen” for every good wish, and in the worst cases he leans to a verdict of Not Proven. And along with this pleasant blandness and charity, a certain grave, serious humour, “a smile on the lip and a tear in the eye,” is noticeable frequently in middle-aged persons — a phase of humour peculiar to that period of life, as the chrysanthemum to December. Pity lies at the bottom of it, just as pity lies, unsuspected, at the bottom of love. Perhaps this special quality of humour — with its sadness of tenderness, its mirth with the heart-ache, its gavity growing out of deepest seriousness, like a crocus on a child’s grave — never approaches more closely to perfection than in

some passages of Mr. Hawthorne's writings—who was a middle-aged man from earliest boyhood. And although middle-aged persons have lost the actual possession of youth, yet in virtue of this humour they can comprehend it, see all round it, enter imaginatively into every sweet and bitter of it. They wear the key Memory at their girdles, and they can open every door in the chamber of youth. And it is also in virtue of this peculiar humour that—Mr. Dickens's *Little Nell* to the contrary—it is only middle-aged persons who can, either as poets or artists, create for us a child. There is no more beautiful thing on earth than an old man's love for his granddaughter; more beautiful even—from the absence of all suspicion of direct personal bias or interest—than his love for his own daughter; and it is only the meditative, sad-hearted, middle-aged man who can creep into the heart of a child and interpret it, and show forth the new nature to us in the subtle cross lights of contrast and suggestion. Imaginatively thus, the wrinkles of age become the dimples of infancy. Wordsworth was not a very young man when he held the colloquy with the little maid who insisted, in her childish logic, that she was one of seven. Mr. Hawthorne was not a young man when he painted "pearl" by the side of the brook in the forest; and he was middle-aged and more when he drew "Pansie," the most exquisite child that lives in English words. And when speaking of middle age, of its peculiar tranquillity and humour, why not tell of its peculiar beauty as well? Men and women make their own beauty or their own ugliness. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton speaks in one of his novels of a man "who was uglier than he had any business to be;" and, if we could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is

good-looking or the reverse as that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisels of thought and emotion are eternally at work. Beauty is not the monopoly of blooming young men and of white and pink maids. There is a slow-growing beauty which only comes to perfection in old age. Grace belongs to no period of life, and goodness improves the longer it exists. I have seen sweeter smiles on a lip of seventy than I ever saw on a lip of seventeen. There is the beauty of youth, and there is also the beauty of holiness—a beauty much more seldom met; and more frequently found in the arm-chair by the fire, with grandchildren around its knee, than in the ball-room or the promenade. Husband and wife who have fought the world side by side, who have made common stock of joy and sorrow, and aged together, are not unfrequently found curiously alike in personal appearance and in pitch and tone of voice—just as twin pebbles on the beach, exposed to the same tidal influences, are each other's *alter ego*. He has gained a feminine something which brings his manhood into full relief. She has gained a masculine something which acts as a foil to her womanhood. Beautiful are they in life, these pale winter roses, and in death they will not be divided. When Death comes, he will pluck not one, but both.

And in any case, to the old man, when the world becomes trite, the triteness arises not so much from a cessation as from a transference of interest. What is taken from this world is given to the next. The glory is in the east in the morning, it is in the west in the afternoon, and when it is dark the splendour is irradiating the realm of the under-world. He would only follow.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

HOPEFULLY WAITING.

"Blessed are they that are Home-sick, for they shall come at last to the Father's House."
—HEINRICH STILLING.

Nor as you meant, oh! learned man, and good,
Do I accept thy words of hope and rest;
God knowing all, knows what for me is best,
And gives me what I need, not what He could,
Nor always as I would!
I shall go to the Father's House and see
Him and the Elder Brother face to face,

What day or hour I know not. Let me be
Steadfast in work, and earnest in the race,
Not as a home-sick child, who all day long
Whines at its play, and seldom speaks in song.

If for a time some loved one goes away
And leaves us our appointed work to do,
Can we to him or to ourselves be true,
In mourning his departure day by day,
And so our work delay?
Nay, if we love and honor, we shall make
The absence brief by doing well our task,
Not for ourselves, but for the dear one's sake;

And at his coming only of him ask
Approval of the work, which most was done,
Not for ourselves, but our beloved one!

Our Father's house, I know, is broad and
grand;

In it how many, many mansions are!
And far beyond the light of sun or star,
Four little ones of mine through that fair land
Are walking hand in hand!

Think you I love not, or that I forget
These of my loins? Still this world is fair,
And I am singing while my eyes are wet
With weeping in this balmy summer air;
Yet I'm not home-sick, and the children *here*
Have need of me, and so my way is clear!

I would be joyful as my days go by,
Counting God's mercies to me. He who bore
Life's heaviest cross is mine for evermore,
And I who wait His coming, shall not I

On His sure word rely?
And if sometimes the way be rough, and sleep
Be heavy for the grief he sends to me,
Or at my waking I would only weep,
Let me remember these are things to be,
To work his blessed will until He come
And take my hand and lead me safely home.

A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

—*Hours at Home.*

LITTLE THINGS.

THE flower is small that decks the field.
The bee is small that tends the flower,
But flower and bee alike may yield
Food for a thoughtful hour.

Essence and attributes of each
For ends profound combine;
And all they are, and all they teach,
Spring from the Mind Divine.

Is there who scorneth little things?
As wisely might he scorn to eat
The food that bounteous Autumn brings
In little grains of wheat.

Methinks, indeed, that such an one
Few pleasures upon earth will find,
Where wellnigh every good is won
From little things combined.

The lark that in the morning air
Amid the sunbeams mounts and sings:
What lifted her so lightly there? —
Small feathers in her wings.

What form too, then, the beauteous dyes
With which all nature oft is bright,
Meadows and streams, woods, hills, and
skies? —
Minutest waves of light.

And when the earth is sere and sad
From summer's over-servid reign,
How is she in fresh beauty clad? —
By little drops of rain.

Yea, and the robe that Nature weaves,
Whence does it every robe surpass? —
From little flowers, and little leaves,
And little blades of grass.

O sure, who scorneth little things,
If he were not a thoughtless elf,
Far above all that round him springs
Would scorn his little self.

THOMAS DAVIS.

SOME JINGLES FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

THOMAS Hood, the younger, has published in London a new set of "Jingles and Jokes for Little Folks," from which the following is a specimen. The story of "Puss and her Three Kittens" will bear reading aloud to the children:

PUSS AND HER THREE KITTENS.

OUR old cat has kittens three;
What do you think their names should
be?

One is a tabby with emerald eyes,
And a tail that's long and slender;
But into a temper she quickly flies,
If you ever by chance offend her.

I think we shall call her this —
I think we shall call her that:
Now, don't you fancy "Pepper-pot"
A nice name for a cat?

One is black, with a frill of white,
And her feet are all white fur, too:
If you stroke her, she carries her tail upright,
And quickly begins to purr, too.

I think we shall call her this —
I think we shall call her that:
Now don't you fancy "Sootikin"
A nice name for a cat?

One is a tortoise-shell, yellow and black,
With a lot of white about him:
If you tease him, at once he sets up his back;
He's a quarrelsome Tom, ne'er doubt him!

I think we shall call him this —
I think we shall call him that:
Now, don't you fancy "Scratchaway"
A nice name for a cat?

Our old cat has kittens three,
And I fancy these their names will be:
"Pepper-pot" — "Sootikin" — "Scratchaway"
— There!

Were there ever kittens with these to compare?
And we call the old mother — now, what do
you think?
"Tabitha Longclaws Tidleywink!"

From the North British Review.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SECOND PART.

If we have traced in any measure aright the course of Coleridge's life, no more is needed to show what were his failings and his errors. It more concerns us to ask what permanent fruit of all that he thought, and did, and suffered under the sun, there still remains, now that he has lain more than thirty years in his grave. To answer this fully is impossible in the case of any man, much more in the case of one who has been a great thinker rather than a great doer; for many of his best ideas will have so melted into the general atmosphere of thought, that it will be hard to separate them from the complex whole, and trace them back to their original source. But the abler men of his own generation were not slow to confess how much they owed to him. In poetry, Sir Walter Scott acknowledged himself as indebted to him for the opening keynote of *The Lay of The Last Minstrel*. In the metre, sentiment, and drapery of that first canto, it is not difficult to trace the influence of *Christabel*, then unpublished, but well known. Wordsworth, aloof from his contemporaries, and self-sufficing as he was, felt Coleridge to be his equal—"the only wonderful man I have ever known." Arnold, at a later day, called him the greatest intellect that England had produced within his memory, and shared with, perhaps learned from, him, some of his leading thoughts, as that the identification of the church with the clergy was "the first and fundamental apostasy." Dr. Newman pointed to Coleridge's works long ago as a proof that the minds of men in England were then yearning for something higher and deeper than what had satisfied the last age. Julius Hare speaks of him as "the great religious philosopher, to whom the mind of our generation in England owes more than to any other man." Mr. Maurice has everywhere spoken with deeper reverence of him than of any other teacher of these later times. Mr. Mill has said that "no one has contributed more to shape the opinions among younger men,

who can be said to have any opinions at all." These words were written five-and-twenty years ago. Whether he still exercises anything of the same influence over younger men seems more than doubtful. Very possibly Mr. Mill himself, and others of that way of thinking, may have superseded him. Yet though his name may have grown less, his works remain, and may be tested even by another generation that knew not Coleridge, by the thoughts which they contain.

These works are most of them fragmentary, and this forms one difficulty in rightly estimating them. Another, and perhaps greater, lies in the width, we had almost said the universality, of their range. Most original thinkers have devoted themselves to but a few lines of inquiry. Coleridge's thought may be almost said to have been as wide as life. To apply to himself the word which he first coined, or rather translated, from some obscure Byzantian, to express Shakspeare's quality, he was a "myriad-minded man." He touched being at almost every point, and wherever he touched it, he opened up some shafts of truth hitherto unperceived. He who would fully estimate Coleridge's contributions to thought would have to consider him as a poet, a critic, a political philosopher, a moralist, and a theologian. But without hazarding anything like so large an attempt, a few brief remarks may be offered on what he has done in some of these so widely different paths. —

It was as a poet that Coleridge was first known, and the wish has many times been expressed that he had continued to be so, and never tried philosophy. No doubt he had imagination enough, as some one has said, to have furnished an outfit for a thousand poets, and it may be that *Christabel* will be read longer than any prose work he has written. But this belongs both to the substance and the form of all poetry that is perfect after its kind. Gray's *Elegy* will probably survive longer, and will certainly be more widely read, than the best philosophic pieces of Hume, Berkeley, or Butler. This, however, does not prove that these thinkers have not done more for human

thought than that most graceful of poets. Again, it may be that imagination such as Coleridge's may be as legitimately employed in interpenetrating and quickening the reason, and revivifying domains of philosophy, which are apt to grow narrow or dead through prosaic formalism, as in purely poetic creation. Moreover, there were perhaps in Coleridge some special powers of fine analysis and introverted speculation, which seem to have predestined him for other work than poetry; just as there were some special wants, arising either from natural temperament or early education, which marred or impoverished his full poetic equipment. He had never lived much in the open air; he had no large storehouse of facts or images, either drawn from observation of outward nature, or from more than common acquaintance with any modes of human life or sides of human character, such as Wordsworth and Scott in different ways had. It was not the nature of his mind to dwell lovingly on concrete things, but rather, by its strong generalizing bias, to be borne off continually into the abstract. Therefore we cannot think that Coleridge would have done more, either for the delight or the benefit of mankind, if he had stuck wholly to poetry, or that he did otherwise than fulfil his destiny by giving way to his philosophic instinct.

His daughter has said that he had four poetic epochs, representing, more or less, boyhood, early manhood, middle, and declining life. To trace these carefully is not for this place. The juvenile poems, those of the first epoch, though showing here and there hints of the coming power, contain, as a whole, nothing which would make them live, were it not for what came afterwards. He himself has said that these poems are disfigured by too great exuberance of double epithets, and by general turgidity. These mark, perhaps, the tumult of his thick-thronging thoughts, struggling to utter themselves with force and freshness, yet not quite disengaged from the old commonplaces of poetic diction, from "eve's dusky car," and from those frigid personifications of abstract qualities in which the former age delighted. Of these early poems, one of the most interesting is that on the death of Chatterton, in which, though the form somewhat recalls the odes of Collins and Gray, his native self ever here and there breaks through. Some of them are pensive with his early sorrow, others fierce and turbid with his revolutionary fervours. The longest and

most important, styled *Religious Musings*, which Bowles ranked so high, might easily, notwithstanding some fine thoughts, suggest one of his rhapsodies in a Unitarian chapel cut into blank verse. The religious sentiments it contains are frigid and bombastic; the politics denunciatory of existing things, of

"Warriors, lords, and priests, all the sore ills
That vex and desolate our mortal life."

They contain, however, some true thoughts, well put, though tinged with his Revolution dreams, on the good and evil that have sprung out of the institution of property, and a fine apostrophe to all the sin-defiled and sorrow-laden ones, whose day of deliverance yet waits.

It had been well if the poems of the second period, which were mostly written during the Bristol and Nether Stowey periods, and now make up the chief part of the *Sibylline Leaves*, had been arranged in the order in which they were composed. This would have thrown much light on them, arising as they do out of either the events of the time or of Coleridge's personal circumstances. Compared with those of the former period, the stream flows more even and unbroken. The crude philosophy has all but disappeared, the blank verse is now more fused and melodious, the rhythm of thought more mellow, the religious sentiment, where it does appear, no longer reasoning, but meditative, is more chastened and deep. These poems, it must have been, which were to De Quincey "the ray of a new morning, a revealing of untrodden worlds, till then unsuspected amongst men." Such Wilson found them, and so in a measure they have been to many since. But in re-reading them, after an interval of years, this is somehow felt less vividly. Is it that time has weakened the relish for poetry, or that the new fragrance they once gave forth has so filled the poetic atmosphere that it makes itself now less distinctly felt? Whichever way it be, these accidents of personal feeling do not affect their real worth. Of two fine poems written at Clevedon, the one on the "Eolian Harp," contains a passage that may be compared with a well-known, some might call it, a Pantheistic, one in Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey." The other, "Reflections on leaving a Place of Retirement," breathes a beautiful, though too brief, spirit of happiness and content. In the same gentle vein are the "Lines to his Brother George," and "Frost at Midnight," in

which the blank verse is finely fused and nearly perfect. But higher and of wider compass are the three political poems, the ode on "The Departing Year," written at the close of 1796, "France," an ode, written in February 1797, and "Tears in Solitude," in 1798. The last of these opens and closes with some of his best blank verses, full of lambent light and his own exquisite music, though the middle is troubled with somewhat intemperate politics, pamphleteeringly expressed. The ode on "France," when his fond hopes of the Revolution ended in disappointment, is a strain of noblest poetry. It opens with a call on the clouds, the waves, the sun, the sky, all that is freest in nature, to bear witness

"With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty."

And closes with these grand lines:—

"O Liberty! with profitless endeavour
Have I pursued thee many a weary hour;
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor
ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human
power.
Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee
(Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee),
Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,
And factious Blasphemy's obscene slaves,
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
The guide of homeless winds, the playmate
of the waves!
And there, I felt thee! on that sea-cliff's
verge,
Whose pines, scarce travell'd by the breeze
above,
Had made one murmur with the distant
surge!
Yes! while I stood and gazed, my temples
bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea, and
air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty, my spirit felt thee there!"

Equal, perhaps, to any of the above, are the lines he addressed to Wordsworth, after hearing that poet read aloud the first draft of "The Prelude":—

"An Orphic song indeed,
A song divine, of high and passionate
thoughts,
To their own music chanted! . . .
And when, O friend! my comforter and
guide!
Strong in thyself, and powerful to give
strength,
Thy long-sustained song finally closed,

And thy deep voice had ceased—yet thou
thyself
Wert still before my eyes, and round us both
That happy vision of beloved faces—
Scarce conscious, and yet conscious of its
close,
I sat, my being blended in one thought
(Thought was it? or aspiration? or re-
solve?)
Absorb'd, yet hanging still upon the sound—
And when I rose, I found myself in prayer."

Of the *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*, the two prime creations of the Nether Stowey period, and indeed of all Coleridge's poetry, nothing need here be said. Time has now stamped these as after their kind unsurpassed by any creation of his own generation, or perhaps of any generation of England's poetry. The view with which these two masterpieces were begun, as the two brother poets walked on Quantock, has been detailed elsewhere. Coleridge was to choose supernatural or romantic characters, and clothe them from his own imagination with a human interest and a semblance of truth. It would be hard to analyse the strange witchery that is in both, especially in *Christabel*: the language, so simple and natural, yet so aerially musical, the rhythm so original, yet so fitted to the story, and the glamour over all, a glamour so peculiar to the poet's self. The first part belongs to Quantock, the second was composed several years later at the Lakes, yet still the tale is but half told. Would it have gained or lost in power had it been completed?

His third poetic epoch includes his whole sojourn at the Lakes, and the fourth the rest of his life. The poems of these two periods are few altogether, and what there are, more meditative than formerly, sometimes even hopelessly dejected. "Youth and Age," written just before leaving the Lakes, with a strangely aged tone for a man of only seven or eight and thirty, has a quaint beauty; to adapt its own words, it is like sadness, that "tells the jest without the smile." There are some of this time, however, in another strain, as the beautiful lines called "The Knight's Tomb," and "Recollections of Love." After the Lake time, there was still less poetry; only when, as in the "Visionary Hope," and the "Pains of Sleep," the frequent despondency or severe suffering which weighed down his later years sought relief in brief verse. Yet, belonging to the third or fourth periods, there are short gnomic lines, in which, if the visionary have disappeared, the wisdom wrought by time and meditation is excellently condensed. Such are these:—

"Frail creatures are we all ; to be the best
Is but the fewest faults to have ;
Look thou then to thyself, and leave the rest
To God, thy conscience, and the grave."

Or the Complaint and Reply : —

"How seldom, friend ! a good great man inherits
Honours or wealth with all his toil and pains.
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains."

REPLY.

"For shame, dear friend forego this canting
strain ;
What wouldst thou have the good great man
obtain ?
Wealth, titles, salary, a gilded chain ;
Or throne of corpses which his sword had
slain ?
Goodness and greatness are not means but
ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man ? — Three treasures,
life and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's
breath ;
And three firm friends, more sure than day
and night —
Himself, his maker, and the Angel Death."

If from his own poetry we pass to his judgments on the poetry of others, we shall see an exemplification of the adage, "Set a poet to catch a poet." Here for once were fulfilled the necessary conditions of a critic or judge, in the highest sense ; that is, a man possessing in himself abundantly the originaive poetic faculty which he is to judge of in others, combined with that power of sober generalization, and delicate, patient analysis, which, if poets possess, they generally find it irksome to exercise. This is but another way of saying, that before a man can pass worthy judgment on a thing, he must know that thing at first, and not at second, hand. The other kind of critic is he who, though with little or none of the poetic gift in himself, has yet, from a careful study of the great master-models of the art, deduced certain canons by which to judge of poetry universally. But a critic of this kind, as the world has many a time seen, whenever he is called upon to estimate some new and original work of art, like to which the past supplies no models, is wholly at fault. His canons no longer serve him, and the native sympathetic insight he has not. To judge aright in such a case takes another order of critic ; one who knows after another and more immediate manner of

knowing ; one who does not judge merely by what the past has done, but who, by the poet's heart within him, is made quick to welcome whatever new thing, however seemingly irregular, a young poet may create. Such a critic was Coleridge. An imagination richer and more penetrative than that of most poets of his time ; a power of philosophic reflection and of subtle discrimination, almost over-active ; a sympathy and insight of marvellous universality ; and a learning "laden with the spoils of all times," — these things made him the greatest — we had almost said, the only truly philosophic — critic England has yet seen.

Of his critical power, the two most eminent examples are his chapters on Wordsworth's poetry in the *Biographia Literaria*, and his notes on Shakspeare in the *Literary Remains*. If one wished to learn what genuine criticism should be, where else in our country's literature would he find so worthy a model as in that dissertation on Wordsworth ? An excellent authority has lately said that the business of "criticism, is to know the best thing that is known or thought in the world, and to make this known to others." In these chapters on Wordsworth, Coleridge has done something more than this. In opposition to the blind and utterly worthless criticism which Jeffery represented, he thought out for himself, and laid down the principles on which Wordsworth or any other poet such as he should be judged, and showed these principles to be grounded, not on the caprices of the hour, but on the essential and permanent elements which human nature contains. He gave definitions of poetry in its essential nature, and showed, in opposition to Wordsworth's preface, wherein poetry really differs from prose. We wish we could stay to quote his description of the poet and his work, in their ideal perfection. Then how truly and with what fine analysis he discriminates between the language of prose and of metre ! How good is his account of the origin of metre ! "This I would trace to the balance in the mind, effected by that spontaneous effort which strives to hold in check the workings of passion." There is more to be learned about poetry from a few pages of that dissertation, confined though it is to a specific kind of poetry, than from all the reviews that have been written in English on poets and their works from Addison to the present hour. Nor is the result of the whole a mere defence or indiscriminating eulogy on Wordsworth, rudely as that poet was then assailed by those who were also Coleridge's own re-

vilers. From several of Wordsworth's theories about poetry he dissents entirely, especially from the whole of his remarks on the sameness of the language of prose and verse. At times, too, he finds fault with his practice, and lays his hand on faulty passages and defective poems, in which he traces the influence of false theory; while the true merits of these poems he places not on mere blind preference or individual taste, but on a solid foundation of principles. These principles few or none at that time acknowledged, but they have since won the assent of all competent judges. Canons of judgment they are, not mechanical, but living. They do not furnish the reader with a set of rules which he can take up and apply ready-made. But they require, before they can be used aright, to be assimilated by thought — made our own inwardly. They open the eye to see, generate the power of seeing for one's self, call forth from within a living standard of judgment, which is based on truth and nature.

Again, turn to his criticisms on Shakspeare and the Drama. They are but brief notes, scattered leaves, written by himself or taken down by others, from lectures given mainly in London. His lectures were in general wholly oral, and were best when delivered with no scrap of paper before him. But short as these notes are, they mark, and helped to cause, a revolution in men's ways of thinking about Shakspeare. First he taught, and himself exemplified, that he who would understand Shakspeare must not, Dr. Johnson-wise, seat himself on the critical throne, and thence deliver verdict, as on an inferior, or at best a mere equal; but that he has need to come before all things with reverence, as for the poet of all poets, and that, wanting this, he wants one of the senses the "language of which he is to employ." Again, Coleridge was the first who clearly saw through and boldly denounced the nonsense that had been talked about Shakspeare's irregularity and extravagance. Before his time it had been customary to speak of Shakspeare as of some great abnormal creature, some fine but rude barbarian, full of all sorts of blemishes and artistic solecisms, which were to be tolerated for the sake of the beauties which counterbalanced them. In the face of all this he ventured to ask, "Are then the plays of Shakspeare works of rude uncultivated genius, in which the splendour of the parts compensates for the barbarous shapelessness and irregularity of the whole? Or is the form equally admirable with the matter,

and the judgment of the poet not less deserving our admiration than his genius?" The answer which he gave to his own question, and which he enforced with manifold argument, is in effect that the judgment of Shakspeare is as great as his genius; "nay, that his genius reveals itself in his judgment as in its most exalted form." In arguing against those who at that time "were still trammelled with the notion of the Greek unities, and who thought that apologies were due for Shakspeare's neglect of them, he showed how the form of Shakspeare's dramas was suited to the substance, not less than the form of the Greek dramas to theirs. He pointed out the contrast between mechanic form superinduced from without, and organic form growing from within; that if Shakspeare or any modern were to hold by the Greek dramatic unities, he would be imposing on his creations a dead form from without, instead of letting them shape themselves from within, and clothe themselves with a natural and living form, as the tree clothes itself with its bark. Another point which Coleridge insists on in these lectures and throughout his works, a point often unheeded, sometimes directly denied, is the close connection between just taste and pure morality, because true taste springs out of the ground of the moral nature of man. We cannot now follow him into detail, and show the new light which he has thrown on Shakspeare's separate plays, and on his leading characters. We can but remark in passing, that Hamlet was the character in exposition of which Coleridge first proved his Shaksperian insight. In the *Table Talk* he says, "In fact, I have a smack of Hamlet in myself." If any one wishes to see what a really masterly elucidation of a subtle character is, let him turn to the remarks on Hamlet in the second volume of the *Literary Remains*. We had intended to quote it here entire, but space forbids. This and other of Coleridge's Shakspearian criticisms have been claimed for Schlegel. But most of these had, we believe, been given to the world in lectures before Schlegel's book appeared; and as to this exposition of Hamlet, Hazlitt bears witness that he had heard it from Coleridge before his visit to Germany in 1798. That view of Hamlet has long since become almost a common place in literature, but the idea of it was first conceived and expressed by Coleridge. Some of the other criticisms may be more subtle than many may care to follow. But any one who shall master these notes on Shakspeare, taken as a whole, will find in them more fine analysis of the hidden things of the

heart, more truthful insight into the workings of passion, than are to be found in whole treatises of psychology.

Any survey of Coleridge's speculations would be incomplete if it did not include some account of his political philosophy, which holds so prominent a place among them. Not that he ever was a party politician, — his whole nature was averse to this, — but his mind was too universal in its range, his sympathy with all human interests too strong, to have allowed him to pass by these questions. But happily, the thorough and comprehensive discussion of this department of Coleridge's thought, which occupies the greater part of Mr. Mill's celebrated essay, relieves us from the necessity of entering on that subject here. There is, however, one important point to which that distinguished writer fails to advert. He speaks of Coleridge as an original thinker, but "within the bounds of traditional opinions," and as looking at received beliefs from within. But it must surely have been known to Mr. Mill that Coleridge, during his youth and early manhood, stood as entirely outside of established opinions, and looked at existing institutions as purely from without as it was possible to do. No extremest young radical of the present hour, when intellectual radicalism has once again become a fashion, can question received beliefs more freely, or assail the established order more fearlessly, than Coleridge in his fervent youth did. The convictions on politics and religion, therefore, in which he ultimately rested, are entitled to the weight, whatever it be, of having been formed by one who all his life long sought truth from every quarter, not from within traditionary beliefs only, but for many years from without also; and who, when his thought had gone full circle, became conservative, if that word is to be applied to him, not from self-interest or expediency, or from weariness of thinking, but after ample experience and mature reflection. With this one remark on his political side we pass on.

Criticism, such as we have described above, presupposes profound and comprehensive thought on questions not lying within, but based on wider principles beyond itself. His critical studies, if nothing else, would have driven Coleridge back on metaphysics. But it was the same with whatever subject he took up, whether art or politics, or morals or theology. Everywhere he strove to reach a bottoming, — to grasp the living idea which gave birth to

the system or institution, and kept it alive. Even in those of his works, as the *Literary Life*, *The Friend*, and the *Lay Sermons*, which most enter into practical details, the granite every here and there crops out, the underlying philosophy appears. But that searching for fundamental principles, which seems to have been in him from the first an intellectual necessity, was increased by that morbidly introverted turn of mind which, at some stages of his life, had nearly overbalanced him. In an often-quoted passage from the *Ode to Dejection*, written at Keswick in 1802, he laments the decay within himself of the shaping imagination, and says, that

... "By abstruse research to steal
From my own nature all the natural man;
This was my sole resource, my only plan,
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul."

This passage opens a far glimpse into his mental history. It shows how metaphysics, for which he had from the first an innate propension, became from circumstances almost an unhealthy craving. What then was his ultimate metaphysical philosophy? This is not set forth systematically in any of his works, but we must gather it, as best we can, from disquisitions scattered through them all. And here we must be allowed to call to mind a few elementary matters, which, however trite to students of philosophy, are necessary to be borne in mind for the clear understanding of Coleridge's position.

Every one knows that from the dawn of thought down to the present hour, the question as to the origin of knowledge has been the Sphinx's riddle to philosophers. This strange thing named thought, what is it? This wondrous fabric we call knowledge, whence comes it? It is a web woven out of something, but is it wholly or chiefly woven from outward materials, or mainly wrought by self-evolving powers from within? Or, if due to the combined action of these, what part does each contribute? How much is due to the raw material, how much to the weaver who fashions it? These questions, even if they be insoluble, will never cease to provoke the scrutiny of every new generation of thoughtful men. There always have been a set of thinkers who have regarded outward things as the fixed reality, which impresses representations of itself on mind as on a passive recipient. There have always existed also another set, who have held the mind to be

a free creative energy, evolving from itself the laws of its own thinking, and stamping on outward things the forms which are inherent in its own constitution. The one have held that outward things are genetic of knowledge, and that what are called laws of thought are wholly imposed on the mind by qualities which belong essentially to outward things. The others have maintained that it is the mind which is genetic, and that in reality makes what it sees. This great question, as Mr. Mill has well said, "would not so long have remained a question, if the more obvious arguments on either side had been unanswerable." There must, however, be a point of view, if we could reach it, from which these opposing tendencies of thought shall be seen to combine into one harmonious whole. But the man who shall achieve this final synthesis, and the age which shall witness it, are probably still far distant. Philosophic thought in Britain has in the main leant towards the external side, towards that extreme which makes the mind out of the senses, and maintains experience to be the ultimate ground of all belief. This way of thinking, so congenial to the prevailing English temper of mind, dates from at least as far back as Hobbes, but was first fairly established, almost like a part of the British Constitution, by the famous essay of Locke. In his polemic against innate ideas he asserted two sources of all knowledge. "Our observation," he says, "employed either about external sensible, or about the internal operations of our minds perceived and reflected on by ourselves, is that which supplies our understandings with materials of thinking." The latter of these two sources, here somewhat vaguely announced, was never very strongly insisted upon by Locke himself, and was by his followers speedily discarded. This development of Locke's system is seen most clearly in Hume, who divided all the mind's furniture into impressions or lively perceptions, as when we see, hear, hate, desire, will; and ideas or faint perceptions, which are copies of our sensible or lively impressions. So that with him all the materials of thought are derived from outward sense, or inward sentiment or emotion.

Contemporary with Hume, and like him a follower of Locke, Hartley appeared at Cambridge, and carried out the same views to still more definite issues. He gathered up and systematized the materialistic views which were at that time floating about his university. Being, like Locke, a physician, he imported into his system a much larger

amount of his professional knowledge, and sought to explain the movements of thought by elaborate physiological theories. He held that vibrations in the white medullary substance of the brain are the immediate causes of sensation, and that these first vibrations give birth to vibrations or miniatures of themselves which are conceptions, or the simple ideas of sensible things. In another point he differed from Locke, in that, discarding Reflection, he brought more prominently forward Association, as the great weaving power of the mental fabric, which compounds all our ideas, and gives birth to all our faculties. Such theories as these were the chief philosophical aliment to be found in England when Coleridge was a young man. At Cambridge, having entered Hartley's college, where the name of that philosopher was still held in honour, Coleridge became his ardent disciple. In the *Religious Musings*, after Milton and Newton, he speaks of Hartley as

"He of mortal kind
Wisest; the first who marked the ideal tribes
Up the fine fibres to the sentient brain."

Materialistic though his system was, Hartley was himself a believer in Christianity, and a religious man. His philosophical system came to be in high favour with Priestley and the Unitarians towards the end of last century; so that when Coleridge became a Hartleian, he adopted Necessitarian views of the will, and Unitarian tenets in religion. A Materialist, a Necessitarian, a Unitarian, such was Coleridge during his Cambridge and Bristol sojourn. But it was not possible that he should be permanently holden of these things. There were ideal lights and moral yearnings within him which would burst these bonds. The piece of divinity that was in him would not always do homage to Materialism.

Before he visited Germany he had begun to awake out of his Hartleianism. It had occurred to him that all association—Hartley's great instrument—"presupposes the existence of the thoughts and images to be associated." In short, association cannot account for its own laws. All that association does is to use these laws, or latent *a priori* forms, to wit, contiguity of time and place, resemblance, contrast, so as to bring particular things under them. When two things have been thus brought together under one law—say contiguity in time—they may get so connected in thought that it becomes difficult to conceive them apart. But it never can be impossible so to con-

ceive them; that is, to separate them in thought. Further, he began to see that the hypothesis of all knowledge, being derived from sense, does not get rid of the need of a living intellectual mechanism, which makes these copies from sensible impressions. His own illustration is, the existence of an original picture, say Raphael's Transfiguration, does not account for the existence of a copy of it; but rather the copyist must have put forth the same powers, and gone through the same process, as the first painter did when he made the original picture. Or take that instance, which is a kind of standing Houghoumont to sensational and idealistic combatants—we mean causality, or the belief that every event must have a cause. Sensationalists, from Hume to Mr. Mill, have laboured to derive this, the grand principle of all inductive reasoning, from invariable experience. Mr. Mill's theory, the latest and most accredited from that side, thus explains it. He says that we arrive, by simple enumeration of individual instances, first at one and then at another particular uniformity, till we have collected a large number of such uniformities, or groups of cases in which the law of causation holds good. From this collection of the more obvious particular uniformities, in all of which the law of causation holds, we generalize the universal law of causation, or the belief that all things whatever have a cause; and then we proceed to apply this law so generalized as an inductive instrument to discover those other particular laws which go to make up itself, but which have hitherto eluded our investigation. Thus, according to this philosopher, we arrive at the universal law by generalizing from many laws of inferior generality. But as these last do not rest on rigid induction, but only on simple enumeration of instances, the universal law can not lay claim to any greater cogency than the inferior laws on which it rests. One authenticated instance in which the law of causality does not hold may upset our belief in the universal validity of that law; and that there may be worlds in which it is so upset—in which events succeed each other at random, and by no fixed law—Mr. Mill finds no difficulty in conceiving. But this is really a *reductio ad absurdum*. This world of causeless disorder, which Mr. Mill finds no difficulty in conceiving, is simply inconceivable by any intelligence. If such a world were proved to exist, we should be compelled to believe that for this absence of order there is a cause, or group of causes; just as we know there is a cause,

or group of causes, for the presence of that order which we know to exist as far as our knowledge extends. This necessity to think a cause for every existence or event, a necessity which we cannot get rid of, forms the essential peculiarity of the notion of causality; marking it out as a necessary form of thought, born from within, and not gathered from experience. That which is created by experience is strengthened by the same. But this belief that every event must have a cause, is one which, as soon as we have clearly comprehended the terms, we feel to be inevitable. Experience, no doubt, first brings this cognition out into distinct consciousness; but as soon as we reflect on it, we discover that it must have been present as a constituent element of that very experience. Of causality, then, as of time and space, it may be said, to adopt the language of an able young metaphysician, "themselves cognitions generalized from experience, and, in that point of view, later than experience; they are discovered to have been also elements of those very cognitions of experience from which they have been generalized, present in them as constituent elements, undistinguished before analysis. . . . They are elements of any and every particular experience, entering into every one of them as its necessary form." Or, as Coleridge put it, "Though first revealed to us by experience, they must yet have pre-existed in order to make experience itself possible; even as the eye must exist previously to any particular act of seeing, though by sight only can we know that we have eyes." And again, "How can we make bricks without straw, or build without cement? We learn things, indeed, by occasion of experience; but the very facts so learned force us inward on the antecedents that must be presupposed in order to render experience itself possible."

These and suchlike thoughts were sure to arise in a mind naturally so open to the idealistic side of thought as that of Coleridge, and to shake to pieces the materialistic fabric in which he had for a time ensconced himself. And not merely intellectual misgiving would work this way, but the soul's deeper cravings. Driven by hunger of heart, he wandered from the school of Locke and Hartley, successively on through those of Berkeley, Leibnitz, and, we believe, Spinoza, and finding in them no abiding place, began to despair of philosophy. To this crisis of his history probably apply these words:—

"I found myself all afloat. Doubts rushed

in, broke upon me from the fountains of the great deep, and fell from the windows of heaven. The fountal truths of natural religion and the books of revelation alike contributed to the flood; and it was long ere my 'ark touched on an Ararat and rested.'"

About this time he fell in with the works of the German and other mystics — Tauler, Böhmen, George Fox, and William Law, and in them he found the same kind of help which Luther had found in Tauler: —

"The writings of these mystics acted in no slight degree to prevent my mind from being imprisoned within the outline of any single dogmatic system. They helped to keep alive the heart within the head; gave me an indistinct yet stirring and working presentiment that all the products of the mere reflective faculty partook of death, and were as the rattling twigs and sprays in winter into which a sap was yet to be propelled from some root to which I had not as yet penetrated, if they were to afford my soul food or shelter. If they were a moving cloud of smoke to me by day, yet were they a pillar of fire throughout the night, during my wanderings through the wilderness of doubt, and enabled me to skirt, without crossing, the sandy deserts of utter unbelief."

It was in the company of these men that he first got clear of the trammels of the mere understanding, and learned that there is higher truth than the faculty can compass and circumscribe. The learned seemed to him for several generations to have walked entirely by the light of this mere understanding, and to have confined their investigations strictly within certain conventional limits, beyond which lay all that is most interesting and vital to man. To enthusiasts, illiterate and simple men of heart, they left it to penetrate towards the inmost centre, "the indwelling and living ground of all things." And then he came to this conviction which he never afterwards abandoned, that if the intellect will not acknowledge a higher and deeper ground than it contains within itself, if, making itself the centre of its system, it seeks to square all things by its own laws, it must, if it follows out fearlessly its own reasoning, land in Pantheism or some form of blank unbelief. While his mind was seething with these thoughts it was that he first studied the works of Kant, and these, he says, took possession of him as with a giant's hand. Henceforth his metaphysical creed was moulded mainly by the Kantian principles. This is not the place to attempt to enter on the slightest exposition of these. But, to speak popularly, it may be said that the gist of

Kant's system is not to make the mind out of the senses, as Hume had done, but the senses out of the mind. As Locke and Hume had started from without, so he started from within, making the one fixed truth, the only ground of reality, to consist, not in that which the senses furnish, but in that which the understanding supplies to make sensible knowledge possible. His prime question was, How is experience possible? And this possibility he found in the *a priori* forms of the sensory time and space, and in the *a priori* forms or categories of the understanding, which by their activity bind together into one the multifarious and otherwise unintelligized intimations of sense. It is sense that supplies the understanding with the raw material; this the understanding passes through its machinery, and, by virtue of its inherent concept-forms, reduces it to order, makes it conceivable and intelligible. But the understanding is limited in its operation to phenomena of experience, and whenever it steps beyond this and applies its categories to super-sensible things, it lands itself in contradictions. It cannot arrive at any other truth than that which is valid within man's experience. Ultimate truths, valid for all intelligents, if such there be, are beyond its reach.

Had Kant's philosophy stopped here it would not have done much more for Coleridge than Locke's and Hartley's had done. It was because Kant asserted the existence in man of another faculty, distinct from and higher than understanding, namely, Reason, that Coleridge found him so helpful. The term Reason Kant employed in another than our ordinary sense, as the faculty of ultimate truths or necessary principles. He distinguished, however, between Reason in its speculative and in its practical use. Speculative Reason he held to be exclusively a regulative faculty, having only a formal and logical use. This use is to connect our judgments together into conclusions, according to the three forms of reasoning, — the categorical, the hypothetical, and the disjunctive. These three methods are the ideas of Speculative Reason by which it strives to produce unity and perfectness among the judgments of the understanding. As long as the ideas of Speculative Reason are thus used to control and bring into unity the conceptions of the discursive understanding, they are used rightly, and within their own legitimate sphere. But whenever Speculative Reason tries to elevate these regulative ideas into objects of theoretical knowledge, whenever it ascribes

objective truth to these ideas, it leads to contradiction and falsehood. In other words, Speculative Reason Kant held to be true in its formal or logical, but false in its material application. As the understanding, with its categories, has for its object and only legitimate sphere the world of sense, so Speculative Reason, with its ideas, has for its exclusive sphere of operation the conceptions of the understanding, and beyond these these ideas have no truth nor validity. It was not, however, by these views, either of understanding or of Speculative Reason, that Kant came to the help of the highest interests of humanity, but by his assertion of the existence in man of the Practical Reason which is the inlet or source of our belief in moral and super-sensuous truth. Some have maintained this to be an afterthought added to Kant's system. But, be this as it may, Kant held that the moral law revealed itself to man as a reality through his Practical reason—a law not to be gathered from experience, but to be received as the fundamental principle of action for man, evidencing itself by its own light. This moral law requires for its action the truth of three ideas, that of the soul, of immortality, and of God. These ideas are the postulates of the practical reason, and are true and certain, because, if they are denied, morality and free-will, man's highest certainties, become impossible. They are, however, to man truths of moral certainty—of practical faith—though Kant did not use that word, rather than objects of theoretical contemplation.

This distinction between the understanding and the Reason Coleridge adopted from Kant, and made the ground-work of all his teaching. But the distinction between Speculative and Practical Reason, which was with Kant radical, Coleridge did not dwell on, nor bring into prominence. He knew and so far recognized Kant's distinction, that he spoke of Speculative Reason as the faculty of concluding universal and necessary truths, from particular and contingent appearances, and of Practical Reason, as the power of proposing an ultimate end, that is, of determining the will by ideas. He does not, however, seem to have held by it firmly. Rather he threw himself on Kant's view of Practical Reason, and carried it out with a fulness which Kant probably would have disallowed. Kant's strong assertion that there was at least one region of his being in which man came into contact with super-sensible truth, with the reality of things, this, set forth not vaguely, but with the most solid reasoning,

was that which so attracted Coleridge. But in the use which Coleridge made of this power, and the range he assigned it, he went much beyond his master. He speaks of Reason as an immediate beholding of super-sensible things, as the eye which sees truths transcending sense. He identifies Reason in the human mind, as Kant perhaps would have done, with Universal Reason; calls it impersonal; indeed, regards it as a ray of the Divinity in man. In one place he makes it one with the Light which lighteth every man, and in another he says that Reason is "the presence of the Holy Spirit to the finite understanding, at once the light and the inward eye." "It cannot be rightly called a faculty," he says, "much less a personal property of any human mind." We cannot be said to possess Reason, but rather to partake of it; for there is but one Reason, which is shared by all intelligent beings, and is in itself the Universal or Supreme Reason. "He in whom Reason dwells can as little appropriate it as his own possession, as he can claim ownership in the breathing air, or make an enclosure in the cope of heaven." Again, he says of Reason, that "it has been said to be more like to sense than to understanding; but in this it differs from sense: the bodily senses have objects differing from themselves; Reason, the organ of spiritual apprehension, has objects consubstantial with itself, being itself its own object,—that is, self-contemplative." And again, "Reason substantiated and vital, not only, yet manifold, overseeing all, and going through all understanding, without being either the sense, the understanding, or the imagination, contains all three within itself, even as the mind contains its own thoughts, and is present in and through them all; or as the expression pervades the different features of an intelligent countenance."

In much of the above, Coleridge has not only gone beyond Kant's cautious handling of Practical Reason, but has given to the German's philosophical language a religious, and even a Biblical colouring of his own. Nay, in regarding Reason as the power of intuitive insight into moral and spiritual truths, he has approached nearer to some of the German philosophers who came after Kant. Though Coleridge made so much of this distinction between Reason and understanding, and of Reason as the organ of spiritual truth, and though throughout his later works he is continually and at length insisting on it, he cannot be said to have made it secure against all the technical objections. It would be impossible here to

follow him into all the ramifications of this abstruse subject, and to show minutely the relation in which he placed Reason to understanding. We may, however, notice one scoff against the whole system. It has been represented as a device to enable a man to believe that what is false to his understanding may be true to his Reason. This, though it may be a smart sneer, is nothing more. What Coleridge did maintain was that the material of moral and spiritual truth which comes to man through his Reason, must, before it can be reduced to definite conceptions and expressed in propositions, first pass through the forms of the understanding. In so passing, the truths of Reason and the moral will suffer some loss, because the conceptions of the understanding are not adequate to give full expression to them; so that it was to him no argument against a truth whose source lies in Reason, if, in passing through the understanding, or being reduced to logical language, it issued in propositions which seem illogical, or even contradictory. And what more is this than to say that man's logical understanding is not the measure of all truth? a doctrine surely which did not originate with Coleridge. But whatever difficulties there may be in this philosophy of the reason, it is an attempt to vindicate and sanction those truths which lie deepest, and are most vital to human nature. Questions are continually rising within us, whether born of our own thoughts or imported from intellectual systems, asking anxiously whether any thought of man can reach to spiritual realities. The mind is continually getting entangled in a self-woven mesh of sophistry. It is the highest end of all philosophy to clear away these difficulties which philosophy has itself engendered, and to let the mind look out on the truth as uncloudedly as it did before these sophistications arose; to give back to the race the simplicity of its childhood, with the wisdom of its mature age. Of most metaphysicians, first and last, the main work has been to build up between the spirit of man and the Father of spirits solid walls and high, which no human strength can pierce through, no eye can overlook. To break down and clear away these walls, which others with such pains had reared, this was the ultimate aim and end towards which Coleridge laboured. Herein lies the great service which he did to his age and country. He was almost the first philosopher for a hundred and fifty years, who upheld a metaphysics which was in harmony at once with the best wisdom of the olden time, and

with man's deepest aspirations in all time. It was a thorough and profound protest against the philosophy judging according to sense, with which England, and, *pace* Reid be it said, Scotland too, had so long been deluged. It opened up once more a free passage for man's thoughts to that higher world of truth which philosophy had so long barred against them; opened up to the human spirit a path which it might travel, undisturbed by technical objections of the understanding, toward that spiritual region which is its natural home. Man's deepest heart, his inmost being, from depths beyond all conscious thought, cry out for such access. And it is the business of a true philosophy, not, as has been often done, to bar the way and to break down the bridges that span the gulfs, but cautiously, yet resolutely, to make ready a way by which the weary hearts of men may pass over in safety. Honour be to the spiritual engineers who have laboured to build up such a highway for humanity!

When Coleridge had made his own the distinction between reason and understanding, he found in it not only a key to many of the moral and religious questions which had perplexed himself, and were working confusion among his contemporaries, but he seemed to find in it a truth, which, however unsystematically, had been held and built on by all the masters of ancient wisdom, whether in philosophy or theology. Especially he seemed to see this truth pervading the writings of the Cambridge Platonists, of Leighton, and of all the best divines of the seventeenth century.

A good example of the way in which Coleridge applied his metaphysical principles to philosophic questions will be found in the *Essays on Method*, in the third volume of *The Friend*. He there attempts to reconcile Plato's view of the Idea as lying at the ground of all investigation with Bacon's philosophy of induction, and to prove that, though they worked from opposite ends of the problem, they are not really opposed. In all inductive investigations, Coleridge contends, the mind must contribute something, the mental initiative, the *prudens questio*, the idea; and this, when tested or proved by rigorous scientific processes, is found to be a law of nature. What in the mind of the discoverer is a prophetic idea, is found in nature to be a law, and the one answers, and is akin to, the other. What Coleridge has there said of the mental initiative which lies at the foundation of induction, Dr. Whewell has taken up and argued out at length in his

works on Induction. Mr. Mill has as stoutly redargued it from his own point of view, and their polemic still waits a solution. But we must pass from these pure metaphysical problems to notice some of the ways in which Coleridge applied his principles to moral and religious questions.

In the *Literary Remains* there is a remarkable essay on Faith, which contains a suggestive application of these principles. Faith he defines to be fealty or fidelity to that part of our being which cannot become an object of the senses; to that in us which is highest, and is alone unconditionally imperative. What is this? Every man is conscious of something within him which tells him he ought, which commands him, to do to others as he would they should do to him. Of this he is as assured as he is that he sees and hears; only with this difference, that the senses act independently of the will. The conscience is essentially connected with the will. We can, if we will, refuse to listen to it. The listening or the not listening to conscience is the first moral act by which a man takes upon him or refuses allegiance to a power higher than himself, yet speaking within himself. Now, what is this in each man, higher than himself, yet speaking within him? It is Reason, super-sensuous, impersonal, the representative in man of the will of God, and demanding the allegiance of the individual will. Faith, then, is fealty to this rightful superior; "allegiance of the moral nature to Universal Reason, or will of God; in opposition to all usurpation of appetite, of sensible objects, of the finite understanding," of affection to others, or even the purest love of the creature. And conscience is the inward witness to the presence in us of the divine ray of reason, "the irradiative power, the representative of the Infinite." An approving conscience is the sense of harmony of the personal will of man with that impersonal light which is in him, representative of the will of God. A condemning conscience is the sense of discord or contrariety between these two. Faith, then, consists in the union and interpenetration of the Reason and the individual will. Since our will and moral nature enter into it, faith must be a continuous and total energy of the whole man. Since reason enters into it, faith must be a light—a seeing, a beholding of truth. Hence faith is a spiritual act of the whole being; it is "the source and germ of the fidelity of man to God, by the entire subjugation of the human will to Reason, as the representative in him of the divine will." Such is a condensation, nearly in Coleridge's own words, of the

substance of that essay. Hard words and repulsive these may seem to some, who feel it painful to analyze the faith they live by. And no doubt the simple, child-like apprehension of the things of faith is better and more blessed than all philosophizing about them. They who have good health and light breathing, whose system is so sound that they know not they have a system, have little turn for disquisitions on health and respiration. But, just as sickness and disease have compelled men to study the bodily framework, so doubt and mental entanglement have forced men to go into these abstruse questions, in order to meet the philosophy of denial with a counter philosophy of faith. The philosophy is not faith, but it may help to clear away sophistications that stand in the way of it.

For entering into speculations of this kind Coleridge had been branded as a transcendentalist, a word with many of hideous import. But abstruse and wide of practice as these speculations may seem, it was for practical behoof mainly that Coleridge undertook them. "What are my metaphysics?" he exclaims; "merely the referring of the mind to its own consciousness for truths which are indispensable to its own happiness." Of this any one may be convinced who shall read with care his *Friend* or his *Lay Sermons*. One great source of the difficulty, or, as some might call it, the confusedness of these works, is the rush and throng of human interests with which they are filled. If he discusses the ideas of the Reason, or any other like abstract subject, it is because he feels its vital bearing on some truth of politics, morality, or religion, the clear understanding of which concerns the common weal. And here is one of his strongest mental peculiarities, which has made many censure him as unintelligible. His eye flashed with a lightning glance from the most abstract truth to the minutest practical detail, and back again from this to the abstract principle. This makes that, when once his mental powers begin to work, their movements are on a vastness of scale, and with a many-sidedness of view, which, if they render him hard to follow, make him also stimulative and suggestive of thought beyond all other modern writers.

When Coleridge first began to speculate, the sovereignty of Locke and his followers in English Metaphysics was not more supreme than that of Paley in Moral Philosophy. Both were Englishmen of the round, robust English stamp, haters of subtleties, abhorrent of idealism, resolute to warn off any ghost of scholasticism from

the domain of common-sense philosophy. And yet both had to lay down dogmatic decisions on subjects into which, despite the burliest common sense, things infinite and spiritual will intrude. How resolute was Coleridge's polemic against Locke and all his school we have seen. Not less vigorous was his protest against Paley as a moralist, and that at a time when few voices were raised against the common-sense Dean.

For completely rounded moral systems Coleridge indeed professed little respect, ranking them for utility with systems of casuistry or articular confession. But of vital principles of morality, penetrating to the quick, few men's writings are more fruitful. A standing butt for Coleridge's shafts was Paley's well-known definition of virtue as "the doing of good to mankind, in obedience to the will of God, and for the sake of everlasting happiness." Or, as Paley has elsewhere more broadly laid down the same principle, "we are obliged to do nothing, but what we ourselves are to gain or lose something by, for nothing else can be a violent motive." Against this substitution, as he called it, of a scheme of selfish prudence for moral virtue, Coleridge was never weary of raising his voice. Morality, as he contended, arises out of the Reason and conscience of man; prudence out of the understanding, and the natural wants and desires of the individual; and though prudence is the worthy servant of morality, the master and the servant cannot rightly be confounded. The chapter in *The Friend*, in which he argues against the Utilitarian system of ethics, and proves that general consequences cannot be the criterion of the right and wrong of particular actions, is one of the best-reasoned and most valuable which that work contains. The following are some of the arguments with which he contends against "the inadequacy of the principle of general consequences as a criterion of right and wrong, and its utter uselessness as a moral guide." Such a criterion is vague and illusory, for it depends on each man's notion of happiness, and no two men have exactly the same notion. And even if men were agreed as to what constitutes the end, namely, happiness, the power of calculating consequences, and the foresight needed to secure the means to the end, are just that in which men most differ. But morality ought to be grounded on that part of their nature, namely, their moral convictions, in which men are most alike, not on the calculating understanding, in which they stand most widely apart. Again, such a criterion con-

founds morality, which looks to the inward motive, with law, which regards only the outward act. Indeed, the need of a judgment of actions according to the inward motive, forms one of the strongest arguments for a future state. For in this world our outward actions, apart from their motives, must needs determine our temporal welfare. But the moral nature longs for, and Scripture reveals, a more perfect judgment to come, wherein not the outward act but the inward principle, the thoughts and intents of the heart, shall be made the ground of judgment. Again, this criterion is illusory, because evil actions are often turned to good by that Providence which brings good out of evil. If, then, consequences were the sole or chief criterion, then these evil actions ought to be, because of their results, reckoned good. Nero persecuted the Christians and so spread Christianity: is he to be credited with this good result? Again, to form a notion of the nature of an action multiplied indefinitely into the future, we must first know the nature of the original action itself. And if we already know this, what need of testing it by its remote consequences? If against these arguments it were urged that general consequences are the criterion, not of the agent but of the action, Coleridge would reply, that all actions have their whole worth and main value from the moral principle which actuates the agent. So that, if it could be shown that two men, one acting from enlightened self-love, the other from pure Christian principle, would observe towards all their neighbours throughout life exactly the same course of outward conduct, yet these two, weighed in a true moral balance, would be wide as the poles asunder. By these and suchlike arguments Coleridge opposes the Paleyan and every other form of Utilitarian ethics. Instead of confounding morality with prudence, he everywhere bases morality on religion. "The widest maxims of prudence," he asserts, "are arms without hearts, when disjoined from those feelings which have their fountain in a living principle." That principle lies in the common ground where morality and religion meet, and from which neither can be sundered without destruction to both. The moral law, every man feels, has a universality and an imperativeness far transcending the widest maxims of experience; and this because it has its origin in Reason, as described above, in that in each man which is representative of the Divine Will, and connects him therewith. Out of Reason, not from experience, all pure prin-

ciples of morality spring, and in it find their sanction. This truth Coleridge reiterated in every variety of form.

But while he is thus strong in placing the foundation of individual morality in Reason, in his sense of that word, he repudiates those theories which would draw from the same source the first principles of political government. In opposition to these theories, he held that each form of government is sufficiently justified, when it can be shown that it is suitable for the circumstances of the particular nation. Therefore no one form of government can lay claim to be the sole rightful one. Thus to prudence or expediency Coleridge assigns a place in political questions which he denies to it in moral ones. Full of power is his whole argument against Rousseau, Paine, and others of that day, who maintained the social contract and the rights of man, and, laying the grounds of political right exclusively in Reason, held that nothing was rightful in civil society which could not be deduced from the primary laws of reason. "Who," asked Rousseau, "shall dare prescribe a law of moral action for any rational being, considered as a member of a state, which does not flow immediately from that reason which is the fountain of all morality?" Where-to Coleridge replies, Morality looks not to the outward act, but to the internal maxim of actions. But politics look solely to the outward act. The end of good government is to regulate the actions of particular bodies of men, as shall be most expedient under given circumstances. How, then, can the same principle be employed to test the expediency of political rules and the purity of inward motives? He then goes on to show that when Rousseau asserted that every human being possessed of Reason had in him an inalienable sovereignty, he applied to actual man—compassed about with passions, errors, vices, and infirmities—what is true of the abstract Reason alone; that all he asserted of "that sovereign will, to which the right of legislation belongs, applies to no human being, to no assemblage of human beings, least of all to the mixed multitude that makes up the people; but entirely and exclusively to Reason itself, which, it is true, dwells in every man potentially, but actually and in perfect purity in no man, and in no body of men." And this reasoning he clinches by an instance and an argument, often since repeated, though we know not whether Coleridge was the first to employ it. He shows that the constituent assembly of France, whenever they tried to act out these principles

of pure Reason, were forced to contravene them. They excluded from political power children, though reasonable beings, because in them Reason is imperfect; women, because they are dependent. But is there not more of Reason in many women, and even in some children, than in men dependent for livelihood on the will of others, the very poor, the infirm of mind, the ignorant, the depraved? Some reasonable beings must be disfranchised. It comes then to a question of degrees. And how are degrees to be determined? Not by pure reason, but by rules of expedience, founded on present observation and past experience. But the whole of Coleridge's reasoning against Rousseau and Cartwright's universal suffrage is well worth the attention of those advanced thinkers of the present day, who are beginning once again, after a lapse of half a century, to argue about political rights on grounds of abstract reason. They will there find, if they care to see it, the whole question placed not on temporary arguments, but on permanent principles.

But keen as was Coleridge's interest in political and moral subjects, and in whatever affects the well-being of man, the full bent of his soul, and its deepest meditations, were given to the truths of the Christian revelation. From none of his works are these thoughts absent; but the fullest exposition of his religious views is to be found in the *Aids to Reflection*, his maturest work, and in the third and fourth volumes of the *Literary Remains*. Before, however, adverting to these opinions, it may be well to remember, that, much as Coleridge thought and reasoned on religion, it was his firm conviction, founded on experience, that the way to an assured faith, that faith which gives life and peace, is not to be won by dint of argument. "Evidences of Christianity! I am weary of the word. Make a man feel the want of it; rouse him, if you can, to the self-knowledge of the need of it, and you may safely trust it to its own evidence, remembering always the express declaration of Christ himself: 'No man cometh to me, unless the Father leadeth him.'" So it was with himself. Much as he philosophized, philosophy was not his soul's haven; not thence did his help come. It may have cleared away outlying hindrances, but it was not this that led him up to the stronghold of hope. Through the wounds made in his own spirit, through the brokenness of a heart humbled and made contrite by the experience of his own sin and utter helplessness, entered in the faith which gave rest, the peace which "settles

where the intellect is meek." Once his soul had reached the citadel, his ever-busy eye and penetrating spirit surveyed the nature of the bulwarks, and examined the foundations, as few before had done. And the world has the benefit, whatever it may be, of these surveys. But though Coleridge was a religious philosopher, let it not be supposed that he put more store by the philosophy than the religion. He knew well, and often insisted, that religion is life rather than science, and that there is a danger, peculiar to the intellectual man, of turning into speculation what was given to live by. He knew that the intellect, busy with ideas about God, may not only fail to bring a man nearer the divine life, but may actually tend to withdraw him from it. For the intellect takes in but the phantom of the truth, and leaves the total impression, the full power of it, unappropriated. And hence it comes that those truths which, if felt by the unlearned at all, go straight to the heart and are taken in by the whole man, are apt, in the case of the philosopher and the theologian, to stop at the outside region of the understanding, and never to get further. This is a danger peculiar to the learned, or to those who think themselves such. The trained intellect is apt to eat out the child's heart, and yet the "except ye become as little children" stands unrepealed. Coleridge knew this well. In his earliest interview with De Quincey, he said

"that prayer with the whole soul was the highest energy of which the human heart was capable, and that the great mass of worldly men, and of learned men, were absolutely incapable of prayer."

And only two years before his death, after a retrospect of his own life, to his nephew, who sat by his bedside one afternoon, he said,

"I have no difficulty in forgiveness. . . . Neither do I find or reckon most the solemn faith in God as a real object the most arduous act of reason and will. O no! it is to pray, to pray as God would have us; this is what at times makes me turn cold to my soul. Believe me, to pray with all your heart and strength, with the reason and the will, to believe vividly that God will listen to your voice through Christ, and verily do the thing He pleaseth thereupon — this is the last, the greatest achievement of a Christian's warfare on earth.' And then he burst into tears, and begged me to pray for him."

It has been said that the great object of his theological speculations was to bring into harmony religion and philosophy. This assertion would mislead, if it were meant to imply that he regarded these as two co-ordinate powers, which could be welded together into one reasoned system. It would, perhaps, be more true to say that his endeavour was, in his own words, to remove the doubts and difficulties that cannot but arise whenever the understanding, the mind of the flesh, is made the measure of spiritual things. He laboured to remove religion from a merely mechanical or intellectual, and to place it on a moral and spiritual foundation. His real aim was, notwithstanding that his love for scholastic distinctions might seem to imply the contrary, to simplify men's thoughts on these things, to show that spiritual truth is like the light, self-evidencing, that it is preconformed to man's higher nature, as man's nature is preconformed to it.

As he had to contend against Lockean metaphysics and Paleyan ethics, so he had to do strenuous battle against a theology mainly mechanical. He woke upon an age when the belief in God was enforced in the schools as the conclusion of a lengthened argument; when revelation was proved exclusively by miracles, with little regard to its intrinsic evidence; and when both natural and revealed truths were superinduced from without, as extraneous, extra-moral beliefs, rather than taught as living faiths evidenced from within. In opposition to this kind of teaching, which had so long reigned, Coleridge taught that the foundation truth of all religion, faith in the existence of God, was incapable of intellectual demonstration — that as all religion, so this corner-stone of religion, must have a moral origin. To him that belief was inherent in the soul, as Reason is inherent, indeed a part of Reason, in the sense he gave to that word, as moral in its nature, and the fountain of moral truth. His words are —

"Because I possess Reason, or a law of right and wrong, which, uniting with the sense of moral responsibility, constitutes my conscience, hence it is my absolute duty to believe, and I do believe that there is a God, that is, a Being in whom supreme Reason and a most holy will are one with infinite power; and that all holy will is coincident with the will of God, and therefore secure in its ultimate consequences by His omnipotence. The wonderful works of God in the sensible world are a perpetual discourse, reminding me of His existence, and shadowing out to me His perfections. But as all language

presupposes, in the intelligent hearer or reader, those primary notions which it symbolizes, . . . even so, I believe, that the notion of God is essential to the human mind; that it is called forth into distinct consciousness principally by the conscience, and auxiliarily by the manifest adaptation of means to ends in the outward creation. It is, therefore, evident to my Reason, that the existence of God is absolutely and necessarily insusceptible of a scientific demonstration, and that Scripture so represents it. For it commands us to believe in one God. Now all commandment necessarily relates to the will; whereas all scientific demonstration is independent of the will, and is demonstrative only in so far as it is compulsory on the mind, *volentem nolentem*."

Thus we see that with regard to the first truth of all religion, Coleridge places its evidence in conscience and the intuitive reason. Carrying the same manner of thinking into revealed religion, to its inherent substance he gave the foremost place as evidence, while to historical proofs and arguments from miracles he assigned the same subordinate place, as in reference to the existence of God he assigned to arguments from design.

His view upon this subject also had better be given in his own language. It could hardly be expressed in fewer, and certainly not in better words. The main evidences, he thinks are

"the doctrines of Christianity, and the correspondence of human nature to these doctrines, illustrated, *first*, historically, as the production of a new world, and the dependence of the fate of the planet upon it; *second*, individually, from its appeal to an ascertained fact, the truth of which every man possessing Reason has an equal power of ascertaining within himself; viz., a will, which has more or less lost its own freedom, though not the consciousness that it ought to be and may become free; the conviction that this cannot be achieved without the operation of a principal co-natural with itself; the experience in his own nature of the truth of the process described by Scripture, as far as he can place himself within the process, aided by the confident assurance of others as to the effects experienced by them, and which he is striving to arrive at. All these form a practical Christian. To such a man one main test of the truth of his faith is its accompaniment by a growing insight into the moral beauty and necessity of the process which it comprises, and the dependence of that process on the causes asserted. Believe, and if thy belief be right, that insight, which changes faith into knowledge, will be the reward of that belief."

Subordinate to this internal evidence in Coleridge's view, buttresses, but not corner-

stones, are the facts of the existence and of the history of Christianity, and also of the miracles which accompanied its first appearance. These are necessary results, rather than primary proofs of revelation. For, "as the result of the above convictions, he will not scruple to receive the particular miracles recorded, inasmuch as it is miraculous that an incarnate God should not work what must to mere men appear as miracles; inasmuch as it is strictly accordant with the ends and benevolent nature of such a Being to commence the elevation of man above his mere senses by enforcing attention first, through an appeal to those senses." Thus, according to him, they are not the adequate and ultimate proof of religion, not the keystone of the arch, but rather "compacting stones in it, which give while they receive strength."

Coleridge's theology was more or less a recoil from one in which miracles had been pushed into undue, almost exclusive prominence, one in which the proof of religion was derived mainly from the outward senses; whereas he was convinced that to subjugate the senses to faith, the passive belief to the moral and responsible belief, was one main end of all religion. Whether Coleridge struck the balance aright between outward and inward evidence, whether he gave to miracles that place which is their due; whether, in his zeal for the inward truths, he estimated as they deserve the miraculous facts, which, whatever they may be to some over-subtilized intellects, have been, and always must be, to the great mass of men, the main objective basis on which the spiritual truths repose, these are questions into which we shall not now inquire. Our aim, especially in this part of our essay, is not so much to criticise, as to set forth, as fairly as may be, what his views really were.

We have seen then that Coleridge held the adaptation of Christianity to man's need, and to his whole moral nature, to be the strongest evidence of its truth. And this naturally suggests the question, How far did he regard man's moral convictions to be the test of revelation as a whole, or of any particular doctrine of revelation? Did he wish to square down the truths of revelation to the findings of human conscience? To answer this question is the more necessary, because Mr. Mill, in the few remarks on Coleridge's religious opinions with which he closes his essay, has asserted that he "goes as far as the Unitarians in making man's reason and moral feelings a test of revelation; but differs *toto cælo* from

them in their rejection of its mysteries, which he regards as the highest philosophical truths." It would be strange, indeed, if Coleridge, who certainly ought to have known both his own views and those of the Unitarians, should have so far deluded himself as to protest against them unweariedly for this very fault, that they made man the measure of all things, while in this matter he himself was substantially at one with them. The truth is, that those who speak most strongly about reason being the measure of faith, mean by the word Reason much the same as Coleridge meant by Understanding — the faculty of definite conceptions, the power of clearly comprehending truths. And in their mouths the proposition means that nothing is to be believed in religion, or anything else, which man's understanding cannot fully grasp, clearly conceive, definitely express, satisfactorily explain. Now Coleridge used the term Reason in a sense different, nay, opposed to this. He held, whether rightly or no we do not now inquire, but he held, that there is in man a power of apprehending universal spiritual truths, something that brings him into close relation, we had almost said contact, with supersensible reality, and to this power he gave the name of Reason. And the intimations of moral and spiritual things, which he believed that he received through this power, he accepted readily, though he could not understand nor explain them, nor even conceive the possibility of them. Even with regard to the first truth of religion, the existence, personality, and moral nature of God, he held that this is to be received on moral grounds, and regarded as a settled truth "not by the removal of all difficulties, or by any such increase of insight as enables a man to meet all sceptical objections with a full and precise answer; but because he has convinced himself that it is folly as well as presumption to expect it; and because the doubts and difficulties disappear at the beam when tried against the weight of the reasons in the other scale." Again, of the fall of man, he says that it is a mystery too profound for human insight; and of the doctrine of the Trinity, that it is an absolute truth, transcending our human means of understanding or demonstrating it. These, and numerous other suchlike sayings might be adduced, not to speak of the whole scope of his philosophy, to show that it was no obstacle to his belief in a truth, that it transcended his comprehension. Nay, more, so far was he from desiring to bring down all religious truths to the level of human comprehension,

that he everywhere enforced it as a thing antecedently to be expected, that the fundamental truths should be mysteries, and that he would have found it hard to believe them if they had not been so.

What then did he mean when he maintained, as he certainly did, that "in no case can true Reason and a right faith oppose each other?" We have seen that Reason with Coleridge was the link by which man is joined on to a higher order, the source whence he draws in all of moral truth and of religious sentiment which he possesses. It was the harmony of revelation with this faculty of apprehending universal spiritual truths which was to him the main ground for originally believing in revelation, and, therefore, he held that no particular doctrine of revelation can contradict the findings of that faculty on the evidence of which revelation as a whole is primarily received. In other words, no view of God's nature and of his dealings with men, no interpretation of any doctrine, nor of any text of Scripture, can be true, which contradicts the clear intimations of enlightened conscience. And the substance of revelation and the dictates of conscience so answer to each other, that the religious student, under the guidance of the Divine Spirit, may expect to find an ever increasing harmony between the two teachings. Opposed to this doctrine of Coleridge, on the one hand, is the teaching of those who, believing in revelation, deny to man any power of apprehending spiritual truths, and hold that the first truths of religion must be received simply as authoritative data from without. Equally opposed, on the other hand, are the views of those who, though admitting in some sense the truth of revelation, yet make man's power of understanding the entire measure of all that is to be received as revealed. The creed which is bounded either theoretically or practically within this limit must needs be a scanty one.

The truth seems to be, that, both in the things of natural and revealed religion, the test that lies in man's moral judgment seems more of a negative than a positive one. We are not to believe about God anything which positively contradicts our first notions of righteousness and goodness, for, if we were to do so, we should cut away the original moral ground of our belief in His existence and character. Thus far our moral judgments carry us, but not much further. No rational man who believes in God at all will try to square all the facts that meet him in the natural and the moral

world to his sense of right and wrong. Life is full of inscrutable facts which cannot be made by us to fit into any moral standard of ours. All that the moral judgment has a right to say to them is to refuse to believe any proposed interpretation of them which contradicts the plain laws of right and wrong, any interpretation which makes God unrighteous on account of such facts, and to wait patiently in full faith that a time will come when we shall see these now inscrutable facts to have been fully consistent with the most perfect righteousness. And the same use which we make of our moral judgment in regard to the facts that meet us in life, we are bound to make of it with regard to the doctrines of revelation. We are not to expect to see moral light through all of these, but we are to refuse any interpretation of them which does violence to the moral sense. In both cases, however, we have reason to expect that, to those who honestly and humbly use the light they have, more light will be given, — a growing insight, or, at least, a trustful acquiescence in facts which at first were too dark and perplexing. There are in this region two extremes, equally to be shunned. One is theirs, who in matters of religion begin by discrediting the natural light, — by putting out the eye of conscience, — that they may the more magnify the heavenly light of revelation, or rather their own interpretations thereof. The other is seen in those, who enthroning on the judgment-seat the first off-hand findings of their own, and that perhaps no very enlightened, conscience, proceed to arraign before this bar the statements of Scripture, and to reject all those which do not seem to square with the verdicts of the self-erected tribunal. • There is a more excellent way than either of these, a way not definable perhaps by criticism, but to be found by spiritual wisdom. There are those who, loath to do violence to the teachings either of Scripture or of conscience, but patiently and reverently comparing them together, find that the more deeply they are considered, the more do they, on the whole, reflect light one on the other. To such the words of Scripture, interpreted by the experience of life, reveal things about their own nature, which once seemed incredible. • And the more they know of themselves and their own needs, the more the words of Scripture seem to enlarge their meaning to meet these. But as to the large outlying region of the inexplicable that will still remain in the world, in man, and in Holy Writ, they can leave all this, in full confidence that when the so-

lution, soon or late, shall come, it will be seen to be in profound harmony with our highest sense of righteousness, and with that word which declares that "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all. Such, though not expressed in Coleridge's words, we believe to be the spirit of his teaching.

What then is to be said of those passages in his works in which he speaks of the mysteries of faith, and the highest truths of philosophy, as coincident; in which he says that he received the doctrine of the Logos not merely on authority, but because of its to him exceeding reasonableness; in which he speaks as if he had an intellectual insight into the doctrine of the Trinity, and draws out formulas of it in strange words hard to understand? Whatever we may think of these sayings and formulas, it is to be remembered that Coleridge never pretended that he could have discovered the truths apart from revelation. If, after practically accepting these truths, and finding in them the spiritual supports of his soul, he employed his powers of thought upon them, and drew them out into intellectual formulas more satisfactory to himself probably than to others, yet these philosophizings, made for the purpose of speculative insight, he neither represented as the grounds of his own faith, nor obtruded on others as necessary for theirs. He ever kept steadily before him the difference between an intellectual belief and a practical faith, and asserted that it was solely in consequence of the historical fact of redemption that the Trinity becomes a doctrine, the belief in which as real is commanded by our conscience.

In the *Aids to Reflection*, the earlier half of the work is employed in clearing away preliminary hindrances; the latter part deals mainly with the moral difficulties that are apt to beset the belief in Original Sin and in the Atonement.

With regard to the former doctrine, he shows that the belief of the existence of evil, as a fact, in man and in the world, is not peculiar to Christianity, but is common to it with every religion and every philosophy that has believed in a personal God; in fact, to all systems but Pantheism and Atheism. The fact then needs no proof, but the meaning of the fact does. As to this, Coleridge rejected that interpretation of original sin, which makes "original" mean "hereditary," or inherited like our bodily constitution from our forefathers. Such, he held, might be disease or calamity, but could not be sin, the meaning of which is, the choice of evil by a will free to choose between good

and evil. This fact of a law in man's nature which opposes the law of God, is not only a fact, but a mystery, of which no other solution than the statement of the fact is possible. For consider: Sin to be sin is evil originating in, not outside of the will. And what is the essence of the will? It is a self-determining power, having the original ground of its own determination in itself; and if subject to any cause from without, such cause must have acquired this power of determining the will by a previous determination of the will itself. This is the very essence of a will. And herein it is contradistinguished from nature, whose essence it is to be unable to originate anything, but to be bound by the mechanism of cause and effect. If the will has by its own act subjected itself to nature, has received into itself from nature an alien influence which has curtailed its freedom, in so far as it has done so, it has corrupted itself. This is original sin, or sin originating in the only region in which it can originate — the Will. This is a fall of man.

You ask. When did this fall take place? Has the will of each man chosen evil for itself; and, if so, when? To this Coleridge would reply that each individual will has so chosen; but as to the when, the will belongs to a region of being. — is part of an order of things, in which time and space have no meaning; that "the subject stands in no relation to time, can neither be called in time or out of time; but that all relations of time are as alien and heterogeneous in this question as north or south, round or square, thick or thin, are in the affections."

Again you ask, With whom did sin originate? And Coleridge replies, The grounds of will on which it is true of any one man are equally true in the case of all men. The fact is asserted of the individual, not because he has done this or that particular evil act, but simply because he is man. It is impossible for the individual to say that it commenced in this or that act, at this or that time. As he cannot trace it back to any particular moment of his life, neither can he state any moment at which it did not exist. As to this fact, then, what is true of any one man is true of all men. For, "in respect of original sin, each man is the representative of all men."

Such, nearly in his own words, was the way in which Coleridge sought, while fully acknowledging this fact, to construe it to himself, so as to get rid of those theories which make it an infliction from without, a calamity, a hereditary disease; for which, however much sorrow there might be, there

could be no responsibility, and therefore no sense of guilt. And he sought to show that it is an evil self-originated in the will; a fact mysterious, not to be explained, but to be felt by each man in his conscience as his own deed. Therefore, in the confession of his faith, he said: —

"I believe (and hold it a fundamental article of Christianity) that I am a fallen creature; that I am myself capable of moral evil, but not of myself capable of moral good; and that an evil ground existed in my will previously to any given act, or assignable moment of time, in my own consciousness. I am born a child of wrath. This fearful mystery I pretend not to understand. I cannot even conceive the possibility of it, but I know that it is so. My conscience, the sole fountain of certainty, commands me to believe it, and would itself be a contradiction were it not so; and what is real must be possible."

And the sequel of the same confession thus goes on: —

"I receive, with full and grateful faith, the assurance of revelation that the Word, which is from eternity with God, and is God, assumed our human nature, in order to redeem me and all mankind from this our connate corruption. My reason convinces me that no other mode of redemption is possible. . . . I believe that this assumption of humanity by the Son of God was revealed and realized to us by the Word made flesh, and manifested to us in Jesus Christ, and that his miraculous birth, his agony, his crucifixion, death, resurrection, and ascension, were all both symbols of our redemption, and necessary facts of the awful process."

Such was his belief in 1816, marking how great a mental revolution he must have gone through since the days when he was a Unitarian preacher. The steps of that change he has himself but partially recorded. But the abandonment of the Hartleian for a more ideal philosophy, the blight that fell on his manhood, his sufferings, and sense of inner misery, then the closer study of the Bible in the light of his own need, and growing intercourse with the works of the elder divines, — all these were parts at least of the process. But whatever may have wrought this change, no one who knows anything of Coleridge can doubt that in this, as in opinions of lesser import; he was influenced only by the sincerest desire for truth. Great as may have been his moral defects — fallen, as he may have fallen, in some of the homeliest duties, even below common men, this at least must be conceded to him, that he desired the truth,

hungered and thirsted for it, pursued it with a life-long earnestness, rare even among the best men. In this search for truth, and in his declaration of it when found, self-interest, party feeling, friendship, had no place with him. He had come to believe in some sort in a Trinity in the Godhead, and admitted more or less the personality of the Logos, for some time before he returned fully to the Catholic faith. The belief in the Incarnation and the Redemption by the Cross, as historical facts, were the stumbling-blocks which last disappeared. Therefore his final conviction on this subject, as recorded in the *Aids to Reflection*, is the more worthy of regard, as being the last result of one who had long resisted, and only after profound reflection submitted himself to, this faith. He there lays down, that as sin is the ground or occasion of Christianity, so Redemption is its superstructure; that Redemption and Christianity are equivalent terms. From this he does not attempt to remove the awful mystery, but only to clear away any objections which may spring out of the moral instincts of man against the common interpretation of the doctrine. These are the only difficulties that deserve an answer.

In the Redemption, the agent is the Eternal Word made flesh, standing in the place of man to God, and of God to man, fulfilling all righteousness, suffering, dying, and so dying as to conquer death itself, and for all who shall receive him. The redemptive or atoning act of this divine Agent has two sides—one that looks Godward, the other that looks manward. The side it turns Godward—that is, the very essence of this act, the cause of man's redemption—is “a spiritual and transcendent mystery which passeth all understanding;” its nature, mode, and possibility transcend man's comprehension. But the side that it turns manward—that is, the effect toward the redeemed—is most simply, and without metaphor, described, as far as it is comprehensible by man, in St. John's words, as the being born anew; as at first we were born in the flesh to the world, so now born in the Spirit to Christ. Christ was made a quickening, that is, a life-making Spirit. This Coleridge believed to be the nearest, most immediate effect on man of the transcendent redemptive act. Closely connected with this first, most immediate effect, are other consequences, which St. Paul has described by four principal metaphors. These consequences, in reference to the sinner, are either the taking away of guilt, as by a great sin-offering, just as, to the transgressor

of the Mosaic law, his civil stain was cleared away: by the ceremonial offering of the priest; or the reconciliation of the sinner to God, as the prodigal son is reconciled to the parent whom he has injured; or the satisfying of a debt by the payment of the sum owed to the creditor; or the ransoming, the bringing back from slavery, by payment of the price for the slave. These four figures describe, each in a different way, the result of the great redemptive act on sinful man. This is their true meaning. They are figures intended to bring home to man in a practical way the nature and the greatness of the benefit. Popularly they are transferred back to the mysterious cause, but they cannot be taken as if they really and adequately described the nature of that cause, without leading to confusions. Debt, satisfaction, payment in full, are not terms by which the essential nature of the atoning act, and its necessity, can be literally and adequately expressed. If, forgetting this, we take these expressions literally, and argue from them, as if they gave real intellectual insight into the nature and mode of that greatest of all mysteries, we are straightway landed in moral contradictions. The nature of the redemptive act, as it is in itself, is not to be compassed nor uttered by the language of the human understanding. Such, as nearly as we can give it, was Coleridge's thought upon this awful mystery. Whatever may be thought of these views, one thing is to be observed, that Coleridge did not propound them with any hope of explaining a subject which he believed to be beyond man's power of explanation, but from the earnest desire to clear away moral hindrances to its full acceptance. Such hindrances he believed that human theologues, in their attempts to systematize this and other doctrines of Scripture, were from time to time piling up. It was his endeavour, whether successful or not, in what he wrote on this and on every other religious subject, to clear away these hindrances, and to place the truth in a light which shall commend itself to every man's conscience, a light which shall be consistent with such fundamental Scriptures as these: “I, the Lord, speak righteousness, I declare things that are right;” “God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.” Since his day, men's thoughts have been turned to consider the nature of the atonement, as perhaps they never did before. There is one view, of late years advocated in various forms, which regards the atonement as merely the declaration or exhibition of God's love to sinners, which by its moral

power awakens them to repentance, and takes away the estrangement of their hearts. This is no doubt part of the truth, but it falls far short of satisfying either man's deeper moral instincts, or those many passages of Scripture which declare Christ's death to be the means of the forgiveness of man's sin. Such interpretations, if taken for the whole, leave out of account the "more behind," which Scripture seems to bear witness to, and man's conscience to feel. They take no account of that bearing which Christ's death has toward God, and which Coleridge, while he held it to be incomprehensible, fully believed to exist. On this great question, the nature of the atoning act in its relation to God, some meditations have, since Coleridge's time, been given to the world, which, if they go farther, seem yet in harmony with that which Coleridge thought. We allude to Mr. Campbell's profound work *On The Atonement*, which, though it does not fully meet all the difficulties, goes further toward satisfying at once the expressions of Scripture and the requirements of conscience than any other theologian we know of has done.

Such are a few samples of Coleridge's theological method and manner of thinking. In the wish to set them forth in something of a systematic order, we have done but scanty justice to the fulness and the practical earnestness which pervades the *Aids to Reflection*, and have given no notion at all of the prodigality of thought with which his other works run over. It were vain to hope that any words of ours could give an impression of that marvellous range of vision, that richness, that swing, that lightning of genius. Besides his works already noticed, his *Lay Sermons* with their Appendices, and his *Literary Remains*, are a very quarry of thought, from which, more than any other books we know, young and reflecting readers may dig wealth of unexhausted ore. Time forbids us to enter on them here. Neither can we do more than merely allude to those remarkable letters, published after his death, in which Coleridge approaches the great question of the inspiration of Scripture. Arnold recognized their appearance as marking an era in theology the most important that had occurred since the Reformation; and the interval that has since passed has fully verified the prediction. To the views of Scripture there propounded Coleridge himself attached much importance. In the words of his nephew, "he pleaded for them so earnestly, as the only middle path of safety

and peace between a godless disregard of the unique and transcendent character of the Bible taken generally, and that scheme of interpretation, scarcely less adverse to the pure spirit of Christian wisdom, which wildly arrays our faith in opposition to our reason, and inculcates the sacrifice of the latter to the former, that to suppress this important part of his solemn convictions would be to misrepresent and betray him."

Having given the fullest scope to his own inquiries on all subjects, yet in a spirit of reverence, he wished others to do the same, believing this to be a condition of arriving at assured convictions of truth. He was full of wise and large-hearted tolerance — not that tolerance, so common and so worthless, which easily bears with all opinions, because it earnestly believes none — but that tolerance, attained but by few, which, holding firmly by convictions of its own, and making conscience of them, would neither coerce nor condemn those who most strongly deny them. Heresy he believed to be an error, not of the head, but of the heart. He distinguished between that internal faith which lies at the base of religious character, and can be judged of only by God, and that belief with regard to facts and doctrines, in which good men may err without moral obliquity. His works abound with such maxims as this: "Resist every false doctrine; but call no man heretic. The false doctrine does not necessarily make the man a heretic; but an evil heart can make any doctrine heretical."

These are a few of the contemplations with which Samuel Taylor Coleridge busied himself during the threescore years of his earthly existence. For more than thirty years now he has been beyond them, inheritor of higher visions, but these he has left behind for us to use them as we may. And since, while men are here, they must needs, if they think at all, sometimes look up to those heights of thought, it may be doubted whether, for persons philosophically disposed, our age and country has produced any abler guide. Those who remember what Coleridge was to their youth, may fear lest in their estimate of him now they should seem to be mere praisers of the past, and yet, if they were to call him the greatest thinker whom Britain has during this century produced, they would be but stating the simple truth. For if any should gainsay this, we should ask, Whom would you place by his side? What one man would you name who has thrown upon the world so great a mass of original thinking, has contributed so many new thoughts

on the most important subjects? His mind was a very seed-field of ideas, of which many have gone to enrich the various departments of thought, literary, philosophical, political, and religious; while others still lie embedded in his works, waiting for those who may still turn them to use. And all he wrote was in the interest of man's higher nature, true to his best aspirations. The one effort of all his works was to build up truth from the spiritual side. He brought all his transcendent powers of intellect to the help of the heart, and soul, and spirit of man against the tyranny of the understanding, that understanding which ever strives to limit truth within its own definite conceptions, and rejects whatever refuses to square with these. This side of philosophy, as it is the deepest, is also the most difficult to build up. Just as in bridging some broad river, that part of the work which has to be done by substructions and piers beneath the water is much more laborious and important, while it strikes much less upon the senses, than the arches which are reared in open daylight; so the side of truth which holds by the seen and the tangible, which never quits clear-cut conceptions, and refuses to acknowledge whatever will not come within these, is much more patent and plausible, and, in this country, at least, is more likely to command the suffrages of the majority. The advocates of this doctrine experienced for a time a brief reaction, caused by the influence of Coleridge; for one generation he turned the tide against them; but again they are mustering in full force, and bid fair to become masters of the position. Their chief teachers have for some time, by the merits, it must be owned, of their works, become all but paramount in the most ancient seats of learning. In Oxford, for instance, the only two living authors, a knowledge of whose works is imperatively required of candidates for highest honours, belong to this school. And there is no counteracting authority speaking from the opposite, that is, the spiritual side of philosophy, because no such living voice is amongst us. Whenever such a thinker shall arise, he will have to take up the

work mainly where Coleridge left it. In the foundations laid, and the materials collected by Coleridge, he will find the best helps which British thought affords towards building up the much-needed edifice of a spiritual philosophy. And not for the philosophy only, but for the general literature and the politics of our time, what words of admonition would he have had, if he had been still present with us! In his own day the oracles of Liberalism reserved for him their bitterest railery, and he repaid them with contempt. He would hardly, we imagine, have been more popular with the dominant Liberalism of our time, nor would he have accorded to it much greater respect. Before the intellectual idols of the hour, whatever names they bear, he would not, we conceive, very readily have bowed down. Rather he would have shown to them their own shortcomings, as seen in the light of a more catholic and comprehensive wisdom. Who can doubt this, when he regards either the spirit of his works, so deep-thoughted and reverent, so little suited for popularity, or the attitude in which he stood towards all the arbiters of praise in his own generation?

Above all, Coleridge was a great religious philosopher, and by this how much is meant! Not a religious man and a philosopher merely, but a man in whom these two powers met and interpenetrated. There are instances enough in which the two stand opposed, mutually denouncing each other; instances too there are in which, though not opposed, they live apart, the philosophy unleavened by the religion. How rare have the examples, at least in modern times, been, in which the most original powers of intellect and imagination, the most ardent search for truth, and the largest erudition, have united with reverence and simple Christian faith—the heart of the child with the wisdom of the sage! He who has left behind him a philosophy, however incomplete, in which these elements harmoniously combine, has done for his fellow-men the highest service human thinker can, has helped to lighten the burden of the mystery.

From Fraser's Magazine.

FICTION AND ITS USES.

A FRIEND of the writer's is engaged on a work of great importance, entitled *The Philosophy of Fiction*, which he has declared it will take at least three thousand years to complete, with a century or two more to be allowed for unforeseen delays in the publication. The proportion of fiction to truth, he maintains, in the philosophies, religions, amusements, employments, conversations, speeches, newspapers, and advertisements of the world, justifies this calculation. He has often asserted that all the great truths of life were long ago discovered, and were known as well to Plato as to Descartes or Locke, while it still remains to understand and generalize the great falsehoods; and he believes that the happiness of mankind would be furthered by bringing clearly into the light those "vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, unrestrained imaginations and groundless fears" which obscurely occupy the minds of men. Without following these ingenious speculations to an extreme, may we not perceive how much they contain of truth? Did we not all begin the world as romancers, and compose each of us a parlour library of novels, domestic, naval, or military, before we had even seen afar off the stern realities of long division, orthography, or syntax? We began authorship when the pinafores and frocks were very small indeed, and it was not till the silver age of our childish imaginings that we could not trust in our dreams without the tangible confirmation of drum or boat or doll. Those works of ours are shelved now, and somewhat dusty, in the Bodleian Library of dreamland, but our places have been taken by the little lads and lasses of to-day, and they are doubtless as full of literary activity as we, their superannuated predecessors, ever were. Two serious eyes fixed on the red hollows of the fire, and two still hands gathered together on the boy's lap; that slight, girlish figure, motionless in the window for half an hour while the shadows are falling — these tell us that the romances are making rapid progress, and that the chapters are of enthralling interest. How much we should like to hear one of these tales quite through! You should not wish to know the man who could laugh in a contemptuous way at any of them. They would come to us like echoes of half-forgotten melodies, or like a friend's reminder of the pictures that hung upon the walls of the house where we were children. A writer of certain grave and notable books, which all men of science

know, has confessed that his earliest ambition was to be a coachman. And if this fantastic dream budded and blossomed (never to come to fruition) in the brain of a future mathematician and college-fellow, shall we wonder if gentle maidens dream sometimes of that wonderful prince to come from fairy land, on whom leaning they may go across the purple mountain-rims into the great world beyond? These are fictions beautiful and pure. Alas for many in no way beautiful! Imaginary characters we make out for our acquaintance, which form the hypotheses explaining all their words and deeds, characters not to be admired — the nod or hint pregnant with its malignant lie — cowardly assentation — and idle and slanderous tongues which bring that cloud between faces, and that hollowness into friendly voices in place of the glad, confident morning-feeling — *trust*. Well, these fictions assuredly have their uses, for they are something that may be put under foot, and crushed; they may also beget a noble *autarkeia*, self-sufficiency, or nobler sufficiency of duty.

But this essay is not to be a *Philosophy of Fiction*. It merely hints at the vastness of the subject, and retreats to its own narrow plot of ground. There are certain books — beloved at watering-places, by home firesides, and even in the "pensive citadels" of students — which, though forming a less important branch of fiction than many others (than the *fables convenues* of social life, or of history, for instance), have yet been bolder than the others, have appropriated the name, and professed themselves to be not true, but what at least is very pleasant — new: *fictions* but withal *novels*. Let the reader who would hear something about these read on.

It was Sydney Smith who required for perfect happiness an arm-chair and slippers, a kettle singing its undersong on the fire, a paper of sugar-plums on the mantel-piece, and in his hand a novel. And he rightly denounced the principle on which the novel, at least under such circumstances, should be chosen, when he declared that its first function was to entertain us, to amuse us, to give us agreeable relaxation. Nor let such entertainment be counted a trivial gain. Our health and sanity depend on it. Half an hour's overwork often is enough to make your entire evening an unhappy one. It leaves you fretful and impatient, morbidly sensitive, cross. You find the remarks of your friends and relatives for that evening miserably unphilosophic, paltry, personal; the gossip of your sisters-in-law

is insupportable, yet your wife seems to enjoy it. You wonder what is coming next. Will it ever stop? Do they know how delightful silence is at times? Did they not tell that story, correcting one another precisely as now, at least twice before in your hearing? You feel the world becoming too coarse for a man of refinement and sensibility, and mourn over it in gloom. Why did you not half-an-hour ago give over that languid mental drudging? Why did you not quietly (hurry would be certain failure) read one chapter of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, or of *Amelia*, or of that delightful fiction, *Sir Roger de Coverley*, or of Jane Austen's novels? If you had done this the world would gradually have come to rights; your room would not appear so dark, nor your dooks so repellent, nor all your relatives so very stupid. It would never have occurred to you that your life was a monotonous one, made up of a great number of days each like the other; it really is not so monotonous, with little children growing up about you, hurting themselves and requiring solace, saying every day some new, wise thing, and effecting such extraordinary improvements by stone walls, canals, and artificial lakes, in your back-garden. Life would have seemed not so miserable after all; your forehead would have cooled, and your eyes cleared, and your brain grown tranquil; then, too, your voice would be softer, your words less strictly to the point, and you would be giving your opinion, in quite an animated way, on that piece of family history which now appears so despicable. You are most blameworthy for the first and casual offence — refusal to amuse yourself at the right time, consequent exhaustion of nervous force with no adequate return of work done, and pride in the thought that you were taking a great deal out of yourself.

After work, which is a pursuit, quiet enjoyment, which is a possession, brings us advantages beyond itself. Let us go into the green inland fields in early summer, and lying on the grass with face upturned watch the white cloudlets float idly overhead, or turn to look at the merry black spiders scampering in the blades, while the cuckoo is heard at once far off and near, and the breezes come cool over our bodies. Or let us go down a month later to the sea-beach, and listen to the waves breaking and breaking on the shore all the July hours, and see the sunlight sleep on the water, and hear the sound of the sail swung round, brought gently with the lazy lapping, and sucking, and swishing about the weedy stones, and

the "yo hoi" from the sailor-lad among the yacht-lines. Well, are these hours lost? We need not think that. They teach us (what it surely is the final cause of July watering-places to teach) the divine principle of *leisure* — that life is not altogether a pursuit — that there are golden hours in it full of enrichment when we may "feed this mind of ours in a wise passiveness," —

The grass hath time to grow in meadow-lands,
And leisurely the opal, murmuring sea
Breaks on its yellow sands.

And this is living indeed; we are following after nothing, not even enjoyment; we cannot tell how it came to pass, "it seems that we are happy;" we have paused for a little on our journey, at the wells, to drink, and the rest has made us dreamy; and yet, though we seek them not, great gains are ours; they come to us of themselves, like that physical balm and those quiet thoughts that come to us, while we lie cool and languid, satisfied for hours to watch half unconsciously the changes of the light, after a long illness, in the first days of returning health. But we cannot always get to the grassy meadow or the yellow sands. And we should therefore be glad to have upon our shelves some books which may serve as a partial substitute for these — books which we read with no view to remote advantages, over which we may linger restfully when we return home wearied and faint with the pursuing of the day. A great master in the philosophy of living wisely has spoken on this whole subject in a way worthy of himself, and of a heart, which if men would only believe the possession of two things by one person possible, they would see was as noble as his head. "It was doubtless intended," wrote Bishop Butler, in his first sermon upon the love of God, "that life should be very much a pursuit to the gross of men. But this is carried so much farther than is reasonable, that what gives immediate satisfaction, i. e., our present interest, is scarce considered as our interest at all. It is inventions which have only a remote tendency towards enjoyment, perhaps but a remote tendency towards gaining the means only of enjoyment, which are chiefly spoken of as useful in the world."

Innocent enjoyment, how good a thing it is! It keeps the temper sweet, and, when it is mixed with love and thankfulness and sunny days, brings us some of that spirit of pure, gentle, and peaceable wisdom which we might aptly name after Izaak Walton. And he of all men perhaps knew best what lei-

sure was, and must have done his business even in a quiet, old-fashioned way. There were no monster shops in those days, and his in Cheapside was only seven feet and a half in length; but that house was doubtless the place he lived in, his home, and therefore we do not hear that he ever called it a "concern" or an "establishment." He enjoyed many pleasant hours in it, we may be sure, reading Drayton's *Polyolbion*, and Silvester's translation of Du Bartas; and sometimes he could leave it for a day, or several days, to wander with "honest Nat and R. Roe" along the edge of green fields, rods in hand, like honest fishermen, pitying the "poor rich men" who grudged themselves a rest, listening to the milkmaid's song, and bringing their braces of trout in the evening to some country inn, where the ale was good, and the sheets were fragrant with lavender. And innocent enjoyment is a good for ever. It does not die with the passing day. Often, years after, the remembrance of a single moment — when we reached a hill top and suddenly beheld the sea, when we found in latter February or early March the first spring-flowers, when we listened to the gladness of some pure soprano air, or the storm of choral passion — the remembrance of this comes upon us with a keen thrill of pleasure, almost as it first seemed in the nerves themselves, —

Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into the purer mind
With tranquil restoration.

Doubtless the remembrance of the enjoyment we have had from literature (from poetry even) is a much less rapturous pleasure than these; but, on the other hand, it is much less evanescent, and more easily reproducible, and when the original enjoyment was heightened by sympathy, the pleasure of the remembrance — even the remembrance of an hour's novel-reading — may reach a point of considerable elevation.

To realize the maximum of delight derivable from novel-reading several unfavourable circumstances have to be excluded. You must not be solitary; you must not be old (the delicate haze of morning should give some mystery to life); you must on no account be married; and conscience must not once say that you ought to be at work. A little indisposition which keeps you for a day or two in bed will sometimes not detract from your pleasure; only it must not be such as to require your hands to remain under the clothes, for there has

yet been offered no satisfactory solution of the great problem of convalescence, — how to hold a book, and turn the pages, without letting your nursetender suspect there is danger of catching cold. It is best to allow some one to read to you aloud; and if you have ever so done yourself for one who was very dear, you will know that the reader's enjoyment is often greater than the listener's. And there is surely some one who will not think it hard to leave the drawing-room and the music (you cannot hear it) and the talk for your sake, to come to your bedside, and make the pillows cool, and read in a clear, sweet voice the books you like, for an hour or thereabout, till the darkness falls, and you, knowing it may be done with a good conscience, and no ingratitude, have dropped away to sleep.

But on the whole (to bring together all the conditions of delight), you will enjoy a novel most if you are in health, resting after work, with a prospect of continued rest, under golden five-and-twenty rather than over it, and if you read the novel aloud, in the summer, in the country, to a small but sympathetic circle of hearers. And there exist, not only in the fictions, but in every shire of real England, so many hospitable Uncle Georges, so many kind Aunt Janes, and so many agreeable cousins, that all the above conditions may probably be realized if you but say "yes" when they ask you down in midsummer, from the grey walls and now deserted quadrangles of college, upon a visit of indefinite length. The change is a great and pleasant one. The delightful rambling old house! What shadows of leafy boughs sway upon your blind at night! What whispering there is of rippled grass when you open your window in the morning! The cream is wonderful. The little pats of cool pale butter are admirable works of art. It is pleasant to see the calves feed — those creatures with soft liquid eyes, and lips that drip as they pause to give one another's ears a fraternal lick. And though at first you were taken a little aback by the number of Heros and Neros and Gertys and Flirts, you soon find out their distinctive personality, and learn the character of every living thing, down to the gander and the turkey-cock. Then you are supposed to have been killing yourself with work, and are gravely exhorted to the duty of idling for a little. To which exhortations you, with a gentle remonstrance (implying their general futility, with a willingness to resign your most ardent desires, for once, to be obliging), allow yourself to yield. There is a general impression that you have lately

obtained a fellowship or two, or at least something which proves you to be (as you overheard your maiden aunt telling the rector's wife) "a remarkably clever young man." You ride with your cousins Fanny and Lucy one day, and with your cousins Emily and Anne the next, a horse being always ready for you to keep you from "those books." You interest yourself in the parish feuds, espousing the family cause in the great stray-donkey question. You discuss Tennyson and Longfellow, and even give esoteric teaching, to a select school of one, in the mysteries of Robert Browning. You wonder why the "Psalm of Life" is underlined and marked so emphatically in young ladies' volumes of poetry — are they all going to leave "footprints on the sands of time?" — or has the marking here a hidden reference to the *comate*, whose soul, its sorrows and its aspirations are known to Emily? You throw off free expositions of the more trying passages of "In Memoriam;" and then, to test your consins' critical acumen, you read as a recently published poem of the Laureate's your own verses on "Youth and Love;" which having in simple faith been received and admired, the girls rise in your esteem and you confess the innocent deceit. You visit the dairy, and help those dainty little feet over the slobbery yard. You return and take part in the duets of Mendelssohn, or listen to sonatas of Beethoven. And, last, you suggest that if it be generally approved, and if a number of imaginary objections, which ingeniously indicate your thoughtfulness, are of no weight, you will begin the first volume of Somebody's "Secret," or "Legacy," or "Small House," or of "James and I," or "John Jenkins," or "How did he get it?" — the great novel of the day. A leap-up in all the voices is sufficient evidence that the suggestion is an agreeable one, the considerate Fanny only, after crying, "O do, Charley," reminding her sisters in a faint way that perhaps Charles had rather be reading his books. You generously declare your readiness to sacrifice the afternoon. Whereupon ensues an impromptu round or catch, well concerted and sustained, "Wait one moment till I bring my work. Wait till I bring my work, one moment;" and before the girls return with the Berlin-wool, the anti-macassar, the crochet-edging, and the Dorcas rudimentary you-know-not-what, you have, without question, been pronounced "such a good fellow!" instead of the shabby humbug that you are. Your uncle is in the five-acre with the dogs; your aunt is superintending some wonderful preserves — a

spécialité of the house — which in course of preparation fill the room with an indefinable distant peachy odour; the maiden aunt nods visibly in the arm-chair, only asserting her wakefulness at times by preternaturally intelligent questions; and now she is fairly gone; you are left clearly monarch of all you survey, with the sense of being a magnificent monarch too, and of diffusing pleasure amongst your subjects with generous self-sacrifice.

But the essential prerogative of novel-reading as a relaxation is, that one can enjoy it anywhere, and at almost any time when enjoyment is possible. If one is seasick, or has the tooth-ache, or has a suit in chancery, of course there is nothing for it but to be as miserable as possible, and get some satisfaction in that way. And it is some satisfaction to believe oneself by far the most unfortunate, ill-used, unhappy person in the world; it is a source of great dignity. The man who got *miserrimus* cut upon his tombstone must have had one pleasure all his own, when he reflected how far below him the poor folk were who knew only the positive and comparative degrees of wretchedness; and was it not Mrs. Pullet's chief support under the afflictions of life to remember that she had consumed more bottles of medicine than any woman in the parish? But nearly every one who has the capacity of happiness in him is capable of being made happier by a pleasant book. Croquet is a very charming game, but you cannot croquet on a winter's evening in the parlour. Advertisements tell us that some inventive tradesman will supply ladies and gentlemen with skates that run upon a drawing-room carpet. But unless the mistress of the drawing-room be possessed with a generous desire to further the manufactures of Kidderminster or Brussels, she will probably object to this popular in-door amusement. An enthusiastic cricketer — a college friend of the writer's — was, he remembers, many years since, often to be seen of a morning, in pink shirt and cap, bowling against a *Liddell* and *Scott* set up in the corner of his chamber. But, after all, these eminent lexicographers were unsatisfactory bats, and too invariably allowed themselves to be taken by a "twister." There are many people to whom whist is now a mystery, and in a company of six nominally well-educated persons (may these words not reach thine ear, dear shade of Sarah Battle!) one may be reduced to double-dummies. And then, which of all these pleasures will make the hours pass, when a wet day finds you on your summer

ramble among the lakes and mountains, and the length of grey cloud, and the incessant sound of the rain-fall forbid one foot-step over the threshold? If you are wise you will forget on such days that it is July or August, call for a fire in your bedroom, and order all the books in the house to be sent up. And sometimes your good fortune will surprise you. In a wild corner of Ireland, who could have expected to find a volume of the *Calcutta Magazine* for 1810, the hymns of Mr. Wesley, the *Adventures of an Atom*, and, best of all, a tattered copy of *Waverley*? In such company a man is superior to fate, and may laugh at the weather. And if a thunderstorm should ever keep the reader housed in the valley of the Aar, at Reichenbach, let him know that there is to be found in the dining-room book-case, beside many other works of interest, a German version of the letters of that true English gentleman, Sir Charles Grandison, and of the Honourable Miss Harriet Byron. Get far into it while the rain sweeps down the hill-sides, and keep all the while at the bottom of your heart an assurance that the sun will shine bright to-morrow on the descending, rocket-like shoots of the falls, and the delicate azure of the Rosenlauri ice-field. And let us all thank these novel-writers for the many pleasant hours they have given us, and for their preserving weather-bound travellers from a multitude of sins — grumbling, discontent, ill-temper, and (before dinner) determined misanthropy.

To come to another point, you must now suppose the last entire paragraph a parenthesis, and suppose that, dusk having fallen, the cousins' hands lie idle on their laps, and you have finished your reading aloud. In the conversation which immediately ensues you may learn something of the manner in which that important system of female ethics, and that transcendental female Philosophy of the Affections, with which we are all familiar, are developed and brought to perfection. If the hero of your novel has only made himself miserable enough, and remained unflinchingly constant, from the middle of the first volume till the naughty uncle is found dead over his ledger, and the will all right, in the last chapter but one, why, then he must have been a hero indeed. And when you, with a shadowy reminiscence of some article in a recent *Saturday Review*, insinuate the low doctrine that a man may have two sincere attachments at once, or at least in a single lifetime, are you not peremptorily commanded "not to be horrible," and does

not Fanny say to Anne not to mind Charley, for "*she knows* he does not believe half he says?" And it is certainly trying to find yesterday evening's conversation so well remembered, when you admitted there were some men whose first love is the love of all their lives, and philosophized at large on the subject in a much sounder strain, arguing (after De Quincey) that a succession of *passioncles* exhausts the soil of the heart and impairs the capacity for genuine and profound emotion. But you will retract nothing, and maintain, against much opposition, the consistency of all that you have put forth. Till, finding yourself sentenced to separation for heresy from all cousinly communion during an indefinite period of time, your contumacy gives way, and you profess a sincere desire for restoration, with a readiness to undergo any appointed penance after tea, whether it be listening to Beethoven upon the sofa, or going on with the novel, or holding skeins of Berlin wool on outstretched hands, while the soft yarn glides under and around and over, with a silent rhythm, or requires the approach of dainty fingers and two serious eyes to release it from its deep entanglements. How refined is the casuistry of these little moralists — the subtle, angelical, seraphic little doctors! What eloquent pleaders they become when you arraign some favourite hero who loved not wisely, but too well! What charitable distinctions they discover! What store of recedite motives they suggest! How high a standard of morality they establish for uncles and hard-hearted guardians! Many of the thinkers of modern times have learned more of dialectic, of psychology, of ethics, from such conversations as these (this is literally true), than from all the *Summa Theologiae* of Aquinas.

Seriously, we do want something to talk about, some personal themes not incentive of that sprightly malice (not to speak of the "malignant truth or lie") and that tell-tale gossip which leaves so bitter an after-taste on the lips of any kind or thoughtful person. It is not a pleasant thing to blush when we are alone. It is a very painful thing to long keenly and in vain to undo a moment's ill-work of the tongue, the shame and sorrow of idle words, — that hasty piece of injustice, that repetition of what was intended to be uttered but once, that exaggeration indulged at the expense of truth and simplicity of mind, that sudden betrayal of the heart to an impulse of vanity, that unfortunate speech meant merely to fill a gap in conversation, but

which wrung the nerves of some listener as sharply as if it had been purposely brutal. There is an awkwardness, and a painful acknowledgment of either intellectual indigence or want of mutual sympathy, when we discuss the weather three times on the same evening. But two novel-readers who have not yet grown old, and have therefore life enough to dispense some of it on imaginary creations, — these happy talkers have always subjects of conversation, rich with human interest, and opening constant opportunities for an interchange of opinions on the philosophy and the causistry of life. Such themes did Wordsworth love best, and if the dearest were —

The gentle lady married to the Moor,
And heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb,

one who knew him well has told us that the poet could be happy in less divine company than Shakspeare's, and in a less ethereal world than Fairyland, loved Fielding well, and doubtless included in his personal themes some which we surely have not forgotten — the Adventures of Partridge, and Tom Jones, and Parson Adams, and Sophia Western, and the Squire, and Amelia, and Captain Booth. How many friends these novelists have given us whose doings and sayings we may pleasantly remind one another of, applaud, and censure, and laugh over, and grow tender to think of, even when the book has lain dusty on our shelves for months and months. One had rather lose sight of a good many of one's acquaintances than of that homely Wakefield family. One had rather have a good many doors closed on one than the door of that hospitable little vicarage. Every room of it we know, — we have seen the mantelpiece with the epitaph over it of the monogamist's only wife; the walls adorned with pictures of Sophy's and Livy's own designing; the bed "those boys" that got a lump of sugar each gave up to Mr. Burchell; and the closet where Deborah kept her gooseberry wine. Nor should we like to forget the Dominie Sampson, nor Jeanie Deans, nor Colonel Newcombe, nor old Dob, nor Mark Tapley, nor Mrs. Gamp. A goodly company! Are you over-grave? Here are merry people for you. Would you be quiet? Keep away the terrible folk who visit your sick-room in obstreperous boots, sit upon your bed-clothes, exhort you to cheer up, and maintain that you require to be roused; and call some of these gentle, tender people — Ruth Pinch if you will, or Mrs. Pendennis, to sit by you, and tell

you about Tom, or darling Arthur. And you may talk freely of them all. These patient shadows do not readily take offence. The most litigious of them will never bring you before a jury for slander. Here is a brave world, where you may walk about, and take your pleasure, and see life. The small and the great are here, kings and counsellors of the earth, and crossing-sweepers, and beggar-maids. And you understand them so thoroughly. Shadows! — they are as real to us as most men and women, — infinitely more real than many of the unknown creatures whose smooth clothes and smooth faces we see perhaps every day of the year, never getting at the hearts of them; or those persons whom we might understand were we a little less eager to classify them, had we not made such complete and consistent characters for them, on the leading-passion or some such theory, in our own dramatic imaginations.

And here we may take notice of a gain, perhaps the greatest gain, we can hope to derive from a novel. This dramatizing imagination of ours has its uses. Nay, without it life could not be a spiritual thing at all. Stimulated by love, and reacting upon love, it is the very soul of sympathy. It is the interpreter of man to man. Every action of our fellows is for us inhuman, merely mechanical, until we have ourselves put a soul behind it, until indeed we have played the dramatist, and become for a moment the man before us: and every action of ours is for others, until they have done the like, inhuman and mechanical. Uninterpreted by this wise, imaginative sympathy, our alms-deed is only so many pence, and a motion of the muscles of the face; interpreted, that motion stands for all the yearning with which our heart cries, though our lips are silent, "O my brother, O my poor sister, I love, I pity you." This is a case in which no one could be dull enough to miss the meaning of man to man. But in the multitude of cases, subtler than this, the habit of ready, faithful, and charitable interpreting of man and woman by fellow-man and woman has been, we must believe, too feebly exercised. Surely were it otherwise there would be more of tenderness, more of thoughtful kindness, more of mutual forbearance, more of charity; and less of hardness, less of ineffectual goodwill, less of mutual interference, less of censoriousness. With some happy souls, indeed, this interpretation is a native power; they are the geniuses in social life or in literature, diffusing without an effort happiness and light; but with most of us it is in great

part a habit to be patiently acquired. And just in proportion as it exists does life become a divine and spiritual thing, material facts becoming more and more the symbols of mental, till often, with two souls that have been loving students of one another, the mere "touch of hand, or turn of head," is the perfectest seal and declaration of an inward covenant which language is too pure a work of thought to express. Now we may consider this sympathy which we so much want to get, as made up of a wise imagination, love, self-knowledge, and experience. For love it is which gives us first the will, and then imagination gives us power and insight, and experience and reflection give us the empirical laws of this interpretation by sympathy. Goodwill alone is not sufficient; it yearns and is powerless. There is, indeed, something very touching, we have all felt it, in love that strives to sympathise though it can understand but little (as in the devotion of a lower human intelligence to one it recognizes as higher, or even in the sad, mute eyes of a dog, conscious of his master's distress); but this love invariably weakens and breaks us down, instead of sustaining us. The "understanding heart" is so much better than the heart. Yet even this we too seldom find. For how very much of selfishness, and pride, and the blindness of pride, and the disease of superficial curiosity, is required to account for the amazing equanimity with which so many men endure all the sorrows of their acquaintance, and of the world at large! But with their imaginations stifled under the pressure of over-much worldly work, unwatered by the dew which falls upon the heart in an hour of leisure and of peace, or, it may be, made gross by indulgence in things sensual, how can we hope that the unseen, the future, or the remote, will possess any reality to the minds of men? Before men can sympathize, they must be given the power, and acquire the perceptions of sight.

But what has all this to do with novels? Much, indeed; for our novelist (but he must be a thoroughly good one) will help us here, inasmuch as he will afford culture to that dramatizing imagination spoken of above, inasmuch as he will lead us to self-knowledge, and will give us, in a form most interesting and impressive, the record of his own reflections and observations concerning mental conditions, how they express themselves, and how they are commonly misunderstood. And it ought not to be forgotten that, but for this mode of utterance, many voices from which we have learned

much should have remained for ever silent; many lives should have passed out of the world comparatively unutilized. That nature, full of noble reserve and true womanliness (we can acknowledge so much now) which gave birth to *Villette* and *Jane Eyre*, in what form but that of fictitious narrative could it have declared itself? When Charlotte Brontë wrote in verse, she was scarcely a poet. She would have shrunk, perhaps too violently, from the arguings and exposure of an autobiography. But for that branch of literature to which, even in her childish years (so clear was the true tendency), she instinctively turned, a soul like hers, endowed with quite unique gifts, and possessing so rich though sorrowful an experience, could never have made us partakers of its wealth, could never even have fully realized that wealth for itself. Those wild lights, intense in their joyousness and in their sadness, like the lights that we have seen sometimes pass over a troubled sea on a stormy day in June, could never have gleamed forth for us; we should have known somewhat less than we do know of the secrets of self-conflict, the life in solitude, and the mysterious affinities which guide the elections of the heart.

The novelist who could afford much culture in sympathy must, we have said, be a thoroughly good one; for the automaton-manufacturer does not teach men much about physiology, and those moral automatons, called men and women in the story-books, are alike deficient of heart and brain and bowels, and execute their simple movements by aid of a few powerful springs in them, called motives and leading-passions, in a way altogether violent and mechanical. These are easy things to understand; but human beings are truly very hard things to understand, and are never to be quite made out. And yet, as Mr. Carlyle has taught us, there is no book so inept that it may not bring a lesson to somebody. Therefore, let these clothes-horse, speech-making heroes and heroines remain; they may be complex enough to give some reader a new hint regarding the constituents of character, among many simple folk there is so exceedingly rude a psychology, so exceedingly blank a chart of human nature. But it is not well that half-a-dozen principles of action should be resorted to as sufficiently explaining all the doings of men for the threescore years and ten. The consequence is strikingly evil; many an innocent look is interpreted as pride—how else could it be accounted for? many an innocent saying as malice; characters are made

out too readily, many natural varieties are regarded as monstrous growths, apparent inconsistencies of conduct are multiplied, and a false proportion is established between the recognized classes of emotions. How much too large a place, for instance, is allotted, in most rural parishes with which we are acquainted, to the truly important, yet, truly, not all-important, emotion of love; while in the very same place this "being in love" is understood to comprehend only a few of its least highly organized, and often most vulgar forms, popularly known as "setting-her-cap-at-him," "being-soft-on," and "desperately smitten," instead of including at least the three hundred and fifty-four distinct species, which the Germans have enumerated and classified. From all which facts we deduce the conclusion that valuable additions to the elements of bucolic mental science may be made by even the simple demoniac-seraphic school of fiction — by analysts less searching and less profound than George Eliot, by observers not half so sensitive, so painstaking, or so honest as Jane Austen.

There are two different ways by which the novelist attains that truth which is necessary to render his work of value in the culture of sympathy, and the two writers just named may be taken to illustrate the difference. Not only are the ways in which truth is attained different, the truth itself, and the resulting culture, are different also. No English writers have been more earnest or successful realists in literature than Jane Austen and George Eliot. Their books (to borrow the epithet Dr. Johnson applied to Reynolds) are amongst the most "invulnerable" books we read. They have a secret respect for truth, and will not be seduced from their calm self-possession to gain a dishonest effect, or make an unsound, telling point. A false touch would pain them (Jane Austen's sensibilities would suffer more, and George Eliot's conscience) though no one were to detect it but themselves. That sense of responsibility broods upon them, "which led the Greek to be as diligent in working out that part of the statue which would be hidden by the wall of the temple, as that part which would be exposed to the eye, 'because the gods would look upon them both.'" They love their work, and therefore finish the details in an untiring way. They are free from the impatience and anxiety to shine, which possess the merely clever artist. They are great artists, and are therefore calm, sincere, never unscrupulously brilliant. But these writers work after different methods, and

the difference is one of much importance, and of wide application. Jane Austen is pre-eminently the novelist who attains by observation; George Eliot pre-eminently the novelist who attains by meditation. It must not, of course, be supposed that either possesses the one power to the exclusion of the other. Jane Austen's quick, clear, and faultless reading off of whatever she had heard and seen into its mental equivalent was not acquired without much previous reflection; yet even here it was noticeable the reflection was of a strictly observative kind, and not of that brooding kind which is allied to the creative imagination; it was simply internal observation. In like manner George Eliot is no mere analyst or self-evolver. She is an observer of wide range and exquisite delicacy, with an eye for some things Jane Austen never saw, or saw but dimly — the eddying flow of pleasant streams, the outlines and colouring of trees, the light forms and wayward caprices of clouds in spring, and many other such things; and, lastly, little children, both the angelical and the forward.* And here it is worth noticing, by the way, the strange circumstance that a woman so amiable as Miss Austen should nowhere throughout her writings have shown a loving sympathy with children; they are rarely more than glanced at from a grown-up, comparatively uninterested point of view; they are troublesome little

* Is it possible that Miss Austen did see these things, and yet for some reason was silent about them? And if so, can we offer any conjecture as to what the reason may have been? In *Mansfield Park* occurs the following passage:—"Their road was through a pleasant country; and Fanny, whose rides had never been extensive, was soon beyond her knowledge, and was very happy in observing all that was new, and admiring all that was pretty. . . . In observing the appearance of the country, the bearings of the roads, the difference of soil, the state of the harvest, the cottages, the cattle, the children, she found entertainment that could only have been heightened by having Edmund to speak to of what she felt. . . . Miss Crawford had none of Fanny's delicacy of tastes, of mind, of feeling; she saw nature, inanimate nature, with little observation; her attention was all for men and women; her talents for the light and lively."

Was Miss Austen's attention, then, not all for men and women? From her earliest, though last published work, *Northanger Abbey*, we learn how she started in literature in open antagonism to the romantic school of fiction: how her tendencies were deliberately set in opposition to that school. Is it possible that she might have said more about this "inanimate nature" if Mrs. Radcliffe had not said so much? All we can certainly affirm is, that if Miss Austen saw the external world, she saw it in the way of active observation, not in that effortless way in which the poetical spirits see, to whom the perception comes whole and unsought, and, if analyzed at all, is analyzed for the most part unconsciously, by the leadings of the sensations and sentiments which suffuse and mingle with it. She would have agreed with *Matthew* in thinking *William* somewhat of an idler, while he sat that morning, on the old gray stone, by Esthwaite lake.

bodies, of whom, as a general rule, the less we see the better; they are introduced in order that a gleam may be thrown upon the character of mother, or aunt, or friend, or visitor, from a new point of reflection; their own little lives are left unconsidered; there is no Eppie, no Totty Poyser, no Maggie or Tom Tulliver. The truth probably is that Miss Austen's own was a very ordinary childhood, and not one likely to attract the study of her mature mind; her powers were of a kind perhaps not usually much developed in early life; but however this may be, they were not such as would have made an interesting childhood, since the gains they brought would not have deposited themselves in the past, but be carried on to form part of adult thought and feeling.

But, returning to the main subject, it is unquestionable that whatever points in common there are between these two great novelists, the difference is organic, and strongly marked. When Jane Austen reflects, she is moved to it upon the impulse or occasion of what she has observed. George Eliot meditates because she cannot choose but search into that wonderful nature of hers, and, searching, she finds that she contains within herself a wonderful world of men and women. Under the guidance of that inner light (with many a *prudens interrogatio* which is *dimidium scientiæ*) she looks abroad, observes, verifies all, and adds whatever sight can add to thought. In a word, Jane Austen seeks in herself the interpretation of the world. George Eliot finds in the world the interpretation and evolution of herself. Lord Macaulay has ranked Jane Austen amongst the writers who approach, in their presentation of character, nearest Shakspeare. And if we determine her position by the truth, sincerity, and perfection of her workmanship, this judgment is just. But her mind and manner of work were not Shakspearian. It is the great novelist of our own day who has wrought, in Shakspeare's manner to the extent of a nature not universal like his, yet large and sympathetic.

And now observe the difference in the results obtained by these two modes of workmanship. If Jane Austen's work is Shakspearian, it is so in its thoroughness, delicacy, and perfection, not in its range and comprehensiveness. It is simply impossible that the range of an observer should be Shakspearian. Shakspeare himself did not find, and could not have found, his men and women in the narrow world of Stratford or London life. He found them in the great world of his own soul. Shakspeare did not see but was Hamlet and Othello, Falstaff,

and Jaques. Who so regal as Shakspeare's kings? Were they compounded, think you, from observations of a paltry James? The modern writer who is commonly supposed to have possessed the most of Shakspeare's spirit has fortunately made us acquainted with his method of working in an explicit declaration. "Knowledge of the world," said Goethe to Eckermann, "is inborn with the genuine poet, and he needs not much experience or varied observation to represent it. I wrote *Goetz von Berlichingen* as a young man of two-and-twenty, and was astonished ten years after at the truth of my delineation." But Goethe was not *subjective*? True, if you mean that his writings are impersonal, but most false if you mean to imply that he was not profoundly introspective.

Not only, however, is the original store of characters at the command of the mere observer very limited, the development of these few characters is limited also. Not only would Shakspeare probably never have found an Othello in Fleet street or Eastcheap, — even had he been so fortunate, it is not likely that the Moor would appear to him otherwise than as the high-spirited, gracious gentleman he would be to strangers. But as things were, no secret of his heart or life was hidden from the poet, who followed him unseen, and was freer of every house in the wave-wed city, whether merchant's, or Moor's, or senator's, than the Duke himself or any magnifico. Far otherwise is it with the admirable authoress of *Mansfield Park* and *Emma*. First, her whole field of study lies in a single level of English society, and everything beside, in the heaven above and in the earth beneath, is viewed from that level. Humble life does not exist for her in itself, with its own joys and sorrows; it exists only in relation to the people of the Park or the Hall. She accepts as adequate the dictionary's logical definition of servant — "One who serves, whether male or female — correlative of master, mistress, or employer." The same scenery appears for all the dramas, and there is little shifting of it during each piece. It is always, "Scene, a gentleman's residence in the country, or his house in Bath or London," with that memorable exception when the curtain rises to place us among the Prices of Southampton. These are exquisite pictures — not photographs, because no work of actinism and collodion is illuminated with the light of artistic consciousness which illuminates these, nor is pervaded by that subtle charm which, bringing all the soul into the face, renders one

of those delicate miniatures of our beautiful mothers or grandmothers in youth a far truer likeness than any of the grim, sly faces which stare at one another in our modern albums. But, secondly, the development of character in Miss Austen's novels is not broad. The baronet, the officer, the lawyer, the rector, the rector's wife, and all the young ladies, get through life, as most people do, in a very quiet way, between visits, drives, dances, dinners, "explorings," private theatricals, and an occasional elopement. There is no deep passion stirred, no lofty purpose embraced, the mandate of a higher than prudential wisdom (there is no occasion for it), no moment of rapturous self-devotion, no struggle against terrible temptation, no sound of the bitter cry (which, God knows, is often simple truth), "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me." The essentially solitary motions of the soul are left quite unexpressed. Those passages of life which are not rich in social incidents, though they may be rich in spiritual progress or decline, are not detailed. Solitude, with Miss Austen, means usually retiring from society to one's bedroom or elsewhere, and thinking about it. A strong mind, a sweet temper, and a high sense of duty, may be developed without the life in solitude; but hardly a spiritual nature. And in Jane Austen's heroines we find all the former in a remarkable degree; but the latter we do not so much directly perceive, as infer from the grace and harmony of the character in its social movements, impressing us with the sense of a completeness, orderliness, and even balance in the powers of the soul—the Platonic *dikaiousune*—which could not exist if any of the more important of them were absent or depressed. From *Anne Elliot* we learn much; but with all her weakness (the weakness of a nature full of unappropriated strength) we receive a more momentous spiritual impulse from *Maggie Tulliver*; not simply because the elements of her character were more massive, and of more regal power, but because we are brought immediately into contact with those elements which are especially life-giving, those which are most fully charged with the electric energy of the soul. And who will estimate lives by their apparent success or failure? Maggie's life was a failure, precisely because the forces in her nature were all so strong, her rich sensuousness, her profound emotions, her intense spiritual cravings. They were in conflict, not in harmony, it is true, and hence the weakness and the sorrow. But Dorlcote Mill and St. Oggs were not the

best places, nor Thomas à Kempis and a very materialistic brother (a mere moralist) the most favourable persons, for inducing the harmonious development of faculties like hers. In the writings of Jane Austen there is earnest and faultless realism, and the masterful quiet of conscious power; but there are in life higher realities than those she has considered, and they can be attained only by a different method.

And now let us see how these two kinds of novels afford different kinds of culture to the reader. No one, with any openness of spirit, can read Jane Austen's novels without insensibly receiving the power, more or less, of sympathetic interpretation in the ordinary intercourse of social life. The instruction thus afforded is as if we were taken into the very places and company represented, and saw unfolded the inner meaning of all the natural and conventional symbolism before us. We are made thoughtfuller by this and tenderer; wiser, too, for we learn much about petty vanity and petty malice. We learn to detect much latent self-flattery in the conversation of ourselves and of those around us. We come to discriminate the various social intonations (written or spoken) which, as in monosyllabic languages, determine the various significances of sounds that have no appreciable difference to the uneducated ear. We are taught to recognize the piece of shy love, or lurking selfishness, or delicate deceit, by a single twinkle in the sunlight, before it is aware of itself and retreats; and we thus gain in power, becoming masters of the situation. And we learn also a great deal about the little daily cares and anxieties and desires of others; we learn to understand their nature, and rightly to anticipate, divine, and make allowance for them. But George Eliot, not neglecting this, though doing it less thoroughly, teaches us higher things with the same truth. She too makes us wiser and tenderer—wiser and tenderer by showing us the entire history of certain wonderful human souls, making them declare themselves even when they are most alone, and making us accept and understand them even when they are taken in the toils of calamity or of sin. 'I sedulously disciplined my mind,' wrote Spinoza, 'neither to laugh at, nor bewail, nor detest the actions of men; but to understand them.' In the same spirit has George Eliot thought and written. And with her, the result of understanding men, notwithstanding all their poverty of intellect, and all their feebleness of will, as it must ever be, is love. A poor, diseased, dim-eyed,

miserly Silas Marner even has sight in his eyes and room on his breast for the golden curls of Eppie, and may be called father by his adopted child.

In the literature of power (to use the happy terminology of De Quincey), the novel ranks next after the poem. It is, in both, the high function of genius to repossess with life and force those great practical truths which, from their very familiarity and universal recognition, have become inoperative in the soul.* And here we must acknowledge a certain deficiency in the writings of Jane Austen. The truths she teaches are not the great elementary principles of existence; they are rather what Bacon would call the *axiomata media* of living wisely. As a moralist she is not profounder than Addison, though on the same level she makes subtler and more original discoveries. She does not enter that region where discoveries are impossible, because it is deep within us, and "as old as human reason," because the laws which operate there are few, well-known, and of import in every time and place. Jane Austen does not attempt to revive in us a sense of the strength that comes by self-renunciation, of the moral operancy of suffering, of the indestructible causative power existing in every deed done, of the truth of that which Coleridge has called the first axiom of human prudence — "that there is a wisdom higher than prudence itself." But perhaps these grave principles cannot be effectively or suitably taught in a work of fiction? The answer will be found in the works of that writer whom we have been comparing with Jane Austen, in which such principles as these control the movement of the narrative, and form the means of its evolution. And yet these are no novels-of-purpose, no temperance prize-tales, no apologies whose moral is the blessedness of the man that feareth the rubrics, or the joy that comes upon a parish (and especially upon one young female parishioner) from the presence of an evangelical curate. We know those novels-of-purpose at a glance; we are indignant with the man who would entice us into listening to his homily under pretence of amusing us; we see the sulphur in that treacle, pah! and will none of it. We have begun to doubt the reality of those stories that wind finely up with the orthodox piece of poetical justice, and much more to doubt the soundness of their ethical tendency. We do not think such teaching very interesting or very noble. We know the

end beforehand. Naughty Harry will infallibly be torn by the lion, and the amiable brother will feast on cakes and apples. The boy who eats his neighbour's fruit is predestinated to the stomach-ache, which, present or prospective, in a severer or a slighter form, is a notable agent in the regeneration of the soul. We will not have lives manufactured to order. But sometimes it happens that a real life does speak audibly to some one, whispering, it may be, words of comfort and of joy, or uttering, it may be, terrible warning and denouncement; and *will* have its whole tale told; nothing suppressed because it might startle the conventions and proprieties and pruderies; will have the entire life, the light and the dark of it painted — the weakness, the iron consequence, the bitter sorrow, and then — no more than this, no explanatory sermons, "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." Such teaching is great, and often sad, but always sound, and always has some hope in it, because it is the teaching of truth and nature, and of a world which, after all, is not the devil's, but God's.

There remains another of the more important uses of fiction to notice, with which this paper may conclude. And here Mr. Mill has spoken so wisely and yet so warmly, that we may well be silent. "The time was," (Mr. Mill wrote these words in 1838) "when it was thought that the best and most appropriate office of fictitious narrative was to awaken high aspirations, by the representation, in interesting circumstances, of characters conformable indeed to human nature, but whose actions and sentiments were of a more generous and loftier cast than are ordinarily to be met with by everybody in every-day life. But now-a-days nature and probability are thought to be violated if there be shown to the reader, in the personages with whom he is called upon to sympathize, characters on a larger scale than himself or than the persons he is accustomed to meet at a dinner or a quadrille party. Yet, from such representations, familiar from early youth, have not only the noblest minds in modern Europe derived much of what made them noble, but even the commoner spirits what made them understand and respond to nobleness. And *this* is education. It would be well if the more narrow-minded portion both of the religious and of the scientific education-mongers would consider whether the books which they are banishing from the hands of youth were not instruments of national education to the full as powerful as the catalogues of physical facts and theological dogmas which they

* Coleridge: *The Friend*, vol. i. Essay xv.

have substituted, — as if science and religion were to be taught not by imbuing the mind with their spirit, but by cramming the memory with summaries of their conclusions. Not what a boy or girl can repeat by rote, but what they have learnt to love and admire, is what forms their character. The chivalrous spirit has almost disappeared from books of education; the popular novels of the day teach nothing but (what is already too soon learnt from actual life) lessons of worldliness, with at most the huckstering virtues which conduce to getting on in the world; and for the first time perhaps in history, the youth of both sexes of the educated classes are universally growing up unromantic. What will come in mature age from such a youth the world has not yet had time to see. But the world

may rely upon it that catechisms, whether Pinnock's or the Church of England's, will be found a poor substitute for those old romances, whether of chivalry or of faëry, which if they did not give a true picture of actual life, did not give a false one, since they did not profess to give any, but (what was much better) filled the youthful imagination with pictures of heroic men, and of what are at least as much wanted, heroic women.*

To combine the presentation of an ideal — a true and noble ideal — with the culture of sympathy should be the aim of the writer of fiction who desires that his work should be the highest of its kind. And to do this is possible. DECEM.

* Dissertations and Discussions, vol. i. — "A Prophecy."

To the Editor of the Living Age: — A few days since, looking over the number of your Magazine dated Nov. 25th, my attention was attracted by a notice of the death of Joshua Ware, for many years in your service. I can hardly explain why it was so, but this brief notice touched me strangely, though an entire stranger to its subject; and I have been led to enclose the lines hereunto appended as a slight expression of the thoughts suggested by your remarks.

I beg you to believe that I have no wish to intrude myself upon you, nor have I any thought of your deeming my humble verse meritorious in a literary sense. I address you simply because I fancy it may not be displeasing to you to know how suggestive was your kindly remembrance of one who served you so long and faithfully to a "subscriber," and an ardent admirer of the "Living Age."

JOSHUA WARE.

Died, 9th Nov. 1865. Aged 80 years.

For twenty years Carrier of the "Living Age."

Fall gently, O weeping rain !
O wind ! sigh soft and low ;

Soothingly fold thy counterpane
O'er the old man's grave, O fleecy snow !

A thousand weary walks,
And now he has gone to his rest ;
His aged form to his mother earth,
His childlike soul to the home o' the blest.

A thousand weary walks
Through snow and wind and rain ;
And now on the breast of the God o' the poor
The wayfarer's spirit is tenderly laid.

Sleep sweetly, O traveller worn !
Thy wearisome journey is o'er.
Through toil and privation the goal has been
won,
And peace shall attend thee, and joy evermore.

While ever thy gentle face,
And tottering footstep's sound,
Shall hover about the accustomed place
Each week, as of old, when the book goes
round, —

Then weep, O gentle rain !
Thy mantle let fall, O snow !
Till over the grave where the old man's lain
Green grapes shall wave, and the daisies grow.

PART XL.—CHAPTER XXXVIII.

It would be vain to follow Lucilla in detail through her consistent and admirable career; nor is it necessary to say that she went on steadily in face of all her discouragements, with that mixture of success and failure which comes natural to all human affairs. The singular thing about it was, that the years passed on, and that she was permitted by the world in general to fulfil her own promise and prophecy about remaining ten years at home to be a comfort to her dear papa. She had been nineteen when she began her career, and she was nine-and-twenty when that little episode occurred with young Dr Rider, before he was married to his present wife. There would have been nothing in the least unsuitable in a marriage between Dr Rider and Miss Marjoribanks, though people who were the best informed never thought either of them had any serious meaning; but, of course, the general public, having had Lucilla for a long time before their eyes, naturally added on seven or eight years to her age, and concluded her to be a great deal older than the young doctor, though everybody allowed that it would have been a most advantageous match for him in every possible point of view. But, however, it did not come to anything, no more than a great many other nibbles of the same kind did. The period arrived at which Lucilla had thought she might perhaps have begun to go off in her looks, but still there was no immediate appearance of any change of name or condition on her part. Many people quite congratulated themselves on the fact, as it was impossible to imagine what might be the social condition of Grange Lane without Miss Marjoribanks; but it is doubtful whether Lucilla congratulated herself. She was very comfortable, no doubt, in every way, and met with little opposition to speak of, and had things a great deal more in her own hands than she might have had, had there been a husband in the case to satisfy; but notwithstanding, she had come to an age when most people have husbands, and when an independent position in the world becomes necessary to self-respect. To be sure, Lucilla *was* independent; but then—there is a difference, as everybody knows. And Miss Marjoribanks could not but feel that the world had not shown that appreciation of her, to which, in her earlier days, she looked forward with so little fear. The ten years, as they had really gone by, were very different from the ten years she had looked forward to, when, in the triumph of

her youth, she named that period as the time when she might probably begin to go off, and would be disposed to marry. By this time the drawing-room carpets and curtains had faded a little, and Lucilla had found out that the delicate pale green which suited her complexion was not to call a profitable colour; and nobody could have thought or said that to marry at this period would be in the least degree to swindle the Doctor. Thus the moment had arrived to which she looked forward, but the man had not arrived with it. Ten years had passed, during which she had been at the head of society in Grange Lane, and a great comfort to her dear papa; and now, if there remained another development for Lucilla's character, it was about time that it should begin to show itself. But at the same time, the main element necessary for that new development did not seem at present likely to be found in Grange Lane.

Unless, indeed, it might happen to be found in the person of Mr. Ashburton, who was so often in Carlingford that he might be said to form a part of society there. It was he who was related to the Richmonds, who, as everybody knows, were a family much respected in the county. He had been at the bar, and even begun to distinguish himself, before old Miss Penrhyn died and left him the Firs. He had begun to distinguish himself, but he had not, it appeared, gone so far as to prevent him from coming down to his new property and settling upon it, and taking his place as a local notability. He was not a man who could be expected to care for evening parties in a provincial town; but he never refused to dine with Dr. Marjoribanks, and was generally popular up-stairs, where he always paid a little attention to Lucilla, though nothing very marked and noticeable. Mr. Ashburton was not like Mr. Cavendish, for instance (if anybody remembered Mr. Cavendish), a man whose money might be in the Funds, but who more probably speculated. Everybody knew everything about him, which was an ease to the public mind. The Firs was as well known as Carlingford steeple, and how much it was worth a-year, and everything about it; and so was the proprietor's pedigree, which could be traced to a semi-mythical personage known as old Penrhyn, whose daughter was Sir John Richmond's grandmother. The Firs, it is true, had descended in the female line, but still it is something to know where a man comes from, even on one side. Mr. Ashburton made himself very agreeable in the neighbourhood, and was never above en-

lightening anybody on a point of law. He used to say that it was kind to give him something to do, which was an opinion endorsed practically by a great many people. It is true that some of his neighbours wondered much to see his patience, and could not make out why he chose to rusticate at the Firs at his age, and with his abilities. But either he never heard these wonderings, or at least he never took any notice of them. He lived as if he liked it, and settled down, and presented to all men an aspect of serene contentment with his sphere. And it would be difficult to say what suggestion or association it was which brought him all of a sudden into Miss Marjoribanks's head, one day, when, seeing a little commotion in Masters's shop, she went in to hear what it was about. The cause of the commotion was an event which had been long expected, and which, indeed, ten years before, had been looked on as a possible thing to happen any day. The wonder was, not that old Mr. Chiltern should die, but that he should have lived so long. The ladies in Masters's cried, "Poor dear old man!" and said to each other, that however long it might have been expected, a death always seemed sudden at the last. But, to tell the truth, the stir made by this death was rather pleasant than sad. People thought not of the career which was ended, but of the one which must now begin, and of the excitement of an election, which was agreeable to look forward to. As for Lucilla, when she too had heard the news, and had gone on upon her way, it would be vain to assert that a regretful recollection of the time when Mr. Cavendish was thought a likely man to succeed Mr. Chiltern did not occur to her. But when Miss Marjoribanks had dismissed that transitory thought, Mr. Ashburton suddenly came into her head by one of those intuitions which have such an effect upon the mind that receives them. Lucilla was not of very marked political opinions, and perhaps was not quite aware what Mr. Ashburton's views were on the Irish Church question, or upon parliamentary reform; but she said after, that it came into her mind in a moment, like a flash of lightning, that he was the man. The idea was so new and so striking, that she turned back and went, in the excitement of the moment, to suggest it to Mrs. Chiley, and see what her old friend and the Colonel would say. Of course, if such a thing was practicable, there was no time to lose. She turned round quickly, according to her prompt nature; and such was her absorbed interest

in the idea of Mr. Ashburton, that she did not know until she had almost done it, that she was walking straight into her hero's arms.

"Oh, Mr. Ashburton!" said Lucilla, with a little scream, "is it you? My mind was quite full of you. I could not see you for thinking. Do come back with me, for I have something very particular to say."

"To me?" said Mr. Ashburton, looking at her with a smile and a sudden look of interest; for it is always slightly exciting to the most philosophical mortal to know that somebody else's mind is full of him. "What you have said already is so flattering"

"I did not mean anything absurd," said Miss Marjoribanks. "Don't talk any nonsense, please. Mr. Ashburton, do you know that old Mr. Chiltern is dead?"

Lucilla put the question solemnly, and her companion grew a little red as he looked at her. "It is not my fault," he said, though he still smiled; and then he grew redder and redder, though he ought to have been above showing these signs of emotion; and looked at her curiously, as if he would seize what she was going to say out of her eyes or her lips before it was said.

"It is not anything to laugh about," said Lucilla. "He was a very nice old man; but he is dead, and somebody else must be Member for Carlingford: that was why I told you that my mind was full of you. I am not in the least superstitious," said Miss Marjoribanks, solemnly; "but when I stood there—there, just in front of Mr. Holden's—you came into my mind like a flash of lightning. I was not thinking of you in the least, and you came into my mind like—like Minerva, you know. If it was not an intimation, I don't know what it was. And that was why I ran against you, and did not see you were there. Mr. Ashburton, it is you who must be the man," said Lucilla. It was not a thing to speak lightly about, and for her part she spoke very solemnly; and as for Mr. Ashburton, his face flushed deeper and deeper. He stood quite still in the excitement of the moment, as if she had given him a blow.

"Miss Marjoribanks, I don't know how to answer you," he cried; and then he put out his hand in an agitated way and grasped her hand. "You are the only creature in Carlingford, man or woman, that has divined me," he said, in a trembling voice. It was a little public at the top of Grange Lane, where people were liable to pass at every moment; but still Miss Marjoribanks accepted the pressure of the hand, which,

to be sure, had nothing whatever to do with love-making. She was more shy of such demonstrations than she had been in her confident youth, knowing that in most cases they never came to anything, and at the same time that the spectators kept a vivid recollection of them; but still, in the excitement of the moment, Miss Marjoribanks accepted and returned in a womanly way the pressure of Mr. Ashburton's hand.

"Come in and let us talk it over," Lucilla said, feeling that no time was to be lost. It was a conference very different from that which, had Mr. Chiltern been so well advised as to die ten years before, might have been held in Dr. Marjoribanks's drawing-room over his successor's prospects; but at the same time there was something satisfactory to the personal sentiments of both in the way in which this conversation had come about. When Lucilla took off her hat and sat down to give him all her attention, Mr. Ashburton could not but feel the flattering character of the interest she was taking in him. She was a woman, and young (comparatively speaking), and was by no means without admirers, and unquestionably took the lead in society; and to be divined by such a person was perhaps, on the whole, sweeter to the heart of the aspirant than if Colonel Chiley had found out his secret, or Dr. Marjoribanks, or even the Rector: and Lucilla for her part had all that natural pleasure in being the first to embrace a new interest (which might or might not have very important results), which was natural under the circumstances. "Let us talk it all over," she said, giving Mr. Ashburton a chair near her own. "If I believed in spirit-rapping, you know, I should be sure that was what it meant. I was not thinking of you in the least, and all at once, like a flash of lightning — Mr. Ashburton, sit down and tell me — what is the first thing that must be done?"

"If I could ask you to be on my committee, that would be the first thing to be done," said Mr. Ashburton, "but unfortunately I can't do that. Let me tell you in the first place how very much I am obliged" —

"Don't say that, please," said Miss Marjoribanks, with her usual good sense, "for I have done nothing. But papa can be on the committee, Mr. Ashburton, and old Colonel Chiley, who is such a one for politics; and of course Sir John — that will be a very good beginning; and after that" —

"My dear Miss Marjoribanks," Mr. Ashburton said, with a smile, and a little hesitation, "Sir John takes exactly the other side in politics; and I am afraid the Doctor and

the Colonel are not of the same way of thinking; and then my opinions" —

"If they are not of the same way of thinking, we must make them," said Lucilla: "after having such an intimation, I am not going to be put off for a trifle; and besides, what does it matter about opinions? I am sure I have heard you all saying over and over that the thing was to have a good man. Don't go and make speeches about opinions. If you begin with that, there is no end to it," said Miss Marjoribanks. "I know what you gentlemen are. But if you just say distinctly that you are the best man" —

"It would be an odd thing to say for one's self," said Mr. Ashburton, and he laughed; but, to tell the truth, he was not a man of very quick understanding, and at the first outset of the thing he did not understand Lucilla; and he was a little — just a very little — disappointed. She had divined him, which was a wonderful proof of her genius; but yet at the bottom she was only an ignorant woman after all.

"I see it all quite clear what to do," said Miss Marjoribanks. "You must have the Colonel and Sir John, and everybody. I would not pay the least attention to Tories or Whigs, or anything of that sort. For my part I don't see any difference. All that has to be said about it is simply that you are the right man. Papa might object to one thing and the Colonel might object to another, and then if Sir John, as you say, is of quite another way of thinking — But you are the man for Carlingford all the same; and none of them can say a word against that," said Lucilla, with energy. She stopped short, with her colour rising and her eyes brightening. She felt herself inspired, which was a new sensation, and very pleasant; and then the idea of such a coming struggle was sweet to Miss Marjoribanks, and the conviction burst upon her that she was striking out a perfectly new and original line.

As for her candidate, he smiled, and hesitated, and paid her pretty little compliments for a few minutes longer, and said it was very good of her to interest herself in his fortunes. All which Lucilla listened to with great impatience, feeling that it had nothing to do with the matter in hand. But then after these few minutes had elapsed the meaning of his fair advisor, as he called her, began to dawn on Mr. Ashburton's mind. He began to prick up his mental ears, so to speak, and see that it was not womanish ignorance, but an actual suggestion. For, after all, so long as he was the man for Carlingford, all the rest was of little importance. He took something out of his pocket, which was his

address to the constituency of Carlingford (for being anxious on the subject, he had heard of Mr. Chiltern's death an hour or two before anybody else), and choke-full of political sentiments. In it he described to the electors what he would do if they sent him to Parliament, as carefully as if their election could make him Prime Minister at least; and naturally a man does not like to sacrifice such a confession of faith. "I should like to read it to you," he said, spreading it out with affectionate care; but Lucilla had already arranged her plans, and knew better than that.

"If you were to read it to me," said Miss Marjoribanks, "I should be sure to be convinced that you were quite right, and to go in with you for everything, and then I should be no good, you know. If it were to drive papa and Sir John and the Colonel all to their own ways of thinking, we never should make any progress. I would never mind about anybody's ways of thinking, if I were you. After all," said Lucilla, with a fine satire, of which she was unconscious, "what does it matter what people think? I suppose when it comes to doing anything, the Whigs and the Tories are just the same. Mr. Ashburton, it is a man that is wanted," said Miss Marjoribanks, with all the warmth of sudden conviction. She felt a little like Joan of Arc as she spoke. When an army has the aid of a sacred maiden to bring inspiration to its counsels, the idea of going on in the old formal way is no longer to be tolerated. And such was the force of Lucilla's conviction, that Mr. Ashburton, though he felt a little affronted, and could not but look with fond and compunctious regret upon his address, yet began more and more to feel that there was justice in what she said.

"I will think over what you say," he said, rather stiffly, and put up his address—for it was natural, when he had done her such an honour as to offer to read it to her, that he should be affronted by her refusal. It was a bold experiment on Lucilla's part, but then she was carried out of herself at the moment by this singular flash of inspiration. "I will think over what you say," Mr. Ashburton continued; "and if my judgment approves—At all events I shall not issue this till I have thought it all over. I am sure I am extremely obliged to you for your interest." And here he stopped short, and looked as if he were going to get up and go away, which would have spoiled all.

"You are going to stop to lunch," said Lucilla; "somebody is sure to come in.

And you know you must not lose any opportunity of seeing people. I am so glad to-night is Thursday. Tell me just one thing, Mr. Ashburton, before any one comes. There is one thing that is really important, and must be fixed upon. If we were to make any mistake, you know"—

"What?" said the candidate, eagerly—"about the Income-tax? I have expressed myself very clearly"—

Lucilla smiled compassionately, and with the gentlest tolerance, at this wild suggestion. "I was not thinking of the Income-tax," she said, with that meekness which people assume when it is of no use being impatient. "I was thinking what your colours were to be. I would not have anything to do with the old colours, for my part—they would be as bad as opinions, you know. You may laugh, but I am quite in earnest," said Miss Marjoribanks. As for Mr. Ashburton, he did not begin to laugh until he had fixed upon her that gaze of utter amazement and doubt with which on many similar occasions ordinary people had regarded Lucilla—thinking she was joking, or acting, or doing something quite different from the severe sincerity which was her leading principle. She was so used to it, that she waited with perfect patience till her companion's explosion of amusement was over. He was thinking to himself what a fool she was, or what a fool he was to think of taking a woman into his counsels, or what curious unintelligible creatures women were, made up of sense and folly; and all the time he laughed, which was a relief to his feelings. Miss Marjoribanks laughed a little too, to keep him in countenance, for she was always the soul of good-nature; and then she repeated, "Be sure you tell me what our colours are to be"—

"I am sure I don't know anything about colours," said the candidate, "any more than you do about opinions. I think they are equally unimportant, to say the least. I shall adopt the colours of my fair counsellor," Mr. Ashburton added, laughing, and making a mock bow to her, and getting his hat as he did so—for he had naturally calmed down a little from the first enthusiasm with which he had hailed the woman who divined him, and he did not mean to stay.

"The blue and the yellow are the old colours," said Lucilla, thoughtfully, "and you are the new man, you know, and we must not meddle with these antiquated things. Do you think this would do?" As she spoke she took up a handful of ribbons which were lying by, and put them

up to her face with an air of serious deliberation which once more disturbed Mr. Ashburton's gravity. And yet, when a young woman who is not at all bad-looking puts up a rustling, gleaming knot of ribbons to her hair and asks a man's opinion of the same, the man must be a philosopher or a wretch indeed who does not give a glance to see the effect. The candidate for Carlingford looked and approached, and even, in the temptation of the moment, took some of the long streamers in his hand. And he began to think Miss Marjoribanks was very clever, and the most amusing companion he had met with for a long time. And her interest in him touched his heart; and, after all, it is no drawback to a woman to be absurd by moments. His voice grew quite soft and caressing as he took the end of ribbon into his hand.

"If they are your colours they shall be mine," he said, with a sense of patronage and protection which was very delightful; and the two were still talking and laughing over the silken link thus formed between them, when the people came in whom Lucilla was expecting to lunch, and who were naturally full of Mr. Chiltern's death, which, poor old man! was so sudden at the last. Mr. Ashburton stayed, though he had not intended it, and made himself very pleasant. And Lucilla took no pains to conceal her opinion that the thing was neither to consider Whigs nor Tories, but a good man. And Major Brown, who had come with his daughters, echoed this sentiment so warmly that Mr. Ashburton was entirely convinced of the justice of Miss Marjoribanks's ideas. "We can't have a tip-topper, you know," Major Brown said, who was not very refined in his expressions; "and what I should like to see is a man that knows the place and would look after Carlingford. That's what we're all looking for." Mr. Ashburton did not declare himself to Major Brown, but he dashed off his new address ten minutes after he had taken leave of Miss Marjoribanks, and put the other one in the fire like a Christian, and telegraphed for his agent to town. Lucilla, for her part, made an effort equally great and uncompromising. She took the ribbon Mr. Ashburton had played with, and cut it up into cockades of all descriptions. It was an early moment, but still there was no time to be lost with a matter of such importance. And she wore one on her breast and one in her hair when Mr. Ashburton's address was published, and all the world was discussing it. "Of course they are his colours — that is why I wear them," said Lucilla.

"I shall always think there was something very strange in it. Just after I had heard of poor old Mr. Chiltern's death, as I was passing Holden's — when I was not in the least thinking of him — he came into my mind like a flash of lightning, you know. If I had been very intimate with poor old Mr. Chiltern, or if I believed in spirit-rapping, I should think *that* was it. He came into my head without my even thinking of him, all in a moment, with his very hat on and his umbrella, like Minerva — wasn't it Minerva?" said Miss Marjoribanks. And she took up Mr. Ashburton's cause openly, and unfurled his standard, and did not even ask her father's opinion. "Papa knows about politics, but he has not had an intimation, as I have," said Lucilla. And, naturally, she threw all the younger portion of Grange Lane, which was acquainted with Mr. Ashburton, and looked forward eagerly to a little excitement, and liked the idea of wearing a violet and green cockade, into a flutter of excitement. Among these rash young people there were even various individuals who took Lucilla's word for it, and knew that Mr. Ashburton was very *nice*, and did not see that anything more was necessary. To be sure, these enthusiasts were chiefly women, and in no cases had votes; but Miss Marjoribanks, with instinctive correctness of judgment, decided that there were more things to be thought of than the electors. And she had the satisfaction of seeing with her own eyes and hearing with her own ears the success of that suggestion of her genius. Carlingford had rarely been more excited by any public event than it was by the address of the new candidate, who was in the field before anybody else, and who had the boldness to come before them without uttering any political creed. "The enlightened electors of Carlingford do not demand, like other less educated constituencies, a system of political doctrines cut and dry, or a representative bound to give up his own judgment, and act according to arbitrary promises," said the daring candidate: "what they want is an honest man, resolved to do his duty by his country, his borough, and his constituency; and it is this idea alone which has induced me to solicit your suffrages." This was what Mr. Ashburton said in his address, though at that moment he had still his other address in his pocket, in which he had entered at some length into his distinctive personal views. It was thus that an independent candidate, unconnected with party, took the field in Carlingford, with Miss Marjoribanks, like another

er Joan of Arc, with a knot of ribbons, violet and green, in her hair, to inspire and lead him on.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LIFE with most people is little more than a succession of high and low tides. There are times when the stream runs low, and when there is nothing to be seen but the dull sandbanks, or even mudbanks, for months, or even years together; and then all at once the waters swell, and come rushing twice a-day like the sea, carrying life and movement with them. Miss Marjoribanks had been subject to the *eaux mortes* for a long time; but now the spring-tides had rushed back. A day or two after Mr. Ashburton had been revealed to her as the predestined member, something occurred, not in itself exciting, but which was not without its ultimate weight upon the course of affairs. It was the day when aunt Jemima was expected in Grange Lane. She was aunt Jemima to Lucilla; but the Doctor called her Mrs. John, and was never known to address her by any more familiar title. She was, as she herself described it, a widow lady, and wore the dress of her order, and was the mother of Tom Marjoribanks. She was not a frequent visitor at Carlingford, for she and her brother-in-law had various points on which they were not of accord. The Doctor, for his part, could not but feel perennially injured that the boy had fallen to the lot of Mrs. John, while he had only a girl—even though that girl was Lucilla; and aunt Jemima could not forgive him for the rude way in which he treated her health, which was so delicate, and his want of sympathy for many other people who were delicate too. Even when she arrived, and was being entertained with the usual cup of tea, fears of her brother-in-law's robustness and unsympathetic ways had begun to overpower her. "I hope your papa does not ask too much from you, Lucilla," she said, as she sat in her easy-chair, and took her tea by the fire in the cozy room which had been prepared for her. "I hope he does not make you do too much, for I am sure you are not strong, my dear. Your poor mamma, you know"—and Mrs. John looked with a certain pathos at her niece, as though she saw signs of evil in Lucilla's fresh complexion and substantial frame.

"I am pretty well, thank you, aunt Jemima," said Miss Marjoribanks; "and papa lets me do pretty much what I like: I am

too old now, you know, to be told what to do."

"Don't call yourself old, my dear," said aunt Jemima, with a passing gleam of worldly wisdom—"one gets old quite soon enough. Are you subject to headaches, Lucilla, or pains in the limbs? Your poor mamma"—

"Dear aunt Jemima, I am as well as ever I can be," said Miss Marjoribanks. "Tell me when you heard from Tom, and what he is doing. Let me see, it is ten years since he went away. I used to write to him, but he did not answer my letters—not as he ought, you know. I suppose he has found friends among the Calcutta ladies," said Lucilla, with a slight but not unapparent sigh.

"He never says anything to me about Calcutta ladies," said Tom's mother; "to tell the truth, I always thought before he went away that he was fond of *you*—I must have been mistaken, as he never said anything; and *that* was very fortunate at all events."

"I am sure I am very thankful he was not fond of me," said Lucilla, with a little natural irritation, "for I never could have returned it. But I should like to know why that was so fortunate. I can't see that it would have been such a very bad thing for him, for my part."

"Yes, my dear," said aunt Jemima, placidly, "it would have been a very bad thing; for you know, Lucilla, though you get on very nicely here, you never could have done for a poor man's wife."

Miss Marjoribanks's bosom swelled when she heard these words—it swelled with that profound sense of being unappreciated and misunderstood, which is one of the hardest trials in the way of genius; but naturally she was not going to let her aunt see her mortification. "I don't mean to be any man's wife just now," she said, making a gulp of it—"I am too busy electioneering; we are going to have a new member in dear old Mr. Chiltern's place. Perhaps he will come in this evening to talk things over, and you shall see him," Lucilla added, graciously. She was a little excited about the candidate, as was not unnatural—more excited, perhaps, than she would have been ten years ago, when life was young; and then it was not to be expected that she could be pleased with aunt Jemima for thinking it was so fortunate; though even that touch of wounded pride did not lead Miss Marjoribanks to glorify herself by betraying Tom.

"My brother-in-law used to be a dreadful

Radical," said aunt *Jemima*; "I hope it is not one of those revolutionary men; I have seen your poor uncle sit up arguing with him till I thought they never would be done. If that is the kind of thing, I hope you will not associate yourself with it, *Lucilla*. Your papa should have more sense than to let you. It does not do a young woman any good. I should never have permitted it if you had been *my* daughter," added Mrs. John, with a little heat—for, to tell the truth, she too felt a slight vexation on her part that the Doctor had a girl when she had none, even though not for twenty girls would she have given up Tom.

Miss Marjoribanks looked upon the weak woman who thus ventured to address her with indescribable feelings; but after all she was not so much angry as amused and compassionate. She could not help thinking to herself, if she had been Mrs. John's daughter, how perfectly docile aunt *Jemima* would have been by this time, and how little she would have really ventured to interfere. "It would have been very nice," she said, with a meditative realization of the possibility—"though it is very odd to think how one could have been one's own cousin—I should have taken very good care of you, I am sure."

"You would have done no such thing," said Mrs. John; "you would have gone off and married; I know how girls do. You have not married here, because you have been too comfortable, *Lucilla*. You have had everything your own way, and all that you wanted, without any of the bother. It is very strange how differently people's lots are ordered. I was married at seventeen, and I am sure I have not known what it was to have a day's health"—

"Dear aunt *Jemima*!" said her affectionate niece, kissing her, "but papa shall see if he cannot give you something, and we will take such care of you while you are here."

Mrs. John was softened in spite of herself; but still she shook her head. "It is very nice of you to say so, my dear," she said, "and it's pleasant to feel that one has somebody belonging to one; but I have not much confidence in your papa. He never understood my complaints. I used to be very sorry for your poor mamma. He never showed that sympathy—but I did not mean to blame him to you, *Lucilla*. I am sure he is a very good father to you."

"He has been a perfect old angel," said Miss Marjoribanks; and then the conversation came to a pause, as it was time to dress for dinner. Mrs. John Marjoribanks

had a very nice room and everything that was adapted to make her comfortable; but she too had something to think of when the door closed upon *Lucilla*, and she was left with her maid and her hot water and her black velvet gown. Perhaps it was a little inconsistent to wear a black velvet gown with her widow's cap—it was a question which she had long debated in her mind before she resigned herself to the temptation—but then it always looked so well, and was so very profitable! and Mrs. John felt that it was incumbent upon her to keep up a respectable appearance for Tom's sake. Tom was very much in her mind at that moment, as indeed he always was; for though it was a long time ago, she could not get the idea out of her head that he must have said something to *Lucilla* before he went off to India, and he had a way of asking about his cousin in his letters; and though she would have done anything to secure her boy's happiness, and was on the whole rather fond of her niece, yet the idea of the objections her brother-in-law would have to such a match excited to the uttermost the smouldering pride which existed in aunt *Jemima*'s heart. He was better off, and had always been better off, than her poor John—and he had robust health and an awful scorn of the coddling, to which, as he said, she had subjected his brother, and he had money enough to keep his child luxuriously and make her the leader of Carlingford society, while her poor boy had to go to India and put himself in the way of all kinds of unknown diseases and troubles. Mrs. John was profoundly anxious to promote her son's happiness, and would gladly have given every penny she had to get him married to *Lucilla*, "if that was what he wanted," as she justly said; but to have the brother-in-law object to him, and suggest that he was not good enough, was the one thing she could not bear. She was thinking about this, and whether Tom really had not said anything, and whether *Lucilla* cared for him, and what amid all these perplexities she should do, while she dressed for dinner; and, at the same time, she felt her palpitation worse than usual, and knew Dr. Marjoribanks would smile his grim smile if she complained, so that her visit to Grange Lane, though *Lucilla* meant to take such care of her, was not altogether unmingled delight to Mrs. John.

But, nevertheless, Dr. Marjoribanks's dinner-table was always a cheerful sight, even when it was only a dinner-party of three; for then naturally they used the round table, and were as snug as possible. *Lucilla*

wore her knot of green and violet ribbons on her white dress, to her aunt's great amazement, and the Doctor had all the air of a man who had been out in the world all day and returned in the evening with something to tell — which is a thing which gives great animation to a family party. Mrs. John Marjoribanks had been out of all that sort of thing for a long time. She had been living quite alone in a widowed forlorn way, and had half forgotten how pleasant it was to have somebody coming in with a breath of fresh air about him and the day's budget of news — and it had an animating effect upon her, even though she was not fond of her brother-in-law. Dr. Marjoribanks inquired about Tom in the most fatherly way, and what he was about, and how things were looking for him, and whether he intended to come home. "Much better not," the Doctor said, — "I should certainly advise him not, if he asked me. He has got over all the worst of it, and now is his time to do something worth while."

"Tom is not one to think merely of worldly advantages," said his mother, with a fine instinct of opposition which she could not restrain. "I don't think he would care to waste all the best part of his life making money. I'd rather see him come home and be happy, for my part, even if he were not so rich" —

"If all men were happy that came home," said the Doctor, and then he gave a rather grim chuckle. "Somebody has come home that you did not reckon on, Lucilla. I am sorry to spoil sport; but I don't see how you are to get out of it. There is another address on the walls today besides that one of yours" —

"Oh, I hope there will be six addresses!" cried Miss Marjoribanks; "if we had it all our own way it would be no fun; — a Tory, and a Whig, and a — did you say Radical, aunt Jemima? And then, what is a Conservative?" asked Lucilla, though certainly she had a very much better notion of political matters than aunt Jemima had, to say the least.

"I wonder how you can encourage any poor man to go into Parliament," said Mrs. John; "so trying for the health as it must be, and an end to everything like domestic life. If it was my Tom I would almost rather he stayed in India. He looks strong, but there is never any confidence to be put in young men looking strong. Oh, I know you do not agree with me, Doctor; but I have had sad reason for my way of thinking," said the poor lady. As for the Doctor,

he did not accept the challenge thus thrown to him. Tom Marjoribanks was not the foremost figure in the world in his eyes, as the absent wanderer was in that of his mother; and he had not yet unburdened himself of what he had to say.

"I am not saying anything in favour of going into Parliament," said the Doctor. "I'd sooner be a bargeman on the canal if it was me. I am only telling Lucilla what she has before her. I don't know when I have been more surprised. Of course you were not looking for *that*," said Dr. Marjoribanks. He had kept back until the things were taken off the table, for he had a benevolent disinclination to spoil anybody's dinner. Now, when all the serious part of the meal was over, he tossed the "Carlingford Gazette" across the table, folded so as she could not miss what he wanted her to see. Lucilla took it up lightly between her finger and thumb; for the Carlingford papers were inky and badly printed, and soiled a lady's hand. She took it up delicately without either alarm or surprise, knowing very well that the Blues and the Yellows were not likely without a struggle to give up to the new standard, which was violet and green. But what she saw on that inky broadsheet overwhelmed in an instant Miss Marjoribanks's self-possession. She turned pale, though her complexion was, if possible, fresher than ever, and even shivered in her chair, though her nerves were so steady. Could it be a trick to thwart and startle her? or could it be true? She lifted her eyes to her father with a look of horror-stricken inquiry, but all that she met in return was a certain air of amusement and triumph, which struck her at the tenderest point. He was not sorry nor sympathetic, nor did he care at all for the sudden shock she had sustained. On the contrary, he was laughing within himself at the utterly unexpected complication. It was cruel, but it was salutary, and restored her self-command in a moment. She might have given way under kindness, but this look of satisfaction over her discomfiture brought Lucilla to herself.

"Yes, I thought you would be surprised," said Dr. Marjoribanks, dryly; and he took his first glass of claret with a slow relish and enjoyment, which roused every sentiment of self-respect and spark of temper existing in his daughter's mind. "If you had kept your own place it would not have mattered; but I don't see how you are to get out of it. You see young ladies should let these sort of things alone, Lucilla." This was all the

feeling he showed for her in her unexpected dilemma. Miss Marjoribanks's heart gave one throb, which made the green and violet ribbons jump and thrill; and then she came to herself, and recognized, as she had so often done before, that she had to fight her way by herself, and had nobody to look to. Such a thought is dreary enough sometimes, and there are minds that sink under it; but at other times it is like the touch of the mother earth which gave the giant back his strength, and Lucilla was of the latter class of intelligence. When she saw the triumph with which her embarrassment was received, and that she had no sympathy nor aid to look for, she recovered herself as if by magic. Let what would come in the way, nothing could alter her certainty that Mr. Ashburton was the man for Carlingford; and that determination not to be beaten, which is the soul of British valour, sprang up in an instant in Miss Marjoribanks's mind. There was not even the alternative of victory or Westminster Abbey for Lucilla. If she was ever to hold up her head again, or have any real respect for herself, she must win. All this passed through her head in the one bewildering moment, while her father's words were still making her ears tingle, and *that name*, printed in big inky letters, seemed to flutter in all the air round her. It was hard to believe the intelligence thus conveyed, and harder still to go on in the face of old friendships, and the traditions of her youth; but still duty was dearer than tradition, and it was now a necessity to fight the battle to the last, and at all risks to win.

"Thank you all the same, papa, for bringing me the paper," said Lucilla. "It would have been a great deal worse if I had not known of it before I saw him. I am sure I am very glad for one thing. He can't be married or dead, as people used to say. I am quite ashamed to keep you so long down-stairs, aunt Jemima, when I know you must be longing for a cup of tea — but it is somebody come back whom nobody expected. Tell him I shall be so glad to see him, papa — though I have no reason to be glad, for he was one of my *young* friends you know, and he is sure to think I have gone off." As she spoke, Lucilla turned aunt Jemima, to whom she had given her arm, quite round, that she might look into the great glass over the mantelpiece: "I don't think I *am* quite so much gone off as I expected to be," said Miss Marjoribanks, with candid impartiality; "though of course he will think me stouter — but it does not make any difference

about Mr. Ashburton being the right man for Carlingford." She said the words with a certain solemnity, and turned Mrs. John, who was so much surprised as to be speechless, round again, and led her up-stairs. It was as if they were walking in a procession of those martyrs and renouncers of self, who build up the foundations of society; and it would not be too much to say that under her present circumstances, and in the excitement of this singular and unexpected event, such was the painful but sublime consciousness which animated Lucilla's breast.

As for Dr. Marjoribanks, his triumph was taken out of him by that spectacle. He closed the door after the ladies had gone, and came back to his easy-chair by the side of the fire, and could not but feel that he had had the worst of it. It was actually Mr. Cavendish who had come home, and whose address to the electors of Carlingford, dated from Dover on his return to England, the Doctor had just put into his daughter's hand. But, wonderful and unlooked-for as was the event, Lucilla, though taken unawares, had not given in, nor shown any signs of weakness. And the effect upon her father of her last utterance and confession was such that he took up the paper again and read both addresses, which were printed side by side. In other days Mr. Cavendish had been the chosen candidate of Grange Lane; and the views which he expressed (and he expressed his views very freely) were precisely those of Dr. Marjoribanks. Yet when the Doctor turned to Mr. Ashburton's expression of his conviction that he was the right man for Carlingford, it cannot be denied that the force of that simple statement had a wonderful effect upon his mind — an effect all the greater, perhaps, in comparison with the political exposition made by the other unexpected candidate. The Doctor's meditations possibly took a slumbrous tone from the place and the moment at which he pursued them; for the fact was that the words he had just been hearing ran in his head all through the reading of the two addresses. Mr. Cavendish would think Lucilla had gone off; but yet she had not gone off so much as might have been expected, and Mr. Ashburton was the man for Carlingford. Dr. Marjoribanks laughed quietly by himself in his easy-chair, and then went back to Mr. Cavendish's opinions, and ended again, without knowing it, in a kind of odd incipient agreement with Lucilla. The new candidate was right in politics; but, after all, Mr. Ashburton was a more satis-

factory sort of person. He was a man whom people knew everything about, and a descendant of old Penrhyn, and had the Firs and lived in it, and spent about so much money every year honestly in the face of the world. When a man conducts himself in this way, his neighbours can afford to be less exacting as to his political opinions. This comparison went on in the Doctor's thoughts until the distinction between the two grew confused and faint in that ruddy and genial glow of firelight and lamplight and personal wellbeing which is apt to engross a man's mind after he has come in out of the air, as people say, and has eaten a good dinner, and feels himself comfortable; and at last all that remained in Dr. Marjoribanks's mind was that Mr. Cavendish would think Lucilla had gone off, though she had not gone off nearly so much as might have been expected; at which he laughed with an odd sound, which roused him, and might have induced some people to think he had been sleeping, if, indeed, anybody had been near to hear.

But this news was naturally much more serious to Miss Marjoribanks when she got up-stairs, and had time to think of it. She would not have been human if she had heard without emotion of the return of the man whom she had once dreamed of as member for Carlingford, with the addition of other dreams which had not been altogether without their sweetness. He had returned now and then for a few days, but Lucilla knew that he had never held up his head in Grange Lane since the day when she advised him to marry Barbara Lake. And now when he had bethought himself of his old ambition, had he possibly bethought himself of other hopes as well? And the horrible thing was, that she had pledged herself to another, and put her seal upon it that Mr. Ashburton was the man for Carlingford! It may be supposed that, with such a complication in her mind, Miss Marjoribanks was very little capable of supporting aunt Jemima's questions as to what it was about, and who was Mr. Cavendish, and why was his return of consequence to Lucilla? Mrs. John was considerably alarmed and startled, and began to think in earnest that Tom was fond of his cousin, and would never forgive his mother for letting Lucilla perhaps marry some one else, and settle down before her very eyes.

"If it is a very particular friend, I can understand it," Mrs. John said, with a little asperity; but that was after she had made a great many attempts, which were only partially successful, to find it all out.

"Dear aunt Jemima," said Lucilla, "we are all particular friends in Carlingford — society is so limited, you know; — and Mr. Cavendish has been a very long time away. He used to be of such use to me, and I am so fond of him," Miss Marjoribanks said, with a sigh; and it may be supposed that Mrs. John's curiosity was not lessened by such a response.

"If you are engaged to any one, Lucilla, I must say I think I ought to have been told," said Tom's mother, with natural indignation. "Though I ought not to blame you for it, perhaps. It is a sad thing when a girl is deprived of a mother's care; but still I am your nearest relation" —

"My dear aunt, it is something about the election," said Miss Marjoribanks. "How could I be engaged to a man who has been away ten years?"

"Tom has been away ten years," said Mrs. John, impetuously; and then she blushed, though she was past the age of blushing, and made haste to cover her imprudence. "I don't see what you can have to do with the election," she said, with suspicion, but some justice; "and I don't feel, Lucilla, as if you were telling me all."

"I have the favours to make, aunt Jemima," said Lucilla — "green and violet. You used to be so clever at making bows, and I hope you will help me; papa, you know, will have to be on Mr. Ashburton's committee," Miss Marjoribanks added; and then, in spite of herself, a sigh of doubt and anxiety escaped her bosom. It was easy to say that "papa would be on Mr. Ashburton's committee, you know," but nobody had known that Mr. Cavendish was coming to drive everything topsy-turvy; and Lucilla, though she professed to know only who was the man for Carlingford, had at the same time sufficient political information to be aware that the sentiments propounded in Mr. Cavendish's address were also Dr. Marjoribanks's sentiments; and she did not know the tricks which some green and violet spirit in the dining-room was playing with the Doctor's fancy. Perhaps it might turn out to be Mr. Cavendish's committee which her father would be on; and after she had pledged herself that the other was the man for Carlingford! Lucilla felt that she could not be disloyal and go back from her word, neither could she forget the intimation which had so plainly indicated to her that Mr. Ashburton was the man; and yet, at the same time, she could not but sigh as she thought of Mr. Cavendish. Perhaps he had grown coarse, as men do at that age, just as Lucilla herself was conscious that he

would find her stouter. Perhaps he had ceased to flirt, or be of any particular use of an evening; possibly even he might have forgotten Miss Marjoribanks — but naturally that was a thing that seemed unlikely to Lucilla. If he had but come a little earlier, or for ever stayed away! But while all these thoughts were going through her mind her fingers were still busy with the violet and green cockades which aunt Jemima, after making sure that Mr. Ashburton was not a Radical, had begun to help her with. And they sat and talked about Mrs. John's breathing, which was so bad, and about her headaches, while Lucilla by snatches discussed the situation in her mind. Perhaps, on the whole, embarrassment and perplexity are a kind of natural accompaniment to life and movement; and it is better to be driven out of your senses with thinking which of two things you ought to do than to do nothing whatever, and be utterly uninteresting to all the world. This at least was how Lucilla reasoned to herself in her dilemma; and while she reasoned she used up yard upon yard of her green ribbon (for naturally the violet bore but a small proportion to the green). Whatever she might have to do or to suffer — however her thoughts might be disturbed or her heart distracted — it is unnecessary to add that it was impossible to Lucilla either to betray or to yield.

CHAPTER XL.

It was a very good thing for Lucilla that Mrs. John was so much of an invalid, notwithstanding that the Doctor made little of her complaints. All that Doctor Marjoribanks said was — with that remnant of Scotch which was often perceptible in his speech — that her illnesses were a fine thing to occupy her, and he did not know what she would do without them — a manner of speaking which naturally lessened his daughter's anxiety, though her sympathetic care and solicitude were undiminished. And no doubt, when she had been once assured that there was nothing dangerous in her aunt's case, it was a relief to Miss Marjoribanks at the present juncture that Mrs. John got up late and always breakfasted in her own room. Lucilla went into that sanctuary after she had given her father his breakfast, and heard all about the palpitation and the bad night aunt Jemima had passed; and then when she had consoled her suffering relative by the reflection that one never sleeps well the first night or two, Miss

Marjoribanks was at liberty to go forth and attend a little to her own affairs, which stood so much in need of being attended to. She had had no further talk with the Doctor on the subject, but she had read over Mr. Cavendish's address, and could not help seeing that it went dead against her candidate; neither could Lucilla remain altogether unaffected by the expression of feeling in respect to "a place in which I have spent so many pleasant years, and which has so many claims on my affections," and the touching haste with which the exile had rushed back as soon as he heard of the old member's death. If it touched Miss Marjoribanks, who was already pledged to support another interest, what might it not do to the gentlemen in Grange Lane who were not pledged, and who had a friendship for Mr. Cavendish? This was the alarming thought that had disturbed her sleep all night, and returned to her mind with her first awakening; and when she had really her time to herself, and the fresh morning hours before her, Lucilla began, as everybody ought to do, by going to the very root and foundation, and asking herself what, beyond all secondary considerations, it was *right* to do. To change from one side to the other and go back from her word was a thing abhorrent to her; but still Miss Marjoribanks was aware that there are certain circumstances in which honesty and truth themselves demand what in most cases is considered an untruthful and dishonest proceeding. In order to come to a right decision, and with a sense of the duty she owed to her country which would have shamed half the electors in England, not to say Carlingford, Lucilla, who naturally had no vote, read the two addresses of the two candidates, and addressed herself candidly and impartially to the rights of the subject. Mr. Cavendish was disposed, as we have said, to be pathetic and sentimental, and to speak of the claims the borough had upon his affections, and the eagerness with which he had rushed home at the earliest possible moment to present himself to them. If poor old Mr. Chiltern had been King Bomba, or a gloomy Oriental tyrant, keeping all possible reformers and successors banished from his dominions, the new candidate could not have spoken with more pathos. It was a sort of thing which tells among the imaginative part of the community, or so, at least, most people think; and Miss Marjoribanks was moved by it for the first moment; but then her enlightened mind asserted its rights. She said to herself that Mr. Cavendish might have come home at any hour, by

any steamboat; that Calais and Boulogne, and even Dieppe, were as open to him as if he had been an actual refugee, and that consequently there was nothing particular to be pathetic about. And then, if the town had such claims on his affections, why had he stayed so long away? These two rationalistic questions dispersed the first *at-tendrissement* which had begun to steal over Lucilla's mind. When she came to this conclusion, her difficulties began to clear. She had no reason to go back from her engagements and reject that intimation which had so impressed it on her, that Mr. Ashburton was the man. It was a sacrifice which ancient truth and friendship did not demand, for verity was not in the document she had just been reading, and that appeal to sentiment was nothing more than what is generally called humbug. "He might have been living here all the time," Lucilla said to herself; "he might have had much stronger claims upon our affections; if he had wanted, he might have come back ages ago, and not let people struggle on alone." When this view of the subject occurred to her, Lucilla felt more indignation than sympathy. And then, as Doctor Marjoribanks had done, she turned to the calm utterance of her own candidate—the man who was the only man for Carlingford—and that sweet sense of having given sound counsel, and of having at last met with some one capable of carrying it out, which makes up for so many failures, came like balm to Lucilla's bosom. There was nothing more necessary; the commotion in her mind calmed down, and the tranquillity of undisturbed conviction came in its place. And it was with this sense of certainty that she put on her bonnet and issued forth, though it snowed a little, and was a very wintry day, on Mr. Ashburton's behalf, to try her fortune in Grange Lane.

She went to Mrs. Chiley's, who was now very old, poor old lady! and feeble, and did not like to leave her sofa. Not but what she could leave the sofa, she said to her friends, but at that time of the year, and at her time of life, it was comfortable. The sofa was wheeled to the side of the fire, and Mrs. Chiley reclined upon it, covered with knitted rugs of the brightest colours, which her young friends all worked for her. The last one arrived was what used to be called an Afghanistan blanket, done in stripes of all sorts of pretty tints, which was a present from Mrs. Beverley. "Her work, she says, Lucilla," said the old lady; "but we know what sort of soft dawdling woman she is, and it must have been the Archdeacon's

nieces, you know." But still it had the place of honour at present, covering Mrs. Chiley's feet, and affording something to talk about when any one came in. And by her side was a little table, upon which stood one China rose, in a glass of water—a pale rose, almost as pale as her soft old cheeks, and chilled like them by the approaching frost. And the fire burned with an officious cheerfulness at her elbow, as if it thought nothing of such accidental circumstances as winter and old age. To be sure this was a reflection which never came into Mrs. Chiley's head, who was, on the contrary, very thankful for the fire, and said it was like a companion. "And I often think, my dear, how do the poor people get on, especially if they are old and sick, that have no fires to keep them cheerful in this dreadful weather," the kind old lady would say. She did say so now when Lucilla came in, glowing with cold and her rapid walk, and with a flake or two of snow slowly melting on her sealskin cloak. Perhaps it was not a sentiment the Colonel agreed with, for he gave a hump and a little hoist of his shoulders, as if in protest, being himself a good deal limited in his movements, and not liking to own it, by the wintry torpor within his big old frame, and the wintry weather outside.

"Come and tell us all the news, Lucilla, my darling," Mrs. Chiley said, as she drew down her young friend's glowing face to her own, and gave her one of her lingering kisses; "I felt sure you would come and tell us everything. I said it would not be like Lucilla if she didn't. We know nothing but the *fact*, you know—not another word. Make haste and tell us everything, my dear."

"But I don't know anything," said Miss Marjoribanks. "Of course you mean about Mr. Cavendish. I saw it in the papers, like everybody else, but I don't know anything more."

And then Mrs. Chiley's countenance fell. She was not very strong, poor old lady, and she could have cried, as she said afterwards. "Ah, well, I suppose there is not time," she said after a little pause; "I suppose he has not got here from Dover yet—one always forgets the distance. I calculated it all over last night, and I thought that he would get home by the eleven train; but these trains are never to be calculated upon, you know, my dear. I am a little disappointed, Lucilla. Poor dear! to think how he must have rushed home the first moment—I could have cried when I read that address."

"I don't see why any one should cry," said Lucilla. "I think he makes a great deal too much of that; he might have come ever so many years ago if he had liked. Poor Mr. Chiltern did not banish him; poor old man!—he might have been here for years."

Upon which the Colonel himself drew a little nearer, and poked the fire. "I am glad to see you are so sensible, Lucilla," he said. "It's the first rational word I have heard on the subject. *She* thinks he's a kind of saint and martyr; a silly young fellow that runs off among a set of Frenchmen because he can't get everything his own way—and then he expects that we are all to go into transports of joy, and give him our votes." Colonel Chiley added, smashing a great piece of coal with the poker, with a blow full of energy, yet showing a slight unsteadiness in it, which sent a host of blazing splinters into the hearth. He was a man who wore very well, but he was not so steady as he once was, and nowadays was apt, by some tremulous movement, to neutralize the strength which he had left.

Mrs. Chiley, for her part, was apt to be made very nervous by her husband's proceedings. She was possessed by a terror that the splinters some day would jump out of the hearth on to the carpet, and fly into the corners, "and perhaps burn us all up in our beds," as she said. She gave a little start among her cushions, and stooped down to look over the floor. "He will never learn that he is old," she said in Lucilla's ear, who instantly came to her side to see what she wanted; and thus the two old people kept watch upon each other, and noted with a curious mixture of vexation and sympathy, each other's declining strength.

"For my part, I would give him all my votes, if I had a hundred," said Mrs. Chiley, "and so will you, too, when you hear the rights of it. Lucilla, my dear, tell him—I hope *you* are not going to forsake old friends."

"No," said Miss Marjoribanks—but she spoke with a gravity and hesitation which did not fail to reach Mrs. Chiley's ear—"I hope I shall never desert my old friends; but I think all the same that it is Mr. Ashburton who is the right man for Carlingford," she said, slowly. She said it with reluctance, for she knew it would shock her audience, but, at the same time, she did not shrink from her duty; and the moment had now arrived when Lucilla felt concealment was impossible, and that the truth must be said.

As for Mrs. Chiley, she was so distressed

that the tears came to her eyes; and even the Colonel laughed, and did not understand it. Colonel Chiley, though he was by no means as yet on Mr. Cavendish's side, was not any more capable than his neighbours of understanding Miss Marjoribanks's single-minded devotion to what was just and right; and why she should transfer her support to Ashburton, who was not a ladies' man, nor, in the Colonel's opinion, a marrying man, nor anything at all attractive, now that the other had come back romantic and repentant to throw his honours at her feet, was beyond his power of explanation. He contented himself with saying "humph;" but his wife was not so easily satisfied. She took Lucilla by the hand and poured forth a flood of remonstrances and prayers.

"I do not understand you, Lucilla," said Mrs. Chiley. "He whom we know so little about—whom, I am sure, you have no reason to care for. And where could you find anybody nicer than Mr. Cavendish?—and he to have such faith in us, and to come rushing back as soon as he was able. I am sure you have not taken everything into consideration, Lucilla. He might not perhaps do exactly as could have been wished before he went away; but he was young, and he was led astray; and I do think you were a little hard upon him, my dear; but I have always said I never knew anybody nicer than Mr. Cavendish. And what possible reason you can have to care about that other man!"

"It was like a special Intimation," said Lucilla, with solemnity. "I don't see how I could neglect it, for my part. The day the news came about poor old Mr. Chiltern's death I was out, you know, and heard it; and just at one spot upon the pavement, opposite Mr. Holden's, it came into my mind like a flash of lightning that Mr. Ashburton was the man. I don't care in the least for him, and I had not been thinking of him, or anything. It came into my head all in a moment. If I had been very intimate with poor dear old Mr. Chiltern, or if I believed in spirit-rapping, I should think it was a message from *him*."

Lucilla spoke with great gravity, but she did not impress her audience, who were people of sceptical minds. Mrs. Chiley, for her part, was almost angry, and could scarcely forgive Lucilla for having made her give grave attention to such a piece of nonsense. "If it *had* been him," she said, with some wrath, "I don't see how having been dead for a few hours would make his advice worth having. It never was good

for anything when he was alive. And you don't believe in spirit-rapping, I *hope*. I wonder how you can talk such nonsense," the old lady said severely. And Colonel Chiley, who had been a little curious too, laughed and coughed over the joke; for the two old people were of the old school, and of a very unbelieving frame of mind.

"I knew you would laugh," said Miss Marjoribanks, "but I cannot help it. If it had been impressed upon *your* mind like that, you would have been different. And, of course, I like Mr. Cavendish much the best. I am so glad I have no vote," said Lucilla; "it does not matter to anybody what I think; but if I had anything to do with it, you know I could not stand up for Mr. Cavendish, even though I am fond of him, when I felt sure that Mr. Ashburton is the man for Carlingford—nobody could ask me to do that."

There followed a pause upon this declaration; for Miss Marjoribanks, though she had no vote, was a person of undoubted influence, and such a conviction on her part was not to be laughed at. Even Colonel Chiley, who was undecided in his own mind, was moved by it a little. "What does the Doctor think?" he asked. "Ashburton doesn't say a word about his principles that I can see; and the other, you know —"

"Dear Colonel Chiley," cried Lucilla, "he is not going to be Prime Minister; and I have always heard you say, as long as I can remember, that it was not opinions, you know, but a good *man* that people wanted. I have heard people talking politics for hours, and I always remember you saying that, and thinking it was the only *sense*; but, of course, I don't understand politics," Lucilla added, with humility. As for the Colonel, he took up the poker, perhaps to hide a little pleasant confusion, and again drew near the fire.

"By George! I believe Lucilla is in the right," he said, with a certain agreeable consciousness. Perhaps he did not quite recollect at what moment of his life he had originated that sentiment, but he thought he could recollect having said it; and it was with the view of carrying off the bashfulness of genius, and not because the coals had any need of it, that he took up the poker—a proceeding which was always regarded with alarm and suspicion by his wife.

"The fire is very nice," said Mrs. Chiley. "I hate to have the fire poked when it does not want it. Lucilla, if you make him go over to that Mr. Ashburton's side, you will have a great deal to answer for, and I will

never forgive you. My dear, you must be dreaming—a man that is as dry as a stick, and not one-hundredth nor one-thousand part so nice"—

"I shan't say another word," said Lucilla; "I shan't stay any longer, for I can't help it, and you would be angry with me. People can't help what they believe, you know. There is poor little Oswald Brown, who has doubts, and can't go into the church, and will ruin all his prospects, and nobody can help it"—

"If I were his mother, I should help it," cried Mrs. Chiley. "I promise you he should not talk of his doubts to me. A bit of a lad; and what is good enough for all the bishops, and everybody in their senses, is not good enough for him! If that is the kind of example you are going to follow, Lucilla!"—

"Dear Mrs. Chiley," said Miss Marjoribanks, "everybody knows what my church principles are; and perhaps you will come round to think with me; but I am not going to say any more about it now. I am so glad your rheumatism is better this morning; but you must wrap up well, for it is so cold, oh, so cold, out of doors!"

When Lucilla had thus dismissed the subject, she came to her old friend's side and bent over her in her sealskin cloak, to say good-bye. Mrs. Chiley took her by both hands as she thus stood with her back to the old Colonel, and drew her down close, and looked searchingly into her eyes. "If you have any *particular* reason, Lucilla, you ought to tell me—that would make such a difference," said the old lady. "I always tell you everything," said Miss Marjoribanks with evasive fondness, as she kissed the soft old withered cheek; and naturally, with the Colonel behind, who was standing up before the fire shadowing over them both, and quite unaware of this little whispered episode, it would have been impossible to say more had there been ever so much to say. But it had been a close encounter in its way, and Lucilla was rather glad to get off without any further damage. She did not feel quite successful as she went out; but still she had left a very wholesome commotion behind her; for Colonel Chiley could not but feel that the sentiment which she had quoted from himself was a very just sentiment. "By George! Lucilla was in the right of it," he said again, after she was gone; and in fact went through a process very similar to that which had modified the sentiments of Dr. Marjoribanks on the previous night.

Mr. Cavendish was a young fellow who

had rushed off among a set of Frenchmen, because Lucilla Marjoribanks would not have him, or because he could not marry Barbara Lake in addition, or at least somehow because he failed of having his own way. It was all very well for him to come back and make a commotion, and be sentimental about it. But what if, after all, Ashburton, who had the Firs, and lived there, and spent his money like a Christian, was the man for Carlingford? The Colonel's mind still wavered and veered about; yet it had received an impulse which was by no means unworthy of consideration. As for Mrs. Chiley, she laid back her head upon her pillows, and painfully questioned with herself whether Lucilla could have any *particular* reason for taking Mr. Ashburton's part so warmly. She thought with justice that Miss Marjoribanks was looking brighter and better, and had more of her old animation than she had shown for a long time — which arose from the simple fact that she had something in hand, though the old lady thought it might have a more touching and delicate motive. If *that* was the case, it would make a great difference. Mrs. Chiley was no longer able to go out in the evening, and had to be dependent on other people's observation for a knowledge of what happened — and she was wounded by a sense that her young friend had not been appreciated as her worth deserved. If Mr. Ashburton had the sense to see what was for his own advantage, it would be a frightful thing, as Mrs. Chiley said to herself, if Lucilla's friends should fly in his face. And though it was a hard trial to give up Mr. Cavendish, still if anything of the kind had happened — Thus it will be evident that Lucilla's visit, though it was not a long one, nor the least in the world an argumentative visit, was not without its fruit.

She went up Grange Lane again cheerful and warm in her sealskin coat. It was a thing that suited her remarkably well, and corresponded with her character, and everybody knows how comfortable they are. The snow-flakes fell softly, one at a time, and melted away to nothing upon her sleeves and her shoulders without leaving any trace, and Lucilla, with the chill air blowing in her face, and those feathery messengers in the air, could not but feel that her walk and the general readiness which she felt to face all kinds of objections and difficulties, and to make a sacrifice of her own feelings, had in them a certain magnanimous and heroic element. For after all she had no *particular* reason, as Mrs. Chiley said. Mr. Ashburton was a dry man, and of very little use in a

social point of view, and had never paid her any attention to speak of, nor at all put himself forth as a candidate for her favour. If he had done so, she would not have felt that thrill of utter disinterestedness which kept her as warm within as her sealskin did without. There was not a soul to be seen in Grange Lane at that moment in the snow, which came on faster and faster, but one of Mr. Wentworth's (who at that time was new in St. Roque's) grey sisters, and another lady who was coming down, as quickly as Lucilla was going up, by the long line of garden walls. The gentlemen were either at business or at their club, or keeping themselves snug indoors; and it was only those devoted women who braved the elements outside. The figure in the grey cloak was occupied simply with the poor people, and that is not our present business; but the other two were otherwise inspired. Mr. Cavendish, who had lately arrived, had not been able to make up his mind to face the weather; but his sister was of a different way of thinking. She was not of half the capacity of Lucilla, but still she felt that something ought to be done, and that there was not a moment to be lost. When she saw it was Miss Marjoribanks that was advancing to meet her, a momentary chill came over Mrs. Woodburn. She was thinking so much of her own errand that she could not but jump at the idea that nothing less important could have induced Lucilla to be out of doors on such a day; and her heart beat loud as the two drew near each other. Was it an unexpected and generous auxiliary, or was it a foe accomplished and formidable? For one thing, she was not coming out of Mr. Centum's, where Mrs. Woodburn herself was going, which at least was a relief. As they came nearer the two ladies instinctively looked to their weapons. They had met already in many a little passage of arms, but nothing like this had ever occurred to them before. If they were to work in union, Mrs. Woodburn felt that they would carry all before them; and if not, then it must be a struggle unto the death.

"Is it really you, Lucilla?" she said; "I could not believe my eyes. What can have brought you out of doors on such a day? You that have everything your own way, and no call to exert yourself —"

"I have been to see Mrs. Chiley," said Lucilla, sweetly; "when the weather is bad she sees nobody, and she is always so pleased to have me. Her rheumatism is not so bad thank you — though I am sure if this weather should last —"

"You would see Mrs. Beverley's blanket,"

said Mrs. Woodburn, who was a little nervous, though perhaps that might only be the cold; "but we know what sort of woman she is, and it must have been the Archdeacon's nieces, my dear. Do turn back with me a moment, Lucilla; or I shall go with you. I want to speak to you. Of course you have heard of Harry's coming home?"

"I saw it in the papers," said Miss Marjoribanks, whose perfect serenity offered a curious contrast to her companion's agitation. "I am sure I shall be very glad to see him again. I hope he will come to dinner on Thursday as he used to do. It will be quite nice to see him in his old place."

"Yes," said Mrs. Woodburn; "but that was not what I was thinking of. You know you used always to say he ought to be in Parliament; and he has always kept thinking of it since he went away—and thinking! I am sure, that it would please you," said the poor woman, faltering; for Lucilla listened with a smile that was quite unresponsive, and did not change countenance in the least, even at this tender suggestion. "He has come home with that object now, you know, now that poor old Mr. Chiltern is dead; and I hope you are going to help us, Lucilla," said Mrs. Woodburn. Her voice quite vibrated with agitation as she made this hurried, perhaps injudicious, appeal, thinking within herself at the same moment what would Harry say if he knew that she was thus committing him. As for Lucilla, she received it all with the same tranquillity, as if she expected it, and was quite prepared for everything that her assailant had to say.

"I am sure I wish I had a vote," said Lucilla; "but I have no vote, and what can a girl do? I am so sorry I don't understand about politics. If we were going in for that sort of thing, I don't know what there would be left for the gentlemen to do."

"You have influence, which is a great deal better than a vote," said Mrs. Woodburn; "and they all say there is nobody like a lady for electioneering—and a young lady above all; and then you know Harry so well, and can always draw him out to the best advantage. I never thought he looked so nice, or showed his talents so much, as when he was with you," said the eager advocate. She was only wrapped in a shawl herself, and when she looked at Lucilla's sealskin coat, and saw how rosy and comfortable she looked, and how serene and immovable, poor Mrs. Woodburn was struck with a pang of envy. If Miss Marjoribanks had married ten years ago, it might have been she now who would have had to stand trembling with anxiety and eagerness among the falling

snow, knowing sundry reasons why Mr. Cavendish should be disposed to go into Parliament more substantial than that of gratifying a young lady, and feeling how much depended on her ability to secure support for him. This, as it happened, had fallen to his sister's share instead, and Lucilla stood opposite to her looking at her, attentive and polite, and unresponsive. If Harry had only not been such a fool ten years ago! for Mrs. Woodburn began to think now with aunt Jemima, that Lucilla did not marry because she was too comfortable, and, without any of the bother, could have everything her own way.

"It is so cold," said Miss Marjoribanks, "and I do think it is coming on to snow very fast. I don't think it is good to stand talking. Do come in to lunch, and then we can have a long chat; for I am sure nobody else will venture out to-day."

"I wish I could come," said Mrs. Woodburn, "but I have to go down to Mary Centum's, and hear all about her last new housemaid, you know. I don't know what servants are made of for my part. They will go out in their caps and talk to the young men, you know, in a night that is enough to give any one their death," the mimic added, with a feeble exercise of her gift which it was sad to see. "But Harry will be sure to come to call the first time he goes out, and you *will* not forget what I have said to you, Lucilla?" and with this Mrs. Woodburn took her young friend's hand and looked in her face with a pathetic emphasis which it would be impossible to describe.

"Oh no, certainly not," said Miss Marjoribanks, with cheerful certainty; and then they kissed each other in the midst of the falling snow. Mrs. Woodburn's face was cold, but Lucilla's cheek was warm and blooming as only a clear conscience and a sealskin cloak could have made it; and then they went their several ways through the wintry solitude. Ah, if Harry had only not been such a fool ten years ago! Mrs. Woodburn was not an enthusiastic young wife, but knew very well that marriage had its drawbacks, and had come to an age at which she could appreciate the comfort of having her own way without any of the bother. She gave a furtive glance after Lucilla, and could not but acknowledge to herself that it would be very foolish of Miss Marjoribanks to marry, and forfeit all her advantages, and take somebody else's anxieties upon her shoulders, and never have any money except what she asked from her husband. Mrs. Chiley, to be sure, who was more experienced than Mrs. Woodburn, and might have been her

grandmother, took a different view of the subject; but this is what the middle-aged married woman felt, who had, as may be said, two men to carry on her shoulders, as she went anxiously down Grange Lane to conciliate Mrs. Centum, wrapping her shawl about her, and feeling the light snow melt beneath her feet, and the cold and discomfort go to heart. She had her husband to keep her in good humour, and her brother to keep up and keep to the mark, and to do what she could to remedy in public the effects of his indolent Continental habits, and carry, if it was possible, the election for him—all with the horrid sense upon her mind that if at any time the dinner should be a little less cared for than usual, or the children more noisy, Woodburn would go on like a savage. Under such circumstances, the poor woman, amid her cares, may be excused if she looked back a little wistfully at Lucilla going home all comfortable and independant and light-hearted, with no cares, nor anybody to go on at her, in her sealskin coat.

This was how Lucilla commenced that effective but decorous advocacy which did Mr. Ashburton so much good in Carlingford. She did not pretend to understand about politics, or to care particularly about Reform or the Income-tax; but she expressed with quiet solemnity her conviction that it was not opinions but a good man that was wanted; that it was not a prime minister they were going to elect, and that Mr. Ashburton was the man for Carlingford. "By George! Lucilla is in the right of it," Colonel Chiley said; "that was always my opinion;" and the people in Grange Lane began very soon to echo the Colonel's sentiments. As for Miss Marjoribanks, nobody had any occasion to "go on" about any neglect on her part of her household duties. Dr. Marjoribanks's dinners were always excellent, and it was now, as ever, a privilege to be admitted to his table, and nothing could be more exemplary than the care Lucilla took of aunt Jemima, who had always such bad nights. Even on that snowy morning she went in from her more important cares, with a complexion freshened by the cold, and coaxed Mrs. John into eating something, and made her as comfortable as possible at the drawing-room fireside. "Now, tell me all about Tom," Lucilla said, when she had got her work and settled herself comfortably for a quiet afternoon—for the snow had come on heavier than ever, and unless it might be a sister of charity, or such another sister not of charity,

as Lucilla had already encountered, nobody was like to stir abroad or to disturb the two ladies in their work and their talk. Lucilla had some very interesting worsted-work in hand for her part, and the drawing-room never looked more cozy, with somebody to talk to inside, and the wintry world and driving snow without. And as for aunt Jemima, such an invitation as Miss Marjoribanks had just given lifted her into a paradise of content. She took Lucilla at her word, and told her, as may be supposed, all about Tom, including many things which she was quite acquainted with and knew by heart; and at the same time there was a something implied all through, but never obtrusively set forth, which was not displeasing to the auditor. Miss Marjoribanks listened with affectionate satisfaction, and asked a great many questions, and supplied a great many reminiscences, and entered quite into the spirit of the conversation. And the two spent a very pleasant afternoon together,—so pleasant that Mrs. John felt quite annoyed at the reflection that it must come to an end like every thing else that is good, and that she must get herself once more into her velvet gown and dine with her brother-in-law. If Providence had only given her the girl instead of the Doctor, who would no doubt have got on quite well without any children; but then, to be sure, if Lucilla had been hers to start with, she never could have married Tom.

For this was the extravagant hope which had already begun to blossom in his mother's breast. To be sure a woman might marry Tom, who was too comfortable at home to think of marrying just anybody who might make her an offer. But it was not easy to tell how Lucilla herself felt on this subject. Her complexion was so bright with her walk, her sensations so agreeable after that warm, cheerful, pleasant afternoon, her position so entirely everything that was to be desired, and her mind so nobly conscious of being useful to her kind and country, that, even without any additional argument, Miss Marjoribanks had her reward, and was happy. Perhaps a touch more exquisite might have come in to round the full proportions of content; but if so, nobody could make altogether sure of it. For, to tell the truth, Lucilla was so well off that it was not necessary to invent any romantic source of happiness to account for the light of wellbeing and satisfaction that shone in her eyes.

"HOW LONG! O LORD, HOW LONG!"

(Musings in the Abbey Chapel, Tintern, Monmouth; Founded A.D. 1131. Despoiled 1531. Till now a Ruin.)

BY WILLIAM J. IRONS, D.D.

I.

How long! O LORD, how long! —
Fall'n is the Temple, where thine honour dwelt,
The stones are gone where once Thy people
 knelt,
And hush'd is now their song!

Still, night by night, that choir of stars on high,
And yon fair moon, the work of God's own
 fingers,
Proclaim His glory to the list'ning sky :
Here, as of old, their peaceful lustre lingers,
And high in solemn contrast stands
 With work of mortal hands : —
That Heav'nly light all coldly smiles
 Through these sad aisles!

II.

And yet, — O heav'nlier lesson far! —
Mighty deeds of men there are,
Works, our sainted sires have done,
Which shall outlive moon and star,
And the resplendent sun.
Heav'n and earth shall pass away,
But holy deeds shall rise from out their dust ;
And every work of patience, love, and trust,
Shall live, and shine in an immortal day!

Naught is forgotten that hath here been done ;
All waits, recorded, till the course is run,
The course of Heav'nly love, and human wrong
 How long! O LORD, how long!

III.

Say not, in vain these walls were rais'd,
That God might here be prais'd!
Of old they echo'd with the song,
Anthem high, and chorus strong ; —
Nothing shall unremember'd be,
Psalm, nor prayer, nor litany :
No humble breath of pleading saint,
(Such as the ear of Mercy knows!)
No lowly spirit's sad complaint,
In thirst for a divine repose ;
No word of penitence and love,
Once spoken here, is lost above! —
O, not in vain this Temple rose
Were it the gate of Heav'n to those
Who now lie low, beneath the sod,
Still, still they live, " they live to God! "

IV.

Fair, holy place! how beautiful in death!
Dread charm is on thee in thy tranquil sleep! —

I pause, with pray'r suspended breath ;
I hear the river murmuring along,
With its old vacant song ;
While angels in thy Sanctuary might weep,
— Here stood thine Altar high : Good spirits
 keep!
E'en now their vigil here,
With wonder and with fear,
That aught so holy should remain
Trodden by careless men, and many a foot pro-
 fane,
How long! O LORD, how long!

V.

And now it rests, in its low mountain-grave,
The skeleton of a Temple, cold and still
Funereal ivy hangs through choir and nave
Uncover'd to the skies whose dewes distil
 Upon the turf-strewn floor.
No echo speaks from yonder distant wall ;
These voiceless aisles, though earthly tones in-
 trude,
Refuse to answer to the sounds that fall
Upon their long and cheerless solitude!
Shall they resound no more
With songs of Heav'n? pure hymns of joy and
 praise,
Or peaceful chants of old forgotten days!
Forgotten by the world's rude throng!
— How long, O LORD, how long!

VI.

Alas! those ancient men, who rear'd this pile,
Sought to bring down the worship of the skies,
And set in order here on earth awhile,
A ritual fit for angel's harmonies.
From noise and loud ambition far removed
To dwell with God they lov'd!
And deem'd that heav'nly hosts would keep
 and spare
The home of praise and prayer!
O, what strange evil mov'd the wrath of God,
To visit His own Church with chast'ning rod,
Let loose the spoiler, fierce and strong,
Though stain'd with Heav'n-remember'd
 crime,
To take possession of this fair abode,
God's own, throughout all time!

How long, O LORD, holy and true, how long!
What patience of Thy saints may yet abound —
What sins of men fulfil their fatal round —
What woes avenge for Thee the ancient
 wrong —
Ere the clear voice of Heav'n's own har-
 mony
Ring through these glorious aisles, and rise, O
 God, to THEE!

— *Churchman's Family Magazine.*

PART VI. — CHAPTER XX.

IN COURT.

WHEN the day arrived that the Chief Baron was to resume his place on the Bench, no small share of excitement was seen to prevail within the precincts of the Four Courts. Many opined that his recovery was far from perfect, and that it was not his intention ever to return to the justice-seat. Some maintained that the illness had been far less severe than was pretended, and that he had employed the attack as a means of pressure on the Government, to accord to his age and long services the coveted reward. Less argumentative partisans there were who were satisfied to wager that he would or would not re-appear on the Bench, and bets were even laid that he would come for one last time, as though to show the world in what full vigour of mind and intellect was the man the Government desired to consign to inactivity and neglect.

It is needless to say that he was no favourite with the Bar. There was scarcely a man from the highest to the lowest whom he had not on some occasion or another snubbed, ridiculed, or reprimanded. Whose law had he not controverted, whose acuteness had he not exposed, whose rhetoric not made jest of? The mere presence of ability before him seemed to stimulate his combative spirit, and incite him to a passage at arms with one able to defend himself. No first-rate man could escape the shafts of his barbed and pointed wit; it was only dulness, hopeless dulness, that left his court with praise of his urbanity, and a eulogy over his courteous demeanour.

Now hopeless dulness is not the characteristic of the Irish Bar, and with the majority the Chief Baron was the reverse of popular.

No small tribute was it therefore to his intellectual superiority, to that mental power that all acknowledged while they dreaded, that his appearance was greeted with a murmur of approbation, which swelled louder and louder as he moved across the hall, till it burst out at last into a hoarse, full cheer of welcome. Mounting the steps with difficulty, the pale old man, seared with age and wrinkled with care, turned round towards the vast crowd, and with an eye of flashing brightness, and a heightened colour, pressed his hand upon his heart, and bowed. A very slight motion it was—less, far less, perhaps, than a sovereign might have

accorded; but in its dignity and grace it was a perfect recognition of all the honour he felt had been done him.

How broken! how aged! how fearfully changed! were the whispered remarks that were uttered around as he took his seat on the Bench, and more significant even than words were the looks interchanged when he attempted to speak; and instead of that clear metallic ring which once had been audible even outside the court, a faint murmuring sound was only heard.

A few commonplace motions were made and discharged. A somewhat wearisome argument followed on a motion for a new trial, and the benches of the bar gradually grew thinner and thinner, as the interest of the scene wore off, and as each in turn had scanned, and, after his own fashion, interpreted, the old judge's powers of mind and body; when suddenly, and as it were without ostensible cause, the court began to fill—bench after bench was occupied, till at last even all the standing-space was crowded; and when the massive curtain moved aside, vast numbers were seen without, eagerly trying to enter. At first the Chief Baron appeared not to notice the change, but his sharp eye no sooner detected it than he followed with his glance the directed gaze of the crowd, and saw it fixed on the gallery, opposite the jury-box, now occupied by a well-dressed company, in the midst of whom, conspicuous above all, sat Lady Lendrick. So well known were the relations that subsisted between himself and his wife, such publicity had been given to their hates and quarrels, that her presence here was regarded as a measure of shameless indelicacy. In the very defiant look, too, that she bestowed on the body of the court she seemed to accept the imputation, and to dare it.

Leisurely and calmly did she scan the old man's features through her double eyeglass, while from time to time, with a smirking smile, she would whisper some words to the lady at her side—words it was not needful to overhear, they were so palpably words of critical comment upon him she gazed at.

So engrossed was attention by the gross indecency of this intrusion, which had not even the shallow pretext of an interesting cause to qualify it, that it was only after a considerable time it was perceived that the lady who sat next Lady Lendrick was exceedingly beautiful. If no longer in her first youth, there were traits of loveliness in her perfectly-formed features which even years respect; and in the depth of

her orbits and the sculptural elegance of her nostrils and her mouth, there was all that beauty we love to call Greek, but in which no classic model ever could compete with the daughters of England.

Her complexion was of exceeding delicacy, as was the half-warm tint of her light-brown hair. But it was when she smiled that the captivation of her beauty became perfect; and it seemed as though each and all there appropriated that radiant favour to himself, and felt his heart bound with a sort of ecstasy. It had been rumoured in the morning through the hall that the Chief Baron, at the rising of the Court, would deliver a short reply to the address of the Bar; and now, as the last motion was being disposed of, the appearance of eager expectation and curiosity became conspicuous on every side.

That the unlooked-for presence of his wife had irritated and embarrassed the old man was plain to the least observant. The stern expression of his features; the steadfast way in which he gazed into the body of the court, to avoid even a chance glance at the gallery; the fretful impatience with which he moved his hands restlessly amongst his papers, — all showed discomposure and uneasiness. Still it was well known that the moment he was called on for a mental effort intellect ever assumed the mastery over temper, and all felt that when he should arise not a trace of embarrassment would remain to mar the calm dignity of his manner.

It was amidst a hushed silence that he stood up, and said, "Mr. Chief Sergeant, and Gentlemen of the Bar: I had intended to-day — I had even brought down with me some notes of a reply which I purposed to make to the more than flattering address which you so graciously offered to me. I find, however, that I have overrated the strength that remains to me. I find I have measured my power to thank you by the depth of my gratitude, and not by the vigour of my frame. I am too weak to say all that I feel, and too deeply your debtor to ask you to accept less than I owe you. Had the testimony of esteem you presented to me only alluded to those gifts of mind and intellect with which a gracious Providence was pleased to endow me — had you limited yourself to the recognition of the lawyer and the judge, I might possibly have found strength to assure you that I accepted your praise with the consciousness that it was not all unmerited. The language of your address, however, went beyond this; your words were those of regard, even of affec-

tion. I am unused to such as these, gentlemen. They unsettle — they unman me. Physicians tell us that the nerves of the student acquire a morbid and diseased acuteness for want of those habits of action and physical exertion which more vulgar organizations practise. So do I feel that the mental faculties gain an abnormal intensity in proportion as the affections are neglected, and the soil of the heart left untilled.

"Mine have been worse than ignored," said he, with an elevated tone, and in a voice that rang through the court. "They have been outraged, and when the time comes that biography will have to deal with my character and my fortunes, if there be but justice in the award, the summing-up will speak of me as one ever linked with a destiny that was beneath him. He was a Lawyer — he ought to have been a Legislator. He sat on the Bench, while his place was the Cabinet; and when at the end of a laborious life his brethren rallied round him with homage, and with tender regard, they found him like a long beleaguered city, starved into submission, carrying a bold port towards the enemy, but torn by dissension within, and betrayed by the very garrison that should have died in its defence."

The savage fierceness of these words turned every eye in the court to the gallery, where Lady Lendrick sat, and where, with a pleasant smile on her face, she not only listened with seeming pleasure, but beat time with her fan to the rhythm of the well-rounded periods.

A quivering of the lip, and a strange flattening of the cheek of one side, succeeded to the effort with which he delivered these words, and when he attempted to speak again his voice failed him; and after a few attempts he placed his hand on his brow, and with a look of intense and most painful significance, bowed around him to both sides of the court and retired.

"That woman, that atrocious woman, has killed him," muttered poor Haire, as he hastened to the Judge's robing-room.

"I am sorry, my dear, you should not have heard him in a better vein, for he is really eloquent at times," said Lady Lendrick to her beautiful companion, as they moved through the crowd to their carriage.

"I trust his present excitement will not have bad consequences," said the other softly. "Don't you think we ought to wait and ask how he is?"

"If you like. I have only one objection, and that is, that we may be misconstrued. There are people here malicious enough to

impute the worst of motives to our anxiety. Oh, here is Mr. Pemberton! Mr. Pemberton, will you do me the great favour to inquire how the Chief Baron is? Would you do more, and say that I am most eager to know if I could be of any use to him?"

If Mr. Pemberton had no fancy for his mission, he could not very well decline it. While he was absent, the ladies took a turn through the hall, inspecting the two or three statues of distinguished lawyers, and scanning the living faces, whose bewigged expression seemed to blend the overwise and the ridiculous in the strangest imaginable manner.

A sudden movement in the crowd betokened some event; and now, through a lane formed in the dense mass, the Chief Baron was seen approaching. He had divested himself of his robes, and looked the younger for the change. Indeed there was an almost lightness in his step, as he came forward, and, with a bland smile, said, "I am most sensible of the courtesy that led you here. I only wish my strength had been more equal to the occasion." And he took Lady Kendrick's hand with a mingled deference and regard.

"Sir William, this is my daughter-in-law. She only arrived yesterday, but was determined not to lose the opportunity of hearing you."

"To have heard me to-day was disappointment," said the old man, as he raised the young lady's hand to his lips. "To see her is none. I am charmed to meet one so closely tied to me — of such exquisite beauty. Ah, madam! it's a dear-bought privilege, this candid appreciation of loveliness we old men indulge in. May I offer you my arm?"

And now through the dense crowd they they passed along; all surprised and amazed at the courteous attentions of the old Judge, whom but a few moments before they had seen almost convulsed with passion.

"She almost had won the game, Haire," said the Chief Baron, as, having handed the ladies to their carriage, he went in search of his own. "But I have mated her. My sarcasm has never given me one victory with that woman," said he, sternly. "I have never conquered her except by courtesy."

"Why did she come down to court at all?" blurted out Haire. "It was positively indecent."

"The Spanish women go to bull-fights, but I never heard that they stepped down into the arena. She has great courage — very great courage."

"Who was the handsome woman with her?"

"Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Sewell. Now, that is what I call beauty, Haire. There is the element which is denied to us men — to subdue without effort — to conquer without conflict."

"Your granddaughter is handsomer to my thinking."

"They are like each other — strangely like. They have the same dimpling of the cheek before they smile, and her laugh has the same ring as Lucy's."

Haire muttered something, not very intelligibly indeed, but certainly not sounding like assent.

"Lady Kendrick had asked me to take these Sewells in at the Priory, and I refused her. Perhaps I'd have been less peremptory had I seen this beauty. Yes, sir! There is a form of loveliness — this woman has it — as distinctly an influence as intellectual superiority, or great rank, or great riches. To deny its power you must live out of the world, and reject all the ordinances of society."

"Coquettes, I suppose, have their followers, but I don't think you or I need be of the number."

"You speak with your accustomed acuteness, Haire; but coquetry is the exercise of many gifts, beauty is the display of one: I can parry off the one; I cannot help feeling the burning rays of the other. Come, come, don't sulk; I am not going to undervalue your favourite Lucy. They have promised to dine with me on Sunday; you must meet them."

"Dine with you! — dine with you, after what you said to-day in open court!"

"That I could invite them, and they accept my invitation, is the best reply to those who would, in their malevolence, misinterpret whatever may have fallen from me. The wound of a sharp arrow is never very painful till some inexpert bungler endeavours to withdraw the weapon. It is then that agony becomes excruciating, and peril imminent."

"I suppose I am the bungler, then?"

"Heaven forbid I should say so! but as I have often warned you, Haire, your turn for sarcasm is too strong for even your good sense. When you have shotted your gun with a good joke, you will make a bull's-eye of your best friend."

"By George, then, I don't know myself, that's all; and I could as easily imagine myself a rich man as a witty one."

"You are rich in gifts more precious than money; and you have the quintessence

of all wit in that property that renders you suggestive; it is like what chemists call latent heat. But to return to Mrs. Sewell; she met my son at the Cape, and reports favourably of his health and prospects."

"Poor fellow! what a banishment he must feel it!"

"I wonder, sir, how many of us go through life without sacrifices! She says that he goes much into the world, and is already very popular in the society of the place—a great and happy change to a man who had suffered his indolence and self-indulgence to master him. Had he remained at home, I might have been able to provide for him. George Ogle's place is vacant, and I am determined to exercise my right of appointment."

"First Registrar, was he not?"

"Yes; a snug berth for incapacity—one thousand a-year. Ogle made more of it by means we shall not inquire into, but which shall not be repeated."

"You ought to give it to your grandson," said Haire, bluntly.

"You ought to know better than to say so, sir," said the Judge, with a stern severity. "It is to men like myself the public look for example and direction, and it would be to falsify all the teaching of my life if I were to misuse my patronage. Come up early on Saturday morning, and go over the list with me. There are one hundred and twenty-three applicants, backed by peers, bishops, members of Parliament, and men in power."

"I don't envy you your patronage."

"Of course not, sir. The one hundred and twenty-two disappointed candidates would present more terror to a mind like yours than any consciousness of a duty fulfilled would compensate for; but I am fashioned of other stuff."

"Well, I only hope it may be a worthy fellow gets it."

"If you mean worthy in what regards a devotion to the public service, I may possibly be able to assure you on that head."

"No, no, I mean a good fellow—a true-hearted, honest fellow, to whom the salary will be a means of comfort and happiness."

"Sir, you ask far too much. Men in my station investigate fitness and capacity; they cannot descend to inquire how far the domestic virtues influence those whom they advance to office."

"You may drop me here; I am near home," said Haire, who began to feel a little weary of being lectured.

"You will not dine with me?"

"Not to-day. I have some business this evening. I have a case to look over."

"Come up on Saturday, then—come to breakfast, bring me any newspapers that treat of the appointment, and let us see if we cannot oppose this spirit of dictation they are so prone to assume; for I am resolved I will never name a man to office who has the Press for his patron."

"It may not be his fault."

It shall be his misfortune, then. Stop, Drab; Mr. Haire wishes to get down. To the Priory," said he, as his friend went his way; and now, leaning back in his carriage, the old man continued to talk aloud, and, addressing an imaginary audience, declaim against the encroaching spirit of the newspapers, and inveigh against the perils to which their irresponsible counsels exposed the whole framework of society; and thus speaking, and passionately gesticulating, he reached his home.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MORNING CALL.

As Sir William waited breakfast for Haire on Saturday morning, a car drove up to the door, and the butler soon afterwards entered with a card and a letter. The card bore the name "Sir Brook Fossbrooke," and the letter was sealed with the viceregal arms, and had the name "Wilmington" on the corner. Sir William broke it open, and read—

"MY DEAR CHIEF BARON,—This will come to your hand through Sir Brook Fossbrooke, one of my oldest and choicest friends. He tells me he desires to know you, and I am not aware of any more natural or legitimate ambition. It would be presumption in me to direct your attention to qualities you will be more quick to discover and more able to appreciate than myself. I would only add, that your estimate will, I feel assured, be not less favourable that it will be formed of one of whose friendship I am proud. It may be that his visit to you will include a matter of business; if so, give it your courteous attention: and believe me ever, my dear Chief Baron, your faithful friend,

WILMINGTON.

"Show the gentleman in," said the Judge; and he advanced towards the door as Sir Brook entered. "I am proud to make your

acquaintance, Sir Brook," said he, presenting his hand.

"I would not have presumed to call on you at such an hour, my Lord Chief Baron, save that my minutes are numbered. I must leave for England this evening; and I wished, if possible, to meet you before I started."

"You will, I hope, join me at breakfast?"

"I breakfasted two hours ago — if I dare to dignify by the name my meal of bread and milk. But, pray, let me not keep you from yours — that is, if you will permit me to speak to you while so occupied."

"I am at your orders, sir," said the old Judge, as he seated himself and requested his visitor to sit beside him.

"His Excellency tells me, my lord, that there is just now vacant a situation of which some doubt exists as to the patron — a Registrarship, I think he called it, in your Court?"

"There is no doubt whatever, sir. The patronage is mine."

"I merely quote the Viceroy, my lord — I assert nothing of myself."

"It may not impossibly save time, sir, when I repeat that his Excellency has misinformed you. The office is in my gift."

"May I finish the communication with which he charged me?"

"Sir, there is no case before the court," said the Judge. "I can hear you, as a matter of courtesy; but it cannot be your object to be listened to on such terms?"

"I will accept even so little. If it should prove that the view taken by his Excellency is the correct one — pray, sir, let me proceed" —

"I cannot; I have no temper for a baseless hypothesis. I will not, besides, abuse your time any more than my own forbearance; and I therefore say, that if any portion of your interest in making my acquaintance concerns that question you have so promptly broached, the minutes employed in the discussion would be thrown away by us both."

"Mr. Haire," said the servant, at this moment; and the Chief Baron's old friend entered rather heated by his walk.

"You are late by half-an-hour, Haire: let me present you to Sir Brook Fossbrooke, whose acquaintance I am now honoured in making. Sir Brook is under a delusive impression, Haire, which I told you a few days ago would demand some decisive step on my part: he thinks that the vacant registrarship is at the disposal of the Crown."

"I ask pardon," said Fossbrooke. "As I understood his Excellency, they only claim the alternate appointment."

"And they shall not assert even that, sir."

"Sir William's case is strong — it is irrefutable. I have gone over it myself," broke in Haire.

"There, sir! listen to that. You have now wherewithal to go back and tell the Viceroy that the opinion of the leading man of the Irish Bar has decided against his claim. Tell him sir, that accident timed your visit here at the same moment with my distinguished friend's, and that you in this way obtained a spontaneous decision on the matter at issue. When you couple with that judgment the name of William Haire, you will have said enough."

"I bow to this great authority," said Sir Brook with deep courtesy, "and, accepting your Lordship's statement to the fullest, I would only add, that as it was his Excellency's desire to have named me to this office, might I so far presume, on the loss of the good fortune that I had looked for, to approach you with a request, only premising that it is not on my own behalf?"

"I own, sir, that I do not clearly appreciate the title to your claim. You are familiar with the turf, Sir Brooke, and you know that it is only the second horse has a right to demand his entry."

"I have not been beaten, my lord. You have scratched my name and prevented my running."

"Let us come back to fact, sir," said the Chief Baron, not pleased with the retort. "How can you base any right to approach me with a request on the circumstance that his Excellency desired to give you what belonged to another?"

"Yes, that puts it forcibly — unanswerably — to my thinking," said Haire.

"I may condole with disappointment, sir, but I am not bound to compensate defeat," said the old Judge; and he arose and walked the room with that irritable look and manner which even the faintest opposition to him often evoked, and for which even the utterance of a flippant rebuke but partly compensated him.

"I take it, my Lord Chief Baron," said Fossbrooke, calmly, "that I have neither asked for condolence nor compensation. I told you, I hoped distinctly, that what I was about to urge was not in my own behalf."

"Well, sir, and I think the plea is only the less sustainable. The Viceroy's letter might give a pretext for the one; there is nothing in our acquaintance would warrant the other."

"If you knew, sir, how determined I am not to take offence at words which certainly imperil patience, you would possibly spare

me some of these asperities. I am in close relations of friendship with your grandson; he is at present living with me; I have pledged myself to his father to do my utmost in securing him some honourable livelihood, and it is in his behalf that I have presented myself before you to-day. Will you graciously accord me a hearing on this ground?"

There was a quiet dignity of manner in which he said this, a total forgetfulness of self, and a manly simplicity of purpose so palpable, that the old Judge felt he was in presence of one whose character called for all his respect; at the same time he was not one to be even suddenly carried away by a sentiment, and in a very measured voice he replied: "If I'm flattered, sir, by the interest you take in a member of my family, I am still susceptible of a certain displeasure that it should be a stranger should stand before me to ask me for any favour to my own."

"I am aware, my Lord Chief Baron, that my position is a false one, but so is your own."

"Mine, sir! mine? what do you mean? Explain yourself."

"If your Lordship's interest had been exerted, as it might have been, Dr. Lendrick's son would never have needed so humble a friend as he has found in me."

"And have you come here, sir, to lecture me on my duty to my family? Have you presented yourself under the formality of a vice-regal letter of introduction to tell a perfect stranger to you how he should have demeaned himself to his own?"

"Probably I might retort, and ask by what right you lecture me on my manners and behaviour? But I am willing to be taught by so consummate a master of everything; and though I was once a courtier, I believe that I have much to learn on the score of breeding. And now, my lord, let us leave this unpromising theme, and come to one which has more interest for each of us. If this registrarship, this place, whatever it be, would be one to suit your grandson, will the withdrawal of my claim serve to induce your Lordship to support his? In one word, my lord, will you let him have the appointment?"

"I distinctly refuse, sir," said the Judge, waving his hand with an air of dignity. "Of the young gentleman for whom you intercede I know but little; but there are two disqualifications against him, more than enough either of them to outweigh your advocacy."

"May I learn them?" asked Sir Brook, meekly.

"You shall, sir. He carries my name without its prestige; he inherits my temper, but not my intellect." The blood rushed to his face as he spoke, and his chest swelled, and his whole bearing bespoke the fierce pride that animated him; when suddenly, as it were, recollecting himself, he added, "I am not wont to give way thus, sir. It is only in a moment of forgetfulness that I could have obtruded a personal consideration into a question of another kind. My friend here will tell you if it has been the habit of my life to pension my family on the public."

"Having failed in one object of my coming, let me hope for better success in another. May I convey to your Lordship your grandson's regret for having offended you? It has caused him sincere sorrow, and much self-reproach. May I return with the good tidings of your forgiveness?"

"The habits of my order are opposed to rash judgments, and consequently to hasty reversions. I will consider the case, and let you hear my opinion upon it."

"I think that is about as much as you will do with him," muttered Haire in Sir Brook's ear, and with a significant gesture towards the door.

"Before taking my leave, my lord, would it be too great a liberty if I begged to present my personal respects to Miss Lendrick?"

"I will inform her of your wish, sir," said the Judge, rising and ringing the bell. After a pause of some minutes, in which a perfect silence was maintained by all, the servant returned to say, "Miss Lendrick would be happy to see Sir Brook."

"I hope, sir," said the Chief Baron, as he accompanied him to the door, "I have no need to request that no portion of what has passed here to-day be repeated to my granddaughter." A haughty bow of assent was all the reply.

"I make my advances to her heart," said the Judge, with a tone of more feeling in his voice, "through many difficulties. Let these not be increased to me — let her not think me unmindful of my own."

"Give her no reason to think so, my lord, and you may feel very indifferent to the chance words of a passing acquaintance."

"For the third time to-day, sir, have you dared to sit in judgment over my behaviour to my family. You cannot plead want of experience of life, or want of converse with men, to excuse this audacity. I must regard your intrusion, therefore, as a settled project to insult me. I accept no apologies, sir," said the old man, with a haughty wave

of his hand, while his eyes glittered with passion. "I only ask, and I hope I ask as a right, that I may not be outraged under my own roof. Take your next opportunity to offend me when I may not be hampered by the character of your host. Come down into the open arena, and see how proud you will feel at the issue of the encounter." He rang the bell violently as he spoke, and continued to ring it till the servant came.

"Accompany this gentleman to the gate," said he to the man.

Not a change came over Sir Brook's face during the delivery of this speech, and as he bowed reverently and withdrew, his manner was all that courtesy could desire.

"I see he's not going to visit Lucy," muttered Haire as Sir Brook passed the window.

"I should think not, sir. There are few men would like to linger where they have been so ingloriously defeated." He walked the room with a proud defiant look for some minutes, and then, sinking faintly into a chair, said, in a weak tremulous tone, "Haire, these trials are too much for me. It is a cruel aggravation of the ills of old age to have a heart and a brain alive to the finest sense of injury." Haire muttered something like concurrence.

"What is it you say, sir? Speak out," cried the Judge.

"I was saying," muttered the other, "I wish they would not provoke — would not irritate you; that people ought to see the state your nerves are in, and should use a little discretion how they contradict and oppose you." The bland smile of the Chief-Justice, and an assenting gesture of his hand, emboldened Haire to continue, and he went on: "I have always said, Keep away such as excite him; his condition is not one to be bettered by passionate outbreaks. Calm him, humour him."

"What a pearl above price is a friend endowed with discretion! Leave me, Haire, to think over your nice words. I would like to ponder them alone and to myself. I'll send for you by-and-by."

CHAPTER XXII.

COMING-HOME THOUGHTS.

HAD a mere stranger been a guest on that Sunday when the Chief Baron entertained at dinner Lady Lendrick, the Sewells, and his old schoolfellow Haire, he might have gone away under the impression that

he had passed an evening in the midst of a happy and united family.

Nothing could be more perfect than the blending of courtesy and familiarity. The old Chief himself was in his best of humours, which means, that with the high polish of a past age, its deference and its homage, he combined all the readiness and epigrammatic smartness of a later period. Lady Lendrick was bland, courteous, and attentive. Colonel Sewell took the part assigned him by his host, alternate talker and listener; and Mrs. Sewell herself displayed, with true woman's wit, how she knew to fall in with the Judge's humour, as though she had known him for years, and that, in each sally of his wit, and each flash of his repartee, he was but reviving memories of such displays in long past years. As for Haire, no enchantment could be more complete; he found himself not only listened to but appealed to. The Chief asked him to correct him about some fact or other of recent history; he applied to him to relate some incident in a trial he had taken part in; and, greatest triumph of all, he was called on to decide some question about the dressing of Mrs. Sewell's hair, his award being accepted as the last judgment of connoisseurship.

Lucy talked little, but seemed interested by all around her. It was a bit of high-life comedy, really amusing, and she had that mere suspicion — it was no more — of the honesty and loyalty of the talkers to give an added significance to all she saw and heard. This slight distrust, however, gave way, when Mrs. Sewell sat down beside her in the drawing-room, and talked to her of her father. Oh, how well she appeared to know him; how truly she read the guileless simplicity of his noble nature; how she distinguished — it was not all who did so — between his timid reserve and pride; how she saw that what savoured of haughtiness was in reality an excess of humility, shrouding itself from notice; how she dwelt on his love for children, and the instantaneous affection he inspired in them towards himself. Last of all, how she won the poor girl's heart as she said, "It will never do to leave him there, Lucy; we must have him here, at home with us. I think you may intrust it to me; I generally find my way in these sort of things."

Lucy could have fallen at her feet with gratitude as she heard these words, and she pressed her hand to her lips and kissed it fervently. "Why isn't your brother here? is he not in Dublin?" asked Mrs. Sewell suddenly.

"Yes, he is in town," stammered out Lucy, "but grandpapa scarcely knows him, and when they did meet, it was most unfortunate. I'll tell you all about it another time."

"We have many confidences to make each other," said Mrs. Sewell, with a sigh so full of sorrow that Lucy instinctively pressed her hand with warmth, as though to imply her trustfulness would not be ill deposited.

At last came the hour of leave-taking, and the Judge accompanied his guests to the door, and even bare-headed handed Lady Lendrick to her carriage. To each, as he said "good-night," he had some little appropriate speech — a word or two of gracious compliment, uttered with all his courtesy.

"I call this little dinner a success, Lucy," said he, as he stood to say "good-night" on the stairs. "Lady Lendrick was unusually amiable, and her daughter-in-law is beyond praise."

"She is indeed charming," said Lucy fervently.

"I found the Colonel also agreeable — less dictatorial than men of his class generally are. I suspect we shall get on well together with further acquaintance; but, as Haire said, I was myself to-night, and would have struck sparks out of the dullest rock, so that I must not impute to him what may only have been the reflex of myself. Ah, dear! there was a time when these exertions were the healthful stimulants of my life; now they only weary and excite — good-night, dear child, good-night."

As Lady Lendrick and her party drove homeward, not a word was uttered for some minutes after they had taken their seats. It was not till after they had passed out of the grounds, and gained the highroad, that she herself broke silence. "Well, Dudley," said she at last, "is he like my description? was my portrait too highly coloured?"

"Quite the reverse. It was a faint weak sketch of the great original. In all my life I never met such inordinate vanity and such overweening pretension. I give him the palm as the most conceited man and the greatest bore in Christendom."

"Do you wonder now if I couldn't live with him?" asked she, half triumphantly.

"I'll not go that far. I think I could live with him if I saw my way to any advantage by it."

"I'm certain you could not! The very things you now reprobate are the few endurable traits about him. It is in the resources of his intense conceit he finds what-

ever renders him pleasant and agreeable. I wish you saw his other humour."

"I can imagine it may not be all that one would desire; but still" —

"It comes well from you to talk of submitting and yielding," burst out Lady Lendrick. "I certainly have not yet detected these traits in your character; and I tell you frankly, you and Sir William could not live a week under the same roof together. Don't you agree with me, Lucy?"

"What should she know about it?" said he, fiercely; and before she could reply, "I don't suspect she knows a great deal about *me* — she knows nothing at all about *him*."

"Well, would you like to live with him yourself, Lucy?" asked Lady Lendrick.

"I don't say I'd like it, but I think it might be done," said she, faintly, and scarcely raising her eyes as she spoke.

"Of course, then, my intractable temper is the cause of all our incompatibility; my only consolation is, that I have a son and a daughter-in-law so charmingly endowed, that their virtues are more than enough to outweigh my faults."

"What I say is this," said the Colonel, sternly — "I think the man is a bore, or a bully; but that he needn't be both if one doesn't like it. Now I'd consent to be bored, to escape being bullied, which is precisely the reverse of what you appear to have done."

"I am charmed with the perspicuity you display. I hope, Lucy, that it tends to the happiness of your married life, to have a husband so well able to read character."

Apparently this was a double-headed shot, for neither spoke for several minutes.

"I declare I almost wish he would put you to the test," said Lady Lendrick. "I mean, I wish he'd ask you to the Priory."

"I fancy it is what he means to do," said Mrs. Sewell, in the same low tone — "at least, he came to me when I was standing in the small drawing-room, and said, 'How would you endure the quiet stillness and uniformity of such a life as I lead here? would its dullness overpower you?'"

"Of course you said it would be paradise," broke in her Ladyship; "you hinted all about your own resources, and such-like."

"She did no such thing; she took the pathetic line, put her handkerchief to her eyes, and implied how she would love it, as a refuge from the cruel treatment of a bad husband — eh, am I right?" Harsh and insolent as the words were, the accents in which they were uttered were far more so.

"Out with it, madam! was it not something like that you said?"

"No," said she, gently. "I told Sir William I was supremely happy, blessed in every accident and in every relation of my life, and that hitherto I had never seen the spot which could not suit the glad temper of my heart."

"You keep the glad temper confoundedly to yourself then," burst he out. "I wish you were not such a niggard of it."

"Dudley, Dudley, I say," cried Lady Lendrick, in a tone of reproof.

"I have learned not to mind these amenities," said Mrs. Sewell, in a quiet voice, "and I am only surprised that Colonel Sewell thinks it worth while to continue them."

"If it be your intention to become Sir William's guest, I must say such habits will require to be amended," said her Ladyship, gravely.

"So they shall, mother. Your accomplished and amiable husband, as you once called him in a letter to me, shall only see us in our turtle moods, and never be suffered to approach our cage save when we are billing and cooing."

The look of aversion he threw at his wife as he spoke was something that words cannot convey; and though she never raised her eyes to meet it, a sickly pallor crept over her cheek as the blight fell on her.

"I am to call on him to-morrow, by appointment. I wish he had not said twelve. One has not had his coffee by twelve; but as he said, 'I hope that will not be too early for you,' I felt it better policy to reply, 'By no means;' and so I must start as if for a journey."

"What does he mean by asking you to come at that hour? have you any notion what his business is?"

"Not the least. We were in the hall. I was putting on my coat, when he suddenly turned round and asked me if I could, without inconvenience, drop in about twelve."

"I wonder what it can be for."

"I'll tell you what I hope it may not be for! I hope it may not be to show me his conservatory, or his Horatian garden, as he pedantically called it, or his fish-ponds. If so, I think I'll invite him some fine morning to turn over all my protested bills, and the various writs issued against me. Bore for Bore, I suspect we shall come out of the encounter pretty equal."

"He has some rare gems. I'd not wonder if it was to get you to select a present for Lucy."

"If I thought so, I'd take a jeweller with me, as though my friend, to give me a hint as to the value."

"He admires you, Lucy, greatly; he told me so as he took me down-stairs."

"She has immense success with men of that age: nothing over eighty seems able to resist her."

This time she raised her eyes, and they met his, not with their former expression, but full of defiance, and of an insolent meaning, so that after a moment he turned away his gaze, and after a seeming struggle looked abashed and ashamed. "The first change I will ask you to make in that house," said Lady Lendrick, who had noticed this by-play, "if ever you become its inmates, will be to dismiss that tiresome old hanger-on Mr. Haire. I abhor him."

"My first reform will be in the sherry. To get rid of that vile sugary compound of horrid nastiness he gives you after soup. The next will be the long-tailed black coach-horses. I don't think a man need celebrate his own funeral every time he goes out for a drive."

"Haire," resumed Lady Lendrick, in a tone of severity, meant, perhaps, to repress all banter on a serious subject — "Haire not only supplies food to his vanity, but stimulates his conceit by little daily stories of what the world says of him. I wish he would listen to *me* on that subject — I wish he would take *my* version of his place in popular estimation."

"I opine that the granddaughter should be got rid of," said the Colonel.

"She is a fool — only a fool," said Lady Lendrick.

"I don't think her a fool," said Mrs. Sewell slowly.

"I don't exactly mean so much, but that she has no knowledge of life, and knows nothing whatever of the position she is placed in, nor how to profit by it."

"I'd not even go that far," said Mrs. Sewell, in the same quiet tone.

"Don't pay too much attention to *that*," said the Colonel to his mother. "It's one of her ways always to see something in every one that nobody else has discovered."

"I made that mistake once too often for my own welfare," said she, in a voice only audible to his ear.

"She tells me, mother, that she made that same mistake once too often for her own welfare; which, being interpreted, means in taking me for her husband — a civil speech to make a man in presence of his mother."

"I begin to think that politeness is not the quality any of us are eager about," said

Lady Lendrick; "and I must say I am not at all sorry that the drive is over."

"If I had been permitted to smoke, you'd not have been distressed by any conversational excesses on my part," said the Colonel.

"I shall know better another time, Dudley; and possibly it would be as well to be suffocated with tobacco as half-choked with anger. Thank heaven we are at the door!"

"May I take your horses as far as the Club?" asked Sewell as he handed her out.

"Yes, but not to wait. You kept them on Tuesday night till past four o'clock."

"On second thought I'll walk," said he, turning away. "Good-night;" and leaving his wife to be assisted down the steps by the footman, he lighted his cigar, and walked away.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A VERY HUMBLE DWELLING.

THE little lodging occupied by Sir Brook and young Lendrick was in a not very distinguished suburb near Cullen's Wood. It was in a small one-storied cottage, whose rickety gate bore the inscription *Avoca Villa* on a black board, under which, in a form of permanence that indicated frequent changes of domicile, were the words—"Furnished Apartments, and Board if required." A small inclosure, with three hollyhocks in a raised mound in the centre, and a luxurious crop of nettles around, served as garden: a narrow path of very rough shingle conducted to the door.

The rooms within were very small, low, and meanly furnished; they bespoke both poverty and neglect; and while the broken windows, the cobwebbed ceiling, and the unwashed floor, all indicated that no attention was bestowed on comfort or even decency, over the fireplace, on a large black frame, was a painting representing the genealogical tree of the house of the proprietor, Daniel O'Reardon, Esquire, the lineal descendant of Frenok-Dhubb-na-Bochlish O'Reardon, who was king of West Carberry, A.D. 703, and who, though at present only a doorkeeper in H. M. Court of Exchequer, had royal blood in his veins, and very kindly thoughts in his head.

If a cruel destiny compelled Mr. O'Reardon to serve the Saxon, he "took it out" in a most hearty hatred of his patron. He denounced him when he talked, and he reviled him when he sang. He treasured up

paragraphs of all the atrocities of the English press, and he revelled in the severe strictures which the Irish papers bestowed on them. So far as hating went, he was a true patriot.

If some people opined that Mr. O'Reardon's political opinions rather partook of what was in vogue some sixty-odd years ago than what characterized our own day, there were others, less generous critics, who scrupled not to say that he was a paid spy of the Government, and that all the secret organization of treason—all the mysterious plotting of rebellion that seems never to die completely out in Ireland—were known to and reported by this man to the "Castle." Certain it was that he lived in a way his humble salary at the Four Courts could not have met, and indulged in convivial excesses far beyond the reach of his small pay.

When Sir Brook and Tom Lendrick became his lodgers, he speedily saw that they belonged to a class far above what usually resorted to his humble house. However studiously simple they might be in all their demands, they were unmistakably gentlemen; and this fact, coupled with their evident want of all employment or occupation, considerably puzzled Mr. O'Reardon, and set him a-thinking what they could be, who they were, and, as he phrased it, what they were at. No letters came for them, nor, as they themselves gave no names, was there any means of tracing their address; and to his oft-insinuated request, "If any one asks for you, sir, by what name shall I be able to answer?" came the same invariable "No one will call;" and thus was Mr. O'Reardon reduced to designate them to his wife as the "old chap," and the "young one," titles which Sir Brook and Tom more than once overheard through the frail partitions of the ill-built house.

It is not impossible that O'Reardon's peculiar habits and line of life disposed him to attach a greater significance to the seeming mystery that surrounded his lodgers than others might have ascribed; it is probable that custom had led him to suspect every thing that was any way suspicious. These men draw many a cover where there is no fox, but they rarely pass a gorse thicket and leave one undetected. His lodgers thus became to him a study. Had he been a man of leisure, he would have devoted the whole of it to their service; he would have dogged their steps, learned their haunts, and watched their acquaintances—if they had any. Sunday was, however, his one free day, and by some in-

conceivable perversity they usually spent the entire of it at home.

The few books they possessed bore no names; some of them were in foreign languages, and increased thereby Mr. O'Reardon's suspicious distrust, but none gave any clue to their owners. There was another reason for his eagerness and anxiety: for a long time back Ireland had been generally in a condition of comparative quiet and prosperity; there was less of distress, and consequently less of outrage. The people seemed at length to rely more upon themselves and their own industry, than on the specious promises of trading politicians, and Mr. O'Reardon, whose functions, I fear, were not above reproach in the matter of secret information, began to fear lest some fine morning he might be told his occupation was gone, and that his employers no longer needed the fine intelligence that could smell treason, even by a sniff: he must, he said, do something to revive the memory of his order, or the chance was it would be extinguished for ever.

He had to choose between denouncing them as French emissaries or American sympathizers. A novel of Balzac's that lay on the table decided for the former, for he knew enough to be aware it was in French; and fortified with this fact, he proceeded to draw up his indictment for the Castle.

It was, it must be confessed, a very meagre document; it contained little beyond the writer's own suspicions. Two men who were poor enough to live in Avoca Villa, and yet rich enough to do nothing for their livelihood, who gave no names, went out at unseasonable hours, and understood French, ought to be dangerous, and required to be watched, and therefore he gave an accurate description of their general appearance, age, and dress, at the office of the Private Secretary, and asked for his "instructions" in consequence.

Mr. O'Reardon was not a bad portrait-painter with his pen, and in the case of Sir Brook there were peculiarities enough to make even a caricature a resemblance: his tall narrow head, his long drooping mustache, his massive gray eyebrows, his look of stern dignity, would have marked him, even without the singularities of dress which recalled the fashions of fifty years before.

Little indeed did the old man suspect that his high-collared coat and bell-shaped hat were subjecting him to grave doubts upon his loyalty. Little did he think, as he sauntered at evening along the green lanes in this retired neighbourhood, that his

thoughts should have been on treason and bloodshed.

He had come to the little lodging, it is true, for privacy. After his failure in that memorable interview with Sir William Lendrick, he had determined that he would not either importune the Viceroy for place, nor would he be in any way the means of complicating the question between the Government and the Chief Baron by exciting the Lord-Lieutenant's interest in his behalf.

"We must change our lodging, Tom," said he, when he came home on that night. "I am desirous that for the few days we remain here none should trace nor discover us. I will not accept what are called compensations, nor will I live on here to be either a burden or a reproach to men who were once only my equals."

"You found my worthy grandfather somewhat less tractable than you thought for, sir?" asked Tom.

"He was very fiery and very haughty, but on the whole there was much that I liked in him. Such vitality in a man of his years is in itself a grand quality, and in even its aggressiveness suggests much to regard. He refused to hear of me for the vacant office, and he would not accept you."

"How did he take your proposal to aid us by a loan?"

"I never made it. The terms we found ourselves on after half-an-hour's discussion of other matters rendered such a project impossible."

"And Lucy—how did she behave through it all?"

"She was not there; I did not see her."

"So that it turned out as I predicted—a mere meeting to exchange amenities."

"The amenities were not many, Tom, and I doubt much if your grandfather will treasure up any very delightful recollections of my acquaintance."

"I'd like to see the man, woman, or child," burst out Tom, "who ever got out of his cage without a scratch. I don't believe that Europe contains his equal for irascibility."

"Don't dwell on these views of life," said Sir Brook, almost sternly. "You, nor I, know very little what are the sources of those intemperate outbreaks we so often complain of—what sore trials are ulcerating the nature, what agonizing maladies, what secret terrors, what visions of impending misery; least of all do we know or take count of the fact, that it is out of these high-strung temperaments we obtain those thrilling notes of human passion and tenderness coarser natures never attain to. Let us

bear with a passing discord in the instrument whose cadences can move us to very ecstasy."

Tom hung his head in silence, but he certainly did not seem convinced. Sir Brook quietly resumed, "How often have I told you that the world has more good than bad in it—yes, and what's more, that as we go on in life this conviction strengthens in us, and that our best experiences are based on getting rid of our disbeliefs. Hear what happened me this morning. You know that for some days back I have been negotiating to raise a small loan of four hundred pounds to take us to Sardinia and start our Mine. Mr. Waring, who was to have lent me this sum on the security of the Mine itself, took it into his head to hesitate at the last hour, and inserted an additional clause that I should insure my life in his behalf.

"I was disconcerted, of course, by this—so much so, that had I not bought a variety of tools and utensils on trust, I believe I would have relinquished the bargain and tried elsewhere. It was, however, too late for this; I was driven to accept his terms, and, accredited with a printed formula from an Insurance, I waited on the doctor who was to examine me.

"A very brief investigation satisfied him that I was not seaworthy; he discovered I know not what about the valves of my heart, that implied mischief, and after "percussing" me, as he called it, and placing his ear to my chest, he said, 'I regret to say, sir, that I cannot pronounce you insurable.'

"I could have told him that I came of a long-lived race on either side; that during my life I had scarcely known an illness, that I had borne the worst climates without injury, and suchlike—but I forebore; I had too much deference for his station and his acquirements to set my judgment against them, and I arose to take my leave. It is just possible, though I cannot say I felt it, that his announcement might have affected me—at all events, the disappointment did so, and I was terrified about the difficulties in which I saw myself involved. I became suddenly sick, and I asked for a glass of water; before it came I had fainted, a thing that never in my whole life had befallen me. When I rallied, he led me to talk of my usual habits and pursuits, and gradually brought me to the subject which had led me to his house. 'What!' said he, 'ask for any security beyond the property itself! It is absurd; Waring is always doing these things. Let me ad-

vance this money. I know a great deal more about you, Sir Brook, than you think; my friend Dr. Lendrick has spoken much of you, and of all your kindness to his son; and though you may not have heard of my name—Beattie,—I am very familiar with yours.'

"In a word, Tom, he advanced the money. It is now in that writing-desk; and I have—I feel it—a friend the more in the world. As I left his door, I could not help saying to myself, What signify a few days more or less of life, so long as such generous traits as this follow one to the last! He made me a happier man by his noble trust in me than if he had declared me a miracle of strength and vigour. Who is that looking in at the window, Tom? It's the second time I have seen a face there."

Tom started to his feet and hurried to the door. There was, however, no one there; and the little lane was silent and deserted. He stopped a few minutes to listen, but not a footfall could be heard, and he returned to the room believing it must have been a mere illusion.

"Let us light candles, Tom, and have out our maps. I want to see whether Marseilles will not be our best and cheapest route to the island."

They were soon poring eagerly over the opened map, Sir Brook carefully studying all the available modes of travel; while Tom, be it owned, let his eyes wander from land to land, till, following out the Danube to the Black Sea, he crossed over and stretched away into the mountain gorges of Circassia, where Schamyl and his brave followers were then fighting for liberty. For maps, like the lands they picture, never offer to two minds kindred thoughts; each follows out in space the hopes and ambitions that his heart is charged with; and where one reads wars and battle-fields, another but sees pastoral pleasures and a tranquil existence—home and home happiness.

"Yes, Tom; here I have it. These coasting craft, whose sailing-lines are marked here, will take us and our traps to Cagliari for a mere trifle—here is the route."

As the young man bent over the map the door behind opened, and a stranger entered. "So I have found you, Fossbrooke!" cried he, "though they insisted you had left Ireland ten days ago."

"Mercy on me! Lord Wilmington!" said Sir Brook, as he shaded his eyes to stare at him. "What could have brought you here?"

"I'll tell you," said he, dropping his

voice. "I read a description so very like you in the secret report this morning, that I sent my servant Curtis, who knows you well, to see if it was not yourself; when he came back to me—for I waited for him at the end of the lane—with the assurance that I was right, I came on here. I must tell you that I took the precaution to have your landlord detained, as if for examination, at the Under-Secretary's office; and he is the only one here who knows me. Mr. Lendrick, I hope you have not forgotten me? we met some months ago on the Shannon."

"What can I offer you?" said Sir Brook. "Shall it be tea? We were just going to have it."

"I'll take whatever you like to give me; but let us profit by the few moments I can stay. Tell me how was it you failed with the Chief Baron?"

"He wouldn't have me, that's all. He maintains his right to an undivided patronage, and will accept of no dictation."

"Will he accept of your friend here? He has strong claims on him."

"As little as myself, my lord: he grew eloquent on his public virtue, and of course became hopeless."

"Will he retire and let us compensate him?"

"I believe not. He thinks the country has a vested interest in his capacity, and as he cannot be replaced, he has no right to retire."

"He may make almost his own terms with us, Fossbrooke," said the Viceroy. "We want to get rid of himself and an intractable Attorney-General together. Will you try what can be done?"

"Not I, my lord. I have made my first and last advances in that quarter."

"And yet I believe you are our last chance. He told Pemberton yesterday you were the one man of ability that ever called on him with a message from a Viceroy."

"Let us leave him undisturbed in his illusion, my lord."

"I'd say, let us profit by it, Fossbrooke. I have been in search of you these eight days, to beg you would take the negotiation in hand. Come, Mr. Lendrick, you are interested in this; assist me in persuading Sir Brook to accept this charge. If he will undertake the mission, I am ready to give him ample powers to treat."

"I suspect, my lord," said Tom, "you do not know my grandfather. He is not a very manageable person to deal with."

"It is for that reason I want to place him in the hands of my old friend here."

"No, no, my lord; it is quite hopeless. Had we never met, I might have come before him with some chance of success; but I have already prejudiced myself in his eyes, and our one interview was not very gratifying to either of us."

"I'll not give in, Fossbrooke, even though I am well aware I can do nothing to requite the service I ask of you."

"We leave Ireland to-morrow evening. We have a project which requires our presence in the island of Sardinia. We are about to make our fortunes, my lord, and I'm sure you're not the man to throw any obstacle in the way."

"Give me half an hour of your morning, Fossbrooke; half an hour will suffice. Drive out to the Priory; see the Chief Baron; tell him I intrusted the negotiation to you, as at once more delicate to each of us. You are disconnected with all parties here. Say it is not a question of advancing this man or that—that we well know how inferior must any successor be to himself, but that certain changes are all-essential to us. We have not—I may tell you in confidence—the right man as our law adviser in the House; and add, 'It is a moment to make your own terms; write them down, and you shall have your reply within an hour—a favourable one I may almost pledge myself it to be. At all events, every detail of the meeting is strictly between us, and on honour.' Come, now, Fossbrooke; do this for me as the greatest service I could entreat of you."

"I cannot refuse you any longer. I will go. I only premise that I am to limit myself strictly to the statement you shall desire me to repeat. I know nothing of the case; and I cannot be its advocate."

"Just so. Give me your card. I will merely write these words—'See Sir Brook for me.—WILMINGTON.' Our object is his resignation, and we are prepared to pay handsomely for it. Now, a word with you, Mr. Lendrick. I heard most honourable mention of you yesterday from the viceprovost; he tells me that your college career was a triumph so long as you liked it, and that you have abilities for any walk in life. Why not continue, then, on so successful a path? why not remain, take out your degree, and emulate that distinguished relative who has thrown such lustre on your family?"

"First of all, my lord, you have heard me much overrated. I am not at all the man

these gentlemen deem me; secondly, if I were, I'd rather bring my abilities to any pursuit my friend here could suggest. I'd rather be his companion than be my grandfather's rival. You have heard what he said a while ago — we are going to seek our fortune."

"He said to make it," said Lord Wilmington, with a smile.

"Be it so, my lord. *I'll* seek, and *he'll* find; at all events, I shall be his companion; and I'm a duller dog than I think myself if I do not manage to be the better of it."

"You are not the only one he has fascinated," said the Viceroy, in a whisper. "I'm not sure I'd disenchant you if I had the power."

"Must I positively undertake this negotiation?" asked Fossbrooke, with a look of entreaty.

"You must."

"I know I shall fail."

"I don't believe it."

"Well, as Lady Macbeth says, if we fail, we fail; and though murdering a king be an easier thing than muzzling a Chief Baron — here goes."

As he said this the door was gently moved, and a head protruded into the room.

"Who is that?" cried Tom, springing rapidly towards the door; but all was noiseless and quiet, and no one to be seen. "I believe we are watched here," said he, coming back into the room.

"Good-night, then. Let me have your report as early as may be, Fossbrooke. Good-night."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A MORNING AT THE PRIORY.

THE morning after this interview was that on which the Chief Baron had invited Colonel Sewell to inspect his gardens and hot-houses, a promise of pleasure which, it is but fair to own, the Colonel regarded with no extravagant delight. To his thinking, the old Judge was an insupportable Bore. His courtesey, his smartness, his anecdotes, his reminiscences, were all Boredom. He was only endurable when by the excess of his conceit he made himself ridiculous. Then alone did Sewell relish his company; for he belonged to that class of men, and it is a class, who feel their highest enjoyment whenever they witness any trait in human nature that serves to disparage its dignity or tarnish its fame.

That a man of unquestionable ability and

power like the Chief Baron should render himself absurd, through his vanity, was a great compensation to such a person as Sewell. To watch the weaknesses and note the flaws in a great nature, to treasure up the consolation that, after all, these "high intelligences" occasionally make precious fools of themselves, are very congenial pastimes to small folk. Perhaps, indeed, they are the sole features of such men they are able to appreciate, and, like certain reptiles, they never venture to bite save where corruption has preceded them.

Nothing in his manner betrayed this tendency — he was polished and courteous to a degree. A very critical eye might have detected in his bearing that he had been long a subordinate. His deference was a little — a very little — overstrained; he listened with a slight tinge of over-attention; and in his humility as he heard an order, and his activity as he obeyed it, you could read at once the aide-de-camp in waiting.

It is not necessary to remind the reader that all this lacquer of good breeding covered a very coarse and vulgar nature. In manner he was charming — his approach, his address, his conversation, were all perfect; he knew well when to be silent — when to concur by a smile with what he was not expected to confirm by a word — when to seem suddenly confronted with a new conviction, and how to yield assent as though coerced to what he would rather have resisted. In a word, he was perfect in all the training of those superb poodles who fetch and carry for their masters, that they may have the recompense of snarling at all the rest of mankind.

As there are heaven-born doctors, lawyers, divines, and engineers, so are there men specially created for the ante-chamber, and Sewell was one of them.

The old Judge had given orders for a liberal breakfast. He deemed a soldier's appetite would be a hearty one, and he meant to treat him hospitably. The table was therefore very generously spread, and Sewell looked approvingly at the fare, and ventured on a few words of compliment on the ample preparations before him.

"It is the only real breakfast-table I have seen since I left Calcutta," said he, smiling graciously.

"You do me honour, sir," replied the old man, who was not quite sure whether or not he felt pleased to be complimented on a mere domestic incident.

Sewell saw the hitch at once, and resumed. "I remember an observation Lord Compton made me, when I joined his

staff in India. I happened to make some remark on a breakfast, set out pretty much like this, and he said, 'Bear in mind, Captain Sewell, that when a man who holds a high function sits down to a well-served breakfast, it means that he has already completed the really important work of the day. The full head means the empty stomach.'

"His Excellency was right, sir; had he always been inspired with sentiments of equal wisdom, we should never have been involved in that unhappy Cantankankarabad war."

"It was a very disastrous affair indeed," sighed Sewell; "I was through the whole of it."

"When I first heard of the project," continued the Judge, "I remarked to a friend who was with me — one of the leading men at the bar — 'This campaign will tarnish our arms, and imperil our hold on India. The hill-tribes are eminently warlike, and however specious in their promises to us, their fidelity to their chiefs has never been shaken.'"

"If your judgment had been listened to, it would have saved us a heavy reverse, and saved me a very painful wound; both bones were fractured here," said Sewell, showing his wrist.

The Chief Baron scarcely deigned a glance at the cicatrix; he was high above such puny considerations. He was at that moment Governor-General of India and Prime Minister of England together. He was legislating for hundreds of millions of dark skins, and preparing his explanations of his policy for the pale faces at home.

"Mark my words, Haire," said I, "continued the Judge, with increased pomposity of manner, "'this is the beginning of insurrection in India.' We have a maxim in law, Colonel Sewell, Like case, like rule. So was it there. May I help you to this curry?"

"I declare, my lord, I was beginning to forget how hungry I was. Shall I be deemed impertinent if I ask how you obtained your marvellous — for it is marvellous — knowledge of India?"

"Just as I know the Japanese constitution; just as I know Central Africa; just as I know, and was able to quote some time back, that curious chapter of the Brehon laws on substitutes in penal cases. My rule of life has been, never to pass a day without increasing the store of my acquisitions."

"And all this with the weighty charge and labour of your high office!"

"Yes, sir; I have been eighteen years on the bench. I have delivered in that time some judgments which have come to be deemed amongst the highest principles of British law. I have contributed largely to the periodical literature of the time. In a series of papers — you may not have heard of them — signed 'Icon,' in the 'Lawyer's Treasury of Useful Facts,' I have defended the Bar against the aggressive violence of the Legislature, I hope it is not too much to say, triumphantly."

"I remember Judge Beale, our Indian Chief-Justice, referring to those papers as the most splendid statement of the position and claims of the barrister in Great Britain."

"Beale was an ass, sir; his law was a shade below his logic — both were pitiable."

"Indeed? — yes, a little more gravy. Is your cook a Provençal — that omelette would seem to say so."

"My cook is a woman, and an Irishwoman, sir. She came to me from Lord Manners, and, I need not say, with the worst traditions of her art, which, under Lady Lendrick's training, attained almost to the dignity of poisoning."

Sewell could not restrain himself any longer, but laughed out at this sudden outburst. The old Judge was, however, pleased to accept the emotion as complimentary; he smiled and went on — "I recognised her aptitude, and resolved to train her, and to this end I made it a practice to detain her every morning after prayers, and read to her certain passages from approved authors on cookery, making her experiment on the receipts for the servants' hall. We had at first some slight cases of illness, but not more serious than colic and violent cramps. In the end she was successful, sir, and has become what you see her."

"She would be a *cordon bleu* in Paris."

"I will take care, sir, that she hears of your approval. Would you not like a glass of Maraschino to finish with?"

"I have just tasted your brandy, and it is exquisite."

"I cannot offer you a cigar, Colonel; but you are at liberty to smoke if you have one."

"If I might have a stroll in that delicious garden that I see there, I could ask nothing better. Ah, my lord," said he, as they sauntered down a richly scented alley, "India has nothing like this — I doubt if Paradise has any better."

"You mean to return there?"

"Not if I can help it — not if an exchange is possible. The fact is, my lord,

my dear wife's health makes India impossible, so far as she is concerned; the children, too, are of the age that requires removal to Europe; so that, if I go back, I go back alone." He said this with a voice of deep depression, and intending to inspire the sorrow that overwhelmed him. The old Judge, however, fancied he had heard of heavier calamities in life than living separated from the wife of his bosom; he imagined, at least, that with courage and fortitude the deprivation might be endured; so he merely twitched the corners of his mouth in silence.

The Colonel misread his meaning, and went on: "Aspiring to nothing in life beyond a home and home-happiness, it is, of course, a heavy blow to me to sacrifice either my career or my comfort. I cannot possibly anticipate a return earlier than eight or ten years; and who is to count upon eight or ten years in that pestilent climate? Assuredly not a man already broken down by wounds and jungle fever!"

The justice of the remark was, perhaps, sufficient for the Chief Baron. He paid no attention to its pathetic side, and so did not reply.

Sewell began to lose patience, but he controlled himself, and, after a few puffs of his cigar, went on: "If it were not for the children, I'd take the thing easy enough. Half-pay is a beggarly thing, but I'd put up with it. I'm not a man of expensive tastes. If I can relish thoroughly such sumptuous fare as you gave me this morning, I can put up with very humble diet. I'm a regular soldier in that."

"An excellent quality, sir," said the old man, dryly.

"Lucy, of course, would suffer. There are privations which fall very heavily on a woman, and a woman, too, who has always been accustomed to a good deal of luxury."

The Chief bowed an assent.

"I suppose I might get a *dépôt* appointment for a year or two. I might also—if I sold out—manage a barrackmastership, or become an inspector of yeomanry, or some such vulgar makeshift; but I own, my lord, when a man has filled the places I have—held staff appointments—been a private secretary—discharged high trusts, too, for in Mooraghabad I acted as Deputy-Resident for eight months—it does seem a precious come-down to ask to be made a paymaster in a militia regiment, or a sub-altern in the mounted police."

"Civil life is always open to a man of activity and energy," said the Judge, calmly.

"If civil life means a profession, it means

the sort of labour a *man* is very unfit for after five-and-thirty. The Church, of course, is open on easier terms; but I have scruples about the Church. I really could not take orders without I could conscientiously say, This is a walk I feel called to."

"An honourable sentiment, sir," was the dry rejoinder.

"So that the end will be, I suppose, one of these days I shall just repack my bullock-trunk, and go back to the place from whence I came, with the fate that attends such backward journeys!"

The Chief Baron made no remark. He stooped to attach a fallen carnation to the stick it had been attached to, and then resumed his walk. Sewell was so provoked by the sense of failure—for it had been a direct assault—that he walked along silent and morose. His patience could endure no longer, and he was ready now to resent whatever should annoy him.

"Have you any of the requirements, sir, that civil services demand?" asked the Judge, after a long pause.

"I take it I have such as every educated gentleman possesses," replied Sewell, tartly.

"And what may these be, in your estimation?"

"I can read and write, I know the first three rules of arithmetic, and I believe these are about the qualifications that fit a man for a place in the cabinet."

"You are right, sir. With these, and the facility to talk platitudes in Parliament, a man may go very far and very high in life. I see that you know the world."

Sewell, for a moment, scarcely knew whether to accept the speech as irony or approval; but a side-long glance showed him that the old man's face had resumed its expression of mingled insolence and vanity, and convinced him that he was now sincere. "The men," said the Judge, pompously, "who win their way to high station in these days are either the crafty tricksters of party or the gross flatterers of the people; and whenever a man of superior mould is discovered, able to leave his mark on the age, and capable of making his name a memory, they have nothing better to offer him, as their homage, than an entreaty that he would resign his office and retire."

"I go with every word you say, my lord," cried Sewell, with a well-acted enthusiasm.

"I want no approval, sir; I can sustain my opinions without a following!" A long silence ensued; neither was disposed to speak; at last the Judge said—and he now spoke in a more kindly tone, divested

alike of passion and of vanity—"Your friends must see if something cannot be done for you, Colonel Sewell. I have little doubt but that you have many and warm friends. I speak not of myself; I am but a broken reed to depend on. Never was there one with less credit with his party. I might go farther, and say, never was there one whose advocacy would be more sure to damage a good cause; therefore exclude me in all questions of your advancement. If you could obliterate our relationship it might possibly serve you."

"I am too proud of it, my lord, to think so."

"Well, sir," said he, with a sigh, "it is possibly a thing a man need not feel ashamed of, at least I hope as much. But we must take the world as it is, and when we want the verdict of public opinion, we must not presume to ask for a special jury. What does that servant want? Will you have the kindness to ask him whom he is looking for?"

"It is a visitor's card, my lord," said Sewell, handing it to the old man as he spoke.

"There is some writing on it. Do me the favour to read it."

Sewell took the card and read, "See Sir B. for me.—WILMINGTON. Sir Brook Fossbrooke." The last words Sewell spoke in a voice barely above a whisper, for a deadly sickness came over him, and he swayed to and fro like one about to faint.

"What! does he return to the charge?" cried the old man, fiercely. "The Viceroy was a diplomatist once. Might it not have taught him that, after a failure, it would be as well to employ another envoy?"

"You have seen this gentleman already then?" asked Sewell, in a low faint tone.

"Yes, sir. We passed an hour and half together—an hour and half that neither of us will easily forget."

"I conjecture, then, that he made no very favourable impression upon you, my lord?"

"Sir, you go too fast. I have said nothing to warrant your surmise; nor am I one to be catechised as to the opinions I form of other men. It is enough on the present occasion if I say I do not desire to receive Sir Brook Fossbrooke, accredited though he be from so high a quarter. Will you do me the very great favour"—and now his voice became almost insinuating in its tone—"will you so deeply oblige me as to see him for me? Say that I am prevented by the state of my health; that the rigorous injunctions of my doctor to avoid all causes

of excitement—lay stress on excitement—deprive me of the honour of receiving him in person; but that you—mention our relationship—have been deputed by me to hear, and if necessary to convey to me any communication he may have to make. You will take care to impress upon him that if the subject-matter of his visit be the same as that so lately discussed between ourselves, you will avail yourself of the discretion confided to you not to report it to me. That my nerves have not sufficiently recovered from the strain of that excitement to return to a topic no less full of irritating features than utterly hopeless of all accommodation. Mind, sir, that you employ the word as I give it—'accommodation.' It is a Gallicism, but all the better, where one desires to be imperative, and not precise. You have your instructions, sir."

"Yes, I think I understand what you desire me to do. My only difficulty is to know whether the matters Sir Brook Fossbrooke may bring forward be the same as those you discussed together. If I had any clue to these topics, I should at once be in a position to say—These are themes I must decline to present to the Chief Baron."

"You have no need to know them, sir," said the old man, haughtily. "You are in the position of an attesting witness; you have no dealing with the body of the document. Ask Sir Brook the question as I have put it, and reply as I have dictated."

Sewell stood for a moment in deep thought. Had the old man but known over what realms of space his mind was wandering—what troubles and perplexities that brain was encountering—he might have been more patient and more merciful as he gazed on him.

"I don't think, sir, I have confided to you any very difficult or very painful task," said the Judge at last.

"Nothing of the kind, my lord," replied he, quickly; "my anxiety is only that I may acquit myself to your perfect satisfaction. I'll go at once."

"You will find me here whenever you want me."

Sewell bowed, and went his way; not straight towards the house, however, but into a little copse at the end of the garden, to recover his equanimity, and collect himself. Of all the disasters that could befall him, he knew of none he was less ready to confront than the presence of Sir Brook Fossbrooke in the same town with himself. No suspicion ever crossed his mind that he would come to Ireland. The very last he had heard of him was in New Zealand,

where it was said he was about to settle. What, too, could be his business with the Chief Baron? had he discovered their relationship, and was he come to denounce and expose him? No — evidently not. The Viceroy's introduction of him could not point in this direction, and then the old Judge's own manner negatived this conjecture. Had he heard but one of the fifty stories Sir Brook could have told of him, there would be no question of suffering him to cross his threshold.

"How shall I meet him? how shall I address him?" muttered he again and again to himself, as he walked to and fro in a perfect agony of trouble and perplexity. With almost any other man in the world Sewell would have relied on his personal qualities

to carry him through a passage of difficulty. He could assume a temper of complete imperturbability; he could put on calm, coldness, deference, if needed, to any extent; he could have acted his part — it would have been mere acting — as man of honour and man of courage, to the life, with any other to confront him but Sir Brook.

This, however, was the one man on earth who knew him — the one man by whose mercy he was able to hold up his head and maintain his station; and that this one man should now be here! here, within a few yards of where he stood!

"I could murder him as easily as I go to meet him," muttered Sewell, as he turned towards the house.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY W. C. BRYANT.

"But there is yet a region of the clouds
Unseen from the low earth. Beyond the veil
Of these dark volumes rolling through the sky,
Its mountain summits glisten in the sun, —
The realm of Castles in the Air. The foot
Of man hath never trod those shining streets;
But there his spirit, leaving the dull load
Of bodily organs, wanders with delight,
And builds its structures of the impalpable
mist,
Glorious beyond the dream of architect,
And populous with forms of nobler mould
Than ever walked the earth." So said my
guide,
And led me, wondering, to a headland height
That overlooked a fair broad vale shut in
By the great hills of cloudland. "Now behold
The Castle-builders!" Then I looked; and,
lo!

The vale was filled with shadowy forms, that
bore

Each a white wand, with which they touched
the banks

Of mist beside them, and at once arose,
Obedient to their wish, the walls and domes
Of stately palaces, Gothic or Greek,
Or such as in the land of Mahomet
Uplift the crescent, or, in forms more strange,
Border the ancient Indus, or behold
Their gilded friezes mirrored in the lakes
Of China, — yet of ampler majesty,
And gorgeously adorned. Tall porticos
Sprang from the ground; the eye pursued afar
Their colonnades, that lessened to a point
In the faint distance. Portals that swung
back

On musical hinges showed the eye within
Vast halls with golden floors, and bright alcoves,
And walls of pearl, and sapphire vault besprent

With silver stars. Within the spacious rooms
Were banquets spread ; and menials, beautiful
As wood-nymphs or as stripling Mercuries,
Ran to and fro, and laid the chalices,
And brought the brimming wine-jars. Enters
now

The happy architect, and wanders on
From room to room, and glories in his work.

Not long his glorying : for a chill north wind
Breathes through the structure, and the massive walls

Are folded up ; the proud domes roll away
In mist-wreaths : pinnacle and turret lean
Forward, like birds prepared for flight, and stream,

In trains of vapor, through the empty air.
Meantime the astonished builder, dispossessed,
Stands 'mid the drifting rack. A brief despair

Seizes him ; but the wand is in his hand,
And soon he turns him to his task again.
" Behold," said the fair being at my side,
" How one has made himself a diadem
Out of the bright skirts of a cloud that lay
Steeped in the golden sunshine, and has bound
The hauble on his forehead ! See, again,
How from these vapors he calls up a host
With arms and banners ! A great multitude
Gather and bow before him with bare heads.
To the four winds his messengers go forth,
And bring him back earth's homage. From
the ground

Another calls a winged image, such
As poets give to Fame, who, to her mouth
Putting a silver trumpet, blows abroad
A loud, harmonious summons to the world,
And all the listening nations shout his name.

Another yet, apart from all the rest,
Casting a fearful glance from side to side,
Touches the ground by stealth. Beneath his wand

A glittering pile grows up, ingots and bars
Of massive gold, and coins on which earth's kings

Have stamped their symbols." As these words were said,

The north wind blew again across the vale,
And, lo ! the beamy crown flew off in mist ;
The host of armed men became a scud
Torn by the angry blast ; the form of Fame
Tossed its long arms in air, and rode the wind,
A jagged cloud ; the glittering pile of gold
Grew pale and flowed in a gray reek away.
Then there were sobs and tears from those
whose work

The wind had scattered : some had flung themselves

Upon the ground in grief ; and some stood fixed

In blank bewilderment ; and some looked on
Unmoved, as at a pageant of the stage
Suddenly hidden by the curtain's fall.

" Take thou this wand," my bright companion said.

I took it from her hand, and with it touched
The knolls of snow-white mist, and they grew green

With soft, thick herbage. At another touch,
A brook leaped forth, and dashed and sparkled by ;

And shady walks through shrubberies cool and close

Wandered ; and where, upon the open grounds,
The peaceful sunshine lay, a vineyard nursed
Its pouting clusters ; and from boughs that drooped

Beneath their load an orchard shed its fruit ;
And gardens, set with many a pleasant herb,
And many a glorious flower, made sweet the air.

I looked, and I exulted ; yet I longed
For Nature's grander aspects, and I plied
The slender rod again ; and then arose
Woods tall and wide, of odorous pine and fir,
And every noble tree that casts the leaf
In autumn. Paths that wound between their stems

Led through the solemn shade to twilight glens,
To thundering torrents and white waterfalls,
And edge of lonely lakes, and chasms between
The mountain-cliffs. Above the trees were seen

Gray pinnacles and walls of splintered rock.

But near the forest margin, in the vale,
Nestled a dwelling half embowered by trees,
Where, through the open window, shelves were seen

Filled with old volumes, and a glimpse was given

Of canvas here and there along the walls,
On which the hands of mighty men of art
Had flung their fancies. On the portico
Old friends, with smiling faces and frank eyes,
Talked with each other : some had passed from life

Long since, yet dearly were remembered still.
My heart yearned toward them, and the quick, warm tears

Stood in my eyes. Forward I sprang to grasp
The hands that once so kindly met my own,—
I sprang, but met them not : the withering wind

Was there before me. Dwelling, field, and brook,

Dark wood, and flowering garden, and blue lake,

And beetling cliff, and noble human forms,—
All, all had melted into that pale sea,
A billowy vapor rolling round my feet.

— *Atlantic Monthly.*

From the Saturday Review.

MISERIES OF THE HONEYMOON.

In a recently published novel, the authoress has been at the pains to introduce a little disquisition on honeymoons, which must fill the spirit of every reader with distress. The common belief is that the time of the honeymoon is one of the most pure and genuine bliss. But this, it would appear, is a mere delusion. "Of all the uncomfortable periods of a woman's life, that which is derisively called the honeymoon is the most uncomfortable." Presuming that uncomfortable means the same thing as uncomfortable, one is rather startled by this to begin with, but worse follows. "The aspect of things, like an unaired robe, strikes coldly against her heart; there is no nook or corner where she seems to have her fit abiding-place; the smoothness of sweet custom has departed from her path, and a rough road of jarring incongruities is substituted for it." What on earth are the jarring incongruities thus mysteriously named? And would not a majority of brides look back upon the lethargic dulness of sweet custom rather than its smoothness? Why a pleasant excursion with a lover should be either jarring or incongruous we cannot for the life of us make out. However, we are assured that every bride sighs for "the gracious days of untrammelled singleness;" never was she so much bored by her old solitude as by this "true loneliness of never being alone." And then, says the writer indignantly, though rather incomprehensibly we own, "As if it were not enough to steep her to the lips in strangeness—strange duties, strange habits, strange hopes and fears for a future yet hidden away in a darkness far deeper than that of the grave—it is her fate to be removed away from every family scene, as if she were plague-spotted, and as if her own household had disowned her." The last few words sound most uncommonly like nonsense, and any bride who should be so foolish as to feel herself plague-spotted or cast off, because she had gone away with her husband instead of staying quietly at home, would deserve to be divorced on her return. But though the authoress has put the case somewhat hyperbolically, as it is the wont of authoresses to do, it is not difficult to see that there may be a basis of fact and reason for her gloomy picture. People no doubt make the most dreadful blunders in the arrangement of these memorable excursions. The most common and the most conspic-

uous of them is to go on the Continent. As a rule, a newly-married couple could scarcely do a more rash and ill-considered thing. The tremendous revolution in thoughts and habits which cannot but ensue from the new state of things is quite bad enough, without adding to the strangeness and novelty by surrounding the already bewildered bride with the unusual customs and mysterious ordinances of Continental hotels. The ways of foreigners are not as our ways. The presence of men where at home the service is performed by women, the presence of people under circumstances in which at home one is accustomed to their absence, the horribly deficient accommodation in the shape of dressing-rooms and baths, and a variety of startling usages *quos dicere versu non est*, combine to make a sojourn in all but a very few Continental hotels rather a serious trial. Even to a man it is trying. The bridegroom may be nearly as much harassed as his less audacious companion. Still, hers is the harder part. It is sometimes said that it would be much more sensible to bring English girls up on Continental principles, and that we should do better to cultivate their delicacy up to a much less sensitive point. Our assailants maintain that a great deal of what we prize is no more than a useless fringe of delicacy, which we might strip off without any loss to real purity, and with the greatest increase in freedom and comfort. This may be, or it may not. Whether the foreign fashion of recognizing facts which in this country we are accustomed to conceal be an improvement or not, there is certainly no likelihood of the slightest change taking place in the present generation. Perhaps those who are brides now, recollecting their own sorrows and discomforts, may bring up their daughters on revolutionary principles. Meanwhile the fact remains that to an English lady, brought up with English notions and English habits, the Continent is by no means a pleasant place for travel with a strange husband. She may not talk moonshine to herself about being "plague-spotted" or "disowned by her family," but there still will probably be many moments when she would give worlds to be back again even in the dullest of English homes.

But, in arranging a honeymoon, is not all travelling about from place to place a clear blunder? Travelling has a fearfully trying effect on the temper with most people. It makes them peevish and hasty. They never succeed in getting the luggage and the tickets fairly off their minds, or else they show a fatuous indifference about them which is

for ever causing all sorts of confusion and horrid discomfort. Many people, too, who are thoroughly agreeable in an ordinary way, display the strangest and most unsuspected traits when they find themselves among unfamiliar faces. They begin to give themselves curious airs, as if they were persons of quality and consequence in disguise; or they shrink timorously or defiantly into the depths of their inner selves. Then, again, frequent change of scene does not agree with everybody. Most English people are dreadfully worried by being transplanted from one place to another. Those who shine most brilliantly at their own firesides become clouded over elsewhere, and repeated changes literally submerge them in gloom and moodiness. All this shows that for two people to set off on a trip which entails a number of longish journeys, and a great variety of stopping-places, is not the proper plan for allowing each to see the best of the other; because not one person in a thousand is seen at his best when travelling, and a great many are seen at their very worst. At the same time it is possible to fall into a grievous mistake on the other side. Seeing the discomforts of taking a newly-married wife to a series of foreign hotels, some men esconce themselves in sequestered dells and remote spots in the country or by the seaside. Here you may, perhaps, have leisure to discover and contemplate the good points of your companion. Only the leisure too often proves thoroughly disproportionate to the good points. The good points are not adequate to filling up all the time, and then, unfortunately, the margin of time unoccupied fills itself up by the discovery of bad points. The happy couple forget that the person you like best in all the world may still upon occasion have the power of boring you as frightfully as the person you most dislike. In one of Miss Braddon's novels a situation of this sort is made to lead up to a fearful catastrophe, in the form of a prolonged estrangement between husband and wife. Instead of going to some place where there is plenty of life and diversion, the hero is induced by a treacherous friend to spend his honeymoon in a place where he and his wife see no faces but their own for five or six weeks. Of course, the design of the treacherous friend is accomplished perfectly. At the end of the time, the bride can scarcely endure the sight of her new lord, and the new lord, though too thick-headed to be distinctly bored, feels that something has gone seriously wrong between them. And the case is, doubtless, not uncommon

in real life. Two people must have a very extraordinary amount of internal resources to go and spend five or six weeks together in some place which is indescribably pretty and romantic, but at the same time very lonely and very dull. Of course, if they work at science or history or philosophy for five or six hours a day, they may get on very well. A walk together and dinner together after this would not be likely to pall. But then the majority of brides and bridegrooms take no interest whatever in science or philosophy, or solid pursuits of any kind. If they cannot spend the time in amusement or business or conversation, or thinking about amusement or business, they fall into the grasp of a gigantic ennui. Except in the case of two very strong and cultivated minds, there can scarcely be a more fatal blunder than the attempt to enjoy unmixed bliss in a lonely honeymoon. When two people have a long common past to look back upon together, it is different. But looking forward together to a long common future is marvellously unsatisfactory, after a very short time. The future has nothing tangible and certain as the past has; so the two minds roam vacantly through space, wishing it were dinner-time. The Duke was perhaps right when he declared that:—

Such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved.

But when the lover has become the husband, after a prolonged honeymoon in a dull and lonely place, the constant image may absolutely generate an unstaid skittishness, if not downright ill-humour and weariness.

Some of the misery which the novelist from whom we have quoted describes so magnificently is due to the teachings of others of her own craft. Marriage is the chief among many things which nearly all novelists love to paint in false colours. They talk tolerably rationally about the relations of parent and child, and brother and sister, but that of husband and wife is invariably veiled by a thick haze of delusive sentiment. And novelists are not the only persons to be blamed. Perhaps human nature, or that fragment of it which is developed in the bosoms of young ladies, has something to do with the case. Girls resolutely refuse to believe that the future life with their lover will be a more or less faithful reproduction of the lives of the father

and mother. A happy buoyancy supports them against the discouraging persuasions of reason and experience. The period of courtship may do something to dispel the illusion, but unless the honeymoon is contrived with an exceeding judiciousness, it is then that the truth really dawns. The man finds that his wife is only a grown-up girl, after all; and the woman, that the husband cannot always preserve the attractions of the lover. So far, therefore, the honeymoon may be "discomfortable." But, fortunately, the discomfort rights itself. The happy couple get views which are more useful for the rest of their lives. And such couples are often sadly in need of it. In England, our national reserve keeps the transcendental nonsense which fills the minds of extremely young folk from coming out very strongly. But in the United States they are more freespoken. There two people can be found to insist on being married up in a balloon, among "God's clouds." Having taken pen and ink with them, moreover, they sign a superb declaration to the effect that—

Presenting ourselves, fully impressed with the sublime presence of God and the joyous spiritual beings of His creation, heartily appreciating heaven's highest vouchsafed happiness, the blessed union of two souls in purity and glowing love, emanating from the eternal fountain of truth and wisdom, hence deriving some primitive conception of the magnitude of Deity-inspired unceasing humanity, endowed with powers and attributes evermore approximating Divinity, with assurances that uninterrupted progress remains dependent upon genial social relations, and possessing the approving sanction of cherished friends, we do now henceforth evermore give and devote, accept and receive, each other in holy wedlock; and we solemnly and unreservedly avow and promise that we will love, honour, and cherish each other as husband and wife during our whole existence; and in the express language of Holy Writ, we hopefully pray, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

It is easy to believe that, in this case at all events, when they returned to earth, the "aspect of things, like an unaired robe, struck coldly against their hearts." It may be suspected that, when the honeymoon is a failure, the result is due either to an extravagant transcendental pitch of mind of this kind, which must always end in vexation, or else to some mistake in selecting the place and manner in which the time is to be passed. It is not certain, though, that something may not be said for a plan suggested in an American story. The

bride and bridegroom go quietly home and begin home-life the day they are married, and take a honeymoon trip some six months afterwards, when they have had time to get accustomed to one another. Only this is not a honeymoon, and he would be an audacious social leveller, with need of oak and triple brass about his breast, who should dare to suggest the abolition of the mystic institution.

From the Spectator.

MOZART'S LETTERS.*

WE should be disappointed were we to look for the same kind of interest in Mozart's as in Mendelssohn's letters. The circumstances of the two lives were different. Different worlds surrounded the two men. Mendelssohn was happy, fortunate, appreciated. Mozart's sunny temperament gave way under the pressure of sorrow, ill-luck, and ill-treatment. He started in life badly, and he never made up his arrears. From the first he was the slave of a cruel master, and no better master would have pity on him and release him. When at last he was forced to renounce that service, he had only the most precarious support to depend upon, pupils who were capricious, and compositions that were not certain of acceptance. It is a miserable spectacle, the career of a man whom everybody now reverences as one of the greatest of musicians, but who was condemned to failure and poverty all his life, and whose very grave is unknown to this day.

Nevertheless, we think Dr. Nohl has done us a service by collecting these letters, and Lady Wallace a service by translating them. Both editor and translator have their faults. Dr. Nohl should have added more explanatory notes, and should not have left the reader to supplement Mozart's letters by one of the lives of Mozart. One of the doctor's omissions, which we have had occasion to trace, is fatal to the interest of the letter in which it occurs, and many such would seriously injure the collection. Writing of the Archduke Maximilian, Mozart says, "Stupidity peers out of his eyes." Now in the original of this letter the words "Archduke" and "stupidity" are in cipher, a fact we learn from Dr. Nohl himself in the notes to his *Life of Beethoven*. But

* *The Letters of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart* (1769-1791). Translated from the collection of Ludwig Nohl by Lady Wallace. 2 vols. London: Longmans.

surely such a fact ought to be stated in its own place; it adds greatly to the value of Mozart's letters; it is apt to be overlooked in notes at the end of another man's life. Lady Wallace's faults are of another order. She is, generally speaking, one of our best translators from the German, but she is apparently less familiar with Italian. In Letter 11, "*Sentimmo la messa cantata*" ought to be, "we heard the mass chanted," not "the chanted mass," and "*Campidoglio*" is generally known in English as "Capitol." Again, "*jeri l'altro*" is the day before yesterday, not the other day; and "*deutscha Composiör*" (*patois*) stands for a German, not a good, composer. If Lady Wallace means to imply that German and good are synonymous, we must beg to differ from her; but as we presume this mistake is merely a slip of the pen, we pass it with a slight protest. In other parts we find that she has softened down Mozart's phrases almost unnecessarily. One passage, meant to be unusually emphatic, as it is written large in the original manuscript and printed in small capitals by Dr. Nohl, is not marked at all in the English. Mozart tells a story of an infamous case of official brutality at Innsbrück. A noble abused the manager of a theatre in the street, and followed up the abuse by a blow. On the manager returning this he was taken to the House of Correction by a party of soldiers, and given fifty blows with a stick. "At the fifth blow," says Mozart, "his trousers were in pieces;" but this most significant touch, which lights up the whole atrocity of the scene, is left out by Lady Wallace.

Even if this whole story had been left out, there would be enough in these letters to show the chaos existing in Germany before the French Revolution. Mozart began life as concert master to the Archbishop of Salzburg, at the magnificent salary of twelve florins and a half yearly. In order that he might not apply for an increase, his master always proclaimed that he knew nothing, and that he ought to go to a training school to learn music. "The slavery of Salzburg," that "beggary Court," the Archbishop "playing the great man with me," are significant phrases. But when the Archbishop took Mozart to Vienna in his suite the slavery was more pronounced, and the beggary (though of course Mozart's salary had been increased) was quite as conspicuous. The Archbishop treated Mozart as a lackey, would not allow him to give a concert for his own benefit, quarrelled with him because he was not ready to leave Vienna at a moment's notice, and

at last drove him out of his service with the foulest abuse. "All the edifying things the Archbishop said to me, and the pious epithets this admirable man of God applied to me," writes Mozart, "had such an effect on my bodily frame that the same evening at the opera I was obliged to go home in the middle of the first act in order to lie down, for I was very feverish, trembled in every limb, and staggered in the street like a drunken man." No wonder that the Archbishop considered him "a most self-sufficient young man." Basil Hall makes a captain roar with laughter at the idea of a midshipman having any feelings, and in the eighteenth century a musician who could object to such mild phrases as *rogue*, *rascal*, *ragamuffin*, was evidently unfit to serve a prince. It was no doubt this overstrained delicacy in Mozart that hindered all other princes from taking him into their employment. He had many admirers, but few supporters. Gluck and Haydn could afford to praise him without reserve, and a travelling pianist, after watching him play, exclaimed, "Good heavens! how I do labour and overhear myself without getting any applause, while to you, my dear friend, it seems all child's play." But when Salieri applauded openly, it was in order to intrigue in private, and his epitaph on Mozart ran, "The loss of so grand a genius is much to be deplored, but it is fortunate for us that he is dead, for if he had lived longer we really should not have been offered a crust of bread for our compositions." The Elector of Bavaria asked, "Who could believe that such great things could be hidden in so small a head?" but would not give the small head a chance of taking off its hat in Munich. Prince Kaunitz said of Mozart that "Such people only come into the world once in a hundred years, and must not be driven away from Germany, more particularly when we are so fortunate as actually to enjoy their presence in the capital." But had Prince Kaunitz already lost his influence with the Emperor, and could he do nothing more than talk in favour of Mozart?

While such was the state of German patrons, the rest of the country was equally in darkness. After trying several Courts without success, Mozart turned his eyes to France or England. "If Germany will not accept me," he says, "then in God's name let France or England be enriched by one more German of talent, to the disgrace of the German nation!" The opera at Vienna was given up to the Italians. "It would be thought an everlasting blot on

Germany if we Germans were ever really to begin to think in German and to act like Germans, to speak German, and above all, to sing in German!" But in what we are apt to consider the national peculiarities of Germany the eighteenth century eclipsed the nineteenth. In matters of paternal government and tardiness of locomotion even Germany has made great improvements. When Mozart wished to marry against the will of his future mother-in-law, she threatened a resort to the ubiquitous police. "Have the police really the power to enter any house they please?" he asks. We did not know their right had ever been contested. The use of ciphers in Mozart's letters prove that they were liable to be opened at the post office, and when he writes to announce his quarrel with the Archbishop of Salzburg, he says significantly, "I write this in our native German tongue, *that the whole world may know.*" This clause would hardly have been needed if the post office was proof against official curiosity. As for the travelling of those days it must have been unendurable. A carriage was detained a quarter of an hour outside a city because the gates were under repair. The conveyance by which Mozart went from Paris to Strasburg took ten days on the road, never changing horses, and setting off sometimes at two in the morning. Owing to the constant stoppages, the expense of living on the road made the diligence dearer than posting, as it was also the custom to treat the conductor at all the inns. The roads were so bad that it was impossible to sleep in night travel; "the carriage jolted our very souls out, and the seats were as hard as stone. From Wasserburg I thought I never could arrive in Munich with whole bones, and during two stages I held on by the straps, suspended in the air, and not venturing to sit down." The truth of these descriptions may be certified by Mozart's English biographer, Mr. Holmes, who states, in his *Ramble among the Musicians of Germany* (1828), that the diligence took six days from Munich to Vienna. Nothing on the way but beer-houses and the most lenient entertainments; in three days they only had one solitary dish of veal, bread and beer being all they could count upon regularly. Mr. Holmes also bears witness to the state of the roads; "such malignant bumps are inflicted on the inferior part of the traveller's person in the

many sharp descents and abrupt rises of the roads there, that, seated in a diligence, he is incontinently jerked into the arms of a lady opposite." No doubt this was a necessary preparation for writing the life of Mozart.

These letters throw so much light on the external state of the times, that we have neglected their still more valuable additions to our knowledge of the character of their author. In many of them Mozart, both as man and composer, stands clearly before us. His knowledge of his own powers and his trust in them were proper pride with the genius without which they would have been vanity. He could not help despising many of his contemporaries when he saw their inferiority to himself, and how they were preferred to him. Occasionally he showed this contempt by an open sarcasm, which rankled all the more for its truth. The victims of his epigrams might say,—

"Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli;"

—but if they could not refute him they could intrigue against him, and dullness in high places was naturally leagued with its brothers and subordinates. In these letters we see Mozart's spirit gradually giving way. The cheerful nonsense of his earlier letters yields to gloom or bitterness. He was worked and worried to death. With a temperament alive to the slightest changes, and affected keenly by pleasures; a fiery spirit that would have fretted a less puny body to decay, and a genius that was perpetually yoked to the dullest round of musical lessons; enemies that harassed him, and friends that preyed on him; an eternal want of pence, and a critic pen of his own that would not suffer him to write down to the tastes which had pence to bestow,—it would be strange if his familiar letters did not reflect his troubles, and partake of the despondency which more than once beset him. We cannot justly say that we wish they were pleasanter reading, for every line that flowed from Mozart, whether on plain or ruled paper, must be pleasant to read or to hear. But we wish they had been pleasanter to write, and that their subject-matter had not been the cause of so much pain to a man for whom we feel such admiration and such love.

From the Spectator.

THE ZAMBESI AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.*

Dr. LIVINGSTONE's name is a guarantee for the fidelity of his book. It is true he shovels out information, with facts and suggestions tumbling over each other in exquisite confusion, but his facts are worth knowing, and his suggestions worth heeding. We are not sure it is not rather pleasant than otherwise to meet occasionally with an author who has so much worth saying, that he is rather careless how he says it. The main object of the Zambesi expedition is stated clearly enough. Dr. Livingstone and those who went out with him were instructed to "extend the knowledge already attained of the geography and mineral and agricultural resources of Eastern and Central Africa," and also in various ways to become better acquainted with the natives, induce them to cultivate their lands more largely, with a view to their engaging in commerce with England, supplying us with raw material in return for British manufactures, and to ascertain the actual condition of the slave trade, and by promoting other sources of profit to check it as far as possible. Their first object on reaching the East Coast (May, 1858) was to explore the Zambesi, its mouths and tributaries, "with a view to their being used as highways for commerce and Christianity to pass into the vast interior of Africa." It seems to have been long the policy of Portuguese officials in Africa to mislead the English as to the true mouth of the Zambesi, in order that slaves might be quietly shipped from it whilst the English cruisers were watching elsewhere. In settling the Kongone Harbour as the true one, Dr. Livingstone has rendered an important service to European enterprise. He has obtained the key of a door through which not a few will probably hereafter wish to enter. Familiar as Dr. Livingstone must be with African scenery, its beauty seems to him ever fresh. The immense height of many of the trees covered with creeping plants reminded him in the distance, he tells us, of the steeples of his native land, and gave "relish to the remark of an old sailor, that but one thing was wanting to complete the picture, and that was a grog-shop near the church." As they penetrated further inland, and came upon the native villages, the travellers were

evidently more and more impressed with the fertility of the soil and its undeveloped sources of wealth. Gold is washed for in beds of rivers within two miles of Tette, coal and rich iron ore are to be found to any amount, whilst the cotton seed taken out by Dr. Livingstone was found unnecessary, from the fact that the cotton already introduced was equal if not superior to the common American, and far above that produced in India, but we gather from the narrative that two causes were at work to prevent anything like extensive cultivation of any of these sources of wealth. There seems no want of industry among the native population, but in the absence of the civilization which creates artificial wants, the extreme fertility of the soil supplies with little cost of labour all the requirements of the negro, whilst the slave trade effectually checks his desire to cultivate for the sake of commerce. Dr. Livingstone's simple description of the valley of the Shire speaks more than twenty blue-books of the way this curse of slavery eats as a canker at the heart of every enterprise. When he passed through in 1859 the Upper Falls of the Shire were studded with villages placed in picturesque spots among the hills, filled with busy inhabitants, eager to do business with the strangers and exchange food for calico. The soil was extensively cultivated, the people working in iron, cotton, and basket-making. And besides the ordinary crops of millet, beans, maize, &c., cotton was cultivated in almost every village, one kind, called the "Tonje manga," or "foreign cotton," being of excellent quality, and "considered in Manchester nearly equal to the best New Orleans." Every village has its smelting-house, its charcoal-burners, and blacksmiths, and the inhabitants manufacturing crockery, and carrying on a good native trade between the villages "in tobacco, salt, dried fish skins, and iron; the people intelligent, and good-looking, not in the least to be judged by the low type of negroes on the immediate coast." Evidently the peaceful beauty of the scene, as he surveyed it from the hills, and the quiet well-to-do condition of the people, gave a tinge even of bitterness to the memory, as the good Doctor recalled the crowded lanes and squalid poor of many a well-remembered alley in our crowded cities at home. "Here is room enough, and to spare," he seems to have said to himself, "while they perish for hunger;" but passing through this same valley in 1863, the scourge of slave war had passed over the country, and it was a miserable scene of desolation, the vil-

**Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries; and of the Discovery of the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa. 1858-1864.* By David and Charles Livingstone. With Map and Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1865.

lages deserted or burnt, and miserable skeletons often the only trace that human beings had been there. Dr. Livingstone, whose imagination never outruns his judgment, calmly asserts that so much murder is involved in the very carrying on of the trade, that "it is certain not more than one in five ever reach their 'kind masters' in Cuba or elsewhere." Without fairly facing the enormous evils resulting from the slave trade, thus carried on in great measure by half-caste Portuguese or Portuguese convicts against Portuguese laws, but with the connivance of Portuguese officials, it would be impossible fairly to estimate the importance of the discovery of Lake Nyassa by Dr. Livingstone, or of his suggestions concerning it. It appears that "the trade of Cazembe and Katanga's country, and of other parts of the interior, crosses Nyassa and the Shire on its way to the Arab port Kilwa and the Portuguese ports of Iboe and Mozambique." This trade at present consists chiefly of slaves, ivory, malachite, and copper ornaments. Dr. Livingstone suggests that "by means of a small steamer, purchasing the ivory of the lake and river above the oataracts," the slave trade would become unprofitable, as it seems it is only because the slaves carry the ivory three hundred miles further than this point, down to the coast, "that they do not eat up all the profits of the trip." A steamer thus placed, Dr. Livingstone considers, would also have immense influence over an enormous area of country. "The Magitu about the north end of the lake will not allow slave-traders to pass through their country, and would be efficient allies to the English." The population around the lake is dense, and they grow an abundance of cotton, which they can sell at a penny a pound, or less, and the conclusion Dr. Livingstone would evidently desire to force on his readers is, that at trifling expense the British Government might promote a thriving and legitimate trade, and supplant as well as suppress the present iniquitous slave traffic. We should do injustice to the work before us if we passed by the sketches of individual character with which its pages are enriched, and by means of which Dr. Livingstone has done more to bring us into personal acquaintance with the natives of the villages through which he passed, than he could have done by a far more elaborate description of their habits and social condition. We study these little pen-and-ink photographs, and recognize the great family likeness which we, in our ignorance or our

pride, sometimes fancy obliterated. Sekelutu is not the less an able chief that he wonders if cannon could not blow away the Victoria Falls, and possibly whiter men than Chibisa have shared his faith in the divine right of kings, and might not think his somewhat *naïve* expression of them as altogether absurd.

"He was an ordinary man, he said, when his father died and left him the chieftainship, but directly he succeeded to the high office he was conscious of power passing into his head and down his back. He felt it enter, and knew that he was a chief, clothed with authority, and possessed of wisdom, and people then began to fear and reverence him. He mentioned this as one would a fact of natural history, any doubt being quite out of the question."

Valuable hints with regard to African missions are scattered throughout the work. Dr. Livingstone evidently deeply regrets the abandonment of the mission of the Universities by the present bishop, and has, we think, completely lifted from Bishop Mackenzie's name the cloud which rested on his reputation as a man of sound wisdom as well as genuine piety.

Believing, with all men who have really studied the subject, that none but the best men are worth sending, that the talk about sacrificing valuable lives for *mere* heathen is nothing but talk, the result of slovenly and indolent thinking, that the highest nature can always stoop the most easily, and those who grasp any truth most accurately can always define it most simply, —

"The qualities [says Dr. Livingstone], required in a missionary leader are of no common kind. He ought to have physical and moral courage of the highest order, and a considerable amount of cultivation and energy, balanced by patient determination. Above all these are necessary a calm Christian zeal and anxiety for the main spiritual results of the work."

Such a man was Bishop Mackenzie. He died in the trenches, but his name is not likely soon to be forgotten.

Dr. Livingstone is seldom eloquent, but he is always graphic. Take this description of the contrast between African and European scenery: —

"Nearly all the mountains in this country are covered with open forest and grass, in colour, according to the season, green or yellow. Many are between 2,000 and 3,000 feet high, with the sky-line fringed with trees; the rocks show just sufficiently for one to observe their stratification or their granitic form, and though

not covered with dense masses of climbing plants, like those in moister eastern climates, there is still the idea conveyed that most of the steep sides are fertile, and none give the impression of that barrenness which, in northern mountains, suggests the idea that the bones of the world are sticking through its skin."

Space alone forbids our touching on Zumbro and its ruins, with all the associations which are linked around it, but we commend the subject to those who wish a fresh field of thought. In his description of the great Victoria Fall, where, into "a chasm twice the depth of the Niagara Fall, the river, a full mile wide, rolls with a deafening roar," he has made figures alone eloquent, and retires in self-imposed insignificance behind his measuring rod. Why waste words when the imagination hears only the roar of many waters? It is always thus with this man; he himself forgets the discoverer in the discovery, and we recognize him the more eagerly.

From the Reader.

MENDELSSOHN.

WHILST waiting for the life of Mendelssohn, which is understood to be in preparation by his son, such an anecdote as the following cannot fail to be welcome. It appeared originally in a recent number of the *Gartenlaube*, with the signature "Sch, B." and has all the air of being authentic:—

"The object of these lines is not to speak of Mendelssohn as a composer, but to preserve from oblivion a little passage in his life; and thus to lay a late though not unavailing garland on his grave. It was in the hot summer of 1842 that he arrived at Zurich on his way from the Alps. No sooner was his name announced in the *Tageblatt* than his hotel was besieged by a crowd of the most prominent musicians and amateurs of Zurich, eager to invite him to their houses. To all, however, he returned a courteous but firm refusal. The object of his journey to Switzerland was the restoration of his health, already severely menaced; and the physicians had absolutely forbidden him all exertion or excitement. Amongst his visitors was the director of the Blind Asylum, who represented to

him that some of the patients of that institution were remarkable for their musical talent, and that their songs and choruses had been received with much favour by the public; but that he was anxious for the opinion of a really competent musician, both on the abilities and the performance of his pupils. 'I have refused all other invitations,' said Mendelssohn, 'but to your blind people I will come.' And come he did. The spectacle of the sightless assembly struck him, and he addressed them in the kindest terms. Some of their compositions were then performed. Score in hand, he listened, evidently interested and touched. He was especially pleased by a chorus of more pretension than the rest. He said something in its praise, particularly commending certain passages, and then told the director that there was no doubt as to the ability of the writer—that he hoped he would go on working, and compose to words of more importance. Seeing a correction in the score, he asked whose it was: and on being told, said, laughing and in the kindest way, 'The alteration is quite right, and makes the passage more strictly correct, but it was better and more striking before;' and then, turning to the blind man, he said, 'Take care that your corrections are always improvements—a cultivated ear wants no rules, but is its own rule and measure.' At length, to complete the delight of the party—not one of whom had had the courage to ask such a favour—he himself begged permission to play them something on the piano. He sat down, and played one of those wonderful free fantasias of his, with which he used so often to enchant his friends. Imagine how the countenances of his blind hearers lighted up, when in the midst of the piece they heard him introduce the chief subject of the chorus they had just been singing! We could all of us have taken him in our arms and pressed him to our hearts! He took his leave with the warmest wishes for the success of the institution and the prosperity of the patients. None of us ever met him again, and in a few years he was removed by death; but he lives, and will live, in his splendid works, no less than in the memory and affection of those who saw and heard him.

"The blind man to whom he spoke so kindly is still an inmate of the asylum. He has preserved the chair which the composer used, as a precious relic; and calls it 'the Mendelssohn chair.'"

THE MOSES OF FREEDOM.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

["I, Andrew Johnson, hereby proclaim liberty, full, broad, and unconditional liberty, to every man in Tennessee! I will be your Moses, and lead you through the Red Sea of struggle and servitude to a future of liberty and peace! Rebellion and Slavery shall no more pollute our State. Loyal men, whether white or black, shall alone govern the State."
— *Andrew Johnson, Nashville, Oct. 24, 1864, and April 3, 1865.*]

'Twas a brave day in Nashville,
And brave it well might be,
When twice five thousand freedmen
Came up from Tennessee;
And Andrew Johnson bade them
Bless God that they were free!
His words to all those freedmen
Were sweet as life could be,
Sweet as our dear Lord's gospel
In wondrous Galilee:
"I, Andrew Johnson, hereby
Proclaim" (so thundered he),
"Full, broad, and unconditional,
The rights of liberty"
(Thus spoke the chief) "to every man
In the land of Tennessee!
And I will be your Moses,
And lead you through the sea, —
Through the Red Sea of servitude,
To a future of liberty!"

Oh! 'twas a thing to glad you,
A thing to make you weep,
To see ten thousand slaves arise,
Like Samson from his sleep,
And over their whips and fetters
Like children dance and leap!
To see their faith, so childlike,
As up from Slavery's rack
Arose the branded forehead,
Arose the bended back,
And the soul emerged, in sunlight,
Beyond its temple black
To hear bold Andrew Johnson
Proclaim, with voice so free,

"True men alone, whether white or black,
Shall govern Tennessee!
And I will be your Moses!
And lead you through the sea —
Through the Red Sea of servitude,
To a future of liberty!"

Oh, what a throb of life-blood
Thrilled up from Tennessee,
When all those loyal freedmen,
With shouts of childlike glee,
Cried out to Andrew Johnson,
"Our Moses thou shalt be!"
Oh, what a sound of gladness!
A crash, like breaking chains,
A flash, as of fire electric,
That flooded heart and veins!
When Andrew Johnson answered,
"So be it! as God ordains!
No longer shall rebellion,
No more shall slavery
(Thus spoke bold Andrew Johnson),
Pollute our Tennessee!
For I will be your Moses!
To lead you through the sea, —
Through the Red Sea of servitude,
To a future of liberty!"

Back to their homes deserted,
And back to life-long toil,
The branded brows, the bending necks,
The yearning souls, recoil;
They wait for Andrew Johnson
On all the Southern soil.
Behind them lies their bondage,
And there the Red Sea rolls;
The Wilderness before them
Unwinds its desert scrolls;
They wait for Andrew Johnson,
With dumb and tearful souls!
In all the fair, wide Southland
They wait on weary knee
For him who bade them trust him, —
For him who said, "Be free!
And I will be your Moses,
To lead you through the sea, —
Through the Red Sea of servitude,
To a future of liberty!"

—From the *Right Way*.

From the North British Review.

ON THE "GOTHIC" RENAISSANCE IN
ENGLISH LITERATURE, AND SOME OF
ITS EFFECTS ON POPULAR TASTE.

1. *British Essayists of the Eighteenth Century.*
2. *Works of H. WALPOLE, W. SCOTT, CHARLES LAMB, CHARLES DICKENS, etc.*

IN most cultivated countries and ages, there has existed, in more or less prominent relation to other modes of mental development, a certain literature of fancy and humour, which, growing up side by side with the more ideal or scientific productions of the time, aims at no extended flight, but rests on given results, established fashions, and such general views of life and its bearings as are already familiar to the public to which it addresses itself. Such literature may be various in its modes of utterance. It may choose the language of satire or of sentiment. It may aim at reforming the actual state of men's notions and habits, and pointing out anomalies which prescriptive conventionalism has partially disguised; or, on the other hand, it may dwell on those portions of prevailing thought with which the writer is in sympathy, and emit tenderness or humour, in reference, half expressed and half understood, to certain conspicuous tendencies of the day. In either case, it is on the traditional, and often superficial ways of thinking of the educated men and women around, that the basis of allusion rests; and the writer's turn of fancy implies observation of human nature, not so much in its abstract principles, as in its connection with temporary conditions of society and mental training.

It follows that this literature, though readily enough appreciated, for better or worse, by contemporaries, requires for its due estimate by the enquirer who loves to know the *why* and the *how* of fancy's preferences, some insight into those preliminary stages of mental development which have led, in the order of history, to its formation. True it is, indeed, that fashion in letters, as in other things, would sometimes appear to be a matter of almost accidental caprice;

the whim of a monarch, the eccentricity of a student may give birth to it; but in such cases it is seldom either wide or enduring in its reign. Literary taste worthy of the name, is an affair of growth and education; a result of gradually converging influences, and of intelligible human sympathies. It must have learned to eliminate out of the complex aspects of the world and its affairs, certain features to which men's fancy will be ready to attach the sense of beauty and fitness, and from these work out its own results, cause and effect at the same time. So founded and so trained, it will give a character to the notions and feelings of whole generations of mankind, and influence in no small degree even the moral judgments of the many who do not seek below the surface of the social current for their views of propriety in conduct.

Glancing, then, historically, at the rise and progress of literary taste, we shall be brought to infer, as it seems to us, that in every fresh development science and research first make solid acquisitions; that imagination then seizes on certain characteristic features of the new material as groundwork for romance; and that humour, lastly, weaves her light and airy fabric out of the familiar substance. Or, to vary the metaphor, science heaps up the pyre; imagination fires it with the torch of romance; lastly, humour sports in the lambent glow and brightness of the pervading illumination. Now, in the first two of these processes, some amount of mental exertion is implied in the recipient as well as in the agent. The student labours with the ambition of discovery as well as with the stimulus of curiosity. The poet or romancer creates in his readers that expansion of the imaginative faculty which, when the style and subject possess novelty, gives effort as well as pleasure to the mind. But the humorist's task requires no effort, no exertion for its comprehension. Whatever fanciful patterns he may trace on his canvas, whatever freshness his quaint unexpected treatment may give to his topics, the groundwork must be familiar, and the allusions comprehensible at the merest glance. The taste of his day has been already built up

by a regular process of education, and he has only to work with it at his will, avoiding in the license of his conceptions any such innovation as would startle or confuse his readers, if he would not fail in his object. Facility is the essence of his task; facility, that is, as far as concerns the impression made *by* his work; but assuredly it requires some quality very different from the facility of an ordinary scribbler to blend the familiar with the unfamiliar, the fortuitous with the permanent, in such guise as to secure a lasting reputation for his productions when temporary fashions shall have passed away. Even while he dallies with the familiar stock of ideas, the ground may be shaking under his feet; and if he has not allied his humour with something more than mere conventionalism, he may be doomed to sink into the most ignoble of all limbos, the limbo of vapid triflers, before the next generation shall have winged its flight.

For taste is evanescent in literature as in other things; and this is true notwithstanding the vital hold which the great potentates of genius have retained over human sympathies from generation to generation. "What!" it may be asked, "can taste ever change its verdict in respect of such writers as a Milton or a Shakspeare?" Within certain limits, and to a certain extent, unquestionably it can do so, and has done so. Even the genius of Shakspeare and Milton expressed itself under conditions which were suited only to the stage of civilization and opinion attained by their own contemporaries. Unbounded as is an Englishman's worship of the one, profound as is his admiration for the other, would any one attempting a work of genius now, choose either the topics or the treatment of these great masters of the art divine? Prejudice apart, can we affirm that either *Hamlet* or *The Paradise Lost*, masterpieces though they are, accord thoroughly with the canons of taste now accepted for all practical purposes by the educated world? We question the fact on different grounds, and to a different extent; for this we feel glory in confessing, that Shakspeare's immortal verse presents far rarer instances of superannuation, so to speak, than that of Milton, or any other poet of past days we can name. It is in his dramatic plots and situations, matters in which he cared not to be original or consistent, that we find him frequently out of harmony with our modern systems of theatric law. His higher flights of poetry, his portraitures of strong emotion, express the workings of the human heart in imagery suited for all time.

But Milton, in his more elaborate and learned style, does fairly represent — apart from mere mannerisms of affectation, of which he had none, or obsolete quaintnesses of diction, of which he had not many — differences of artistic touch between his times and our own, which are real and palpable. We select, as an instance of our meaning, a passage of stately measure, and lively and varied illustration, and we only ask the reader to divest his mind of all previous association with the renown of Milton's verse, and with the incomparable portraiture of the "archangel ruined," to which this is a prelude, and say, Would the allusions in the following short passage be at all to the purpose, in kindling the imaginative enthusiasm of a nineteenth century reader? Would they be such as would occur to any save a very fantastic nineteenth century poet as pre-eminently appropriate to his theme? Saturn is reviewing his troops in hell:—

"And now his heart
 Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his
 strength
 Glories : for never since created man
 Met such embodied force, as named with these,
 Could merit more than that small infantry
 Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant
 brood
 Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd,
 That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
 Mix'd with auxilial gods; and what resounds
 In fable or romance of Uther's son,
 Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
 And all who since, baptized or infidel,
 Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
 Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
 When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
 By Fontarabia."

It is not that the allusions here are to obscure or unknown subjects, but simply that they magnify a set of ideas whose vividness is of the past; and that the progress of thought and restlessness of inquiry have opened up new departments of knowledge and new aspects of old facts, since the days when Milton's mind was stored, which have had the effect of stimulating fancy in a fresh direction.

Taste, then, we repeat, is evanescent in literature as in other things; and learning may be at work preparing a revolution, while the established code of æsthetics still governs the workings of imagination and of humour. This was the case during the latter half of the eighteenth century in England; and the purpose of our present paper

will be to note the formation of the new taste which then set in, glancing at it first in its rudimental stages, and then in its later developments; and to indicate some characteristic points in which the humour and fancy of this our later age differ from those of the century preceding.

The parents of the elder generation living amongst us, were born into a world, the choicest mental recreation of which still consisted mainly of the numerous Essays, which now, in their attire of sober brown calf, fill some of the least frequented corners of a “gentleman’s library,” and to the practised eye are to be recognized almost instinctively by their dimensions, their colour, and their honoured but not solicited place on the shelves. A complete collection of the best known and most popular of these essays would extend to not less than forty volumes. Historically, they are distributable into three cycles: the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian* of the close of Queen Anne’s and beginning of George I.’s reign; Dr. Johnson’s *Rambler* and *Idler*, Hawkesworth’s *Advertiser*, Goldsmith’s *Citizen of the World*, Moore’s *World*, Colman’s *Connoisseur*, all in the last decade of George II.; and the *Mirror* and *Lounger* of Henry Mackenzie, the *Observer*, and many others besides, which made their appearance from 1779 onwards to near the end of the century. In these essays, accordingly, we may expect to find, partly by the proof positive of constant citation, partly by the proof negative of marked omission, what were the sort of references and allusions in matters of taste which were current among our ancestors,—the standards which they accepted as orthodox; the class of ideas which they rejected as uncouth, or passed over as unobserved or irrelevant. And we cite these periodical writings, and not novels or tales, as the true representatives of the dilettante literature of their day, first, because novels, properly so called, were of later date than many of them; secondly, because novels, in Fielding’s and Richardson’s time were simply delineations of character and adventure, not as they now are, over and above this, the vehicles of speculative generalities; and, thirdly, because these essays themselves frequently contained certain germs of the fanciful or philosophical novel characteristic of later times. Thus in the *Spectator* we have the half-burlesque, half-sentimental description of Sir Roger de Coverly and his doings and sayings, in which Addison, by one of those sympathetic strokes which mark true genius, anticipated the picturesque old-world likings which are now so commonly taken for granted. At a later date, the purely sentimental cast of fiction,

or, as some would call it, the subjective style of composition, is distinctly outlined in various sketches and narratives contained in the essays of the “Man of Feeling.” With Mackenzie and Sterne, indeed, the transition to the modern novel of sentiment may be said to have been fully made, in all particulars, save that one of reference to previous conditions of social history, to which we desire now to direct more especial attention.

Now, in all the discursive *belles-lettres* of the eighteenth century, there is more or less, it cannot fail to be perceived, a certain tone derived from the traditions of classical literature, shown in a constant allusion to ancient poets, historians, and philosophers, an implied admission of their authority as supreme in all disputed points, and often a direct imitation of their style and method. It is no doubt a formal kind of adhesion throughout. There is something stilted and unreal about it. It is the loyalty of the trained pupil, not of the enthusiastic votary. It seldom makes very active demands on the imagination, or even on the minor quality of fancy. The truth is, that to understand the Past as past, was not the curiosity or the relaxation of that day. Moral and metaphysical inquiries were the real stimulus to thought; and the classic allusions which blended with them, however graceful and apposite, were essentially of a conventional type.* Still, as we have said, they constituted the one standard of appropriate illustration and indisputable authority. The poetic art of Virgil, the

* There is an eloquent passage in one of Sir Edward Lytton’s novels upon the literary character of the eighteenth century. “At that time,” he says, “reflection found its natural channel in metaphysical inquiry or political speculation,—both valuable, perhaps, but neither profound. It was a bold, and a free, and an inquisitive age, but not one in which thought ran over its set and stationary banks, and watered even the common flowers of verse; not one in which Lucretius could have embodied the dreams of Epicurus; Shakespeare lavished the mines of a superhuman wisdom upon his fairy palaces and enchanted isles; or the beautifier of this common earth” (Wordsworth) “have called forth—

‘The motion of the spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought;

or disappointment and satiety” (Byron) “have hallowed their human griefs by a pathos wrought from whatever is magnificent, and grand, and lovely in the unknown universe; or the speculations of a great but visionary mind” (Shelley) “have raised, upon subtlety and doubt, a vast and irregular pile of verse, full of dim-lighted cells and winding galleries, in which what treasures lie concealed! That was an age in which poetry took one path and contemplation another; those who were addicted to the latter pursued it in its orthodox roads; and many, whom Nature, perhaps, intended for poets, the wizard Custom converted into speculators or critics.”—*The Disowned*, chap. xiv.

invention of Homer, the wisdom of Socrates, the criticism of Longinus, the philosophy of Aristotle, united to form a court of popular appeal from whose dicta there was no escaping. The "wisdom of the ancients," and the genius of the ancients, were lauded in proportion to the progress which the polite world considered itself to be making in the true principles of taste beyond the knowledge and practice of the generations preceding. It did not occur to that polite world anxiously to inquire where and in how far the Greeks and Romans were right in their principles, nor how their position in the world's history came to affect their conceptions of human culture. Simply they were the classics; and, being the classics, had as divine a right over the province of taste as Tory politicians once held a Stuart to have over the laws and liberties of England:—and this species of classic conventionalism continued to be the orthodox test of elegant education while the old state of things lasted; that is to say, before the French Revolution and its stupendous results had startled mankind out of all their former proprieties. Now be it observed, we differ, indeed, entirely from those who assert that it was that great crisis in European history and society, which, throwing the preceding constitution of the world to an immeasurable distance, first awoke, from contrast, that interest in bygone thoughts and habits of life which is so marked a feeling of our age. That interest had, as we conceive, been in fact growing for a long time before, and would eventually have supplanted the quasi-classical fashions of our great-grandfathers, even if the change of taste had not been precipitated, as it no doubt was, by the great political convulsion aforesaid. But of this in its place. At present we wish to point out distinctly the fact of the change. Let any one read two or three essays in the *Spectator* or *Rambler*, and then a few of those by Charles Lamb, or let him dip into the works of Dickens or Thackeray, or those of almost any of the lesser humorists of our own generation. Setting aside such peculiarities of allusion as might naturally belong to the different states of society a hundred years earlier or later, what will strike him as the most characteristic difference in the setting of the two pictures, in the atmospheric conditions, so to speak, of the two regions of taste? Surely it is this: that whereas in these our actual times there is an ever wakeful sympathy with the past of history and society, a feeling sometimes

reverential, sometimes regretful, sometimes compassionate, always keen and sensitive, an interest not only in the great actions, but in the every-day lives, the homes, the streets, the costume, the occupations, the follies, the most trifling gossip of our ancestors, whether remote or only a few generations separated from us, in the standard writings of the eighteenth century, on the other hand, this interest is entirely mute, as though a whole department of intelligent curiosity had been as yet unopened. The style in which the writers of the "Augustan age" of our literature looked back on the England of the past was that of immeasurable and self-satisfied superiority. Nothing, it seemed to them, was to be learned from those epochs of twilight civilization; then why waste time in deciphering their paltry riddles? These were the authorities who voted Shakspeare an inspired barbarian* and would only endure his genius in the travesties of Dryden. These were the authorities whose histrionic conceptions were satisfied with Hamlet in the full dress-coat of St. James's, and the Roman stoic giving himself the mortal wound in "long gown, flowered wig, and lacquered chair." For though their models of taste and fancy were formed chiefly on scholastic traditions, yet in the classical notions which men affected in the days of Anne and the early Georges, there was no spirit of antiquarian criticism, no real intelligent sympathy even with old Greece and Rome: of "Gothic," or old English antiquarianism there was professedly and boastingly nothing. The very word *Gothic* was, with our great-grandfathers, synonymous with utter and contemptible barbarism:

"La Fable offre à l'esprit mille agréments divers :

Là, tous les noms heureux semblent nés pour les vers ;

* Oliver Goldsmith, a generation later, was scarcely more enlightened in his estimate of Shakspeare. "Dryden and Rowe's manner, sir," said the poor player to the Vicar of Wakefield, "are quite out of fashion; our taste has gone back a whole century. Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and all the plays of Shakspeare are the only things that go down." "How!" said I (the Vicar is the narrator), "Is it possible the present age can be pleased with that antiquated dialect, that obsolete humour, those overcharged characters, which abound in the works you mention?" "Sir," returned my companion, "the public think nothing about a dialect, or humour, or character, for that is none of their business. They only go to be amused, and find themselves happy when they can enjoy a pantomime under the sanction of Jonson's or Shakspeare's name." "It is evident, however, even from this passage, that whatever the creed of the arbiters of literary taste might be, the unsophisticated populace relished Shakspeare scarcely less than his own contemporaries had done."

Ulysse, Agamemnon, Oreste, Idoménée,
Helene, Menelas, Paris, Hector, Enée;
O ! le plaisant projet d'un Poete ignorant
Qui de tant de Héros va choisir Childe-
brand !"

So sung the poetical satirist of a foreign kingdom, unconscious that Childebrand's day was yet to come,—that the Gothic renaissance was looming in the future.

In the older generation whom we can ourselves remember, among ladies and gentlemen who did not affect deep study, but only a fair share of refined cultivation, the fruit of training under these influences was still apparent, in a somewhat pedantic conversance with the hackneyed stories of heathen mythology, in the remembrance of readings, more or less extensive, in such books as Melmoth's translations of Cicero and Pliny, Mrs. Carter's *Epictetus*, Plutarch's *Lives*, Homer and Virgil as versified by our English poets. These studies, and such as these, were the credentials of a good education eighty, or even seventy years ago; and by them literary taste, except in some few daring spirits, was guided controlled, suggested. The cultivation of the softer sex was assuredly very inconsiderable in those days compared with the results it displays now; yet we may venture to assert that the "elegant young female" to whom a paper in the *Spectator* was the prescribed sedative of each successive morning,* and whose tastes were trained in strict accordance with the intellectual standard therein displayed, would in some chapters of acquirement have been entitled to put to shame many a pupil of the present day advanced in German and geology, and distinguished in the classrooms of a ladies' college. Did not Ogilby's *Virgil* and Dryden's *Juvenal* occupy the most honoured places on the bookshelves of that model to her sex described by Addison, the well-read Leonora,† even at a date when women required the popular moralist's special castigation to rouse them out of their ignorance?

It would be curious, though beside our present purpose, to trace how these airs and graces of classical pedantry in our lighter literature were themselves, in accordance with the process which we set out with indicating,—a result of the laborious classical renaissance of the fifteenth century in

Europe; how, after the learned had laid broad and deep foundations, and poets had imitated the classics in their verse, the superstructure of sentiment and fancy rose, displacing those whimsical extravagances of mediæval chronicle and fable, which, when printing first began, were the staple of the press, and which, even in Shakspeare's time, had by no means lost their hold over the popular mind. It would be curious next to trace how a certain blending took place between the older taste and what was then the new, and how the eclectic fancy of the Scudéris and Calprenédes in France formed a school of stilted romance, partly chivalrous, partly classic, which moulded the taste of the age in that country, and to a certain extent in England too, till Boileau and Addison and common sense gave it the death-blow. In England too, we say; for the spirit of French imitation, introduced under the second Charles, continued long to infect English habits, whether in letters or in social intercourse, notwithstanding the episode of the Silent Dutchman and his anti-Gallican propensities.

"We conquered France," said Pope, "but felt
our captive's charms;
Her arts and letters triumphed o'er our arms."

Thus in the *Spectator* we often come upon traces of warfare which the best writers of the age were still waging against the affectations of a waning fashion. It passed away, and then the gauge of all good composition and elegant imagery became, as we have noticed, a greater or less conformity with the modes of ancient literature; while invention, reduced to topics of quiet social speculation and humour gave us the prelude to much of the essay-writing and novel-writing of our own time.

It is on the succeeding revolution in Fancy's wheel that we now wish to fix attention. Our aim is to show how, while classical taste (to use the language of the schools) still ruled the hour, an undergrowth of romantic taste struck root, subverting the accepted fashions, and pushing forth a new vegetation, which was soon to contest the place of the old and effete foliage.

A hint of the coming change may be discerned where least we might expect it, even in the early pages of the *Spectator*. Addison, notwithstanding the prejudices of his age against "Gothicism," was too much a man of genius not to possess sensibility for the vigorous and the picturesque wherever it might be found; and in the rough

* Miss Berry speaks of herself as in the habit of reading (when a child, in 1775) a Saturday paper in the *Spectator* every Sunday morning, to her grandmother.

† *Spectator*, No. 37.

old ballad of *Chevy Chase* he discerned the workings of true poetry, for which he was not afraid to claim the admiration of his contemporaries, though in accordance with the loyalty to classical precedents which was the creed of his age, he sought to establish the merits of the ballad in question rather on its imagined coincidences with the style and treatment of Virgil than on its spirited description of Border life and habits; indeed, he owns that without such corroboration his favourable judgment of this out-of-the-way minstrelsy would naturally have laid him open to the charge of singularity. For if *Chevy Chase* had been written in the Gothic manner, he says, "which is the delight of all our little wits, whether writers or readers, it would not have hit the taste of so many ages, and have pleased the readers of all ranks and conditions." But what then did Addison mean by the Gothic manner? it may here be asked; for he speaks as if a style so called were really in vogue at the date of his own writing—a style clearly not the same with the rough old English balad style, of *Chevy Chase*. The meaning which Addison attached to the term *Gothic* will be apparent if we compare this passage in the *Spectator* with others in which the same word is used by him. For instance, in one of his criticisms, where he is occupied in distinguishing between "true wit," "false wit," and "mixt wit," he adduces Martial among the ancients, and Cowley among the moderns, as eminent instances of this last, and then proceeds, "I look upon these writers as *Goths* in poetry, who, like those in architecture, not being able to come up to the simplicity of the old Greeks and Romans, have endeavoured to supply its place with all the extravagances of an irregular fancy." And again, "Our general taste in England is for epigram, turns of wit, and forced conceits, which have no manner of influence, either for the bettering or enlarging the mind of him who reads them and have been carefully avoided by the greatest writers, both among the ancients and moderns. I have endeavoured, in several of my speculations, to banish this *Gothic* taste, which has taken possession among us." *

From these indications, it is clear that "Gothic" poetry and "Gothic" art were not in Addison's view what, fifty years later, they were in the view of Horace Walpole. Addison seems to have understood the word as expressive of a certain blending of the uncouth and the whimsical, of which

there were many instances in his day and that preceding; and of which the school of poets, called by Johnson the "metaphysical school," were perhaps the most systematic artists. The real aim and meaning of a Gothic revival, in the sense of a due appreciation of the elements of beauty to be found in the self-developed culture of the northern nations had been as yet unexplained by the philosophy of criticism; and in the interim the progress of real knowledge and taste was hampered, as so often happens, by pretension and imposture, and by the confusion of a vague nomenclature.

Meanwhile, Addison's criticism on *Chevy Chase* may in all probability have been the seed which bore fruit half a century later in the collections of Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore, who, in 1765, published his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*; at all events, Percy cites Addison's remarks as a precedent and an excuse for his own undertaking. The apologetic tone of his preface throughout sounds not a little singular to our ears in the present day. In connection with the subject before us, it is very significant.

"In a polished age like the present," he says, "I am sensible that many of these reliques of antiquity will require great allowances to be made for them." And then, after citing Dr. Johnson, Warton, and other literary characters, as taking an interest in his work, he adds: "The names of so many men of learning and character, the editor hopes, will serve him as an amulet to guard him from every unfavourable censure for having bestowed any attention on a parcel of old ballads. It was at the request of many of these gentlemen, and of others eminent for their genius and taste, that this little work was undertaken. To prepare it for the press has been the amusement of, now and then, a vacant hour amid the leisure and retirement of rural life, and hath only served as a relaxation from graver studies. . . . The editor hopes he need not be ashamed of having bestowed some of his idle hours on the ancient literature of our own country (!) or in regaining from oblivion some pieces (though but the amusements of our ancestors) which tend to place in a striking light their taste, genius, sentiments, or manners." *Hopes he need not be ashamed of critical researches than which none are more highly estimated now, alike by poet, philologist, historian, and man of taste, as furnishing indispensable aid towards one of the most cherished objects of our time—the appreciation of the historic Past.*

Still, Percy's tone of apology was an advance upon the confusion of Addison's ideas respecting old English ballads. Percy, at least, did not fall into the error of supposing that the merit of *Cherry Chase* depended upon its supposed resemblance to the style and sentiments of Virgil. On the contrary, he clearly indicates the essential diversity of origin and character between mediæval poetry and the poetry of Greece and Rome.

By the time Percy entered the field, indeed, much had been going on in other departments of taste to foster the glimmering interest in these memorials of an age of "barbarism." Shenstone and Horace Walpole, in the middle of the century, successfully sought to introduce a reform into the arts of landscape gardening and architecture, of which the chief characteristics were an attention to the natural features of scenery and a revival of the "Gothic" principles of art. In the *World*, a fashionable periodical of 1753-1755, formed on the orthodox model of the *Spectator*, we find a fancy for Gothic architecture mentioned as a recent and prevalent whim, likely to be displaced by a still later whim, for Chinese construction and decoration. The writer in the *World* speaks of both with equal contempt; but while the Chinese fancy, an exotic imported after Lord Anson's voyage in 1744, proved itself a mere transitory caprice and passed away, Gothicism, the purer kind—for here, as so often happens, real knowledge was struggling with pretension—held its ground. Horace Walpole was its most efficient advocate and champion. Writing from Worcestershire just at this time, he says:—"Gothicism, and the restoration of that architecture, and not of the bastard breed, spreads extremely in this part of the world." And when in Yorkshire he exclaims with kindling enthusiasm at sight of the ancient remains, "O what quarries for working in Gothic!" His letters are full of this new taste, which for many years was quite the passion of his life. He worked out his own conceptions in what, though it seems to us now but a spurious and flimsy imitation of mediæval art, was doubtless one of the most important initiatory steps in that renaissance movement which has to so great an extent given the law to our modern æsthetics—the famous toy of Strawberry. And not only in architecture and decoration, but in literature also, Horace Walpole may be said, perhaps by his zeal, to have deserved the meed of originality in this revival more than any of his contemporaries, while, by his lively fancy, he

almost anticipated the popularizing process of time on the materials before him.

Within the ten years succeeding the publication of Percy's *Reliques*, appeared Dr. Johnson's and Steevens's editions of *Shakespeare*, and Warton's *History of English Poetry*, both most important labours, as turning up the as yet nearly virgin soil of English philological research. Antiquarianism in the various departments of literature and art now began to form a school of ardent disciples. Dr. Johnson, with sententious condescension, uttered his celebrated dictum, "Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. . . . That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." Shenstone, devoted to song writing as well as landscape-gardening, found the hunt after old abbeys and old ballads congenial to his sense of the picturesque both in scenery and verse. Captain Francis Grose, from 1773 to 1776, made the tour of England and Wales, and published its results in four quarto volumes of *Antiquities*, elaborately got up with descriptions and plates. Gough and Pennant prosecuted their topographical investigations. The Society of Antiquaries put forth in 1770 the first volume of their *Archæologia*. All tended in the same direction. Then, after a short interval, followed the era of the German classics, and of inquiry into the antiquities of Teutonic fable; and, contemporaneously with these, the stupendous wars and convulsions of the French Revolution, giving that impetus to the imaginative faculty which is never so effectually supplied as by the vivid experiences and sharp vicissitudes of human fate.

So the train was laid, and preparation made for the glowing romance of Walter Scott. The Northern Enchanter fired with the torch of his genius the pyre heaped up by the labour and research of previous students. He first, to any noteworthy degree, popularized the new education of taste. He brought a poet's soul to bear on ideas of feudality and chivalry, and on the many picturesque aspects of historic and traditional lore; and from his time, not mediæval research only, but mediæval sentiment, may be said to have fairly become a primary element in our æsthetic culture. Silenced now was the orthodox jargon of the past about the "barbarous productions of

a Gothic genius," and the dread of their superseding in the realm of taste that "simplicity which distinguished the Greek and Roman arts as eternally superior to those of every other nation" (*World*, vol. iii. p. 81). Greek and Roman art, indeed, was not deposed from its claims to man's homage, but room was conceded in the realm of beauty for another and not less influential potentate. How does one blast from the clarion of the "romantic" muse proclaim her attributes!—

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of gladsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins grey.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress alternately
Seem framed of ebony and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's
grave,
Then go; but go alone the while,
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile,
And home returning, soothly swear
Was never scene so sad and fair."

The sentiment soon, in fact, came to be far more commonly professed from affectation than ignored from indifference; for who, pretending to any nineteenth century cultivation, would not have been ashamed to own that a mediæval work of art, as such—a poem, a picture, a relic, a building, a chronicle of past days—exercised no more spell over him than the yellow cowslip did over the rude soul of Peter Bell? How many lisping ladies, we may be sure, were wont to echo Scott's genuine enthusiasm when lionizing visitors over the ruins of Melrose Abbey! "There is no telling," he used to say, "what treasures are hid in that glorious old pile. It is a famous place for antiquarian plunder. There are such rich bits of old-time sculpture for the architect, and old-time story for the poet. There is as rare picking in it as in a Stilton cheese; and in the same taste—the mouldier the better."*

Nevertheless, in 1812, Scott's own language on the new development of taste his days had witnessed bore something of the character of advocacy, as though its results were not yet fully credited with the world

at large. We allude to a prefatory essay in one of his republications of old literature.

"The present age," he says, "has been so distinguished for research into poetical antiquities, that the discovery of an unknown bard is, in certain chosen literary circles, held as curious as an augmentation of the number of fixed stars would be esteemed by astronomers. It is true, these 'blessed twinklers of the night,' are so far removed from us, that they afford no more light than serves barely to evince their existence to the curious investigator; and in like manner the pleasure derived from the revival of an obscure poet is rather in proportion to the rarity of his volume than to its merits; yet this pleasure is not inconsistent with reason and principle. We know by every day's experience the peculiar interest which the lapse of ages confers upon works of human art. The clumsy strength of the ancient castles, which, when raw from the hand of the builder, inferred only the oppressive power of the barons who reared them, is now broken by partial ruin into proper subjects for the poet or the painter. . . . The monastery, too, which was at first but a fantastic monument of the superstitious devotion of monarchs, or of the purple pride of fatened abbots, has gained, by the silent influence of antiquity, the power of impressing awe and devotion. . . . If such is the effect of time in adding interest to the labours of the architect, if partial destruction is compensated by the additional interest of that which remains, can we deny his exerting a similar influence upon those subjects which are sought after by the bibliographer and poetical antiquary? The obscure poet, who is detected by their keen research, may indeed have possessed but a slender portion of that spirit which has buoyed up the works of distinguished contemporaries during the course of centuries. Yet still his verses shall, in the lapse of time, acquire an interest which they did not possess in the eyes of his own generation. . . . The more attributes of antiquity is of itself sufficient to interest the fancy, by the lively and powerful train of associations which it awakens."*

If these observations upon the taste of the day, which take so much for granted that Bishop Percy dared only timidly to suggest, do notwithstanding appear somewhat trite to us fifty years later still, it is because the retrospective sentiment has become so much more a matter of course now, than it was even at the date of the publication of *Rokeby*.

We come now to the third stage of the assimilating process which we set out with describing; and as we have indicated Horace Walpole's as on the whole the most representative name in the first, or exploring

* See Washington Irving's *Recollections of Abbotsford*.

* See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. iii. p. 30.

stage, and that of Walter Scott as the greatest in the second, or inventive stage, so, if we were to point to any productions as especially marking the epoch when the ideas of the “Romantic” type of literature had become sufficiently inwoven with the mental texture of the age to afford material for the familiar allusions in which popular humour, fancy, or satire, are wont to be conveyed, we should have no hesitation in selecting the writings of Charles Lamb.

When Lamb published the earliest of his *Essays of Elia*, about 1820, the popularizing process had, it is evident, already made considerable advance. Imbued, as Lamb's mind was, with a haunting passion for old times and old-world fancies, he would have been an inexplicable whim and oddity to his generation, had not that generation become familiarized to a considerable extent with the ground over which his humour skimmed. Now Lamb can hardly be said to have possessed any strong turn for *medieval* imagery. He loved antiquity; but it was rather for its every-day life than for its romantic aspects, and principally for the genial traits of humanity he could detect in the deeds and sayings of other times. He was more at home in the metropolis than elsewhere; and more at home with the common doings of men than with their exalted feats of historic renown. His mind was steeped in Elizabethan literature, and in all that was odd and out of the way in that of the succeeding period. His quaint humour fed itself with perpetual references to the human life that had co-existed with those old folios on his love of which he was wont so enthusiastically to descant. As he walked the streets of London, the murky edifices on every side were to him full of sentiment and association. And here, if it is not too *Ruskinian* a classification, we are inclined to distinguish between an earlier and a later development of the retrospective taste, under the terms not indeed to be taken with too technical strictness—of the Romance of Stone and the Romance of Brick, and to assign the origin of the latter in great measure to the reveries of the visionary East India House clerk. The South Sea House and its official underlings, the Inner Temple and its old benchers, Christ's Hospital and its juvenile *alumni*—what congenial food did these and suchlike topics furnish to the fancy of Lamb! What a potent flavour of sentiment and romance do the mingled pathos and playfulness of his conceptions infuse into scenes and persons whom no partiality can characterize as in

themselves picturesque! Listen to the opening paragraphs of his essay on the South Sea House—“most musical, most melancholy:”—

“Reader, in thy passage from the Bank, where thou hast been receiving thy half-yearly dividend (supposing thou art a lean annuitant like myself), to the Flower Pot, to secure a place for Dalston, or Shacklewell, or some other thy suburban retreat northerly, didst thou never observe a melancholy-looking, handsome brick and stone edifice to the left, where Threadneedle Street abuts upon Bishopsgate? I dare say thou hast often admired its magnificent portals ever gaping wide, and disclosing to view a grave court, with cloisters and pillars, with few or no traces of goers-in or comers-out—a desolation something like Balclutha's.

“This was once a house of trade, a centre of busy interests. The throng of merchants was here—the quick pulse of gain—and here some forms of business are still kept up, though the soul be long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately porticoes, imposing staircases, offices roomy as the state apartments in palaces—deserted, or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks; the still more sacred interiors of court and committee-rooms, with venerable faces of beadles, doorkeepers, directors seated in form on solemn days (to proclaim a dead dividend), at long worm-eaten tables that have been mahogany, with tarnished gilt-leather coverings, supporting massy silver inkstands, long since dry; the oaken wainscots hung with pictures of deceased governors and sub-governors, of Queen Anne, and the two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty; huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated; dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams, and soundings of the Bay of Panama!”

Pertinent too it is to our present subject to remark the manner in which he proceeds to describe the personages whose forms mingle with these dreary memories of decadence. Their interest is made to depend, not on the abstract merits or peculiarities of each individual, but on these in an historic point of view, and purely as connected with their class-development. It is as a South Sea House clerk, and inhabitant of that gloomy tenement, not as a man in the more general sense, like the Eusebiuses and Ignotuses of our elder humorists, that we care to contemplate the insignificant Thomas Tame, with his stoop of condescension and inward sense of heraldic glory, or arithmetical John Tipp and his beloved “fractional farthing,” or epigrammatic Henry Man, or vocal, rattling Plumer. The romance in the background of all this “Balclutha” was the South Sea Bubble, blown and dis-

persed sixty years* before the degenerate days of which Lamb speaks, but which had once given life and importance to the desolate precincts.

It is beyond the scope of our present remarks to attempt any wider consideration of the effect which the modern retrospective impulse has produced on our literature,—most marked and varied in the fields of philology and history, where the industry of the pioneer has gone on side by side with the ingenuity of the constructor, the research which digs up the literary bones of past ages with the skill which adjusts and explains them, till literary "revival" has become almost methodized to a science. We confine ourselves here simply to the province of local description and allusion, as a special instance of the sort of sentiment produced by this powerful direction of intellectual sympathy.

We do not claim for Charles Lamb any special inventiveness in selecting this vein of humour to work in. It was, as we have shown, pointed out by the previous education of taste, and other writers may have been as early as he was in divining its capabilities. But what we do assign to him is the master-humorist's grace and fancy in handling this and other aspects of antiquarianism, and the first happy blending of them with the moralizing sportiveness proper to a popular philosopher. As a teacher in the school of moral æsthetics, he founded a class-room of his own, and other lecturers have not been slow to follow his method. That the particular composition of fancy which he initiated, does pervade our literature to a very great extent at the present day, will not be questioned. We do not mean that the one species of sentimental antiquarianism has extinguished the other, but only that the modern passion for retrospective dalliance has gone on enlarging its sphere, till, from at first embracing little save the monk-and-baron-haunted relics of the middle ages, it has come more recently to invest with a romance of its own every pile of human habitation connected with noticeable peculiarities of past life and character. It is in this department that Leigh Hunt—dubbed on other grounds the King of Cockneydom—distinguished himself, and that play is given to the fancies of so vast a company of sentimental topographers and biographers, and of hu-

morists more or less worthy of the title, in our day.* It is in this department especially that the genius of Charles Dickens has found its happiest exercise. Dickens's conceptions of individual character are extravagant and grotesque; but his sketches of locality, and of class life as connected with locality, are wonderfully graphic and powerful. That they abound in every volume of his writings it is unnecessary to state, for who is not well acquainted with undoubtedly the most popular serials of the serial-loving Victorian era? And that in the pedigree of literary ideas they owe their style and colouring to the previous inspiration of Charles Lamb, will be, we think, sufficiently obvious to any reader of such passages as the following, taken almost at random from the two earliest of his tales. The first is a description of London inns in the old days of the road, before the establishment of the fast-coach system, which, when *Pickwick* was written, had not yet broken down before the inexorable advance of steam and rail, though its days were already numbered, and its sphere contracted:—

"There are in London several old inns, once the head-quarters of celebrated coaches, in the days when coaches performed their journeys in a graver and more solemn manner than they do in these times, but which have now degenerated into little more than the abiding and booking-places of country waggons. The reader would look in vain for any of these ancient hostelries among the Golden Crosses and Bull and Mouths which rear their stately fronts in the improved streets of London. If he would light upon any of these old places, he must direct his steps to the obscurer quarters of the town; and there, in some secluded nooks, he will find several still standing with a kind of gloomy sturdiness amidst the modern innovations which surround them.

"In the Borough especially, there still remain some half-dozen old inns, which have preserved their external features unchanged, and which have escaped alike the rage for public improvement, and the encroachments of private speculation. Great, rambling, queer old places they are, with galleries and passages and staircases wide enough and antiquated enough to furnish materials for a hundred ghost-stories, supposing we should ever be reduced to the lamentable necessity of inventing any, and that the world should exist long enough to exhaust the innumerable veracious legends connected with old London Bridge, and its adjacent neighbourhood on the Surrey side."

* The first of Lamb's *Essays of Elia* was published about 1820. In that concerning the South Sea House, he says he is writing of his memories forty years back. The great year of the South Sea Bubble was, as every one knows, 1720.

* A glance, for instance, at the table of contents of such a book as Timbs's *Walks and Talks about London* (1865,) will show how fertile a branch of the "bookmaker's" stock-in-trade the popular taste for antiquities supplies.

Next let us glance at a sketch, in the true retrospective-picturesque, of an out-of-the-way square in the metropolis. The humour — of which we have space to give an inadequate notion only — is distinguished from that of Lamb by being broader, more farical, less quaintly meditative; but it bears a like reference to the accessories of place and association: —

"Although a few members of the graver professions live about Golden Square, it is not exactly in anybody's way to or from anywhere. It is one of the squares that have been; a quarter of the town that has gone down in the world and taken to letting lodgings.

"In that quarter of London in which Golden Square is situated, there is a bygone, faded-tumble-down street, with two irregular rows of tall, meagre houses, which seem to have stared each other out of countenance years ago. The very chimneys appear to have grown dismal and melancholy, from having nothing better to look at than the chimneys over the way. Their tops are battered, and broken, and blackened with smoke; and here and there some taller stack than the rest, inclining heavily to one side, and toppling over the roof, seems to meditate taking revenge for half a century's neglect, by crushing the inhabitants of the garrets beneath. The fowls who peck about the kennels, jerking their bodies hither and thither with a gait which none but town fowls are ever seen to adopt, and which any country cock or hen would be puzzled to understand, are perfectly in keeping with the crazy habitations of their owners.

"To judge from the size of the houses, they have been at one time tenanted by persons of better condition than their present occupants; but they are now let off by the week in floors or rooms, and every door has almost as many plates or bell-handles as there are apartments within. The windows are for the same reason sufficiently diversified in appearance, being ornamented with every variety of common blind and curtain that can easily be imagined; while every doorway is blocked up and rendered nearly impassable by a motly collection of children and porter pots of all sizes, from the baby in arms and the half-pint pot, to the full-grown girl and half-gallon can."

And here we would revert to the earlier portion of our argument, and take occasion, from examples such as these, to remind the reader how different from anything to be found in the works of our elder wits and essayists is the tone of humour adopted by these favourite popular writers of our day — different just in this attribute of local sentiment and association. To make the contrast more appreciable, we recommend the reader to turn to two numbers of the famous periodical already so often cited.

We cannot dip into the pages of the *Spectator*, and not perceive that Addison was as true a lover of the London of his time as Charles Lamb was at a later epoch, and felt, like that delightful writer, and others who have caught his spirit, the genuine humourist's delight in speculating upon life and character in spots where men do congregate, and the humourist's solace in forgetting the burden of self-contemplation in sympathy for the moving crowds. Some of his pleasantest papers are descriptive of the population and the localities as he knew them. Thus, in one he sketches the distinctive politics of the different quarters of the metropolis. A report being spread of the death of Louis XIV., whose wars and ambitions had made him as great a bugbear to England then, as a mightier conqueror on the throne of France became a century afterwards, the short-faced gentleman takes occasion to visit the various coffee-houses of the town and city. At St. James's he finds an inner knot of theorists collected round the steam of the coffee-pot, disposing of the whole Spanish monarchy, and providing for all the line of Bourbon in less than a quarter of an hour. At St. Giles's a board of disaffected French gentlemen "sit" upon the life and death of the *Grand Monarque*, and discuss their own and their friend's chances of re-established fortunes from his demise. At Will's, the resort of wits and authors, the names of Boileau, Racine, and Corneille, are brought in with reference to the event, and regrets are expressed that they had not lived to lament it in fitting elegies. At a coffee-house near the Temple two young lawyers debate *pro* and *con*, with professional acumen, the claims to the Spanish succession, of the Emperor of Austria, and the Duke of Anjou. In Fish Street, the fishmonger politician anticipates an improved sale of pilchards in consequence of the event. In Cheapside, the bank-speculator laments his recent sale out of the Funds, which the French monarch's death would infallibly send upwards; and so on. The scenery in the background, the London haunts specified, had, it is evident, their charm for Addison, but it was an unconscious charm; to make them matter of definite literary description would not have occurred to him as relevant to the tastes of his readers. It was on the figures of the piece that the beholder's eye was to be riveted; the localities were dashed in as necessary but subordinate adjuncts. And the same remark applies to another paper to which, for a moment, we invite the reader's attention, where he narrates a peregrination

by boat and coach through the thoroughfares of the metropolis, and describes the different classes of the population, high and low, pursuing their several avocations during several portions of the twenty-four hours. "The hours of the day and night are taken up in the cities of London and Westminster by people as different from each other as those who are born in different centuries. Men of six of the clock give way to those of nine; they of nine to the generation of twelve; and they of twelve disappear and make room for the fashionable world, who have made two of the clock the noon of the day." It is a really graphic description: the fleet of market-gardeners plying the river with their goods for sale; the night hackney-coachmen dispersing in the Strand; the young fruit-buyers jostling each other in Covent Garden; the eager bustle of the Exchange; the ragged ballad-singer at the corner of Warwick Street; the fine ladies flaunting from shop to shop through St. James's Street and Long Acre. And it is precisely the material which supplies food for what we have called the "romance of brick" in our days; for the men and women of Queen Anne's time have for us that very ancestral prestige which we think so much of, and their haunts are consecrated ground to our fancy. But the description itself, as penned by Addison, was not inspired by any analogous sentiment. For aught that we can see, the contemplative moralist of the eighteenth century's morning, never spent a thought or a care on what his forefathers of the Tudor and Stuart days, not to mention times more remote, ordinarily imagined or enacted in the scenes through which his own daily footsteps led him. Or if such thoughts may have suggested themselves from time to time, it would seem that, not having been yet worked up into literary "staple," they were considered wholly inappropriate to be put forth in works designed to attract the popular sympathies. It might be curious matter of speculation, perhaps, to guess how many and what kind of thoughts even now float before the twilight moods of our mind, which make no present impression, but belong to a class of ideas destined to form the literary "staple" of another age. But this by the way. We think it is very evident, as regards our eighteenth century ancestors aforesaid, that the estimate they formed of their relation to *their* ancestors, was, on the whole, that of a self-satisfied superiority, which scorned any reference to the past, as possessing, in the mere fact of its historical existence, special grounds for our sympathy

or curiosity. On this subject Johnson himself was, in some moods of his pugnacious mind, very little of a philosopher. "Great abilities," he said, "are not requisite for an historian, for in historical composition all the greatest powers of the human mind are quiescent. He has facts ready to his hand, so that there is no exercise of invention. Imagination is not required in any high degree, — only about as much as is used in the lower kinds of poetry. Some penetration, accuracy, and colouring will fit a man for the task, if he can give the application which is necessary."* He would have been content with Faust's summary of the matter which constitutes history: —

"Ein Kehrrichtfasz und eine Rumpelkammer,
Und höchstens eine Haupt-und Staatsaction,
Mit trefflichen pragmatischen Maximen,
Wie sie den Puppen wohl im Munde ziemen."

Once more. Of Addison's graver essays none has been more vaunted for its solemn grace than that on visiting the tombs in Westminster Abbey. But in reading it one cannot fail to mark how devoid its tone and treatment are of any of the antiquarian sentiment professed by the moralists of our time. The thoughts which the contemplation of that venerable pile suggest to Addison, grand and impressive thoughts though they are, have reference to mortality in the general sense, in its moral and religious aspects only; local or historical circumstance have no place in them, save as enlarging the accessories of time and space within which the philosopher regards our human fate. The sermon is in the buried dust, but not in the stones which encase it.

Still there were places, and there were occasions, which could hardly fail to awaken in some measure the dormant instinct of romantic association with the older chapters of English life, even in those non-retroverting days; and it will not perhaps be without amusement to exhibit somewhat in detail a comparison of sentiment between successive observers on visiting the most famous and venerable and picturesque of all our provincial cities; the home of Britain's choicest learning, from the first dawning rays of the middle ages to the broad daylight of these latter times; the seat of "that ancient institution," to use the recent words of one of her most gifted sons while smarting from her unkindness, where are "represented, more nobly perhaps, and more conspicuously than in any other place, at any rate with more remarkable concentration, the most promi-

* *Life*, by Boswell (Croker's edition), vol. i. p. 438.

nent features that relate to the past of England."* Sir Richard Steele's description of his visit to Oxford, with which we begin, is, as might be anticipated, the least coloured by any tincture of antiquarian sentiment; but then it should be mentioned that his purpose in this essay is ironical, and is properly a satire upon certain ill-maintained pretensions to learning in the academicians of his day:—

"As I am called forth by the immense love I bear to my fellow-creatures, and the warm inclination I feel within me, to stem as far as I can, the prevailing torrent of vice and ignorance, so I cannot more properly pursue that noble impulse than by setting forth the excellency of virtue and knowledge in their native and beautiful colours. For this reason I made my late excursion to Oxford, where those qualities appear in their highest lustre, and are the only pretences to honour and distinction. Superiority is there given in proportion to men's advancement in wisdom and learning; and that just rule of life is so universally received among those happy people, that you shall see an Earl walk bareheaded to the son of the meanest artificer, in respect to seven years' more worth and knowledge than the nobleman is possessed of. In other places they bow to men's fortunes, but here to their understandings. It is not to be expressed how pleasing the order, the discipline, the regularity of their lives is to a philosopher who has by many years' experience in the world, learned to condemn anything but what is revered in this mansion of select and well-taught spirits. The magnificence of their palaces, the greatness of their revenues, the sweetness of their groves and retirements, seem equally adapted for the residence of princes and philosophers; and a familiarity with objects of splendour, as well as places of recess, prepares the inhabitants with an equanimity for their future fortunes, whether humble or illustrious. How was I pleased when I looked round at St. Mary's, and could, in the faces of the ingenuous youth, see ministers of state, chancellors, bishops, and judges! Here only is human life! Here only the life of man is a rational being! Here men understand, and are employed in works worthy their noble nature. This transitory being passes away in an employment not unworthy of a future state,—the contemplation of the great decrees of Providence. Each man lives as if he were to answer the questions made to Job: 'Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?' Who shut up the sea with doors, and said, Hitherto thou shalt come and no farther? Such speculations make life agreeable, make death welcome."†

Next we have Pope describing, in somewhat ornate and careful language, a visit

to Oxford from Nuneham, Lord Harcourt's seat, where at times he was wont to reside. Pope assuredly was not without the poetic sympathy which yearns towards the past; but to him it was an emotion calling for elaborate display, scarcely the overflow of habitual thought:—

"The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw; by whose solemn light I paced on slowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford, all the bells toll'd in different notes; the clocks of every college answered one another, and sounded forth (some in a deeper, some a softer tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since, among old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticoes, studious walks, and solitary scenes of the university. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary to be as mere a book-worm as any there. I conformed myself to the college hours, was rolled up in books, lay in one of the most ancient, dusky parts of the university, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the desert. If anything was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity, such as even these good men used to entertain when the monks of *their own order* extolled their piety and abstraction. For I found myself received with a sort of respect, which this idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own species, who are as considerable here as the busy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world."*

The next pilgrim we summon from the land of shades is Horace Walpole, writing in 1753. The spirit of retrospective sympathy is conspicuously at work in the sentences in which he sums up his observations:—

"On my way I dined at Park Place, and lay at Oxford. As I was quite alone, I did not care to see anything; but as soon as it was dark I ventured out, and the moon rose as I was wandering through the colleges, and gave me a charming venerable Gothic scene, which was not lessened by the monkish appearance of the old Fellows stealing to their pleasures. . . . The whole air of the town charms me; and what remains of the true Gothic *un-Gibbs'd* and the profusion of painted glass, were entertainment enough to me. . . . We passed four days most agreeably, and I believe saw more antique holes and corners than Tom Hearne did in threescore years. You know my rage for Oxford. If King's College would not take it ill, I don't know but I should retire thither, and profess Jacobitism, that I might enjoy some venerable set of chambers."

* Pope's *Letters*, I. 133.

* Gladstone's speech at the South Lancashire election, July 18, 1865.
Tatler, No. 39.

Lastly, let us linger and dream with mellifluous Lamb, and hear him, in his own unrivalled music, declare the nature of the spell which gave the glory to his vision:—

"To such a one as myself, who has been defrauded in his young years of the sweet food of academic institution, nowhere is so pleasant to while away a few idle weeks at, as one or other of the universities. Their vacation too, at this time of the year, falls so pat with ours. Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please. I seem admitted *ad eundem*. I fetch up past opportunities. I can rise at the chapel-bell, and dream that it rings for me. In moods of humility, I can be a sizar, or a servitor. When the peacock vein rises, I strut a gentleman-commoner. In graver moments, I proceed Master of Arts. Indeed, I do not think I am much unlike that respectable character. I have seen your dim-eyed vergers, and bed-makers in spectacles, drop a bow or curtsy as I pass, wisely mistaking me for something of the sort. I go about in black which favours the notion. Only in Christ Church reverend quadrangle, I can be content to pass for nothing short of a scraphic doctor.

"The walks at these times are so much one's own—the tall trees of Christ's, the groves of Magdalen! The halls deserted, and with open doors, inviting one to slip in unperceived, and pay a devoir to some founder, or noble, or royal benefactress (that should have been ours), whose portrait seems to smile upon their overlooked beadsman, and to adopt me for their own. Then to take a peep in by the way at the butteries and sculleries, redolent of antique hospitality; the immense caves of kitchens, kitchen fireplaces, cordial recesses; ovens whose first pies were baked four centuries ago, and spits which have cooked for Chaucer. Not the meanest minister among the dishes but is hallowed to me through his imagination, and the cook goes forth a mangle.

"Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou?—that, being nothing, art everything! When thou wert, thou wert not antiquity; thou wert nothing, but hadst a remoter antiquity, as thou calledst it, to look back to with blind veneration; thou thyself being to thyself flat. *jeune, modern!* What mystery lurks in this retroversion? or what half-Janusæ are we that cannot look forward with the same idolatry which we for ever revert! The mighty future is as nothing, being everything! the past is everything, being nothing!"*

From what has been said, it will be evident, we apprehend that the sympathetic interest in the past which Lamb thus eloquently describes, had been a growing taste since the middle of the eighteenth century, and was not wholly the result of that start-

ling catastrophe which is wont to stand between literary historians as the great gulf fixed between old-world and modern ways of thinking. That it was helped forward and received a more definite character by that event we do not dispute. Undoubtedly the overthrow of old institutions and authoritative creeds did tend in imaginative natures, to endue past things and persons with that tincture of romance to which the prosaic present seldom attains. But the mine had been opened; revived Gothicism had won its disciples; the rising literature of Germany, with all its fascinating mysteries of chivalry and legend, would have found its vent, war or no war. We should have missed some inspired flights, some kindling imaginations. On the other hand, we might have antedated the calmer investigations of a later day. "ANTIQUITY, THOU WONDROUS CHARM!" we should still have exclaimed, with Charles Lamb.

And will not the time come when antiquity too shall have ceased to exert its witching spell? Not, indeed, on the most imaginative minds, on those to whom the past, the present, and the future each possess imperishable sources of ideal power, but on the multitude who think their thoughts at second hand, and require a certain amount of freshness in the groundwork of their mental entertainment. Does not the rapid disappearance of one after another crazy monument of the elder days, and the re-clothing in modern brilliancy of others, point to a time when present inventiveness will be all in all, past achievements nothing? Even now, when wandering through the aisles of some renovated cathedral, or witnessing, in some specimen of nineteenth-century Gothic, the imitative skill of a Pugin or a Scott, is it the retrospective sentiment that kindles in us the most, or is it the admiration of tact and design in the adaptations that have supplied former decay, and raised the old art to life in modern combinations? New houses of Parliament have sprung up where the old halls of St. Stephen's once stood. New offices are displacing the dingy tenements where Walpole and Bolingbroke once swayed the destinies of Britain. Trim railway stations obliterate the memory of old-world hostleries, and steam movement gives travellers scant time or opportunity to think on local traditions, or anything save the business of the passing moment and the prospects of the future. And so the lingering fancy that dwells among the ghosts of dead generations may— it is no impossible contingency—cease one day to fascinate

* Essay on Oxford in the Vacation.

the busy world. Nay, will the genuine faculty of humour itself find the leisure which seems indispensable to its subsistence, when the culminating point shall have been reached of that material civilization which, though now it aids and impels discovery of earth's buried secrets, threatens in its own imperious demands to absorb more and more man's small span of life and force of brain in the schemes and competitions of the moment?

WHY DOST THOU WAIT?

Poor, trembling lamb! Ah, who outside the fold

Has bid thee stand, all weary as thou art?
Dangers around thee, and the bitter cold
Creeping and growing to thine inmost heart;
Who bids thee wait till some mysterious feeling,
Thou knowest not what—perchance may never know—

Shall find thee where in darkness thou art kneeling,

And fill thee with a rich and wondrous glow
Of love and faith; and change to warmth and light

The chill and darkness of thy spirit's night?

For miracles like this, who bids thee wait?

Behold, "the Spirit and the Bride say 'Come.'"

The tender Shepherd opens wide the gate,
And in His love would gently lead thee home.
Why shouldst thou wait? Long centuries ago,

Thou timid lamb, the Shepherd paid for thee.
Thou art His own. Wouldst thou His beauty know,

Nor trust the love which yet thou canst not see?

Thou hast not learned this lesson to receive;
More blessed are they who see not, yet believe.

Still dost thou wait for feeling? Dost thou say,

"Fain would I love and trust, but hope is dead.

I have no faith, and without faith, who may
Rest in the blessing which is only shed
Upon the faithful? I must stand and wait."

Not so. The Shepherd does not ask of thee
Faith in thy faith, but only faith in Him.

And this He meant in saying, "Come to Me."

In light or darkness seek to do His will,
And leave the work of faith to Jesus still.

—Church Journal.

From the Eclectic Review.

THE GAYWORTHYS.*

WE wish to write our most appreciative word of this admirable and unexceptionable book. We feel while we read it that a new master of fiction has arisen, and some aspects of the book compel us to regard it as the most helpful and purposeful story we remember for a long time to have read. It is possible that to some of our readers these terms of commendation will be rather deterring than inviting. Fictions with a purpose are very often exactly the books to which one makes up a purpose to give a wide berth. Yet within the last few years we have had many exceptions to such fears. Mr. Kingsley's finest fictions were written eminently with a purpose, and the vast and disproportionate structures of *Les Misérables* were all wrought together by a purpose. It would be idle to lay the finger on other manifold illustrations. It sometimes, however, seems to us that all sorts of social ideas and theories, may find their vent, and fulfil themselves, through the pages of fiction. But when some writer seeks by the same means to set the distractions of nature and life as fine discords into a great religious harmony, the purpose is suspected and denounced as inartistic and religious cant. Hence a popular idea prevails — prevails very extensively, too, among religious folk — that while fiction is permissible as a recreation when separated from religious aims, it becomes disgusting when subjected to them. Certain orders of religious writers have themselves something to answer for in this matter. Religious stories are usually quite as dreary trash as the dreariest of the stuff Mr. Newby's press pours yearly through the third rate circulating libraries, for the delight of the brainless and heartless daughters of our watering places. There are, however, fine exceptions to the general dreary desultoriness of religious novels; but we are disposed to regard *The Gayworthys* as the finest of all. It is full of nature — the scenery of woods, and hills, and farms, and hearts, and souls. It is full of radiant and kindly humour; and now and then the author shows that the teeth of wit might not be wanting, only that all things and characters are beheld in such an earnest, but human, and pitying, and holy light. There is plenty of experience here, innumerable passages which reveal what the writer knows and has felt.

Secret places of the heart are entered, secret chamber doors thrown open, closets where skeletons are kept, and little drawers where the *souvenirs* of life are preserved. The book has taken possession of us. We perceive that it is a book for much-enduring usefulness. We implore the publishers to get it as speedily as possible into some pleasant portable, cheap edition. We shall often think of it ourselves when we want to make some little book present. There is not a word in it that can do harm, and there are hundreds of strokes of the happy pen that you feel sure must do good. The sweet, quiet power of New England farms and villages floats over the pages like breezes from rural and sylvan scenes; pleasant, too, tantalizing suggestive hints of the deeds done in New England farm-house kitchens, quite impossible, we fear, to our culinery and epicurian ways; how the heart becomes strong and clear in the presence of lonely trials, winding chambers of old-world houses, with their snow-wreath-like sheets in the bed-chamber, and their bright, if blunt, talk in the household room, pictures of the quiet boat shooting down the river, of travellers lost in the solitudes of all but impassable and inaccessible mountain chains; what hearts think in the still church, bearing their own burden, while the minister talks his big words in the same building, but in reality ever so many leagues away; the little village, republic of farms, suddenly brought into the neighbourhood of noisy ships on stormy and adventurous seas, and this with all the strife and the attainment of virtue and piety, the wearing sense of disappointment and wonder, the cark and care of secret sin; human strength and human weakness in neighbourhood and in conflict: — all these in foreground and in back-ground spread out by the artist on the canvas, form one of the most delightful unities, one of the most perfect, and sense and soul-satisfying pictures upon which, through such pages, it has been our lot to look, or our happiness to enjoy. We cannot doubt that while the stream of books and fictions flows on, bearing its annual tribute to oblivion, this will hold a steady place for many years on the shelves of the bookseller; constantly in request, because giving with such charming vivacity, and *natveté* of genius, purity, and piety, if not the answer, the rendering into so clear a light as sometimes to produce the effect of a reply, those questions, those trials, and irritations, and wants of the human heart which, while we in our conceit fancy to be almost the sole inheritance of our generation and age, are, in fact, the property of all thought-

* *The Gayworthys: a Story of Threads and Thrums.* By the Author of *Faith Gartney's Girlhood.* 2 vols. Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

ful and sensitive natures, smitten with the painful sense of the disproportion of what they are, with what they seek—the disproportion of the immense and costly furniture of the soul, with the little round and cabin in which it has to content itself with setting up the furniture which it feels to have the richness of the gilding of eternity.

Our American cousins are singular people, and they are singular in the stories they tell us; certainly, we fear that we are not likely, in some respects, to send them back as good as they give us. We do not mean in the great masters of letters—no Bulwer, no Thackeray, even in the productions of the present—but we fall short in pictures like those conjured up in *The Gayworthys*. We know that we have such living, and feeling, and doing, but our great literary artists find it altogether beneath their condescension to describe such ways. In truth, the want of our English storytelling is happy, innocent homeliness. Town-life is the chief ingredient in our novels—town-life frequently of not a very lovely or lovable character; the pleasant torture chambers of lawyers' offices, the excitements and denouements of a Brighton rendezvous, the bewitchingly maudlin entanglements of high life, unnatural inventions and complications, sheer impossibilities made to harrow the sensitive reader like a ghost. Our rage for reality makes us utterly unnatural and unreal, so that one of the greatest masters of realism in romance now amongst us, and certainly perhaps its most popular representative, is one of our most unnatural writers. For nature, we have often said, is not to be represented by walking up and down either Fleet Street, Regent Street, or Brighton esplanade; the characters so introduced are natural enough to their degree, but they are wanting in the unconventional freedom of action. We do not take much pleasure in reciting and making an inventory of all the items of a lawyer's office; the inventory may be real enough when made, but what does it all come to? Our writers of fiction seem to delight in all but impossible social complications, and utterly impossible dilemmas of character. Compared with these, the volumes before us are marked by a simple yet sharp naturalness of delineation. Indeed, it may be most fairly assumed that characters become interesting as their experiences are placed beyond the mere visible conventional and sensual round of life. It is true enough that great multitudes never have a life beyond such low and limited knowledge; but it cannot be a very eleva-

ting task either to note it or describe it, and certainly not to fill whole volumes with it. Among the professors of natural science and history, there are arachnologists—gentlemen who devote themselves to the study of the ways and varieties of spiders—so others may devote themselves to the study of the ways and varieties of reptile or simious tribes. There are observers of human nature who seem to imitate them, and construct the pages and scenes of fiction out of the least and lowest aims of which human nature is capable. Man's nature—in which we include woman's too—is tested by the power and the pressure upon him of invisible worlds and spiritual motives, and if the development of the serene lives of the lords of the *table d'hôte* and the dressing-room, and the fine ladies of jewellery, drapery, and fashion, reveals the lowest side—the laughable and comic side—of our nature,—religion, with its teachings, and anxieties, and hopes, reveals the highest. And here is a cooling and charming picture:—

Only the dock always grows beside the nettle. It is God who takes care of that. Aunt Rebecca, in her white dress, with her pure gentle young face, came out to the door-stone and stood behind Sarah.

The pleasant south wind was blowing through the great maples that stood in a row between the road and the chip-yard; the scent of early roses came up from the low flower-garden, to which a white gate and a few rough stone steps led in and down straight opposite the door. Further on, beside the drive that wound with sudden slope around the garden, to the right, toward the great barns, stood the long trough, hewn from a tree-trunk, and holding clear cold water that flowed incessantly into it through a wooden duct, of halved and hollowed saplings, leading from a spring in the hillside, away up behind the house. Here a yoke of tired cattle were drinking,—the ploughboy standing patiently beside; close by the great creatures' heads, upon the trough-rim, perched fearless chickens, dipping their yellow bills; and underneath and around, in the merry, unfailling puddles, splashed and quackled the ducks. The bright June sun, genial, not scorching, hung in the afternoon sky. There were birds in the maple trees, and the very grass about the door-stone was full of happy life.

Very different indeed are the human forms which pass in succession through this pleasant book. The bright and wise Joanna Gayworthy is full of things very pleasant to hear or to see in print, and if sometimes sufficiently shrewd, never cruel nor sharp, although she "don't know what some saints would do if there "wasn't a

world round them lying in wickedness," and feels aggravated with the perfections of Mrs. Prouty, who makes the "rest of the world to be an offset to her righteousness" —

"She's so faithful among the faithless, and always in such a small way! She darns her stockings, — Wednesday nights, — on the right side; and it isn't evangelical to darn them on the wrong. And not to get the clothes dried on Monday, when her wash is over, is nothing less than Antichrist. It's mint, anise, and cummin, — gnats and needle's eyes. There isn't any room for Christian sympathy. And then look at Mrs. Fairbrother, with her whining ways and beautiful submission to her troubles and "chastenings." Other people are chastened too, I suppose. But she believes Providence keeps a special rod in pickle for her, and doesn't do much else of importance, but discipline and pity her. I'm tired of going about among such people."

A fine character, moulded by faith and common-sense, is Joanna Gayworthy, fighting her battle of life, with the great blank future opening itself before her. Poor Joanna! her soliloquy, with its slight shade of disappointment, its heavy heart of grief and little dash of bitterness, is very characteristic, and we suppose that many lovely and estimable women have indulged in some such half-humorous and altogether sad feelings: —

"I should like to know how people come to bear their lives." It was in this wise she began the fight. "A whole winter, shut up there, with Jazaniah Hoogs! Ten, twenty, sixty winters, perhaps." Joanna gave a little gasping scream to herself at the imagination. "And there's Prue. And Jane isn't much better, whatever she supposes. And I wonder what I'm coming to. I shall have Betsy for a while, maybe. She's all I've got; and then, somehow, she'll slip away from me, as she did just now; she's too good for us, I'm afraid; or perhaps some *providing missionary will come along, as they do in the memoirs, and carry her off to the tigers and anacondas.* And then I shall take care of father; but I can't keep him for ever; and Gershom 'll grow up and go away, and Prue 'll go after him; and I'm tough, and I shall live through it all, and grow fat — *that's what it turns to with people like me* — and nobody 'll really know anything about it, or care for me; and I shall be 'old Miss Gayworthy' for forty years after I shall wish I was dead and gone. Well! the world must always be full of 'other folks,' I suppose, and I shall be one of 'em, that's all."

This is the great charm of the book, its deep faith in the providential ordering of human lives; that "the whole creation travaileth with us, and all our minutest

relations are adjusted lest a single human soul should lose its wonderful balance and consciousness, and be lost." Yet the author says, after reciting the sweetly pathetic stories of the two old maid sisters, Rebecca and Joanna Gayworthy: —

I have not done with my two young sisters. But this — the story of their youth — is told. Many a life-story ends, to human knowledge, as abruptly. Fate does not round and finish all in the first few years of mortal experience. Things don't go on in eventful succession, day by day, in the real years, as they do, page by page, in a novel. God gives us intervals; and we can neither skip nor turn the leaves faster than they write themselves. Threads drop midway in the web, and only the Heavenly Weaver can find or reunite them. We wait, and grow grey with waiting, for the word, the seeming accident, the trifle that may — or may never, — He knows — come into the monotony of our chilled existence, and alter it all for us; joining a living fibre once again, that may yet thrill with joy, to that we lost, far back in the old past, wherein it throbbed so keenly.

But you will know, now, as you see them so, while younger lives press forward to the front, and claim the fresher interest, — how it came to pass, that, years after, there were these two maiden sisters counting uneventful days in the old home at Hilbury.

All that most people knew was, that "there had been once, folks thought, a sort of kindness between Gabriel Hartshorne and Joanna Gayworthy, but it never came to anything; and after his father's mind failed, and his mother died, he seemed to give up all thoughts of marrying, and just settled down to takin' care of the old man and looking after the farm. As to Rebecca, she never *was* any way like other young people. She was a born saint, if the Lord ever made one."

This hints to our reader the kind of life and character drawn in these volumes, and he will perceive how different they are from those flourishing and romantic complications, conventional sensationalism, which most of our English novelists encourage: —

Therefore, you need not expect, O devourer of high-flown and deep-laid romance, to find in these pages profound mysteries, diabolical contrivance, unheard-of wrongs, and a general crash of retribution and ecstasy at the end. Yet, in ever so simple a New England family, there may be privacies and secrets; there may be conflicting interests; the tempter may find a cranny wherethrough to whisper, beguiling souls, by mean motives, to questionable acts. "There is a great deal of human nature in the world," and it isn't all over the water, where there are lords and ladies, and manorial estates; for upwards of two centuries it has been grow-

ing in these New England hills, and bringing forth fruit after its kind. Besides, even among the granite, gold does gather; and the well-harvested results of two careful lives may present an aggregate at last not at all to be despised, even in its distribution according to a law which recognizes no closer sonship in the first child than in the ninth.

We suspect the author of *The Gayworthys* to be a woman; perhaps the evidence is unmistakable — passages such as none but a feminine hand could have penned, a knowledge of the delicate casuistries, we may say coquettings, of women's hearts, which if a man had written, he would not have rendered with the exquisite, and sensitive, and unmocking appreciation and sympathy with which they are rendered here. Moreover, the women assuredly get the best of it. Say Gair is a glorious girl, noble and beautiful enough to set any young fellow's heart dancing at a dangerous pace, very natural withal; quite a heroine, and not so much so as to be —

A creature all too bright and good,
For human nature's daily food.

That Gershom, admirably and naturally as he is created and drawn, giving pith and wholeness to the story; a sort of character to be met with in any street, that Gershom — we say, we do not like a hard, barbaric type of character; a sort of fellow to break mothers' and grandfathers' hearts, and to fancy it is somebody else's fault; a flinty young atheist who repels many fine teachings given to him, represses many fine instincts within him, but worst of all, has the power to repress and cast off the fine and noble healthfulness of heart of his cousin, Say Gair. Perhaps nothing makes one more irate with a character than to see it brought beneath the visible influence of an almost Divine nobleness of nature and to be insensible to it, and to charge it in a way with working its miracles of sweetness through Beelzebub. The characters of the two stand in a fine, sharp, photographic contrast as they are together, having lost their way on the grand summits, passing over the "East Spur of Old Boarback." The scenery was of wild, bare, mountain magnificence; among the mysteries of cliff and chasm, and solid heights piled up, with unexplored ravines and pathless woods, the noble girl felt herself quietly and devoutly elevated; thought how grand and high the world was, how awful, with its hidden places and great mountains, waste lands, and acres of wild, bare, untamable granite — "no-

body's land but God's!" The vast sublimity of texts of Scripture flashed across the mind of the beautiful young Puritan girl. Over and over she kept saying them to herself with a nice perception: — "Say," said Gershom —

"Say! What are you thinking about?"

Say hesitated a second, and then answered.

"The strength of the hills." I never knew what it was before."

"Well, what is it now?"

Gershom asked somewhat curiously. He had not caught the precise thread of her musing. She had not quoted all the words.

"The force that is holding all these rocks together, with such a might, and keeps them up in their terrible places, particle by particle, you know."

"Cohesion, yes; and gravitation."

"That's what it says in the philosophies. But Gershom, what is cohesion?"

"You said, one of the forces of nature."

"But those are only names. Gershom, is it something living? Is it God? — working His work — right here, and everywhere?" Her voice lowered timidly and awfully.

"I don't know." The young man's answer was a little constrained.

Say was out of herself for the moment. She forgot to be ruled; the press of a high thought was upon her, that she would not have uttered without urging, that, being urged, must be uttered in full.

"The strength of the hills is His also," she repeated, slowly. "It reminded me of that. And it seems to mean a living strength. Like ours, that is in us."

Gershom looked round in Say's face. It was turned away from him, and up toward the towering mass that lay beside and behind them, filling the whole north-western sky with its heights of gloom.

She was in earnest, then, and this was a real thought of hers. There was something curious about this child, with her bronze boots, and her "behaviour;" with her grown-up elegance, that he called frippery and sham; her refinements, that seemed to him, often, grapples as he was with realities, the flimsiest of affectations, beneath which nothing real and true could be.

* * * * *

But here was a sudden, spontaneous recognition of "something living." Something living in the dead rock; something living in the old words that sung their mountain psalm to the world three thousand years ago.

Against his will, there was something living touched in the sailor's soul. And against this came up the perplexity, the doubt of a hard life, among hard, suffering lives.

"The strength of the hills is a very pitiless strength." This was what he said to her, after that silent look, in answer.

There came a shadow and a questioning over

the face that turned now and met his look with its own. She waited for more. She hardly understood.

"If you or I had fallen from the cliff among these rocks, what would their forces have done for us?"

"Crushed us." The words came with a low horror in their tone.

"Pitilessly. I said so."

"I don't know." Say spoke slowly in her turn, using his own words, pausing between the syllables.

"No; we don't know. The world is full of awful strength, and men run against it everywhere, like helpless things, and are crushed. If the rocks are pitiless, the sea seems worse. The rocks wait, but the sea rushes after you, and beats upon you, and fights for your life. Then think of all the waste places, where beasts and savages howl, and tear, and torture each other. And safe people, in quiet little villages, sit together in comfortable meeting-houses, dressed up to please each other, and talk about God! and think they understand something about him! Handfuls of people in little corners of the great world! And the wars, and the tempests, and the starvings and burnings, and drownings and curings are going on, all over it, at the self-same time!"

Say had no reply for this for an instant. It was too dreadful in its doubt and its darkness; too overwhelming with its outside force of truth.

"But," she said, presently, "God must be there. He is everywhere. You believe it, don't you, Gershom?"

"I suppose I do. I suppose I believe pretty much what other people do. But I can't settle everything by rule and line as they do. I don't know much; and I see terrible mysteries in the world."

Say sat, and thought silently. All at once she brightened.

"But these are mysteries of nature, and dangers of men's bodies. There's the soul; and God's soul is behind His strength, as men's are behind theirs."

"You'd better not talk to me, Say, about these things. I don't know altogether what I do think; and I have some thoughts you mightn't be the better of."

"O Gershie!" was on Say's lips to cry. But she had an instinctive knowledge that with the first symptom of personal feeling the talk would be over, and she could not have it end just so.

She was silent, but she did not stir. Gershom waited her movement, and she made none. She sat and looked still at the great mountain, with its hidden, living strength.

"It must be all right!" The words escaped her at length, half involuntarily.

"I wonder what you'd said about men's souls if you'd seen the things I have!" This came, an utterance almost as involuntary, out of Gershom's silent thinking.

Say sat still, and answered never a word. Silence draws sometimes more than speech.

"Grinding, and persecution, and treachery, and meanness, and every sin and shame that has a name, or if too bad for one!"

"You must have seen horrible things, Gershom," said Say, in a suppressed tone. "But haven't you seen good things sometimes, too? I know you have."

Here, again, there was more upon her lips that she dared not speak. His own brave, noble doings were quick in her mind, warm at her heart; but Gershom would "pshaw!" if she breathed of these to him, and that would end everything at once with a cold revulsion.

"They were like light in a great darkness," said Gershom, moodily.

"But you say you have not lived at home. You have seen the hardest part of life."

"I've seen the largest part. And I've found out something about homes, and your good Christian people, too!" he added with the old, bitter sneer. "I tell you, it's a fine thing, and an easy thing, of a pleasant Sunday in a comfortable church, between a good breakfast and dinner, with every nerve at rest, to believe pretty things about God and religion. But what if you were hungry, and had no home? What if your bones were crushed, and if you were lying in some hospital, and nobody cared for you, and they only counted you 'a bed'? I've seen men so, — shipmates. What if your whole life was nothing but one great pain?"

There was a hush again, till Say said, tremulously and humbly, speaking beyond herself and her little experience, surely that which was given her, for herself, and for that other soul also, —

"I don't know; unless I found that God was in the pain, too!"

"But suppose" — Gershom went on remorselessly now, swayed by his own bitter impulse of doubt born of the hard things he had seen and suffered — "suppose you'd been deceived, till you couldn't trust them that ought to be your best friends; suppose that you had never known more than three people that you could believe in, and suppose you'd known them cheated and ill-used till it was harder to think of for them, than for yourself; supposing you had seen all the rest of the world outwitting and hustling and chuckling over each other, like the devil's own children, till you were ready to hate the very sun for shining on such things; — where would you find God and goodness in all that?"

Say stood up suddenly before him. Instead of a direct answer, she gave, for all his questions, a single searching one that rang clear over the confusion that was in him.

"Gershom Vorse! do you think you are the only soul God has made capable of hating such things as these?"

Out of his very scorn he was answered.

He stood upon his feet too, then. He looked again in the glowing young face, that was al-

most angry in its bending upon him. It was better than if she had told him of his goodness, his bravery; she had charged him boldly with a haughty assumption in this noble hate of his; she had given him a weapon for his innate truth to grasp, against his own dark uncertainties. Something lighted and softened in his eyes as he looked upon her.

"That was a good word," he said, honestly, with a changed tone "A good word for a last one. We'll let that be the end of it."

And the sermon Say preached to Gershom, "the good word," as he called it, is exactly what millions amongst us, such as he, want to hear; only, like him, they would not recognize the truth in the word, for this flinty young barbarian failed to see anything more than a soul of shallowness and affectation in his bright young cousin, and went very near, after his long years of suspicion, to the breaking her heart, and the withering her life. Of course, it is a piece of novelist's consistency and necessity that he becomes converted to Say, and that she accepts and marries him after all; but she deserved something better, and we could have been well content that Gershom should have received something more abiding in the shape of punishment than a broken leg. But the scene we have extracted will sufficiently show to our readers what kind of book we are introducing to their notice. There is not a touch of cant or affectation in the whole volume; but the author has the freest and happiest way of letting the light fall upon texts of Scripture, in the course of conversations among her friends, by no forcing or wrenching, but by the simple principle of sweet evolution; if we may say so, something like her description of "sweet-meats, and stories for children" — "brightest sugar tastes the sweetest when mixed with pretty colours," for "it takes a little essence of something to help the double refinements down," and "stories are further essenced for children upon the like principle — white light, broken up into rainbows." Our author has a very happy art of breaking up the white light of life into rainbows; she seems to have a great faith in the white light, and indeed where could the rainbow come from but from the white light shining upon a shower of tears? We must leave our readers to make acquaintance with Rebecca Gayworthy for themselves — a perfect, saintly old maid at last; — but perhaps, the reader will think, not so natural as Joanna. With all our high appreciation of the book, of course we feel, what all men will feel, that in a certain unjust kind of way, the author has a faculty of misunderstanding and

underrating all masculine virtues; but this is not extraordinary; no woman ever succeeded yet in painting the portrait of a man; or, to speak more reservedly, never with anything like the skill with which she has painted her own sex. True, we have in this work one picture of a woman with an utterly sophisticated conscience, otherwise we seem to be moving through a perfect cloud of cherubim; and we have no exception to take to it; they all leave a pleasant sense of reality and freshness behind them: even in Biddy Flynn, in the episode of the murder, and the trial of Blackmere — an episode which stands perhaps hardly within the structure of allowable art as it is altogether isolated from the story — and Huldah, who thinks that "if the stars have all got people in 'em like us, the Lord's got His hands full" and Prudence Vorse, and Wealthy Hoogs — what names the writer does give us from these New England villages! — these, and then especially those we have with more distinctness indicated, and Grace Lowder, the happy dressmaker, who satisfied Say, when her appetite had been pampered by the "sponge-cake" of social conventionality, with the plain "brown bread" of true, good, and homely believing and living. Said Say to her Aunt Joanna, when on a visit to the old farm: —

"I wish I had been born in the country, and always lived here," she said. "I think it would have made more of me. People's lives are real here, and everybody has one of their own."

Aunt Joanna lifted her eyebrows a little.

"And not in the city?" she said.

"Not half so much. For the most part, they seem to be trying to get into other people's lives. And then everybody makes up their minds to all sponge-cake," Say said, laughing. She had never forgotten that misdemeanor of her childhood. It had grown into a proverb of experience with her.

"And the sponge-cake don't go round?"

"No," said Say. "And, oh dear! I've been so hungry sometimes for plain brown bread."

Under the parable, Joanna knew very well what the child meant.

"It's my low taste, perhaps. Mother seems to think so; but I like nice people, too. Only there's a kind of common, comfortable, really-in-earnest living that I always wanted to know more about."

* * * * *

Say sat still a minute, her two hands on her lap, holding her work forgetfully; presently a smile crept up to her eyes, and she lifted them, smile and all, to Joanna, saying, with a quiet, quaint, little mischief of her own, "There's one little cupboard, though, where I do go and get a bit now and then."

Joanna waited.

"And, rich or poor, Grace Lowder has more in her than any girl I ever knew."

"Who is Grace Lowder?"

"She's a seamstress. I never go without my mother's knowledge, and most often it is about the work. But I carry her things sometimes, — fruit, and flowers, and books; and sit and read to her while she works. Mother doesn't object to that; it is different, it is charity. Grace Lowder is quite beneath me; she never need be invited, and meet other people, you know."

Joanna's lip curled a little, involuntarily. "How came you to know so much of her?" she said.

"She comes to St. James' Sunday-school. I never noticed her till one day Dr. Linslee brought her to our class. Her teacher was absent, and all her class except herself. We all stared a little, I suppose, as she came in. But I stared because I couldn't help it. Some of the girls looked at her in that hard, strange, astonished way they have as if it were not quite certain what order of natural history she belonged to. But I thought I had never seen anything more lovely. She had on a soft woolen dress, of that purple gray, just like those grass blooms," — Say glanced across at an old china vase upon a corner shelf, filled with graceful spears and tassels, among which peculiar, soft, gray-purple, feathery heads, in the perfection of their natural tint, were heaped conspicuously, — "and her shawl was gray, with a narrow stripe of purple in the border; her bonnet, too, with a plain purple ribbon crossed upon it. But her face was so sweet. She is almost always pale, I know now; her skin in fine and clear as a rose leaf; but she was a little frightened at us all, and she had such a bright lovely colour! and when she lifted her eyes, they were purple-gray, too, with long lashes. And her lips looked half sad and half happy, just dropped a little at the corners, and tucked away into dimples that showed with the least tremble. She was just like a picture. But she had a crutch, auntie; she was lame. And yet she was as graceful as she could be. She dropped down, somehow, into her seat, without any spread or rustle; and the gray dress fell round her like a cloud. Nothing she had on was new; but every thing was as nice as new — without a speck. I think that is the thing; anybody can put on new clothes, and be spick-and-span; but everybody can't wear them, and wear them, and look as if they'd never been near any dirt."

"Well — that was the beginning of it. Her teacher was sick, and had to give up her class, and the scholars were divided round. Grace Lowder stayed with us. Miss Westburn went to see her, and found out all about her; and she spoke to some of us about her wishing for more work to do, sewing or dressmaking. Her mother had been a dressmaker, and had taught her the trade; but she had died a year before. Miss Westburn was married the next summer, and she gave her her wedding-dress to make. After that she had plenty of work, and mother

has let me go to her. She works at people's houses when they wish it; but I don't wish it; I couldn't bear that, Aunt Joanna; Grace Lowder's little room is the pleasantest place I know in Selpert!

"She boards and lodges just where she did for years, while her mother lived. A nice comfortable widow woman keeps the house; she was very kind to her mother, Grace says; and Grace has nobody else in the world to go to. I asked her one day what she would do if Mrs. Hopeley died, or went away. She may go sometimes to live with one of her sons, who, she says, are 'likely men, both of 'em, and very forrard in their means;' but Grace only smiled, and said, there would always be a place for her in the world, as long as God kept her here; she was not afraid."

Aunt Joanna broke in here.

"And this is Selpert brown bread! I don't know what the fine wheat must be," said she.

"Tasteless enough, sometimes, — the heart all bolted out of it," said Say.

* * * * *

"Why, Say, it's brown bread to make your mouth water!"

"Down the street to the west — that narrow street, auntie, between the high, close houses — she has a view! She calls it so. The tops of a few green trees in some gardens in Front Street, a little sparkle of the bay, and a stripe of sky. And she watches every night for the sunset. One little scrap of a crimson cloud, perhaps, or the stripe of sky turned yellow, and shading up into blue between the chimney-tops. What would she say to look out here over the sea of little hills? Or to get at cousin Wealthy's dairy window, and see down the mountain-side, out over the great pond?"

"You say she goes out to work at people's houses?" asked Joanna, rather irrelevantly, as it might seem, to the last sentences.

"When they want her, yes; but I think she likes her little room best."

"Would she come a hundred miles, think, if she could be paid for it?"

"Aunt Joanna! you don't mean" —

"I don't know as I do. But I feel exactly, just at this minute, as if I was going to have a monstrous deal of sewing to do, some time or other. Next summer perhaps."

Yes, decidedly, the women get the best of it; the author has only ventured on two or three men at all. Ned Blackmere is a thoroughly drawn character, as cynical and hard as Gershom Vorse; but there were motives for the cynicism in Blackmere's case which we do not very much appreciate in the young Gershom, who, although he had a grandfather loving him to idolatry, and prepared to bless and help him to any extent, in the first instance broke his grandfather's heart through sheer wilfulness, and then rushed out into stupid and sentimental ti-

rades against the evil in all human nature in general, beginning by acquitting himself in particular; he committed the very common sin, as the writer truly says, of "over-looking the very good by contrast with which he judged the evil." In the night side of things he forgot the day which had been, or he believed that it was daylight only in one home and its few hearts; darkness was the stuff the rest of the world was made of. Blackmere, on the contrary, is one upon whom all the winds of circumstance seem to have been let loose. After the flight of every kind of trouble and disappointment around him, the wild, hardy seaman finds himself accused of murder, and we really feel very much with him when —

A clergyman came to see him, and spoke to him, solemnly, of his situation.

"Do you think I need you to come and tell me I'm in a fix?" said the sailor, curtly.

The good man, with the best intent, warned him against hardness of heart, and reminded him that he might shortly be sent to meet his God.

Ned Blackmere took the pipe out of his mouth. "I'd like to see that person. I'd have a word or two to say to Him, if I once found Him."

The words were blasphemous, perhaps; God's minister was shocked; it may be God saw deeper, and was more pitiful than angry.

The clergyman stood and uttered a prayer; he would say no more to this desperate sinner; he would only plead with Heaven for him.

Blackmere remained motionless and silent, holding the pipe in his fingers that otherwise he would doubtless have replaced. When the petition was ended, he held out his hand.

"If you meant all that, I thank you; whether anybody heard it or not."

But Say converted even this tough piece of salt-sea-cable into a man, and a trusting, believing heart. We do not know whether her version of the doctrine of election would be very acceptable to Calvin, or Crisp, or Jonathan Edwards: but in the following way, after Blackmere's life, through the friendship of his brother cynic, Gershom Vorse, had begun again and passed on through better results, — when he happened, at Say's invitation, to visit the chapel of Hilbury, the village in which the farm of the Gayworthys stood, and found the kind of gospel presented to his ears producing rather a sense of inflammation and indignation than peace, — Say preached to him: —

He sat there in a sort of maze, as in a vision

one might seem to see a world into which one had never been born.

He wondered if this were the real thing, and the great world outside, that tossed, and struggled, and endured, were a huge mistake. For twenty years he had never stumbled into a scene like this, and here were people to whom it was the soul of their whole lives. Why had God given this, and that? If He were, and if this were His ordained way of finding Him, why was it only possible in safe nooks, while the wild world was roaring without, and the danger of it to be dared by souls made hard and reckless to meet it, and the labour of it to be done by hands that had no time to lift themselves in prayer.

The sermon did not help him. After a little, he tried not to listen to it. Once he caught himself in the beginning of a breath that would have been a whistle instantly. It was so hard for him, with his vague, bewildered thoughts, and his habits of unconstraint, to remember the traditional sanctities of the place.

His dark features gathered themselves more than once into a heavy frown, as sentences of the preacher broke upon his musing, and forced a hearing. Only when his eyes fell upon Say they sometimes softened. She watched him when he was not looking, and tried to imagine what the secret consciousness behind that stern face might be like.

In the morning, Say joined herself to Blackmere again, and asked him to come into the churchyard. She would show him old grave-stones and curious inscriptions. She felt responsible for him, since she had brought him here, that he should not feel strange or dull.

They stood by graves inviolate for upwards of a century.

"They rest quiet enough — all of 'em," said the sailor. "Don't they?"

"In the hope of a blessed resurrection," read Say, from a gravestone, in answer.

"Asleep in Jesus," repeated Blackmere, standing before another. "Well, they seem sure enough about that, somehow. Seems to me, when there's so few to be privileged, it won't do to be too certain. How about them that never knew whether Jesus cared a hang for 'em or not?"

A shadow of contraction passed over Say's face at the reckless expression.

"I beg your pardon. I'm a rough fellow. I'd no business to come here at all."

"They have all been taught. We all know that He came to save us." Say answered his first words, now, as if they had been spoken in all reverence.

"Do we?" There was a curl of the lip, and a slight sarcasm in the tone.

The young girl looked pained.

"See here!" said Blackmere again; "you're not the sort of person for me to speak out to, so; and yet, somehow, I can't help it. I don't know why; but you've got me here, and now you make me talk. So if it isn't just the sort

of talk, or the ways of thinking, that you've been used to, you must think what I've been used to, and overlook it. I've never had much good of preachers; and, till this blessed morning, I haven't set foot in a church for over twenty years. And what do they tell me when I do come? You heard it. That man stood up, and explained the Almighty's secret plan. He don't *mean* to save everybody. Now, I'm only a poor devil of a sailor, and, of course, I don't know; but if I came with a life-boat to a wreck, I'd make no such half job of it. I'd save every soul on board, or I'd go down trying."

Say's heart swelled. She could find nothing to say. She felt the fearfulness of this Heaven-arraigning; but she felt also the nobleness that Heaven itself had given.

"He's laid it all out, beforehand, and for ever. He's elected some to salvation, and some to damnation. I beg your pardon again; but that's the preacher's word; and the Bible word, too, it seems. And it's the word my life corresponds to. 'Tis easy to tell which watch I'm in."

"It's difficult to understand what they mean exactly by these doctrines," said Say, timidly. "I've never heard them much except in Hilbury. I think it was the hard, old way of taking Bible words. I couldn't help thinking some thoughts of my own, this morning, while Mr. Scarsley was preaching."

Blackmere went on again, when she paused; as following out his own reflections, almost unheeding her words.

"The damnation began when I was nothing better than a baby," he said, bitterly. "The curse came among us then, and it's gone on ever since; been piled down upon me heavier and heavier. Did you ever hear about my life, young lady?"

"I have heard of a great deal that you have suffered. I have heard of very noble things that you have done."

"I've been in prison for a crime. I've got a halter round my neck this minute, or the brand of it. Did you know that?"

His tone grew sharp and fierce.

"I knew you were accused; and I knew you were proved innocent."

"No; not proved. They only couldn't make it out against me. Some of 'em believe it to this day."

"I don't think that. But it has been a hard thing. A hard thing given you to bear," she said, slowly, with a hidden meaning of consolation.

"A piece of the damnation. A thing to keep me down, and thrust me out. To make a vagabond of me, and clinch the sentence."

Say trembled, standing there, at the man's passion.

She had never had to teach. It was hard for her trying to guide, even ever so slightly, the current of a human thought upon these themes of life and death. There was the shrink-

ing every young soul feels at unveiling its secret faith. She was far from taking it upon herself deliberately to admonish; to set this doubting and discouraged spirit right with God. She knew, oh! very little. She had seldom asked herself, even, what she truly did know or believe. Life had not put its sternest questions to her yet. But the thought of this man—hard, despairing, defiant, with the recklessness of one to whom the truth, whatever it might be to others, seemed only a relentless curse—this thought, this utterance, drew from her, irresistibly, her own; thus, in her first close scrutinizing of it, in its first waking to a conscious strength, demanded of her instantly.

"I can't make it agree with what Jesus said himself," she said, with modest reverence. "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground, without your Father's." "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." "The very hairs of your head are all numbered."

"It don't agree; but they're both alike in the Bible," returned the sailor, bluntly.

"Knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God," Say repeated, thoughtfully. It had been the morning's text. "It made me think—just his reading it, and the few first sentences he said before he came to the puzzling part—how comforting it was. That everybody should be 'elected' to their own particular life, and death, and all. Not forgotten, or let stumble into it by accident; but chosen. And I suppose the noblest souls—the dearest souls to God—might be chosen for the hardest. The best men in the ship are chosen for the hardest, aren't they, Mr. Blackmere?"

The sailor looked full at her, with a strange light creeping suddenly over his face—the light of a new, gracious thought, gleaming up across confused clouds of doubt. There was doubt there still, and hardness; but they were shone upon unawares.

"And the trust—the honour of it—makes it easy; don't it?"

Blackmere looked at her for two or three seconds before replying.

"If I could think a thing like that!" he exclaimed, at last. "I can stand taking the toughest, when somebody must take it; I'd never shirk a weather-caring; that's what I'm cut out for; but a fellow's spirit's broke by hazing!"

"He doesn't haze!" The young girl spoke it with an awe, a tenderness, an assurance. Blackmere stood gazing at her still, his own look melting.

"How the Bible verses come up and explain each other, when one begins to think," said Say. "'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.'"

The words fell slow and musical from her lips. The soul of the hard, life-buffed man caught them to itself like pearls.

They had wandered to the oldest, most secluded part of the cemetery. Down the sun-

shiny slope above them came now Aunt Rebecca, looking for Say. The girl moved up to join her. Blackmere turned away abruptly, passing down where the far shaded extremity of the burial-place joined itself to the natural forest.

"I have had such a strange talk with Mr. Blackmere," said Say; and she tried to tell it over as they walked up toward the vestry door, at the back of the old meeting-house.

"Elected!" repeated Blackmere to himself, as he plunged along the rustling woodpath, unheeding whither. "That's a new way to take it; and a different one from yonder howling doctrine. I wonder if the girl's notion is right. If I thought the tough job had been set me by Him above there, and He cared how I came out, I'd face it in a way that wouldn't shame the stuff He's made me of. I could put a heart into it. But it never looked that way to me afore; and how should *she* know? And yet, when the child riz up to meet me so, this morning, holding out her hand for mine, it seemed, somehow, I don't know why, as if she'd come with a gift in it!"

We must positively close the books for fear of being fascinated to more quotation, and we the rather feel guilty in having quoted so much, as we very well know the book will soon be in the possession of every reader. A more restful, helpful, healthful book, we don't know when we have read; and a satisfaction comes with the feeling of the rest from the knowledge that the author has not imposed upon herself the task of talking good with her eyes shut; she sees — no eyes more plainly see — the disagreeable people in the world and in the church — the Wilkinsons, who "grew fat on nails and flat irons twenty years ago," and who now continue; "the Simkinsons, who are doing the same thing to-day as fast as they can." She sees the great social distinction very plainly between all those families who sold their nails and flat irons, and soap and candles a generation or two ago, and who, therefore, constitute society and know each other, and those who are now in a nebulous state, preparing to roll forth a generation or two hence, full orb'd, into that radiant sphere which the Wilkinsons occupy now. They are fools who do not see these things; everybody sees them, but with most they become so bitter a draught as to warp and distort, and to give a feeling like sea-sickness to all impressions of life. It is a difficult thing to see the littleness, the miserable narrowness, the subterfuges of conscience,

the entire throttling, strangling, or ducking of conscience head-over-ears, going on in the world, and not to become either sick or trustless. Yet there are those — and they are wise — who have escaped this anthropobia, which is the sceptic's and the worldling's great disease; who have attained to a wise knowledge of the ills of life and the falseness of life, and to a perception of the something better, which, like a good seed of the kingdom, is sometimes amazingly munificent in even the worst souls, and the high Divine purpose, which, like a great gulf-stream from eternity, flows through the ocean of sin and misery, and bears and drifts into itself humanity, with its wondrous variety of words, and works, and ways. This describes the character of this pleasant book, with its pure homely breath reviving in us recollections of old days in the country, or impressions of the sweetest pictures of dear old Dutch artists; its happy, sunny geniality shaded by the rim of knowledge, and sorrow, and suffering round all lives; its faith, like a high unquenchable star; its reverent application of some of the best texts from the Best of Books; its light and radiant conversations; its bold pictures of nature, in which nature is never separated from infinite invisible presences and purposes; its emancipation from the wearying conventionalism which palls and sickens upon us all, and now-a-days, when such books are more than ever a necessity, makes them more than ever an impossibility; in its own perfect roundness, and unity, and completeness — always a test of the measure of rest and unity to which an artist's nature has attained; — by all these signs we mark the presence of a book which will exercise power over the character of competent readers by the power of the character in it, and lead to the simple and grateful acknowledgment that one who can write thus is far higher than a mere author or artist — a great public benefactor, meeting minds and hearts in their stress and straits, and giving them words like bread in their strength, and like water in their refreshment. We only close with the hope that a writer so gifted will not peril her usefulness or excellence by becoming a mere servant of the booksellers, and writing too much. We can well afford to wait a few years now, if at the end we are to receive from the same pen a work of such a character and mark as *The Gayworthys*.

MADONNA MARY.

By MRS. OLIPHANT, *Author of "Agnes," &c.*

PART I. — CHAPTER I.

MAJOR OCHTERLONY had been very fidgety after the coming in of the mail. He was always so, as all his friends were aware, and nobody so much as Mary, his wife, who was herself, on ordinary occasions, of an admirable composure. But the arrival of the mail, which is so welcome an event at an Indian station, and which generally affected the Major very mildly, had produced a singular impression upon him on this special occasion. He was not a man who possessed a large correspondence in his own person; he had reached middle life, and had nobody particular belonging to him, except his wife and his little children, who were as yet too young to have been sent "home;" and consequently there was nobody to receive letters from, except a few married brothers and sisters, who don't count, as everybody knows. That kind of formally affectionate correspondence is not generally exciting, and even Major Ochterlony supported it with composure. But as for the mail which arrived on the 15th of April, 1888, its effect was different. He went out and in so often, that Mary got very little good of her letters, which were from her young sister and her old aunt, and were naturally overflowing with all kinds of pleasant gossip and domestic information. The present writer has so imperfect an idea of what an Indian bungalow is like, that it would be impossible for her to convey a clear idea to the reader, who probably knows much better about it. But yet it was in an Indian bungalow that Mrs. Ochterlony was seated—in the dim hot atmosphere, out of which the sun was carefully excluded, but in which, nevertheless, the inmates simmered softly with the patience of people who cannot help it, and who are used to their martyrdom. She sat

still, and did her best to make out the pleasant babble in the letters, which seemed to take sound to itself as she read, and to break into a sweet confusion of kind voices, and rustling leaves, and running water, such as, she knew, had filled the little rustic drawing-room in which the letters were written. The sister was very young, and the aunt was old, and all the experience of the world possessed by the two together, might have gone into Mary's thimble, which she kept playing with upon her finger as she read. But though she knew twenty times better than they did, the soft old lady's gentle counsel, and the audacious girl's advice and censure, were sweet to Mary, who smiled many a time at their simplicity, and yet took the good of it in a way that was peculiar to her. She read, and she smiled in her reading, and felt the fresh English air blow about her, and the leaves rustling—if it had not been for the Major, who went and came like a ghost, and let everything fall that he touched, and hunted every innocent beetle or lizard that had come in to see how things were going on; for he was one of those men who have a great, almost womanish objection to reptiles and insects, which is a sentiment much misplaced in India. He fidgeted so much, indeed, as to disturb even his wife's accustomed nerves at last.

"Is there anything wrong—has anything happened?" she asked, folding up a letter, and laying it down in her open work-basket. Her anxiety was not profound, for she was accustomed to the Major's "ways," but still she saw it was necessary for his comfort to utter what was on his mind.

"When you have read your letters I want to speak to you," he said. "What do your people mean by sending you such heaps of letters? I thought you would nev-

er be done. Well, Mary, this is what it is — there's nothing wrong with the children, or anybody belonging to us, thank God; but it's very nearly as bad, and I am at my wits' end. Old Sommerville's dead."

"Old Sommerville!" said Mrs Ochterlony. This time she was utterly perplexed and at a loss. She could read easily enough the anxiety which filled her husband's handsome, restless face; but, then, so small a matter put *him* out of his ordinary! And she could not for her life remember who old Sommerville was.

"I daresay you don't recollect him," said the Major, in an aggrieved tone. "It is very odd how everything has gone wrong with us since that false start. It is an awful shame, when a set of old fogies put young people in such a position — all for nothing, too," Major Ochterlony added: "for after we were actually married, everybody came round. It is an awful shame!"

"If I was a suspicious woman," said Mary, with a smile, "I should think it was our marriage that you called a false start and an awful shame."

"And so it is, my love; so it is," said the innocent soldier, his face growing more and more cloudy. As for his wife being a suspicious woman, or the possible existence of any delicacy on her part about his words, the Major knew better than that. The truth was that he might have given utterance to sentiments of the most atrocious description on that point, sentiments which would have broken the heart and blighted the existence, so to speak, of any sensitive young woman, without producing the slightest effect upon Mary, or upon himself, to whom Mary was so utterly and absolutely necessary, that the idea of existing without her never once entered into his restless but honest brain. "That is just what it is," he said; "it is a horrid business for me, and I don't know what to do about it. They must have been out of their senses to drive us to marry as we did; and we were a couple of awful fools," said the Major, with the gravest and most care-worn countenance. Mrs. Ochterlony was still a young woman, handsome and admired, and she might very well have taken offence at such words; but, oddly enough, there was something in his gravely-disturbed face and pathetic tone which touched another chord in Mary's breast. She laughed, which was unkind, considering all the circumstances, and took up her work, and fixed a pair of smiling eyes upon her perplexed husband's face.

"I daresay it is not so bad as you think," she said, with the manner of a woman who

was used to that kind of thing. "Come, and tell me all about it." She drew her chair a trifle nearer his, and looked at him with a face in which a touch of suppressed amusement was visible, under a good deal of gravity and sympathy. She was used to lend a sympathetic ear to all his difficulties, and to give all her efforts to their elucidation, but still she could not help feeling it somewhat droll to be complained to in this strain about her own marriage. "We were a couple of fools," she said with a little laugh, "but it has not turned out so badly as it might have done." Upon which rash statement the Major shook his head.

"It is easy for you to say so," he said, "and if I were to go no deeper, and look no further — It is all on your account, Mary. If it were not on your account —"

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Ochterlony, still struggling with a perverse inclination to laugh; "but now tell me what old Sommerville has to do with it; and who old Sommerville is; and what put it into his head just at this moment to die."

The Major sighed, and gave her a half-irritated, half-melancholy look. To think she should laugh, when, as he said to himself, the gulf was yawning under her very feet. "My dear Mary," he said, "I wish you would learn that this is not anything to laugh at. Old Sommerville was the old gardener at Earlston, who went with us, you recollect, when we went to — Scotland. My brother would never have him back again, and he went among his own friends. He was a stupid old fellow. I don't know what he was good for, for my part; — but," said Major Ochterlony, with solemnity, "he was the only surviving witness of our unfortunate marriage — that is the only thing that made him interesting to me."

"Poor old man!" said Mary, "I am very sorry. I had forgotten his name; but really, — if you speak like this of our unfortunate marriage, you will hurt my feelings," Mrs. Ochterlony added. She had cast down her eyes on her work, but still there was a gleam of fun out of one of the corners. This was all the effect made upon her mind by words which would have naturally produced a scene between half the married people in the world.

As for the Major, he sighed: he was in a sighing mood, and at such moments his wife's obtuseness and thoughtlessness always made him sad. "It is easy talking," he said, "and if it were not on your account, Mary — The fact is that everything has gone wrong that had any connection with

it. The blacksmith's house, you know, was burned down, and his kind of a register—if it was any good, and I am sure I don't know if it was any good—and then that woman died, though she was as young as you are, and as healthy, and nobody had any right to expect that she would die," Major Ochterlony added with an injured tone, "and now old Sommerville; and we have nothing in the world to vouch for its being a good marriage, except what that blacksmith fellow called 'the lines.' Of course you have taken care of the lines," said the Major, with a little start. It was the first time that this new subject of doubt had occurred to his mind.

"To vouch for its being a good marriage!" said Mrs. Ochterlony: "really, Hugh, you go too far. Our marriage is not a thing to make jokes about, you know—nor to get up alarms about either. Everybody knows all about it, both among your people and mine. It is very vexatious and disagreeable of you to talk so." As she spoke the colour rose to Mary's matron cheek. She had learned to make great allowances for her husband's anxious temper and perpetual panics; but this suggestion was too much for her patience just at the moment. She calmed down, however, almost immediately, and came to herself with a smile. "To think you should almost have made me angry!" she said, taking up her work again. This did not mean to imply that to make Mrs. Ochterlony angry was at all an impossible process. She had her gleams of wrath like other people, and sometimes it was not at all difficult to call them forth; but, so far as the Major's "temperament" was concerned, she had got by much exercise to be the most indulgent of women—perhaps by finding that no other way of meeting it was of any use.

"It is not my fault, my love," said the Major, with a meekness which was not habitual to him. "But I hope you are quite sure you have the lines. Any mistake about them would be fatal. They are the only proof that remains to us. I wish you would go and find them, Mary, and let me make sure."

"The lines!" said Mrs. Ochterlony, and, notwithstanding her self-command, she faltered a little. "Of course I must have them somewhere—I don't quite recollect at this moment. What do you want them for, Hugh? Are we coming into a fortune, or what are the statistics good for? When I can lay my hand upon them I will give them to you," she answered, with that culpable carelessness which her husband had

already so often remarked in her. If it had been a trumpery picture or book that had been mislaid, she could not have been less concerned.

"When you can lay your hands upon them!" cried the exasperated man. "Are you out of your senses, Mary? Don't you know that they are your sheet-anchor, your charter—the only document you have!"

"Hugh," said Mrs. Ochterlony, "tell me what this means. There must be something in it more than I can see. What need have I for documents? What does it matter to us this old man being dead, more than it matters to any one the death of somebody who has been at their wedding? It is sad, but I don't see how it can be a personal misfortune. If you really mean anything, tell me what it is."

The Major for his part grew angry, as was not unnatural. "If you choose to give me the attention you ought to give to your husband when he speaks seriously to you, you will soon perceive what I mean," he said; and then he repented, and came up to her and kissed her. "My poor Mary, my bonnie Mary," he said. "If that wretched irregular marriage of ours should bring harm to you! It is you only I am thinking of, my darling—that you should have something to rest upon;" and his feelings were so genuine that with that the water stood in his eyes.

As for Mrs. Ochterlony, she was very near losing patience altogether; but she made an effort and restrained herself. It was not the first time that she had heard compunctions expressed for the irregular marriage, which certainly was not her fault. But this time she was undeniably a little alarmed, for the Major's gravity was extreme. "Our marriage is no more irregular than it always was," she said. "I wish you would give up this subject, Hugh; I have you to rest upon, and everything that a woman can have. We never did anything in a corner," she continued with a little vehemence. "Our marriage was just as well known, and well published, as if it had been in St. George's, Hanover Square. I cannot imagine what you are aiming at. And besides, it is done, and we cannot mend it," she added, abruptly. On the whole, the runaway match had been a pleasant frolic enough; there was no earthly reason, except some people's stupid notions, why they should not have been married; and everybody came to rapidly, and very little harm had come of it. But the least idea of doubt on such

a subject is an offence to a woman, and her colour rose and her breath came quick, without any will of hers. As for the Major, he abandoned the broader general question and went back to the detail, as was natural to the man.

"If you only have the lines all safe," he said, "if you would but make sure of it. I confess old Sommerville's death was a great shock to me, Mary,—the last surviving witness; but Kirkman tells me the marriage lines in Scotland are a woman's safeguard, and Kirkman is a Scotchman and ought to know."

"Have you been consulting him?" said Mary, with a certain despair; "have you been talking of such a subject?"—

"I don't know where I could have a better confidant," said the Major. "Mary, my darling, they are both attached to you—and they are good people, though they talk; and then he is Scotch, and understands. If anything were to happen to me, and you had any difficulty in proving"—

"Hugh, for Heaven's sake, have done with this. I cannot put up with any more," cried Mrs. Ochterlony, who was at the end of her powers.

It was time for the great *coup* for which his restless soul had been preparing. He approached the moment of fate with a certain skill, such as weak people occasionally display, and mad people almost always,—as if the feeble intellect had a certain right by reason of its weakness to the same kind of defence which is possessed by the mind diseased. "Hush, Mary, you are excited," he said, "and it is only you I am thinking of. If anything should happen to me—I am quite well, but no man can answer for his own life:—my dear, I am afraid you will be vexed with what I am going to say—but for my own satisfaction—for my peace of mind—if we were to go through the ceremony again—"

Mary Ochterlony rose up with sudden passion. It was altogether out of proportion to her husband's intentions or errors, and perhaps to the occasion. *That* was but a vexatious complication of ordinary life; and he a fidgety, uneasy, perhaps over-conscientious, well-meaning man. She rose, tragic without knowing it, with a swell in her heart of the unutterable and supreme—feeling herself for the moment an outraged wife, an insulted woman, and a mother wounded to the heart. "I will hear no more," she said, with lips that had suddenly grown parched and dry. "Don't say another word. If it has come to this, I will take my chance with my boys. Hugh,

no more, no more." As she lifted her hands with an impatient gesture of horror, and towered over him as he sat by, having thus interrupted and cut short his speech, a certain fear went through Major Ochterlony's mind. Could her mind be going? Had the shock been too much for her? He could not understand otherwise how the suggestion which he thought a wise one, and of advantage to his own peace of mind, should have stung her into such an incomprehensible passion. But he was afraid and silenced, and could not go on.

"My dear Mary," he said mildly, "I had no intention of vexing you. We can speak of this another time. Sit down, and I'll get you a glass of water," he added, with anxious affection: and hurried off to seek it; for he was a good husband, and very fond of his wife, and was terrified to see her turn suddenly pale and faint, notwithstanding that he was quite capable of wounding her in the most exquisite and delicate point. But then he did not mean it. He was a matter-of-fact man, and the idea of marrying his wife over again in case there might be any doubtfulness about the first marriage, seemed to him only a rational suggestion, which no sensible woman ought to be disturbed by; though no doubt it was annoying to be compelled to have recourse to such an expedient. So he went and fetched her the water, and gave up the subject, and stayed with her all the afternoon and read the papers to her, and made himself agreeable. It was a puzzling sort of demonstration on Mary's part, but that did not make her the less Mary, the dearest and best of earthly creatures. So Major Ochterlony put his proposal aside for a more favourable moment, and did all he could to make his wife forget it, and behaved himself as a man naturally would behave who was recognized as the best husband and most domestic man in the regiment. Mary took her seat again and her work, and the afternoon went on as if nothing had happened. They were a most united couple, and very happy together, as everybody knew; or if one of them at any chance moment was perhaps less than perfectly blessed, it was not, at any rate, because the love-match, irregular as it might be, had ended in any lack of love.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. OCHTERLONY sat and worked and listened, and her husband read the papers to her, picking out by instinct all those lit-

the bits of news that are grateful to people who are far away from their own country. And he went through the births and marriages, to see "if there is anybody we know," — notwithstanding that he was aware that corner of the paper is one which a woman does not leave to any reader, but makes it a principle to examine herself. And Mary sat still and went on with her work, and not another syllable was said about old Somerville, or the marriage lines, or anything that had to do with the previous conversation. This tranquillity was all in perfect good faith on Major Ochterlony's side, who had given up the subject with the intention of waiting until a more convenient season, and who had relieved his mind by talking of it, and could put off his anxiety. But as for Mary, it was not in good faith that she put on this expression of outward calm. She knew her husband, and she knew that he was pertinacious and insisting, and that a question which he had once started was not to be made an end of, and finally settled, in so short a time. She sat with her head a little bent, hearing the bits of news run on like a kind of accompaniment to the quick-flowing current of her own thoughts. Her heart was beating quick, and her blood coursing through her veins as if it had been a sudden access of fever which had come upon her. She was a tall, fair, serene woman, with no paltry passion about her; but at the same time, when the occasion required it, Mary was capable of a vast suppressed fire of feeling which it gave her infinite trouble to keep down. This was a side of her character which was not suspected by the world in general — meaning of course, the regiment, and the ladies at the station, who were all, more or less, military. Mrs. Ochterlony was the kind of woman to whom by instinct any stranger would have appropriated the name of Mary; and naturally all her intimates (and the regiment was very "nice," and lived in great harmony, and they were all intimate) called her by her Christian — most Christian name. And there were people who put the word *Madonna* before it, — "as if the two did not mean the same thing!" said little Mrs. Aske, the ensign's baby-wife, whose education had been neglected, but whom Mrs. Ochterlony had been very kind to. It was difficult to know how the title had originated, though people did say it was young Stafford who had been brought up in Italy, and who had such a strange adoration for Mrs. Ochterlony, and who died, poor fellow! — which was the best thing he could have done under the circumstances. "It

was a special providence," said Mrs. Kirkman, who was the Colonel's wife: for, to be sure, to be romantically adored by a foolish young subaltern, was embarrassing for a woman, however perfect her mind and temper and fairest fame might be. It was he who originated the name, perhaps with some faint foolish thought of Petrarch and his *Madonna Laura*: and then he died and did no more harm; and a great many people adopted it, and Mary herself did not object to be addressed by that sweetest of titles. And yet she was not meek enough for the name. Her complexion was very fair, but she had only a very faint rose-tint on her cheeks, so faint that people called her pale — which, with her fairness, was a drawback to her. Her hair was light-brown, with a golden reflection that went and came, as if it somehow depended upon the state of her mind and spirits; and her eyes were dark, large, and lambent, — not sparkling, but concentrating within themselves a soft, full depth of light. It was a question whether they were gray or brown; but at all events they were dark and deep. And she was, perhaps, a little too large and full and matronly in all her proportions to please a youthful critic. Naturally such a woman had a mass of hair which she scarcely knew what to do with, and which at this moment seemed to betray the disturbed state of her mind by unusual gleams of the golden reflection which sometimes lay quite tranquil and hidden among the great silky coils. She was very happily married, and Major Ochterlony was the model husband of the regiment. They had married very young, and made a runaway love-match which was one of the few which everybody allowed had succeeded to perfection. But yet — There are so few things in this world which succeed quite to perfection. It was Mrs. Kirkman's opinion that nobody else in the regiment could have supported the Major's fidgety temper. "It would be a great trial for the most experienced Christian," she said; "and dear Mary is still among the babes who have to be fed with milk; but Providence is kind, and I don't think she feels it as you or I would." This was the opinion of the Colonel's wife; but as for Mary, as she sat and worked and listened to her husband reading the papers, perhaps she could have given a different version of her own composure and calm.

They had been married about ten years, and it was the first time he had taken this idea into his head. It is true that Mrs. Ochterlony looked at it solely as one of his ideas, and gave no weight whatever to the

death of old Sommerville, or the loss of the marriage lines. She had been very young at the time of her marriage, and she was motherless, and had not those pangs of wounded delicacy to encounter, which a young woman ought to have who abandons her home in such a way. This perhaps arose from a defect in Mary's girlish undeveloped character; but the truth was, that she too belonged to an Indian family, and had no home to speak of, nor any of the sweeter ties to break. And after that, she had thought nothing more about it. She was married, and there was an end of it; and the young people had gone to India immediately, and had been very poor and very happy and very miserable, like other young people who begin the world in an inconsiderate way. But in spite of a hundred drawbacks, the happiness had always been pertinacious, lasted longest, and held out most steadfastly, and lived everything down. For one thing, Mrs. Ochterlony had a great deal to do, not being rich, and that happily quite preserved her from the danger of brooding over the Major's fidgets, and making something serious out of them. And then they had married so young that neither of them could ever identify himself or herself, or make the distinction that more reasonable couples can between "me" and "you." This time, however, the Major's restlessness had taken an uncomfortable form. Mary felt herself offended and insulted without knowing why. She, a matron of ten years' standing, the mother of children! She could not believe that she had really heard true, that a repetition of her marriage could have been suggested to her—and at the same time she knew that it was perfectly true. It never occurred to her as a thing that possibly might have to be done, but still the suggestion itself was a wound. Major Ochterlony, for his part, thought of it as a precaution, and good for his peace of mind, as he had said; but to Mary it was scarcely less offensive than if somebody else had ventured to make love to her, or offer her his allegiance. It seemed to her an insult of the same description, an outrage which surely could not have occurred without some unwitting folly on her part to make such a proposal possible. She went away, searching back into the far, far distant years, as she sat at work and he read the papers. Had she anyhow failed in womanly restraint or delicacy at that moment when she was eighteen, and knew of nothing but honour, and love, and purity in the world? To be sure, she had not occupied herself very much about the matter—she

had taken no pains for her own safety, and had not an idea what registrars meant, nor marriage laws, nor "lines." All that she knew was that a great many people were married at Greta Green, and that she was married, and that there was an end of it. All these things came up and passed before her mind in a somewhat hurrying crowd; but Mary's mature judgment did not disapprove of the young bride who believed what was said to her, and was content, and had unbounded faith in the blacksmith and in her bridegroom. If that young woman had been occupying herself about the register, Mrs. Ochterlony probably, looking back, would have entertained but a mean opinion of her. It was not anything *she* had done. It was not anything special, so far as she could see, in the circumstances: for hosts of people before and after had been married on the Scottish border. The only conclusion accordingly that she could come to, was the natural conclusion, that it was one of the Major's notions. But there was little comfort in that, for Mrs. Ochterlony was aware that his notions were persistent, that they lived and lasted and took new developments, and were sometimes very hard to get rid of. And she sighed in the midst of the newspaper reading, and betrayed that she had not been listening. Not that she expected her husband's new whim to come to anything; but because she foresaw in it endless repetitions of the scene which had just ended, and endless exasperation and weariness to herself.

Major Ochterlony stopped short when he heard his wife sigh—for he was not a man to leave anything alone, or to practise a discreet neglect—and laid down his paper and looked with anxiety in her face. "You have a headache," he said tenderly; "I saw it the moment I entered the room. Go and lie down, my dear, and take care of yourself. You take care of everybody else," said the Major. "Why did you let me go on reading the paper like an ass, when your head aches?"

"My head does not ache. I was only thinking," said Mrs. Ochterlony: for she thought on the whole it would be best to resume the subject and endeavour to make an end of it. But this was not the Major's way. He had in the meantime emptied his reservoir, and it had to be filled again before he would find himself in the vein for speech.

"But I don't want you to think," said Major Ochterlony with tender patronage: "that ought to be my part of the business. Have you got a novel?—if not, I'll go

over and ask Miss Sorbette for one of hers. Lie down and rest, Mary; I can see that is all you are good for to-day."

Whether such a speech was aggravating or not to a woman who knew that it was her brain which had all the real weight of the family affairs to bear, may be conjectured by wives in general who know the sort of thing. But as for Mary, she was so used to it, that she took very little notice. She said, "Thank you, Hugh; I have got my letters here, which I have not read, and Aunt Agatha is as good as a novel." If this was not a very clear indication to the Major that his best policy was to take himself off a little, and leave her in peace, it would be hard to say what could have taught him. But then Major Ochterlony was a man of a lively mind and above being taught.

"Ah, Aunt Agatha," he said. "My dear, I know it is a painful subject, but we must, you know, begin to think where we are to send Hugh."

Mary shuddered; her nerves — for she had nerves, though she was so fair and serene — began to get excited. She said, "For pity's sake, not any more to-day. I am worn out. I cannot bear it. He is only six, and he is quite well."

The Major shook his head. "He is very well, but I have seen when a few hours changed all that," he said. "We cannot keep him much longer. His age, you know; all the little Heskeths go at four, I think."

"Ah," said Mary, "the Heskeths have nothing to do with it; they have floods and floods of children, — they don't know what it is; they can do without their little things; but I — Hugh, I am tired — I am not able for any more. Let me off for to-day."

Major Ochterlony regarded his wife with calm indulgence, and smoothed her hair off her hot forehead as he stooped to kiss her. "If you only would call things by the same names as other people, and say you have a headache, my dear," he said in his caressing way. And then he was so good as to leave her, saying to himself as he went away that his Mary too had a little temper, though nobody gave her credit for it. Instead of annoying him, this little temper on Mary's part rather pleased her husband. When it came on he could be indulgent to her and pet her, which he liked to do; and then he could feel the advantage on his own side, which was not always the case. His heart quite swelled over her as he went away; so good and so wise and so fair, and yet not without that womanly weakness which it was sweet for a man to

protect and pardon and put up with. Perhaps all men are not of the same way of thinking; but then Major Ochterlony reasoned only in his own way.

Mary stayed behind, and found it very difficult to occupy herself with anything. It was not temper, according to the ordinary meaning of the word. She was vexed, disturbed, disquieted, rather than angry. When she took up the pleasant letter in which the English breezes were blowing and the leaves rustling, she could no longer keep her attention from wandering. She began it a dozen times, and as often gave it up again, driven by the importunate thoughts which took her mind by storm and thrust everything else away. As if it were not enough to have one great annoyance suddenly overwhelming her, she had the standing terror of her life, the certainty that she should have to send her children away, thrown in to make up. She could have cried, had that been of any use; but Mrs. Ochterlony had had good occasion to cry many times in her life, which takes away the inclination at less important moments. The worst of all was that her husband's oft-repeated suggestion struck at the very roots of her existence, and seemed to throw everything of which she had been most sure into sudden ruin. She would put no faith in it — pay no attention to it, she said to herself; and then, in spite of herself, she found that she paid great attention, and could not get it out of her mind. The only character in which she knew herself — in which she had ever been known — was that of a wife. There are some women — many women — who have felt their own independent standing before they made the first great step in a woman's life, and who are able to realize their own identity without associating it forever with that of any other. But as for Mary, she had married, as it were, out of the nursery, and except as Hugh Ochterlony's wife, and his son's mother, she did not know herself. In such circumstances, it may be imagined what a bewildering effect any doubt about her marriage would have upon her. For the first time she began to think of herself, and to see that she had been hardly dealt with. She began to resent her guardian's carelessness, and to blame even kind Aunt Agatha, who in those days was taken up with some faint love-affairs of her own which never came to anything. Why did they see that everything was right? Why did not Hugh make sure, whose duty it was? Aliter she had vexed herself with such thoughts, she returned with natural inconsistency to

the conclusion that it was all one of the Major's notions. This was the easiest way of getting rid of it, and yet it was aggravating enough that the Major should permit his restless fancy to enter such sacred ground, and to play with the very foundations of their life and honour. And as if that was not enough, to talk at the end of it all of sending Hugh away! Perhaps it would have been good for Mary if she had taken her husband's advice and lain down, and sent over to Miss Sorbette for a novel. But she was rebellious and excited, and would not do it. It was true that they were engaged out to dinner that night, and that when the hour came Mrs. Ochterlony entered Mrs. Hesketh's drawing-room with her usual composure, and without any betrayal of the agitation that was still smouldering within. But that did not make it any easier for her. There was nobody more respected, as people say, in the station than she was—and to think that it was possible that such a thing might be, as that she should be humiliated and pulled down from her fair elevation among all these women! Neither the Major nor any man had any right to have notions upon a matter of such importance. Mary tried hard to calm herself down to her ordinary tranquillity, and to represent to herself how good he was, and how small a drawback after all were those fidgets of his, in comparison with the faults of most other men. Just as he represented to himself, with more success, how trifling a disadvantage was the "little temper" which gave him the privilege, now and then, of feeling tenderly superior to his wife. But the attempt was not successful that day in Mrs. Ochterlony's mind; for after all there are some things too sacred for discussion, and with which the most fidgety man in the world cannot be permitted to play. Such was the result of the first conversation upon this startling subject. The Major found himself very tolerably at his ease, having relieved his mind for the moment, and enjoyed his dinner and spent a very pleasant evening; but as for the Madonna Mary, she might have prejudiced her serene character in the eyes of the regiment had the veil been drawn aside only for a moment, and could anybody have seen or guessed the whirl of thoughts that was passing through her uneasy mind.

CHAPTER III.

THE present writer has already lamented her inability to convey to the readers of
 THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE. VOL. XXXII. 1458.

this history any clear account of an Indian bungalow, or the manner in which life goes on in that curious kind of English home: so that it would be vain to attempt any detailed description of Mary Ochterlony's life at this period of her career. She lived very much as all the others lived, and gave a great deal of attention to her two little boys, and wrote regularly by every mail to her friends in England, and longed for the days when the mail came in, though the interest of her correspondence was not absorbing. All this she did like everybody else, though the other ladies at the station had perhaps more people belonging to them, and a larger number of letters, and got more good of the eagerly-looked-for mail. And she read all the books she could come by, even Miss Sorbette's novels, which were indeed the chief literary nourishment of the station; and took her due share in society, and was generally very popular, though not so superior as Miss Sorbette for example, nor of obtrusive piety like Mrs. Kirkman, nor nearly so well off as Mrs. Hesketh. Perhaps these three ladies, who were the natural leaders of society, liked Mary all the better because she did not come in direct contact with their claims; though if it had ever entered into Mrs. Ochterlony's head to set up a distinct standard, no doubt the masses would have flocked to it, and the peace of the station might have been put in jeopardy. But as no such ambitious project was in her mind, Mary kept her popularity with everybody, and gained besides that character of "She could an if she would," which goes a great deal farther than the limited reputation of any actual achievement. She was very good to the new people, the young people, the recent arrivals, and managed to make them feel at home sooner than anybody else could, which was a very useful gift in such a society; and then a wife who bore her husband's fidgets so serenely was naturally a model and example for all the new wives.

"I am sure nobody else in the station could do so well," Mrs. Kirkman said. "The most experienced Christian would find it a trying task. But then some people are so mercifully fitted for their position in life. I don't think she feels it as you or I should." This was said, not as implying that little Mrs. Askell—to whom the words were ostensibly addressed—had peculiarly sensitive feelings, or was in any way to be associated with the Colonel's wife, but only because it was a favourite way

Mrs. Kirkman had of bringing herself down to her audience, and uniting herself, as it were, to ordinary humanity; for if there was one thing more than another for which she was distinguished, it was her beautiful Christian humility; and this was the sense in which she now spoke.

"Please don't say so," cried the ensign's wife, who was an unmanageable eighteen-year-old, half-Irish creature. "I am sure she has twenty thousand times more feeling than you and — than both of us put together. It's because she is real good; and the Major is an old dear. He is a fidget and he's awfully aggravating, and he puts one in a passion; but he's an old dear, and so you would say if you knew him as well as I do."

Mrs Kirkman regarded the creature by her side, as may be supposed, with the calm content which her utterance merited. She looked at her, out of those "down-dropt," half-veiled eyes, with that look which everybody in the station knew so well, as if she was looking down from an infinite distance with a serene surprise which was too far off and elevated to partake of the nature of disgust. If she knew him as well as this baby did! But the Colonel's wife did not take any notice of the audacious suggestion. It was her duty, instead of resenting the impertinence to herself, to improve the occasion for the offender's own sake.

"My dear, there is nobody really good," said Mrs. Kirkman. "We have the highest authority for that. I wish I could think dear Mary was possessed of the true secret of a higher life; but she has so much of that natural amiability, you know, which is, of all things, the most dangerous for the soul. I would rather, for my part, she was not so 'good' as you say. It is all filthy rags," said Mrs. Kirkman, with a sigh. "It might be for the good of her soul to be brought low, and forced to abandon these refuges of lies" —

Upon which the little Irish wild-Indian blazed up with natural fury.

"I don't believe she ever told a lie in her life. I'll swear to all the lies she tells," cried the foolish little woman; "and as for rags—it's horrible to talk so. If you only knew—if you only could think—how kind she was to me!"

For this absurd little hapless child had had a baby, as might have been expected, and would have been in rags indeed, and everything that is miserable, but for Mary, who had taken her in hand; and being not much more than a baby herself, and not strong yet, and having her heart in her

mouth, she burst out crying, as might have been expected too.

This was a result which her companion had not in the least calculated upon, for Mrs. Kirkman, notwithstanding her belief in Mary's insensibility, had not very lively feelings, and was not quick at divining other people. But she was a good woman notwithstanding all her talk. She came down off her mountain top, and soothed her little visitor, and gave her a glass of wine, and even kissed her, to make matters up.

"I know she has a way, when people are sick"—said the Colonel's wife; and then, after that confession, she sighed again. "If only she does not put her trust in her own works," Mrs. Kirkman added.

For, to tell the truth, the Chaplain of the regiment was not (as she thought) a spiritual-minded man, and the Colonel's wife was troubled by an abiding consciousness that it was into her hands that Providence had committed the souls of the station—"Which was an awful responsibility for a sinful creature," she said in her letters home; "and one that required constant watch over herself."

Perhaps, in a slightly different way, Mrs. Ochterlony would have been similarly put down and defended in the other two centres of society at the station. "She is intelligent," Miss Sorbette said; "I don't deny that she is intelligent; but I would not say she was superior. She is fond of reading, but then most people are fond of reading, when it's amusing, you know. She is a little too like Amelia in 'Vanity Fair.' She is one of the sweet women. In a general way, I can't bear sweet women; but I must confess she is the very best specimen I ever saw."

As for Mrs. Hesketh, her opinion was not much worth stating in words. If she had any fault to find with Mrs. Ochterlony, it was because Mary had sometimes a good deal of trouble in making the two ends meet. "I cannot endure people that are always having anxieties," said the rich woman of the station, who had an idea that everybody could be comfortable if they liked, and that it was an offence to all his neighbours when a man insisted on being poor; but at the same time everybody knew that she was very fond of Mary. This had been the general opinion of her for all these years, and naturally Mrs. Ochterlony was used to it, and, without being at all vain on the subject, had that sense of the atmosphere of general esteem and regard which surrounded her, which has a

favourable influence upon every character, and which did a great deal to give her that sweet composure and serenity for which she was famed. But from the time of that first conversation with her husband, a change came upon the Madonna of the station. It was not perceptible to the general vision, yet there were individual eyes which found out that something was the matter, though nobody could tell what. Mrs. Hesketh thought it was an attack of fever coming on, and Mrs. Kirkman hoped that Mrs. Ochterlony was beginning to occupy herself about her spiritual state; and the one recommended quinine to Mary, and the other sent her sermons, which, to tell the truth, were not much more suitable to her case. But Mary did not take any of the charitable friends about her into her confidence. She went about among them as a prince might have gone about in his court, or a chief among his vassals, after hearing in secret that it was possible that one day he may be discovered to be an impostor. Or, if not that, — for Mary knew that she never could be found out an impostor, — at least, that such a change was hanging over her head, and that somebody might believe it; and that her history would be discussed and her name get into people's mouths and her claims to their regard be questioned. It was very hard upon her to think that such a thing was possible with composure, or to contemplate her husband's restless ways, and to recollect the indiscreet confidences which he was in the habit of making. He had spoken to Colonel Kirkman about it, and even quoted his advice about the marriage lines; and Mary could not but think (though in this point she did the Colonel injustice) that Mrs. Kirkman too must know; and then, with a man of Major Ochterlony's temperament, nobody could make sure that he would not take young Askeff, the ensign, or any other boy in the station, into his confidence, if he should happen to be in the way. All this was very galling to Mary, who had so high an appreciation of the credit and honour which, up to this moment, she had enjoyed; and who felt that she would rather die than come down to be discussed and pitied and talked about among all these people. She thought in her disturbed and uneasy mind, that she could already hear all the different tones in which they would say "Poor Mary!" and all the wonders, and doubts, and inquiries that would rise up round her. Mrs. Kirkman would have said that all these were signs that her pride wanted humbling, and that the thing her friends should

pray for, should be some startling blow to lead her back to a better state of mind. But naturally that was a kind of discipline which for herself, or indeed for anybody else, Mary was not far enough advanced to desire.

Perhaps, however, it was partly true about the pride. Mrs. Ochterlony did not say anything about it, but she locked the door of her own room the next morning after that talk with the Major, and searched through all her repositories for those "marriage lines," which no doubt she had put away somewhere, and which she had naturally forgotten all about for years. It was equally natural, and to be expected, that she should not find them. She looked through all her papers and letters and little sacred corners, and found many things that filled her heart with sadness and her eyes with tears — for she had not come through those ten years without leaving traces behind her where her heart had been wounded and had bled by the way — but she did not find what she was in search of. She tried hard to look back and think, and to go over in her mind the contents of her little school-girl desk, which she had left at Aunt Agatha's cottage, and the little work-table, and the secretary with all its drawers. But she could not recollect anything about it, nor where she had put it, nor what could have become of it; and the effect of her examination was to give her, this time in reality, a headache, and to make her eyes heavy and her heart sore. But she did not say a syllable about her search to the Major, who was (as, indeed, he always was) as anxiously affectionate as a man could be, and became (as he always did), when he found his wife suffering, so elaborately noiseless and still, that Mary ended by a good fit of laughing, which was of the greatest possible service to her.

"When you are so quiet, you worry me, Hugh," she said. "I am used to hear you moving about."

"My dear, I hope I am not such a brute as to move about when you are suffering," her husband replied. And though his mind had again begun to fill with the dark thoughts that had been the occasion of all Mary's annoyance, he restrained himself with an heroic effort, and did not say a syllable about it all that night.

But this was a height of virtue which it was quite impossible any merely mortal powers could keep up to. He began to make mysterious little broken speeches next day, and to stop short and to say, "My darling, I mustn't worry you," and to sigh like fur-

nance, and to worry Mary to such an extremity that her difficulty in keeping her temper and patience grew indescribable. And then, when he had afflicted her in this way till it was impossible to go any further — when he had betrayed it to her in every look, in every step, in every breath he drew — which was half a sigh — and in every restless movement he made; and when Mrs. Ochterlony, who could not sleep for it, nor rest, nor get any relief from the torture, had two red lines round her eyes, and was all but out of her senses — the stream burst forth at last, and the Major spoke:

"You remember, perhaps, Mary, what we were talking of the other day," he said, in an insidiously gentle way, on an early morning — when they had still the long, long day before them to be miserable in. I thought it very important, but perhaps you may have forgot — about old Sommersville who died?"

"Forgot!" said Mary. She felt it was coming now, and was rather glad to have it over. "I don't know how I could forget, Hugh. What you said would have made one recollect anything; but you cannot make old Sommersville come alive again, whatever you do."

"My dear, I spoke to you about some — about a — paper," said the Major. "Lines — that is what the Scotch call them — though, I daresay, they're very far from being poetry. Perhaps you have found them, Mary," said Major Ochterlony, looking into her face in a pleading way, as if he prayed her to answer yes. And it was with difficulty that she kept as calm as she wished to do, and answered without letting him see the agitation and excitement in her mind.

"I don't know where I have put them, Hugh," she said, with a natural evasion, and in a low voice. She did not acknowledge having looked for them, and having failed to find them; but in spite of herself, she answered with a certain humility as of a woman culpable. For, after all, it was her fault.

"You don't know where you have put them," said the Major, with rising horror. "Have you the least idea how important they are? They may be the saving of you and of your children, and you don't know where you have put them! Then it is all as I feared," Major Ochterlony added with a groan, "and everything is lost."

"What is lost?" said Mary. "You speak to me in riddles, Hugh. I know I put them somewhere — I must have put them somewhere safe. They are most likely in my old desk at home, or in one of the

drawers of the secretary," said Mary calmly, giving those local specifications with a certainty which she was far from feeling. As for the Major, he was arrested by the circumstance which made her faint hope and supposition look somehow like truth.

"If I could hope that *that* was the case," he said; "but it can't be the case, Mary. You never were at home after we were married — you forget that. We went to Earlston for a day, and we went to your guardian's; but never to Aunt Agatha. You are making a mistake, my dear; and God bless me, to think of it, what would become of you if anything were to happen to me?"

"I hope there is nothing going to happen to you; but I don't think in that case it would matter what became of me," said Mary in utter depression; for by this time she was worn out.

"You think so now, my love; but you would be obliged to think otherwise," said Major Ochterlony. "I hope I'm all right for many a year; but a man can never tell. And the insurance, and pension, and everything — and Earlston, if my brother should leave it to us — all your future, my darling. I think it will drive me distracted," said the Major, "not a witness, nor a proof left!"

Mary could make no answer. She was quite overwhelmed by the images thus called before her: for her part the pension and the insurance money had no meaning to her ears; but it is difficult not to put a certain faith in it when a man speaks in such a circumstantial way of things that can only happen after his death.

"You have been talking to the doctor, and he has been putting things into your head," she said faintly. "It is cruel to torture me so. We know very well how we were married, and all about it, and so do our friends, and it is cruel to try to make me think of anything happening. There is nobody in the regiment so strong and well as you are," she continued, taking courage a little. She thought to herself he looked, as people say, the picture of health as he sat beside her, and she began to recover out of her prostration. As for spleen or liver, or any of those uncomfortable attributes, Major Ochterlony, up to this moment, had not known whether he possessed them — which was a most re-assuring thought, naturally, for his anxious wife.

"Thank God," said the Major, with a little solemnity. It was not that he had any presentiment, or thought himself likely to die early; but simply that he was in the pathetic way, and had a naïf and innocent

pleasure in deepening his effects; and then he took to walking about the room in his nervous manner. After a while he came to a dead stop before his wife, and took both her hands into his.

"Mary," he said, "I know it's an idea that you don't like; but for my peace of mind.— Suppose — just suppose for the sake of supposing — that I was to die now, and leave you without a word to prove your claims. It would be ten times worse than death, Mary; but I could die at peace if you would only make one little sacrifice to my peace of mind."

"Oh, Hugh, don't kill me — you are not going to die," was all Mary could say.

"No, my darling, not if I can help it; but if it were only for my peace of mind. There's no harm in it, that I can see. It's ridiculous, you know; but that's all, Mary," said the Major, looking anxiously in her face. "Why, it is what hosts of people do every day. It is the easiest thing to do — a mere joke for that matter. They will say, you know, that it is like Ochterlony, and a piece of his nonsense. I know how they talk; but never mind. I know very well there is nothing else that you would not do for my peace of mind. It will set your future above all casualties, and it will be all over in half an hour. For instance, Churchill says" —

"You have spoken to Mr. Churchill, too?" said Mary, with a thrill of despair.

"A man can never do any harm speaking to his clergyman, I hope," the Major said, peevishly. "What do you mean by *too*? I've only mentioned it to Kirkman besides — I wanted his advice — and to Sorbette, to explain that bad headache of yours. And they all think I am perfectly right."

Mary put her hands up to her face, and gave a low but bitter cry. She said nothing more — not a syllable. She had already been dragged down without knowing it, and set low among all these people. She who deserved nothing but honour, who had done nothing to be ashamed of, who was the same Madonna Mary whom they had all regarded as the "wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best." By this time they had all begun to discuss her story, and to wonder if all *had* been quite right at the beginning, and to say, "Poor Mary!" She knew it as well as if she had heard the buzz of talk in those three houses to which her husband had confided his difficulty. It was a horrible torture, if you will but think of it, for an innocent woman to bear.

"It is not like you to make such a fuss about so simple a thing," said Major Och-

terlony. "You know very well it is not myself, but you I am thinking of; that you may have everything in order, and your future provided for, whatever may happen. It may be absurd, you know; but a woman mustn't mind being absurd to please her husband. We'll ask our friends to step over with us to church in the morning, and in half an hour it will be all over. Don't cover your face, Mary. It worries me not to see your face. God bless me, it is nothing to make such a fuss about," said the Major, getting excited. "I would do a great deal more, any day, to please you."

"I would cut off my hand to please you," said Mary, with perhaps a momentary extravagance in the height of her passion. "You know there is no sacrifice I would not make for you; but oh, Hugh, not this, not this," she said, with a sob that startled him — one of those sobs that tear and rend the breast they come from, and have no accompaniment of tears.

His answer was to come up to her side, and take the face which she had been covering between his hands, and kiss it as if it had been a child's. "My darling, it is only this that will do me any good. It is for my peace of mind," he said, with all that tenderness and effusion which made him the best of husbands. He was so loving to her, that, even in the bitterness of the injury, it was hard for Mary to refuse to be soothed and softened. He had got his way, and his unbounded love and fondness surrounded her with a kind of atmosphere of tender enthusiasm. He knew so well there was none like her, nobody fit to be put for a moment in comparison with his Mary; and this was how her fate was fixed for her, and the crisis came to an end.

CHAPTER IV.

"I AM going with you, Mary," said Mrs. Kirkman, coming suddenly in upon the morning of the day which was to give peace to Major Ochterlony's mind, and cloud over with something like a shadow of shame (or at least she thought so) his wife's fair matron fame. The Colonel's wife had put on her last white bonnet, which was not so fresh as it had been at the beginning of the season, and white gloves which were also a little the worse for wear. To be sure the marriage was not like a real marriage, and nobody knew how the unwilling bride would think proper to dress. Mrs. Kirkman came in at a quicker pace than ordinary, with her hair hanging half out of curl

on either side of her face, as was always the case. She was fair, but of a greyish complexion, with light blue eyes *à fleur de la tête*, which generally she kept half veiled within their lids—a habit which was particularly aggravating to some of the livelier spirits. She came in hastily (for her), and found Mary seated disconsolately enough, with an entire want of occupation, which is, in such a woman, one of the saddest signs of a mind disturbed. Mrs. Ochterlony sat, dropped down upon a chair, with her hands listlessly clasped in her lap, and a hot flush upon her cheek. She was lost in a dreary contemplation of the sacrifice which was about to be exacted from her, and of the possible harm it might do. She was thinking of her children, what effect it might have on them—and she was thinking bitterly, that for good or evil she could not help it; that again, as on many a previous occasion, her husband's restless mind had carried the day over her calmer judgment, and that there was no way of changing it. To say that she consented with personal pain of the most acute kind, would not be to say all. She gave in, at the same time with a foreboding utterly indistinct, and which she would not have given utterance to, yet which was strong enough to heighten into actual misery the pain and shame of her position. When Mrs. Kirkman came in, with her eyes full of observation, and making the keenest scrutiny from beneath the downcast lids, Mrs. Ochterlony was not in a position to hide her emotions. She was not crying, it is true, for the circumstances were too serious for crying; but it was not difficult to form an idea of her state of mind from her strangely listless attitude, and the expression of her face.

"I have come to go with you," said Mrs. Kirkman. "I thought you would like to have somebody to countenance you. It will make no difference to me, I assure you, Mary; and both the Colonel and I think if there is any doubt, you know, that it is by far the wisest thing you could do. And I only hope"—

"Doubt!" said Mary, lighting up for the moment. "There is no more doubt than there is of all the marriages made in Scotland. The people who go there to be married are not married again afterwards that I ever heard of. There is no doubt whatever—none in the world. I beg your pardon. I am terribly vexed and annoyed, and I don't know what I am saying. To hear any one talk of doubt!"

"My dear Mary, we know nothing but what the Major has told," said Mrs. Kirk-

man. "You may depend upon it he has reason for what he is doing; and I do hope you will see a higher hand in it all, and feel that you are being humbled for your good."

"I wish you would tell me how it can be for my good," said Mrs. Ochterlony; "when even you, who ought to know better, talk of doubt—you who have known us all along from the very first. Hugh has taken it into his head—that is the whole matter; and you, all of you know, when he takes a thing into his head"—

She had been hurried on to say this, by the rush of her disturbed thoughts; but Mary was not a woman to complain of her husband. She came to a sudden standstill, and rose up, and looked at her watch.

"It is about time to go," she said, "and I am sorry to give you the trouble of going with me. It is not worth while for so short a distance; but, at least, don't say anything more about it, please."

Mrs. Kirkman had already made the remark that Mary was not at all "dressed." She had on her brown muslin, which was the plainest morning dress in her possession, as everybody knew; and instead of going to her room to make herself a little nice, she took up her bonnet, which was on the table, and tied it on without even so much as looking into the glass. "I am quite ready," she said, when she had made this simple addition to her dress, and stood there, looking everything that was most unlike the Madonna of former days—flushed and clouded over, with lines in her forehead, and the corners of her mouth dropped, and her fair large serene beauty hidden beneath the thunder-cloud. And the Colonel's wife was very sorry to see her friend in such a state of mind, as may be supposed.

"My dear Mary," Mrs. Kirkman said, taking her arm as they went out, and holding it fast. "I should much wish to see you in a better frame of mind. Man is only the instrument in our troubles. It must have been that Providence saw you stood in need of it, my dear. He knows best. It would not have been sent if it had not been for your good."

"In that way, if I were to stand in the sun till I got a sunstroke, it would still be for my good," said Mary in her anger. "You would say, it was God's fault, and not mine. But I know it is *my* fault; I ought to have stood out and resisted, and I have not had the strength; and it is not for good, but evil. It is not God's fault, but ours. It can be for nobody's good."

But after this, she would not say any more. Not though Mrs. Kirkman was

shocked at her way of speaking, and took great pains to impress upon her that she must have been doing or thinking something which God punished by this means. "Your pride must have wanted bringing down, my dear; as we all do, Mary, both you and I," said the Colonel's wife; but then Mrs. Kirkman's humility was well known.

Thus they walked together to the chapel, whither various wondering people, who could not understand what it meant, were straying. Major Ochterlony had meant to come for his wife, but he was late, as he so often was, and met them only near the chapel-door; and then he did something, which sent the last pang of which it was capable to Mary's heart, though it was only at a later period that she found it out. He found his boy with the Hindoo nurse, and brought little Hugh in, 'wildered and wondering. Mr. Churchill by this time had put his surplice on, and all was ready. Colonel Kirkman had joined his wife, and stood by her side behind the "couple," furtively grasping his grey moustache, and looking out of a corner of his eyes at the strange scene. Mrs. Kirkman, for her part, dropt her eyelids as usual, and looked down upon Mary kneeling at her feet, with a certain compassionate uncertainty, sorry that Mrs. Ochterlony did not see this trial to be for her good, and at the same time wondering within herself whether it *had* all been perfectly right, or was not something more than a notion of the Major's. Farther back Miss Sorbette, who was with Annie Hesketh, was giving vent in a whisper to the same sentiments.

"I am very sorry for poor Mary; but *could* it be all quite right before," Miss Sorbette was saying. "A man does not take fright like that for nothing. We women are silly, and take fancies; but when a *man* does it, you know" —

And it was with such an accompaniment that Mary knelt down, not looking like a Madonna, at her husband's side. As for the Major, an air of serenity had diffused itself over his handsome features. He knelt in quite an easy attitude, pleased with himself, and not displeased to be the centre of so interesting a group. Mary's face was slightly averted from him, and was burning with the same flush of indignation as when Mrs. Kirkman found her in her own house. She had taken off her bonnet and thrown it down by her side; and her hair was shining as if in anger and resistance to this fate, which with closed mouth, and clasped hands, and steady front, she was submitting

to, though it was almost as terrible as death. Such was the curious scene upon which various subaltern members of society at the station looked on with wondering eyes. And little Hugh Ochterlony stood near his mother with childish astonishment, and laid up the singular group in his memory, without knowing very well what it meant; but that was a sentiment shared by many persons much more enlightened than the poor little boy, who did not know how much influence this mysterious transaction might have upon his own fate.

The only other special feature was that Mary, with the corners of her mouth turned down, and her whole soul wound up to obstinacy, would not call herself by any name but Mary Ochterlony. They persuaded her, painfully, to put her long disused maiden name upon the register, and kind Mr. Churchill shut his ears to it in the service; but yet it was a thing that everybody remarked. When all was over, nobody knew how they were expected to behave, whether to congratulate the pair, or whether to disappear and hold their tongues, which seemed in fact the wisest way. But no popular assembly ever takes the wisest way of working. Mr. Churchill was the first to decide the action of the party. He descended the altar steps, and shook hands with Mary, who stood trying her bonnet, with still the corners of her mouth turned down, and that feverish flush on her cheeks. He was a good man, though not spiritually-minded in Mrs. Kirkman's opinion; and he felt the duty of softening and soothing his flock as much as that of teaching them, which is sometimes a great deal less difficult. He came and shook hands with her, gravely and kindly.

"I don't see that I need congratulate you, Mrs. Ochterlony," he said, "I don't suppose it makes much difference; but you know you always have all our best wishes." And he cast a glance over his audience, and reproved by that glance the question that was circulating among them. But to tell the truth, Mrs. Kirkman and Miss Sorbette paid very little attention to Mr. Churchill's looks.

"My dear Mary, you have kept up very well, though I am sure it must have been trying," Mrs. Kirkman said. "Once is bad enough; but I am sure you will see a good end in it at the last."

And while she spoke she allowed a kind of silent interrogation, from her half-veiled eyes, to steal over Mary, and investigate her from head to foot. *Had* it been all right before? Might not this perhaps be

in reality the first time, the once which was bad enough? The question crept over Mrs. Ochterlony, from the roots of her hair down to her feet, and examined her curiously to find a response. The answer was plain enough, and yet it was not plain to the Colonel's wife; for she knew that the heart is deceitful above all things, and that where human nature is considered it is always safest to believe the worse.

Miss Sorbette came forward too in her turn, with a grave face. "I am sure you must feel more comfortable after it, and I am so glad you have had the moral courage," the doctor's sister said, with a certain solemnity. But perhaps it was Annie Hesketh, in her innocence, who was the worst of all. She advanced timidly, with her face in a blaze, like Mary's own, not knowing where to look, and lost in ingenuous embarrassment.

"Oh, dear Mrs. Ochterlony, I don't know what to say," said Annie. "I am so sorry, and I hope you will always be very very happy; and mamma couldn't come"—Here she stopped short, and looked up with candid eyes, that asked a hundred questions. And Mary's reply was addressed to her alone.

"Tell your mamma, Annie, that I am glad she could not come," said the injured wife. "It was very kind of her." When she had said so much, Mrs. Ochterlony turned round, and saw her boy standing by, looking at her. It was only then that she turned to the husband to whom she had just renewed her troth. She looked full at him, with a look of indignation and dismay. It was the last drop that made the cup run over; but then, what was the good of saying anything? That final prick, however, brought her to herself. She shook hands with all the people afterwards, as if they were dispersing after an ordinary service, and took little Hugh's hand and went home as if nothing had happened. She left the Major behind her, and took no notice of him, and did not even, as young Askell remarked, offer a glass of wine to the assistants at the ceremony, but went home with her little boy, talking to him, as she did on Sundays going home from church; and everybody stood and looked after her, as might have been expected. She knew they were looking after her, and saying, "Poor Mary!" and wondering after all if there must not have been a very serious cause for this re-marriage. Mary thought to herself that she knew as well what they were saying as if she had been among them, and yet

she was not entirely so correct in her ideas of what was going on as she thought.

In the first place, she could not have imagined how a moment could undo all the fair years of unblemished life which she had passed among them. She did not really believe that they would doubt her honour, although she herself felt it clouded; and at the same time she did not know the curious compromise between cruelty and kindness, which is all that their Christian feelings can effect in many commonplace minds, yet which is a great deal when one comes to think of it. Mrs. Kirkman, arguing from the foundation of the desperate wickedness of the human heart, had gradually reasoned herself into the belief that Mary had deceived her, and had never been truly an honourable wife; but notwithstanding this conclusion, which in the abstract would have made her cast off the culprit with utter disdain, the Colonel's wife paused, and was moved, almost in spite of herself, by the spirit of that faith which she so often wrapped up and smothered in disguising talk. She did not believe in Mary; but she did, in a wordy, defective way, in Him who was the son of a woman, and who came not to condemn; and she could not find it in her heart to cast off the sinner. Perhaps if Mrs. Ochterlony had known this divine reason for her friend's charity, it would have struck a deeper blow than any other indignity to which she had been subjected. In all her bitter thoughts, it never occurred to her that her neighbour stood by her as thinking of those Marys who once wept at the Saviour's feet. Heaven help the poor Madonna, whom all the world had heretofore honoured! In all her thoughts she never went so far as that.

The ladies waited a little, and sent away Annie Hesketh, who was too young for scenes of this sort, though her mamma was so imprudent, and themselves laid hold of Mr. Churchill, when the other gentlemen had dispersed. Mr. Churchill was one of those mild missionaries who turn one's thoughts involuntarily to that much-abused, yet not altogether despicable institution of a celibate clergy. He was far from being celibate, poor man! He, or at least his wife, had such a succession of babies as no man could number. They had children at "home" in genteel asylums for the sons and daughters of the clergy, and they had children in the airiest costume at the station, whom people were kind to, and who were waiting their chance of being sent "home" too; and withal, there were always

more arriving, whom their poor papa received with a mild despair. For his part, he was not one of the happy men who held appointments under the beneficent rule of the Company, nor was he a regimental chaplain. He was one of that hapless band who are always "doing duty" for other and better-off people. He was almost too old now (though he was not old), and too much hampered and overlaid by children, to have much hope of anything better than "doing duty" all the rest of his life; and the condition of Mrs. Churchill, who had generally need of neighbourly help, and of the children, who were chiefly clothed—such clothing as it was—by the bounty of the Colonel's and Major's and Captain's wives, somehow seemed to give these ladies the upper hand of their temporary pastor. He managed well enough among the men, who respected his goodness, and recognized him to be a gentleman, notwithstanding his poverty; but he stood in terror of the women, who were more disposed to interfere, and who were kind to his family and patronized himself. He tried hard on this occasion, as on many others, to escape, but he was hemmed in, and no outlet was left him. If he had been a celibate brother, there can be little doubt it would have been he who would have had the upper hand; but with all his family burdens and social obligations, the despotism of the ladies of his flock came hard upon the poor clergyman; all the more that, poor though he was, and accustomed to humiliations, he had not learned yet to dispense with the luxury of feelings and delicacies of his own.

"Mr. Churchill, do give us your advice," said Miss Sorbette, who was first. "Do tell us what all this means? They surely must have told you at least the rights of it. What is the secret of it all? Do you think they have really never been married all this time? Goodness gracious me! to think of us all receiving her, and petting her, and calling her Madonna, and all that, if this should be true! Do you think?"

"I don't think anything but what Major Ochterlony told me," said Mr. Churchill, with a little emphasis. "I have not the least doubt he told me the truth. The wretchedness of their marriage are dead, and that wretched place at Gretna was burnt down, and he is afraid that his wife would have no means of proving her marriage in case anything happened to him. I don't know what reason there can be to suppose that Major Ochterlony, who is a Christian and a gentleman, said anything that was not true."

"My dear Mr. Churchill," said Mrs. Kirk-

man with a sigh, "you are so charitable. If one could but hope that the poor dear Major was a true Christian, as you say. But one has no evidence of any vital change in his case. And, dear Mary, I have made up my mind for one thing, that it shall make no difference to me. Other people can do as they like, but so far as I am concerned, I can but think of our Divine Example," said the Colonel's wife. It was a real sentiment, and she meant well, and was actually thinking as well as talking of that Divine Example; but still somehow the words made the blood run cold in the poor priest's veins.

"What in the world do you mean, Mrs. Kirkman?" he said. "Mrs. Ochterlony is as she always was, a person whom we all may be proud to know."

"Yes, yes," said Miss Sorbette, who interrupted them both without any ceremony; "but that is not what I am asking. As for his speaking the truth as a Christian and a gentleman, I don't give much weight to that. If he has been deceiving us for all these years, you may be sure he would not stick at a fib to end off with. What is one to do? I don't believe it can have ever been a good marriage for my part."

This was the issue to which she had come by dint of thinking it over and discussing it; for, indeed, the doctor's sister, like the Colonel's wife, had got up that morning with the impression that Major Ochterlony's fidgets had finally driven him out of his senses, and that Mary was the most ill-used woman in the world.

"And I believe exactly the contrary," said the clergyman, with some heat. "I believe in an honourable man and a pure-minded woman. I had rather give up work altogether than reject such an obvious truth."

"Ah, Mr. Churchill," Mrs. Kirkman said again, "we must not rest in these vain appearances. We are all vile creatures, and the heart is deceitful above all things. I do fear that you are taking too charitable a view."

"Yes," said Mr. Churchill, but perhaps he made a different application of the words; "I believe that about the heart; but then it shows its wickedness generally in a sort of appropriate, individual way. I dare say they have their thorns in the flesh, like the rest; but it is not falsehood and wantonness that are their besetting sins," said the poor man, with a plainness of speech which put his hearers to the blush.

"Goodness gracious! remember that you are talking to ladies, Mr. Churchill," Miss Sorbette said, and put down her veil. It

was not a fact he was very likely to forget; and then he put on his hat as they left the chapel, and hoped he was now free to go upon his way.

"Stop a minute, please," said Miss Sorbette. "I should like to know what course of action is going to be decided on. I am very sorry for Mary, but so long as her character remains under this doubt" —

"It shall make no difference to me," said Mrs. Kirkman. "I don't pretend to regulate anybody's actions, Sabina; but when one thinks of Mary of Bethany! She may have done wrong, but I hope this occurrence will be blessed to her soul. I felt sure she wanted something to bring her low, and make her feel her need," the Colonel's wife added, with solemnity; "and it is such a lesson for us all. In other circumstances, the same thing might have happened to you or me."

"It could never have happened to me," said Miss Sorbette, with sudden wrath; which was a fortunate diversion for Mr. Churchill. This was how her friends discussed her after Mary had gone away from her second wedding; and perhaps they were harder upon her than she had supposed in her secret thoughts.

CHAPTER V.

BUT the worst of all to Mrs. Ochterlony was that little Hugh had been there — Hugh, who was six years old, and so intelligent for his age. The child was very anxious to know what it meant, and why she knelt by his father's side while all the other people were standing. Was it something particular they were praying for, which Mrs. Kirkman and the rest did not want? Mary satisfied him as she best could, and by and bye he forgot and began to play with his little brother as usual, but his mother knew that so strange a scene could not fail to leave some impression. She sat by herself that long day, avoiding her husband for perhaps the first time in her life, and imagining a hundred possibilities to herself. It seemed to her as if everybody who ever heard of her henceforth must hear of this, and as if she must go through the world with a continual doubt upon her; and Mary's weakness was to prize fair reputation and spotless honour above everything in the world. Perhaps Mrs. Kirkman was not so far wrong after all, and there was a higher meaning in the unlooked-for blow that thus struck her at her tenderest point; but that was an idea she could not

receive. She could not think that God had anything to do with her husband's foolish restlessness, and her own impatient submission. It was a great deal more like a malicious devil's work, than anything a beneficent providence could have arranged. This way of thinking was far from bringing Mary any consolation or solace, but still there was a certain reasonableness in her thoughts. And then an indistinct foreboding of harm to her children, she did not know what, or how to be brought about, weighed upon Mary's mind. She kept looking at them as they played beside her, and thinking how, in the far future, the meaning of that scene he had been a witness to might flash into Hugh's mind when he was a man, and throw a bewildering doubt upon his mother's name which perhaps she might not be living to clear up; and these ideas stung her like a nest of serpents, each waking up and darting its venom to her heart at a separate moment. She had been very sad and very sorry many a time before in her life, — she had tasted all the usual sufferings of humanity; and yet she had never been what may be called *unhappy*, tortured from within and without, dissatisfied with herself and everything about her. Major Ochterlony was in every sense of the word a good husband, and he had been Mary's support and true companion in all her previous troubles. He might be absurd now and then, but he never was anything but kind and tender and sympathetic, as was the nature of the man. But the special feature of this misfortune was that it irritated and set her in arms against him, that it separated her from her closest friend and all her friends, and that it made even the sight and thought of her children a pain to her among all her other pains. This was the wretched way in which Mary spent the day of her second wedding. Naturally, Major Ochterlony brought people in with him to lunch (probably it should be written tiffin, but our readers will accept the generic word), and was himself in the gayest spirits, and insisted upon champagne, though he knew they could not afford it. "We ate our real wedding breakfast all by ourselves in that villainous little place at Gretna," he said with a boy's enthusiasm, "and had trout out of the Solway: don't you recollect, Mary? Such trout! What a couple of happy young fools we were; and if every Gretna Green marriage turned out like mine!" the Major added, looking at his wife with beaming eyes. She had been terribly wounded by his hand, and was suffering secret torture and was full of the irritation of pain; and

yet she could not so steel her heart as not to feel a momentary softening at sight of the love and content in his eyes. But though he loved her he had sacrificed all her scruples, and thrown a shadow upon her honour, and filled her heart with bitterness, to satisfy an unreasonable fancy of his own, and give peace, as he said, to his mind. All this was very natural, but in the pain of the moment it seemed almost inconceivable to Mary, who was obliged to conceal her mortification and suffering, and minister to her guests as she was wont to do, without making any show of the shadow that she felt to have fallen upon her life.

It was, however, tacitly agreed by the ladies of the station to make no difference, according to the example of the Colonel's wife. Mrs. Kirkman had resolved upon that charitable course from the highest motives, but the others were perhaps less elevated in their principles of conduct. Mrs. Hesketh, who was quite a worldly-minded woman, concluded that it would be absurd for one to take any step unless they all did, and that on the whole, whatever were the rights of it, Mary could be no worse than she had been for all the long time they had known her. As for Miss Sorbette, who was strong-minded, she was disposed to consider that the moral courage the Ochterlonys had displayed in putting an end to an unsatisfactory state of affairs merited public appreciation. Little Mrs. Askell, for her part, rushed headlong as soon as she heard of it, which fortunately was not until it was all over, to see her suffering protectress. Perhaps it was at that moment, for the first time, that the ensign's wife felt the full benefit of being a married lady, able to stand up for her friend and stretch a small wing of championship over her. She rushed into Mrs. Ochterlony's presence and arms like a little tempest, and cried and sobbed and uttered inarticulate exclamations on her friend's shoulder, to Mary's great surprise, who thought something had happened to her. Fortunately the little eighteen-year-old matron, after the first incoherence was over, began to find out that Mrs. Ochterlony looked the same as ever, and that nothing tragical could have happened, and so restrained the offer of her own countenance and support, which would have been more humbling to Mary than all the desertion in the world.

"What is the matter, my dear?" said Mrs. Ochterlony, who had regained her serene looks, though not her composed mind; and little Irish Emma, looking at her, was struck with such a sense of her

own absurdity and temerity and ridiculous pretensions, that she very nearly broke down again.

"I've been quarrelling with Joe," the quick-witted girl said, with the best grace she could, and added in her mind a secret clause to soften down the fib,—"he is so aggravating; and when I saw my Madonna looking so sweet and so still"—

"Hush!" said Mary "there was no need for crying about that—nor for telling fibs either," she added, with a smile that went to the heart of the ensign's wife. "You see there is nothing the matter with me," Mrs. Ochterlony added; but notwithstanding her perfect composure it was in a harder tone.

"I never expected anything else," said the impetuous little woman; "as if any nonsense could do any harm to you! And I love the Major, and I always have stood up for him; but oh, I should just like for once to box his ears."

"Hush!" said Mary again; and then the need she had of sympathy prompted her for one moment to descend to the level of the little girl beside her, who was all sympathy and no criticism, which Mary knew to be a kind of friendship wonderfully uncommon in this world. "It did me no harm," she said, feeling a certain relief in dropping her reserve, and making visible the one thing of which they were both thinking, and which had no need of being identified by name. "It did me no harm, and it pleased him. I don't deny that it hurt at the time," Mary added after a little pause, with a smile; "but that is all over now. You do not need to cry over me, my dear."

"I—cry over you," cried the prevaricating Emma, "as if such a thing had ever come into my head; but I *did* feel glad I was a married lady," the little thing added; and then saw her mistake, and blushed and faltered and did not know what to say next. Mrs. Ochterlony knew very well what her young visitor meant, but she took no notice, as was the wisest way. She had steeled herself to all the consequences by this time, and knew she must accustom herself to such allusions and to take no notice of them. But it was hard upon her, who had been so good to the child, to think that little Emma was glad she was a married lady, and could in her turn give a certain countenance. All these sharp, secret, unseen arrows went direct to Mary's heart.

But on the whole the regiment kept its word and made no difference. Mrs. Kirkman called every Wednesday and took

Mary with her to the prayer-meeting which she held among the soldiers' wives, and where she said she was having much precious fruit; and was never weary of representing to her companion that she had need of being brought down and humbled, and that for her part she would rejoice in anything which would bring her dear Mary to a more serious way of thinking; which was an expression of feeling perfectly genuine on Mrs. Kirkman's part, though at the same time she felt more and more convinced that Mrs. Ochterlony had been deceiving her, and was not by any means an innocent sufferer. The Colonel's wife was quite sincere in both these beliefs, though it would be hard to say how she reconciled them to each other; but then a woman is not bound to be logical, whether she belongs to the High or Low Church. At the same time she brought Mary sermons to read, with passages marked, which were adapted for both these states of feeling, — some consoling the righteous who were chastened because they were beloved, and some exhorting the sinners who had been long callous and now were beginning to awaken to a sense of their sins. Perhaps Mary, who was not very discriminating in point of sermon-books, read both with equal innocence, not seeing their special application: but she could scarcely be so blind when her friend discoursed at the Mothers' Meeting upon the Scripture Marys, and upon her who wept at the Saviour's feet. Mrs. Ochterlony understood then, and never forgot afterwards, that it was *that* Mary with whom, in the mind of one of her most intimate associates, she had come to be identified. Not the Mary blessed among women, the type of motherhood and purity, but the other Mary, who was forgiven much because she had much loved. That night she went home with a swelling heart, wondering over the great injustice of human ways and dealings, and crying within herself to the Great Spectator who knew all, against the evil thoughts of her neighbours. Was that what they all believed of her, all these women? and yet she had done nothing to deserve it, not so much as by a light look, or thought, or word; and it was not as if she could defend herself, or convince them of their cruelty: for nobody accused her, nobody reproached her — her friends, as they all said, made no difference. This was the sudden cloud that came over Mary in the very fairest and best moment of her life.

But as for the Major, he knew nothing about all that. It had been done for his

peace of mind, and until the next thing occurred to worry him he was radiant with good-humour and satisfaction. If he saw at any time a cloud on his wife's face he thought it was because of that approaching necessity which took the pleasure out of everything even to himself, for the moment, when he thought of it — the necessity of sending Hugh "home." "We shall still have Islay for a few years at least, my darling," he would say, in his affectionate way; "and then the baby," — for there was a baby, which had 'come some time after the event which we have just narrated. That too must have had something to do, no doubt, with Mary's low spirits. "He'll get along famously with Aunt Agatha, and get spoiled, that fellow will," the Major said; "and as for Islay, we'll make a man of him." And except at those moments, when, as we have just said, the thoughts of his little Hugh's approaching departure struck him, Major Ochterlony was as happy and light-hearted as a man who is very well off in all his domestic concerns, and getting on in his profession, and who has a pleasant consciousness of doing his duty to all men and a grateful sense of the mercies of God, should be, and naturally is. When two people are yoked for life together, there is generally one of the two who bears the burden, while the other takes things easy. Sometimes it is the husband, as is fit and right, who has the heavy weight on his shoulders; but sometimes, and oftener than people think, it is the wife. And perhaps this was why Major Ochterlony was so frisky in his harness, and the Madonna Mary felt her serenity fall into sadness, and was conscious of going on very slowly and heavily upon the way of life. Not that he was to blame, who was now, as always, the best husband in the regiment, or even in the world. Mary would not for all his fidgets, not for any reward, have changed him against Colonel Kirkman with his fishy eye, nor against Captain Hesketh's jolly countenance, nor for anybody else within her range of vision. He was very far from perfect, and in utter innocence had given her a wound which throbbed and bled daily whichever way she turned herself, and which she would never cease to feel all her life; but still at the same time he stood alone in the world, so far as Mary's heart was concerned: for true love is, of all things on earth, the most pertinacious and unreasonable, let the philosophers say what they will.

And then the baby, for his part, was not like what the other babies had been; he

was not a great fellow, like Hugh and Islay; but puny and pitiful and weakly, — a little selfish soul that would leave his mother no rest. She had been content to leave the other boys to Providence and Nature, tending them tenderly, wholesomely, and not too much, and hoping to make men of them some day; but with this baby Mary fell to dreaming, wondering often as he lay in her lap what his future would be. She used to ask herself unconsciously, without knowing why, what his influence might be on the lives of his brothers, who were like and yet so unlike him: though when she roused up she rebuked herself, and thought how much more reasonable it would be to speculate upon Hugh's influence, who was the eldest, or even upon Islay, who had the longest head in the regiment, and looked as if he meant to make some use of it one day. To think of the influence of little weakly

Wilfrid coming to be of any permanent importance in the lives of those two strong fellows seemed absurd enough; and yet it was an idea which would come back to her, when she thought without thinking, and escaped as it were into a spontaneous state of mind. The name even was a weak-minded sort of name, and did not please Mary; and all sorts of strange fancies came into her head as she sat with the pitiful little peevish baby, who insisted upon having all her attention, lying awake and fractious upon her wearied knee.

Thus it was that the first important scene of her history came to an end, with thorns which she never dreamed of planted in Mrs. Ochterlony's way, and a still greater and more unthought-of cloud rising slowly upon the broken serenity of her life.

RESIGNED.

When my weary spinning's done,
And the shades of eve grow deep,
And by the bright hearthstone
The old folks sit asleep;
My heart and I in secret talk, when none can
see me weep.

Oftimes the driving rain,
And sometimes the silent snow,
Beat on the window-pane
And mingle sad and low
With the hopes and fears, the smiles and tears,
of a time long, long ago.

Till they act the tales they tell,
And a step is on the floor,
And a voice I once loved well
Says, "Open me the door."
Then I turn with a chill from the mocking
wind, which whispers "Nevermore!" —

To the little whitewashed room
In which my days are spent;
And, journeying toward the tomb,
My companions gray and bent,
Who haply deem their grandchild's life not joy-
ous, but content.

Ah me! for the sun's not set,
For the years not yet begun,
For the days not numbered yet,
And the work that must be done
Before the desert path is crossed, and the weary
web is spun!

Like a beacon in the night,
I see my first gray hair;
And I scarce can tell aught
If it is from age or care.
For Time glides silent o'er my life, and leaves
no landmark there.

But perchance 'tis for the best,
And I must harder strive,
If life is little blessed
Then not for life to live,
For though a heart has naught to take, it may
have much to give.

And they are old and poor,
And bread is hard to win,
And a guest is at the door
Who soon must enter in;
And to keep his shadows from the hearth, I
daily toil and spin.

My sorrow is their gain,
And I show not by a tear
How my solitude and pain
Have bought their comfort dear,
For the storm which wrecked my life's best
hope, has left me stranded here.

But I hear the neighbours say
That the hour-glass runs too fast,
And I know that in that glad day,
When toil and sorrow are past,
The false and true shall receive their due, and
hearts cease aching at last.

— *Chamber's Journal.*

OLD SIR DOUGLAS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

CHAPTER I.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

THERE is no example of human beauty more perfectly picturesque than a very handsome man of middle age.

No, smiling reader, not even a very handsome young man: not even that same man in his youth. The gain is in expression; of which every age has its own, and perhaps there is more change in that than in the features, under the working hand of Time. When luckless Dr. Donne wrote to the proud mother of the famous George Herbert of Bemerton and Lord Herbert of Cherbury —

“Nor spring nor summer beauty hath the
grace,
That I have seen in an autumnal face,”

it is to be feared he was more complimentary than veracious; for bloom is an integral part of woman's loveliness, and every day that brings her nearer to its withering takes away something of her charm. But with the other sex it is different. The youth who is noble-looking, glad, eager, gallant and gay as the young Lochinvar, will yet be handsomer when time shall have given him that air of customary command, of mingled majesty, wisdom, and cordial benevolence, which belongs to a later date; and which, in fine natures, results from much mingling with the joys, sorrows, and destinies of other men, with an increased instead of a diminished sympathy in all that concerns them. Often, too, this is accompanied by a genial cheerfulness of manner, springing from the same source. At the age of which I am speaking, small annoyances have ceased to afflict: great hopes and fears are subject to a more noble reserve: the pas-

sionate selfishness of inexperience has vanished: the restlessness of learning how much or how little life can achieve is calmed down. The smile of welcome in such a man's countenance is worth all the beauty of his adolescent years.

And if there should be any of my readers who, in spite of this argument, refuse to become converts to such unusual doctrine, and obstinately adhere to a contrary opinion, — that is because they never saw SIR DOUGLAS ROSS OF GLENROSSIE, familiarly called by his tenantry and his few remaining family ties, “Old Sir Douglas.”

He had indeed been called by that name before he could reasonably be said to have earned it: before his dark and thickly-curled hair had shown any of those rare silver streaks which the American poet, Longfellow, beautifully images as the

“Dawn of another existence, when this world's troubles are over.”

He was called Old Sir Douglas, chiefly, as it seemed, because everybody else was so young. His father had run away with a beautiful and a penniless Miss Macrae, when he was scarcely twenty. At five-and-twenty he was a widower with two infant sons; and by way of at once satisfying his family, redeeming the past, and giving a second mother to those young children, he wedded with the heiress of Toulmains; a very stiff and starched successor to the blooming and passionate girl whom he had laid in her grave so early that his union with her grew to be a vague dream rather than a distinct memory.

But the sunshine was off the path of his life for ever: and perhaps that instinct of insufficiency to another's happiness, which haunts the hearts of those who live in intima-

cy together even when those hearts are not very tender, crept into the hard shell where beats a sort of cold fish-life, in the bosom of the second lady Ross, and soured still further a nature never genial. Hateful to her was the memory of that first wife; displeasing to the last degree the sight of her orphan children and the sound of their prattle. She spent her time in steady efforts at repression, and at a series of inventive punishments, principally directed against the sin of liveliness.

She did not relax in her system even after she herself became a mother; and the little pale, shrewd, sharp-browed half-sister she gave the boys, seemed indeed to have been modelled on her own pattern. Still, resolute, and reserved, that tiny girl foreshadowed the woman to be, and faithfully transmitted the soul and spirit of her progenitrix.

Young as the first brood were when they lost their loving mother, they felt the change. Home was home still, but it was home *frappé à la glace*; and the efforts of Lady Ross to train and nail them as snow-berries not only failed, but produced, as years went on, a sort of chronic state of rebellion; in-somuch that, even had her wishes been reasonable and gently expressed (two conditions that never existed), I fear she would have found the two boys, Douglas and Kenneth, wilfully provided with a stock of ready-made opposition.

In a household where the sole break in the monotony of discontent was a change from storms to sullenness on the part of the governing authority, and a corresponding change from passion to dejection in the young things that were to be governed, it was not to be expected that nature should be properly disciplined, or minds effectually taught. The boys learned as little as they could, and resisted as much as they dared. Their affection for each other was proportionate to their isolation at home, and before they were severally nine and ten years old, their chief pleasure was to roam over the hills behind the castle, their arms twined round each other's necks, talking of the insupportable tyranny of stepmothers, as set forth in all the stories they had ever read, and planning wild and boyish attempts at escape from such thralldom. From their father they received neither instruction nor guidance. Tormented and disappointed himself, his weak and impulsive nature took that turn to evil from which perhaps a pious, cheerful, loving helpmate might have saved him. Captious in his temper, drunken in his habits, given greatly to those open grieve-

ous twits and taunts in the wars of home, which seem to lookers-on so indecent and embarrassing, — and which a man should be taught to govern and conceal in his soul, as he is taught to clothe the nakedness of his body, — his children combined an utter absence of respect for him with a certain degree of prejudiced pity. If they did not think him always in the right in the family quarrels they witnessed, at least they always thought their stepmother in the wrong. "Poor papa" was their kindest mention of him; and "papa's too lazy to care" the common salvo to their conscience when doing something that had been absolutely forbidden.

At length came that crisis in their childhood, which might be expected. Among the smaller obstinacies about which papa was "too lazy to care," and which was the subject of fierce reprobation with their stepmother, was the constant presence of two rough terriers, which had been given the two boys in the earliest stage of their mutual puppyhood by the old keeper. Jock and Beardie were installed as idols in their masters' hearts. Rustling through the brushwood, leaping over the purple heather, panting through the brawling burns, covered with dust or drenched with rain, as the case might be — in rushed, with a scuffle and a yelp of joy, sniffing for drink, or scratching for a comfortable resting-place, these four-footed plagues, as Lady Ross termed them; following, or followed by, the kilted little lads. During the brief period allotted to their careless lessons, dog and master eyed each other with an equally intelligible agreement to "go out the moment it was over," when, — as if at the sound of a signal gun, — the scuffle, shout, yelp, and rush were renewed. Often had Beardie been chased angrily with a whip, to teach him indoors manners; often had Jock been seized by the scruff of his shaggy neck, and tossed out of the low windows; often pulled out from slumbers surreptitiously permitted in the tumbled beds of their sleeping masters; often made to howl for flagrant discovery of bones half gnawed, and fragments of victuals, under those same little couches; often shaken out rudely on the bare floor when curled up for a nap in the plaided counterpanes. But it was in vain that Lady Ross scolded and stormed. The dogs did not understand what she would be at, and the boys were determined that where they went Jock and Beardie should follow.

On one especial day, the rushing, yelping, shouting, and scuffling, which attended their entrance seemed redoubled: the boys

had fallen in with an otter hunt, conducted by an experienced old gillie, their chief friend on the estate. They entered flushed, wet, panting, and joyous, leaving every door on their progress open, including that of the wide oak hall, through which a whirl of wind and autumn leaves followed their reckless little heels, as if willing to share in the sport and the confusion. Then dog and master, alike muddy, breathless, and dripping, burst into the presence of Lady Ross, even as she sat in the state drawing-room receiving the somewhat formal visit of the most puissant of all her Scotch neighbours, the dowager Countess of Clochnaben and the invalid earl her son.

"Are those Sir Neil's boys? They seem rudish little bears," was the polite speech of the dowager, as she hastily drew her ample dress nearer the boundary of the sofa, where the ladies were seated.

"I told you to hinder that sort of thing," said the irate hostess to her husband after her guests had departed.

"How am I to hinder it?" sulkily replied he. "I'm just wishing you'd let the lads and their dogs be."

Then rose one of those wild storms about nothing, which are at once the curse and the wonder of ill-mated married life: the wife "flying" at the husband; the husband swearing at the wife; the children staring at the loud battle and angry gestures; till, a portion of the wrathful torrent of violence being turned their way, they were ordered off to "make themselves decent for supper."

That supper was not eaten, nor greeted otherwise than with bitter cries and regretful tears; for, when the boys recrossed the great hall adorned with the antlers of innumerable stags, they were met by their incensed stepmother. She pointed fiercely through the great arched door, calling out, "Since there's neither teaching nor managing will rule ye, and your father lets you run wild, we'll see if I can find means to make more impression:—I think you'll not forget to-day's otter hunt in a hurry."

Through the arch the boys gazed, in the direction indicated by her gaunt finger, and then stood as though she had turned them into stone by some weird spell. For there, on the two lower branches of a stunted old fir-tree, just outside the castle door, hung the two dogs; horrid in their recent death by strangulation; pitiful in their helpless dangling attitudes; executed by a sudden doom! Poor Jock, whose warm kindly brown eyes and rough nose were wont to bury themselves under Douglas's carressing

arm; and Beardie, handsome, active, and frolicsome Beardie, who had leaped so high to Kenneth's stick, and whose long silky coat of iron grey hair had been the admiration of all beholders! There they hung! wet and draggled and weary-looking, as when they came in: but never more to dry their coats by the fire; or lap from the great bowl of water set ready for them by the boys; or lick the tanned little hands, in mute joy and gratitude, at the end of some pleasant day! There they hung: tongues out; eyes glazed; limbs contracted with horrid evidences of a bygone struggle ending in a helpless death.

Kenneth was the first to break silence; with a cry that was almost a yell of despair and defiance, he made a dash towards the tree, opening his knife as he went, to cut his favourite down. Douglas stood still; panting, speechless, and breathless; his eyes riveted on poor Jock, as though he had no power to withdraw them from the dreadful sight. Then followed, from both boys, a wild echoing shout for their father—for their father to come and see what had been done by them during the brief interval they had spent in preparations for a more decent appearance in the sitting-room and at the family meal.

Nor did the easily excited ire of that father disappoint the boys' expectations. It went beyond them: it alarmed them by its excess. Louder and more furious, and more intermixed with oaths, grew Sir Neil's rapid phrases of reproach to his wife, as the boys, sobbing and exclaiming, kissed the corpses of their canine companions; and, at length, as with fierce and fearless defiance, taunt for taunt returned in the shrillest of voices, Lady Ross made a step or two in advance towards her husband, the latter seized her by the shoulders; shook her violently; and, with the exasperated words that she had "done an ill devil's deed,"—and he "wished from his soul she was hanging up alongside of the dogs," he thrust her from him against the tall, heavy, hatstand that stood at the hall-door. The hatstand fell over with a crash; and, though Lady Ross recovered her balance with a staggering effort, and did not fall, the excitement of the scene proved too much for Douglas, who, throwing himself between the contending parties with a piteous exclamation of horror, suddenly dropped at his father's feet in a dead faint.

He was a fine robust boy; and, the burst of emotion and its consequences once over, he rapidly became himself again. But neither of the lads would come in to supper, or give any attention to the persistent lec-

turing with which they were favoured by their stepmother. They remained out in the early moonlight till they had buried their dogs; came in, and went heavily up to their own room, where they were yet heard sobbing and talking for a while; and, in the morning, the two little rebels were missing. They had run away.

The preparations made by children on these occasions are not very extensive. A bag of oatmeal, a few apples, and a very slender remainder of pocket-money, would not have taken them far on their projected road to high fortune; though in their first eager four miles they had considered it quite a settled thing that Douglas should become a warrior and statesman like the Duke of Wellington, and Kenneth, at the very least, Lord Mayor of London.

They were pursued and brought back — footsore, hungry, and exhausted, — at the end of their first day's march; before they had got even to the suburbs of the market-town from which this plunge into worldly success was to be made.

While they crept once more (less loth than boyish pride might have avowed) into their accustomed beds, a parental council was held. Lady Ross was of opinion that they should both be "flogged for their escapade within an inch of their lives;" her husband, that no further notice should be taken of it, since they probably had had a sickening of such attempts, in their failure and fatigue. But the upshot of the debate was, that Douglas and Kenneth were parted; the elder sent to Eton for civilized training, in token of a certain concession to Lady Ross's English views on the subject; and the younger delivered over in gloom and disgrace to a neighbouring Scotch minister, who had one other forlorn pupil, and a reputation for patient teaching.

Undoubtedly the best education for man or boy is to mingle much with his fellows; and that is why a man educated at a public school is in general better educated than one who has received tolerably careful training at home. Lessons may not be so well learned, but Life is learnt; emulation is roused; the mind is not allowed to roost and slumber, like a caged bird on a perch. Douglas Ross owed to his inimical stepmother an immense service as to his future; though in her disposal of him she had merely consulted her desire to be rid of him, and certain consequential notions of how "the heir" should be educated. Had she had a boy of her own, perhaps some grudging might have mingled with such plans; but the sharp-browed Alice was her only

child, and was an interest apart, and, in fact, subordinate, to Lady Ross's feelings of family consequence. Young Douglas would have justified a nobler pride. Frank, intelligent, spirited, and yet amenable to true discipline now that such discipline had replaced the alternate neglect and tyranny of home, he was popular alike with masters and companions; while the simplicity of such early training as he had had, rendered him insensible to the shallow compliments of strangers, struck with his personal beauty and free untutored grace of manner.

The holidays of many a "half" to come, were days of rapture. To see Kenneth waiting and watching under the tall fir-trees at the turn of the road where the mail-coach was to drop him; to leap down, and strain him to his heart; to exhibit his prize-books, on which the younger brother would gaze with a sigh of curiosity — and then to plunge back into the wild happy life of the Highlands, — this made home a temporary paradise. "Days among the heather" are days which, to those who have been brought up in the wild mountain-life of Scotland, are days of intoxicating joy. Once more with his brother; once more in his kilt, clambering here and there, lounging under the silver birches by the blue lake's side, gliding over its silver surface in the coble-boat, fishing for trout, and waking the echoes, as they rowed home, with many a snatch of song; uncovering his glossy head for very sport in the sudden shower, and feeling a wild delight in the mountain storms; — young Douglas's holidays for the first three years were days of unalloyed delight.

Then came the gradual change which circumstances bring, — a change which is not exactly alienation, but separation, between those who are differently situated as to occupations, associations, and aims. A certain discontent, instead of approbation, took possession of his father's mind. The prize-books were tossed aside, with some discouraging observation as to the value of "book-learning," and the absurd disproportion of such rewards with the expense of such an education. Douglas himself had a sorrowful instinct that Kenneth's life was narrowing round him, — he was a companion in all purposeless pursuits to his father, but the main elements of improvement were wanting. He smoked and sat up drinking whisky-toddy, — he shot and walked with Sir Neil. But he did nothing, and learnt nothing. It was neither the life of a boy nor a man; and the dawdling leisure left from its loose occupations was spent by

Kenneth in familiar visitings wherever a pretty face smiled on the threshold of a farmhouse, or a bothy in the glen; in idle talk with gamekeepers, farmers, and petty tenants; and in making love betwixt jest and earnest to the miller's daughter at the falls of Torrieburn; Torrieburn being a small separate estate of Sir Neil's, which was settled on his younger son.

In his own loving earnest way, Douglas hinted good counsel, but without good effect. Kenneth was angry; was saddened; was somehow suspicious that his Eton brother was "coming the fine gentleman over him;" and a coldness stole between them, dreamy and impalpable as the chill white mist which rises among the hills at the beginning of winter, and hides all our pleasant haunts and familiar trysting-places with its colourless and ghostlike veil.

With his stepmother he was on even worse terms than during his comfortless boyhood. Disliking her profoundly, and yet attempting a certain show of courtesy to his father's wife, his reward was only the bitter sneer with which she spoke of him as "that very stately and gentlemanly young gentleman, Mr. Douglas Ross."

With his father he was restless and uncomfortable. Too young when a resident at home, in the memorable days of the dog-hanging, to be the companion Kenneth had gradually become, and old enough now to see all the defects of such companionship, he inwardly groaned in spirit at his own incapacity to give or to receive satisfaction from communion with one who in his best days was a poor specimen of what the head of a family should be, and whose worst days were now come—days of mingled apathy and discontent, of absolute repugnance to the nearest tie in it, his irritable and irritating wife; of selfish craving for what amusement or comfort he could get out of the society of the half-educated lad he had kept at Glenrossie without a thought of his future; and of angry surprise at the transformation, as it seemed to him, of the lovely, ardent boy whose small rebellions against discipline and lady Ross he had so often protected, into the proud, thoughtful adolescent, who "seemed to think he would advise the whole family."

In this state of mind was Sir Neil, when Douglas asked that his brother might be put to some profession, and that he himself might be sent to one of the universities; and for once Sir Neil and Lady Ross united their discordant voices in a chorus of agreement, holding that his demands were preposterous, and not to be granted.

Sir Neil considered that already he had had to much of "book-learning," which was "never of much use," and Lady Ross told him that he was "puffed with presumption" in venturing to chalk out for himself what was to be done.

Even Kenneth, the loved and clung-to Kenneth, was provoked; and hastily assured his brother it was lucky he had not succeeded in persuading his father, for that he, Kenneth, would certainly not have gone to study for any profession whatever. He ment to live at Torrieburn, and there'd always be grouse and oatcake enough to satisfy his notions of life. The tears started into Douglas's eyes, — but there was no one to heed or understand what passed in his heart; and no evidence of that day's mental struggle, except in a brief letter to his Eton "chum," Lorimer Boyd; younger son of that Dowager Clochnaben whose visit with the sickly young Earl to Glenrossie had been the exciting cause of the sudden execution of Jock and Beardie, and the exile of the runaway boys. The letter ran as follows:—

"TO LORIMER BOYD, ESQ.,

"Balmossie, N. B.

"MY DEAR LORIMER, — I am not to go to college; so I shall see no more of you at present! My father has consented, however, to my entering the army. Heaven grant I may do something more with life than accept the bare fact of living! Kenneth is to remain on at home. I am sorry for Kenneth. Such a fine, quick, handsome lad! I wish you could see him. I wish my father had given him a chance. Do not forget me, old fellow; I shall never forget you. I send you a little Elzevir 'Horace' you and I used to read sometimes together under the trees by the river that hot summer, when you sprained your arm, and had to give up rowing in the boats. I would be glad you wrote to me. I am sure you will, Lorimer. I don't mind owing to you that I feel so lonesome and disappointed I could cry like a girl. I hope you will distinguish yourself at college; you were much the cleverest fellow at Eton. I end with a *nil desperandum*; for, after all, I trust to our future meeting. You are a Scotchman, and so am I; and some day, I suppose, I shall be at home again. Meanwhile, since I cannot be at college, I am glad to be a soldier.

"Yours ever,

"DOUGLAS ROSS,"

CHAPTER II.

PASSING AWAY.

IF there were not daily examples to familiarize us with the marvel, we might wonder at the strange way in which Nature asserts herself, or the effects of Nature and accident combined, in the characters of individuals. We see children, all brought up in one home, under the same tutelage, as different as night from day. Pious sons and daughters sprung from infidel and profligate parents; unredeemed and incorrigible rascals from honest and religious fathers; fools, that fritter away the vanishing hours they themselves scarcely know how, born where steady conduct and deep knowledge seemed the very life of those around them,—and earnest, intelligent, and energetic souls springing up, like palm-trees in the desert sand, where never a thought has been given to mental culture or religious improvement.

Out of that home which looked so stately and beautiful among the surrounding hills, and held such grovelling inmates—the castled home of Glenrossie—went forth at least one scion of the good old name worthy to bear it. Douglas Ross drew his sword in the service of his country, in India, in America, and in China; he rose rapidly to command, and proved as strict in authority as he had formerly been in obedience. Beloved, respected, and somewhat feared, his name was one already familiar in men's mouths, as having greatly distinguished himself in the profession he had chosen, when he was recalled to Scotland, with leave of absence from the military command he held, to attend the rapidly succeeding death-beds of his father and brother.

Whether, in dying, some dim consciousness of his folly and injustice smote Sir Neil,—or that he was merely haunted by his lingering love for the son who had been left with him through recent years,—he made a sort of appeal to the elder when bending anxiously over him to gather the failing words. "You'll look after Kenneth," he said, "he has greatly mismanaged—You'll help him—Torrieburn's been ill sorted—He's let himself down, rather—with those people. I—Be good to Kenneth—Maybe he'll settle in the way of marriage, and do well yet. You'll have to make amends to—"

Sir Neil made great efforts to conclude this sentence, but was unable; he held convulsively by his son's hand, looked in his

face with that dying wistfulness which, once seen, is never forgotten, and fell back on the pillow exhausted—the anxieties, errors, and hopes of this world at an end for ever.

Brief was the time allotted to Douglas for any obedience to his father's dying wishes, as far as his brother was concerned. Kenneth had insisted on riding home to Torrieburn every night, in spite of the urging of his brother. He did not seem to believe the end so near. He was wilful as to being at home in his own bachelor abode. He hated his stepmother, he said, and his half-sister, and did not wish to see any of their mock grief for the father, who had at least treated him always with affection.

The night that father died, he rode away as usual. Torrents of rain, swept to and fro by the wild gusts of an autumnal storm, whistling and moaning through the ancient fir woods at the back of the castle, greeted his departure. The crash of trees blown down, the roar of the swollen torrent, sounded loud in the ear of his brother, as he stood grasping his hand at the open door, and bidding him good night. "If you will, you will, Kenneth; you were always a wilful fellow; but what a night!" and for a few minutes yet, Douglas Ross watched the receding form, full of grace and activity, of the handsome rider. "I shall be with you early in the morning," were his last words, as he waved his hand and put spurs to his horse. But neither that nor any other morning ever brought Kenneth Ross to the castle again. Their father died in the night; and Douglas was still pondering over the anxious, needless recommendation of his brother to his kindness, when the day dawned, as it had set, in storms of drenching rain.

Plans of affection, of hope, rational useful plans, chased each other like the wind-borne clouds through the mind of the new-made heir of Glenrossie. Yes, he *would* "look after Kenneth,"—Kenneth, and Torrieburn, and every fraction of his destiny! He would set that destiny to rights. He would think over a suitable marriage for him. He would give, lend, do anything to get him out of the embarrassments his father had hinted at. And then he remembered the other concluding sentence of that father's dying voice: "You'll have to make amends to"—To whom? Could it be some one who had already assisted Kenneth? Or perhaps to his stepmother? Sir Neil had never uttered his wife's name; he had begged she might not be present while he talked with his son at that solemn midnight hour. He meant to

see her again in the morning. Could he have been going to recommend her also to Douglas's kindness?

He went to her room to break the news. He found her cold, impassive; indifferent to the fact; suspicious of his intentions. She pronounced but one sentence: it was, "You are aware, I suppose, that I've a right to stay at the castle for a year from this date?" Her daughter was with her; she also looked at Douglas with her grave shrewd eyes. There was a certain beauty of youth and girlhood about her, and her half-brother gazed at her with pity. He took her hand and said gently, "Even if there were no right, do you think I would drive you away? This is Home."

Ailie drew her little thin hand out of his, as though she had been slipping off a glove. She sat mute. She gave no token even of having heard him, except withdrawing her eyes from his face, and casting a sidelong furtive glance at her rigid mother.

While Sir Douglas still lingered — in the sort of embarrassment felt by warm-hearted persons who have made a vain demonstration of sympathy — a sudden tumult of vague sounds, the arrival of a horseman, the chatter of servants, the flinging open of doors, struck heavily through the silence of the room. "There is Kenneth!" said Sir Douglas, as he hastily turned and opened the door into the broad handsome corridor at the head of the great oak staircase immediately fronting the entrance. The old butler was already there: he put his hands out as if deprecating the advance of a step: "Mr. Kenneth was thrown from his horse last night, sir, and the doctor says he'll no live till the morrow," was all he could utter.

Another death-bed — another and a dearer!

Sir Douglas rode to Torrieburn almost as desperately as his brother had done the night before. He found the handsome rider he had fondly watched at his departure, a bruised, shattered, groaning wretch. His horse, over-spurred, and bewildered by the drifting rain and howling storm, had swerved on the old-fashioned, sharp-angled bridge that crossed the Falls of Torrieburn, close to his home, and had dashed with his rider over the low parapet in among the rocks below.

Close to home; luckily, close to home!

Near enough for the wild shout he gave as he fell, and even the confused sound of the roll of shaken-down stones, and terrible weight of horse and rider falling on the bed of the torrent, to reach the house, and the

quick ear of one who was waiting and watching there. For Kenneth's bachelor home was not a lonely one. Startling was the picture that presented itself in that drear morning's light when Sir Douglas entered. The weariest frightened form he ever beheld in the shape of woman, sat at the foot of the bed. Untidy, dishevelled, beautiful; her great white arms stretched out with clasped hands, shuddering every time that Kenneth groaned; her reddish-golden hair stealing in tangled locks from under the knotted kerchief, which she had never untied or taken off since she had rushed out into the storm and scrambled down to the Falls the night before. The lower part of her dress was still soaked and dripping, covered with mud and moss — one of her loose stockings torn at the ankle, and the blood oozing through — her petticoat, too, torn on that side: she had evidently slipped in attempting to reach the horse and rider. Douglas spoke first to her, and he spoke to her of herself, not of his brother.

"Och!" she said, and her teeth chattered as she spoke — "ye'll no mind me, sir! it's naething. I just drappit by one hand frae the brae, in amang the stanes to get at him, and sae gat hurit. Ou Kenneth! Kenneth! Kenneth! Ou my man! my ain man!" and, rocking wildly to and fro, while the rain beat against the window, and the storm seemed to rock the trees in unison with her movements, she ceased to speak.

The dying man moved his lips with a strange sort of smile, but no sound came. Douglas knelt down by him, and, as he did so, was conscious of the presence of a little nestling child, the most lovely little face that ever looked out of a picture, that was sitting at the bed-head, serene and hopeful in all this trouble, and saying to him with a shy smile — "Are ye the doctor? and will ye put daddy a' richt? We've been waiting lang for the doctor."

No doctor could save Kenneth — no, not if the aching heart of his elder brother had resolved to bring him life at the price of his whole estate. He was fast going — fast! The grief of the ungovernable woman at his bed-foot only vaguely disturbed him. He was beginning to be withdrawn from earthly sights and earthly sounds. But Sir Douglas tried to calm her. He besought her to be still; to go away and wash her wounded limb and tear-swollen face, and arrange herself, and return, and meanwhile he would watch Kenneth till the doctor came. No, she wouldn't — no, she couldn't — no, he might die while she was out of the way —

no, she "wad see the last o' him, and then dee." She offered no help; she was capable of no comfort; she kept up her loud lament, so as to bewilder all present, and it was a positive relief to Sir Douglas when, with a sudden shiver through her whole frame, she slid from the bed-foot to the floor in a swoon.

By this time the doctor had arrived, with an assistant, both of them common "bone-setters" from the village of Torrieburn — rough, untutored, but not unkindly; and perhaps in nothing more kind than in the honest admission that beyond giving restoratives for the time being, and shifting the bed a little, so as to lessen (not remove) the great agony of human pain that must preface this untimely death, they could do nothing.

Do NOTHING! very solemn and trying are such death-beds; when human love, that seems so strong, stands helpless; listening to the great dreadful sentence, "You shall see this man whom you love pass to the presence of his Creator in torments inconceivable, and you shall not be able to lift away, no, not so much as one grain of his bitter pain, though you would give half your own life to do it."

God's will be done! Oh! how hollow sound even those solemn words! while we echo, as it were, the writhing we look on at, in the thrill of aching sympathy that goes through our own corporeal frame; and wait, and wait, and wait, and know that only Death — only Death — can end the anguish; and that, when he has ceased to suffer, we are alone for ever in the great blank. No more to hear his voice, no more to clasp his hand, no more to be conscious of his love; but to know that somewhere there is a grave, where he who suffered so much lies stiff and still, — and that "his spirit has returned to God who gave it."

When the doctor had arranged that dying bed for the best, — and had attended to the miserable woman who had fainted, and had brought her back, pale, exhausted, but quieter, to the sick chamber, — Kenneth made a feeble effort to raise himself; an exertion which was followed by a dreadful groan. Then he murmured twice the name of "Maggie! — dear Maggie!" and Sir Douglas rose up, and made way for the trembling creature so called upon, to kneel down in his place; adjuring her, for the love of heaven — *for the love of Kenneth* — not to give way, but keep still; getting only from her a burst of sobbing, and the words, "Kill me, och! kill me! and then maybe ye'll hush me down." There seemed no

"hushing her down," till suddenly Kenneth said, in a sort of dreamy voice, "Maggie, you'll call to mind the birken trees — the birken trees!"

The woman held her breath. There was no need to quiet her now: —

"The birken trees by the broomy knowe," repeated he dreamily; and, in a low clear tone, he added — "I'm sorry, Maggie."

Then, opening his eyes with a fixed look, he said, "Dear Douglas!" in a tone of extreme, almost boyish tenderness; and then followed a renewed silence; broken only by the wild gusty winds outside the house, and the distant sound of the fatal Falls of Torrieburn. All at once, with the rallying strength that sometimes precedes death, he spoke clearly and intelligibly: "Douglas! be kind — I'm going — I'm dying — be kind to my Kenneth, for the sake of days when we were boys together! Don't forsake him! don't deny him! Have pity on Maggie!"

A little pause after that, and he spoke more restlessly: "I'm asking others, and I ought to do it myself. It's I who forsake him. It's I that didn't pity. I say — I say — are you all here? Douglas! the doctor — ah! yes, and my father's factor, — Well — I —"

He struggled for a moment, with blue blanched lips, and, feeling for the little curled head of the child, at the further side of his bed, and locking his right hand in the hand of the kneeling woman, he said, "I trust Douglas with these. I declare Margaret Carmichael my WIFE, and I acknowledge Kenneth Carmichael Ross as my lawful son!"

The woman gave a suppressed shriek; she sprang up from her knees, and flung her arms round the dying man, with a wild, "Oh, I thank ye! I thank ye! and mither 'll thank ye for ever! Ou! my Kenneth!"

He turned his head towards her with that unutterable smile that often flits over dying faces. Brighter and fonder his smile could not have been in the days of their first love: "by the broomy knowe, under the birken trees;" and perhaps his thoughts were there, even in that supreme hour. No other word, except a broken ejaculation of prayer, came from him; only the by-standers "saw a great change" — the change there is no describing — come over his brow. The anguish of mortal pain seemed to melt into peace. A great sigh escaped him, such as bursts from the bosom in some sudden relief from suffering, and the handsome man was a handsome corpse. He who had been so much to that wailing woman, had become

IT! "it;" "the body;" that perishable form which had clothed the eternal soul, and was now to be carried away and hidden under the earth, "to suffer corruption," and join the unseen throng of those whose place in this world "shall know them no more."

The loud sound of her tempestuous wailing seemed to float out and follow Sir Douglas, as he at length left the house, and recrossed the dreadful bridge which had been the scene of that tragedy. The dead horse, whose neck had been broken in the leap, was still lying there; the waters gurgling round the new obstacle, and waving the glossy mane to and fro, like a row of reeds. The dreary rain was still drifting with the wind against the soaked stems of the fir-trees; and the scarlet berries and yellowing leaves of the mountain ash, or rowan-tree, tossed and swung above the torrent, far over head; dropping now and then a bead of red like a blood-gout into the whirling waters that swept them away. Even so were swept away all the hopes, plans, and resolutions made only the night previous in behalf of his brother, by Sir Douglas Ross of Glenrossie. And as the sobbing storm died down on wood and mountain, and one pale crimson and melancholy streak gleamed light from a sunset that promised a better day, even so did the gleaming hope of being of use to little Kenneth (so like the Kenneth his earliest boyish recollections brought back to him!) break through the miserable gloom in his kindly mind.

On arriving at the castle he described the scenes he had witnessed, and the death that had so unexpectedly taken place, to Lady Ross. She heard it, as she had heard of the death of her husband, with frigid composure. Her daughter also seemed unmoved; except by a certain amount of surprise, and the curiosity of one who listens to the account of a strange event.

But when Sir Douglas, endeavouring to repress the evidence how much he himself was moved, wound up his narration by endeavouring to enlist what pity there might be in Lady Ross's heart for the orphan and his wretched parent, then indeed a slight change was visible in Lady Ross's countenance. The indifference that had reigned there, was replaced by a look of supercilious scorn; and, when Sir Douglas imprudently faltered — "Being yourself a mother, I thought perhaps —" she flashed that look of scorn full upon him, with the speech, "I beg to remind you, Sir Douglas, that I am *not* the mother of children legitimized on a death-bed. Nor am I a miller's daughter; which, I understand, was the social position

of Meg Carmichael. I was not ignorant of the indecent infatuation of your brother for that low-born and low-bred woman; and the last thing I should have expected from *you*, on coming into the estates, was the admission of such base claims on the part of persons who have no more real right to Torrieburn than your father's head-keeper, and are about as fit to set up there as lairds of the place."

CHAPTER III.

CLAY IDOLS.

IN spite of the opinion thus enunciated by the widow of his misguided father, Sir Douglas took up the trust his brother left him in all the simplicity of good faith. Little Kenneth was acknowledged and installed as "Kenneth Carmichael Ross of Torrieburn," and a tutor appointed to teach and care for him as the young laird. Fain would Sir Douglas have removed him from his mother, and from all the early associations of the place; but the same ungovernable spirit, which had struck him with so much amazement at the time of poor Kenneth's death, was displayed in all her dealings with others. Her grief was despair: it was followed by a nervous fever: the fever by a disturbed state of nerves bordering on insanity. And then she recovered, like a creature that has moaned for its whelps and gradually forgotten them.

No sooner had she lifted from the pressure of that woe, than a wilfulness exceeding all poor Kenneth had ever shown, took its place. She considered herself, under that declaration of marriage, as the natural occupier and possessor of Torrieburn House till her son should be grown up. She established her mother there, as indeed might have been expected; her father, the old miller of Torrieburn, coming frequently over — sometimes to complain of the inconvenience of his wife's residence apart from him, sometimes to quarrel both with her and her daughter, sometimes to carouse with companions for whom she could scarcely refuse to provide whiskey in a limited or unlimited quantity. With the first tutor, appointed to the care of her son, she entered into relations so unseemly, after the subsiding of her grief, that, the fact coming to the ears of Sir Douglas, he wrote her a letter of remonstrance; and substituted a somewhat stern but very sensible pedagogue in his stead, with whom she incessantly quarrelled, and from whose authority she encouraged her

boy to appeal. Sir Douglas was always receiving letters from the boy or his mother complaining of severity, complaining of injustice; till, at length, wearied out by petitions and oburgations, a fresh substitution was made, and a tutor sent of good education, with excellent recommendations, and private instructions to "show as much indulgence as was consistent with good discipline." This time Meg Carmichael made further changes impossible by *marrying* the tutor: and the ill-assorted household continued on the most comfortless footing,—the wayward, handsome woman alternately quarrelling with her husband, and giving herself airs as "Mrs Ross of Torrieburn,"—or bestowing on him some of the wild adoration which had formerly been the portion of poor Kenneth: and the tutor-husband vainly trying to make head, in the house that was scarcely to be called his own, against the drunken old miller and his boon companions, the bustling and shrewish old woman his wife, and the disposition to shirk all control and all guidance in the lovely little boy whose position, as the future "laird," was acknowledged, in different forms of folly and flattery, by all around him in the narrow circle of home. A hint from Sir Douglas that it would soon be time to send him to a good school was received with such a storm of indignation and despair, such ill-spelt, ill-worded letters of passionate remonstrance, that Sir Douglas put off all further alteration in young Kenneth's destiny till he could get home from his command, and personally superintend the necessary changes. That the boy was well taught by his tutor-father was evidenced by the letters he wrote; and which, though they half-nettled, half-amused Sir Douglas by their tone of presumption, addressing him entirely "*déjà en égal*," were such as no boy of inferior education or inferior intelligence could possibly have penned.

At length the day came when Sir Douglas Ross of Glenrossie returned as a resident to the home of his fathers! His stepmother had been dead some time; but her daughter had, by his own express wish, continued to reside in the castle; nor had he the heart, when he found that lonely young spinster there, to enter on the topic of her removal. It would be time enough, Sir Douglas thought, when he was married, if ever he married. Her mother had been odious, but that was not the daughter's fault; and there was nothing offensive in her, personally. On the contrary, she appeared especially anxious to preserve the home she had acquired, by the most absolute acquiescence in

her half-brother's wishes, and a disposition to see to all those minor arrangements of a household which a man cannot see to himself, and which that astute and reserved little personage performed as well as any hired housekeeper, if not better.

When Sir Douglas first beheld the boy for whom, unseen, he had been caring, and whose future he was so anxiously about to arrange, soldier though he was, he burst into tears. Kenneth stood before him! Kenneth in the days before they were parted—Kenneth when they used to climb the hills with their arms round each other's necks—Kenneth before the cold cloud of difference mistily rose between them. And, though Sir Douglas kept to his resolution, and sent the lad both to school and college,—undeterred by the loud wailing of Mrs. Maggie Ross, who ran along the edge of the high road weeping and waving her handkerchief at the mail-coach the first day he departed, and who constantly made his recurring holidays terms of the most corrupting influence of folly and over-indulgence,—yet the depths of love he felt for that orphan lad were such as rarely exist even in a father's heart for a favourite child. It was a passion with Sir Douglas. What Kenneth did, what Kenneth said, what Kenneth thought, was the principal occupation of his own more mature mind. Inwardly he vowed never to marry: to bring the boy up as his heir: to make his home not at Torrieburn but Glenrossie, and suffer that living image of his dead brother to "come after him," when he, too, should be dead and gone.

As time rolled on, however, much anxiety was mingled with Sir Douglas's love. The wayward son of that wayward race seemed turning out yet more wayward and rebellious than all that had preceded him. Drunkenness, a love of low company, of being what is vulgarly termed "cock of the walk," the most profuse extravagance as to money matters, and a sort of careless defiance of all authority, more especially the constituted authority of his stately uncle, whom at this time he and all around him took to calling by the title I have already commented upon, "Old Sir Douglas,"—all these defects, and more, showed themselves in Kenneth's son. And all these defects did Sir Douglas believe he could, by care and resolution, weed out of that hot young head and heart, as the gardener weeded the broad walks in the long-forsaken gardens of Glenrossie. Twice had he paid the debts of the young collegian, and received, in answer to his imploring lec-

tures, the most satisfactory promises for the future. A third time he called upon his uncle to clear him, and this time Sir Douglas thought fit, greatly to the young man's discontent, to consider his college career as closed, and send him to travel. Fain would he have made the lad his own companion, but there was so much chance of ill-will and hot blood in the attempts at control over his actions that he dreaded to undertake it, lest it should make a "break" between them.

With the most liberal allowance it was possible to grant, and the most intelligent companion he could find, — little over Kenneth's own age, and full of good and amiable qualities, — Sir Douglas despatched his nephew on what in old-fashioned days was called "the grand tour;" and, with a pang at his affectionate heart, stood on the steps at the castle entrance, and saw that handsome careless head smile a final farewell from the chaise window, and waited till the sound of wheels died away in the distance, and lifted his cap, with a half-murmured prayer, before he turned back into the great hall.

There, everything looked as it did in his own boyhood and adolescence; as when he ran away from home; when he was sent to school; when he returned in eager gladness to be pressed in Kenneth's arms; when he tried to persuade his father to give Kenneth some profession; when he looked out into the stormy night, and saw that brother ride away for the last time; and all these scenes chased each other through his musing mind — all terminating in the one leading thought, What would be the future of Kenneth's son?

The accounts sent from time to time were far from reassuring. Young Kenneth acknowledged no power of control in the student-companion allotted for his tour, but treated him as a sort of confidential courier, bound to take all trouble off his hands, provide for his amusements, and carefully minister to his comforts, but nothing more. The one vice, too, from which Kenneth had hitherto been guarded, that of immorality, — which his mother, remembering her own destiny, watched over with a jealous care she bestowed on nothing else, — seemed rapidly to be taking rank among the young laird's already established errors; and at length Sir Douglas received one morning, by the early post at Glenrossie, a very long, very tender, very comfortless letter from the friend of Eton days, Lorimer Boyd, then at the English Legation at Naples, informing him that young Kenneth, whose

acquaintance he had made with the most eager interest for Sir Douglas's sake, was becoming a noted character among the English visitors, with anything but credit to himself and family; that the young man who had been engaged to accompany him desired to resign his trust into Sir Douglas's hands, feeling it to be positively dishonest to continue receiving a high salary, as travelling tutor, for the supposed performance of duties which the disposition of Kenneth Ross rendered it impossible to fulfil. Finally, that he thought Sir Douglas could not do better than come himself to Italy, where Lorimer Boyd would be overjoyed to see him, and where new arrangements might, he hoped, be made; ending with the ominous words, "for, if something is not done, and that speedily, I should fear that this young lad, to whom you have shown, such generous kindness, will turn out utterly worthless."

The next day saw Sir Douglas Ross on his way to London, to procure his passport and proceed to his destination. He reached it without event; and, in the satisfaction evinced by Lorimer Boyd, and the pleasant converse of that old friend, half forgot the pain of observing that his unexpected coming had produced in young Kenneth no other evidence of emotion than a sort of discontented surprise.

"Well, well," thought the uncle, indulgently, "he probably knows he has been complained of, and I must make allowance for that."

In the evening, fidgeting a little over the long colloquy after their late dinner, at which Lorimer Boyd was the sole guest, Kenneth said, "I am now going out; going to a party, — a very decent family party," added he, with a half saucy, half angry smile. "Will you come too, Uncle Douglas? I know Mr. Lorimer Boyd is dying to get there, instead of talking any more to you, for there is to be amateur music, and some of his particular friends are to sing."

Something of gloom and displeasure overshadowed Lorimer Boyd's countenance, and apparently, in spite of assumed carelessness, the young man felt it, for he added hastily, "I believe he's as fond of music as you are, Uncle, and that is saying a good deal."

"My dear boy, I'll go wherever you are both going; we can all go together; if Lorimer will undertake to introduce me, I shall be charmed to plunge at once into the dissipations of Naples."

Lorimer started out of some sort of rev-

erie in which he had been absorbed; and, with half a sigh and half a laugh, he said, "I fear you won't find much to charm you in the set that are at present in Naples; but this is a pleasant enough house, and certainly the music is divine."

Lorimer Boyd made his introduction with a degree of shyness, which no experience of the world had conquered in him; but stately Sir Douglas was greeted with great eagerness as a new-comer amongst the little society; nor were there wanting looks of surprised admiration and whispers of inquiry, as the handsome soldier made his way through the busy crowd to a place near the piano. For it was true that Sir Douglas was very fond of music; and the one faint recollection he retained of his mother was the shape of her lovely mouth and the soft darkness of her eyes, singing some snatch of an old ballad of unhappy love:—

"He turned him round and right about
All on that foreign shore;
He gave his bridle reins a shake,
With 'Adieu for evermore, my dear,
With adieu for evermore!'"

Nothing is so capricious as memory. Why one incident is remembered and all others forgotten—why a person with whom we have lived in intimacy for years is recalled always by one, or, at the most, by two or three different aspects,—on occasions neither more nor less important than a thousand others,—are mysteries of the working of the brain, where these memories are packed away, which the profoundest of our philosophers have been, and are, unable to solve. But certain it is that among other caprices of memory Sir Douglas, who had lost his mother in his childhood, remembered her chiefly by her songs; and above all by that versified farewell which could have conveyed no idea to a child's mind beyond the vague sadness of intonation. Whenever he thought of his mother, he heard that stanza float upon the air. He was thinking of her now, in the midst of that assembly of strangers, with no other reminiscence to those thoughts than the sudden touch given by his nephew's remark that he was fond of music.

His thoughts wandered, too, to a beautiful German fable as to the effect of certain singing—one of their wild stories of water-spirits; in which the hero, impatient at the old ferryman not being in attendance to punt him across a river, swears a good deal; is stopped by a young girl who says she is the ferryman's daughter, and offers

to punt him over in her father's absence; accepts the offer, but is greatly troubled in his mind by the fact that the reeds keep bowing wherever the boat passes, though there is not a breath of wind; and that, as the young girl herself bends to the water, her face is reflected there, not as she actually appears, but with a wreath of lilies round her head. He comprehends immediately (as people do, in dreams and in German ballads), that she is something supernatural,—and spends the remainder of his shortened and grieving days in perpetually paddling in and out among the reeds; calling for her, looking for her, pining for her, because, as the poet writes it, he has been bewitched "by that little red mouth so full of songs!"

Sir Douglas was roused from his fanciful musing by a real song; and, by some strange coincidence, a German song. A young lady had sat down to the piano. His nephew was standing by her, waiting to turn the leaf when the verse should be completed. She shook her head gently, and said, in a low voice, "I know them all by heart." Then came the rich melody of one of those soft contralto voices the very sound of which gives the sensation of a caress to the listener; a little trembling too,—not the trembling of shyness, but that peculiar *tremolo* natural to some voices, and which rather adds to, than takes away from their power.

A German song; a German "Good-night;" something ineffably coaxing, soothing, and peaceful in its harmonious notes. Involuntarily Sir Douglas sighed; he felt a strange contrast between the anxiety that had prompted his hurried journey,—the storms of his past life,—and his present feverish fatigue and worry,—with that delicious lullaby! The girl who was singing glanced towards him, with soft hazel eyes that seemed made to match her voice. Then she asked something in an undertone of young Kenneth, and the reply was distinctly heard, "It is my Uncle Douglas."

The young lady's reply was also audible in the silence that followed her song. She said, in a tone of great surprise, "That, Sir Douglas? that Sir Douglas Ross?"

"Yes," said Kenneth testily; "why not?"

"Oh! I don't know," said the girl, laughing shyly; "only it is not at all my idea of him. I never should have guessed that to be him, from your way of talking. I expected—"

"Expected what?"

"I don't know; but I should never have guessed that to be 'Old Sir Douglas.'"

As she spoke the last words, she again looked up at the newly-arrived stranger. Sir Douglas's eyes were fixed upon her. It was but too evident he had overheard what she had said. Both felt embarrassed as their glances met. Sir Douglas coloured to the temples; and the young lady blushed.

CHAPTER IV.

UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

THE pleasant evening was followed by a painful morning. Sir Douglas ascertained from Lorimer Boyd that, with the one exception of Lady Charlotte Skifton's (where that evening had been passed), Kenneth Ross had scarcely footing in one respectable house in Naples. His nights were spent at the theatre, the gaming table, and in wild orgies with the idlest of an idle Neapolitan aristocracy; and his days in recovering from the debauch of the night. Sums perfectly fabulous, considering his position and the amount of his very moderate fortune, were owing in all directions; — and thrice, but for the painstaking interference and discretion of Lorimer Boyd, — the result of quarrels on the most trivial, or the most scandalous grounds, would have been a meeting with adversaries not very nice in their code of honour, and infinitely better accustomed to the use of pistols. To all remonstrance about his gambling or other debts he had constantly affirmed that it would be "all right"; that "Old Sir Douglas" would pay them; and, with a spirit of exaggeration partly wilful, and partly arising from ignorance of all things in his uncle's affairs, except the extreme readiness to assist him which had been always displayed, he represented himself as nephew to a millionaire; and was looked upon in the indolent and profligate circles he frequented as related to a sort of Scotch prince, whose coffers overflowed with gold, for which he had no better use than the pampering of his brother's son, the idol of his bachelor life, and his eventual heir.

Half melancholy and half provoked, Sir Douglas left his hotel for the lodging taken by his graceless favourite in one of the palazzos on the Chiaja. In the anteroom he found an Italian valet smoking one of his master's cigars as he leaned carelessly from the window overlooking the Giardin' Reale, with no other occupation, apparently, than that of watching the swarming crowd, whose ceaseless shouting and chattering form so strange a contrast to our

own more silent and business-like population. The valet was extremely reluctant to admit Sir Douglas. "Sua Eccellenza," — as he termed Kenneth, — had gone to a masked ball after the musical *soirée* at Lady Charlotte's, had only returned at daylight, and was not yet awake. But on receiving the explanations that the parties were related, and that he beheld before him that millionaire Milord of Scotland, of whose unexpected arrival even he had been told as of an important if not satisfactory event, he became as obsequious as he had been recalcitrant, begging his Excellency to walk into the other Excellency's apartment, when he would speedily wake the sleeping Excellency, and inform him of the illustrious Excellency's visit.

Sir Douglas got rid of the bowing valet, forbidding him to disturb his master. As he passed through Kenneth's bedroom, he paused and stood a few moments, with folded arms, leaning against the silk hangings and embroidered mosquito curtains of the luxurious bed, contemplating the sleeper. It was nearly noon, but the dim shadowy light from the Venetian blinds, broken by narrow streaks of sunshine that seemed to quiver and ripple on the floor, as if reflected from the dazzling bay below, could not disturb his slumbers. The wonderful likeness of Kenneth to his father, in that soft dreamy light, melted away the displeasure in Sir Douglas's heart. What to do with him, how to set matters right for him, and, how to reform him, was his sole thought. "He is yet but young," sighed the uncle, as he passed into the sitting-room, where the open windows admitted at once the brilliant glow of a southern sun, and as much fresh air as Naples can boast in these quarters on the Chiaja. Little enough; since all along that coast-built street lingers a compound odour of stale fruit, church incense, tar and fishing-nets, reeking beasts of burden, and the cheese and garlic of poverty-stricken and dirty lazzaroni. In the principal sitting-room everything was in the same style of confused luxury as in the bedroom. Parisian fauteuils and sofas in handsome chintz covers, hired in to assist the indolence of the occupant, formed a strange contrast, and looked, as it were, doubly negligent, by the side of the faded splendour of the tight and upright satin chairs and banquettes which formed the original furniture of the Palazzo; which furniture was indeed but sparsely supplied; the real owner making an arrangement very common in Italy — namely, letting the under and upper apartments, and inhabiting the

principal floor himself. A quantity of little paper volumes of French romances, and a guitar, half-buried in sheets of music — some of it new, and some tattered and soiled and scribbled over — were the only symptoms of occupation, if we except two or three handsome pipes and an open box of cigars. "He is yet but young;" and "Did I do right in sending him abroad?" was doubtfully repeated in the mind of the perplexed uncle: not without a sorrowful consciousness that his own youth, and his own residence in various foreign countries, had been very differently spent, though he had had no friend or counsellor to guide and overlook him.

Absorbed in these reflections — looking out on the bright bay without seeing it, and scarcely conscious even of the shrill sound of multitudinous voices and ceaseless roll of vehicles in the streets below — it was not till young Kenneth laid a hand on his shoulder and greeted him with a sort of tired good-morrow, that Sir Douglas was even aware of his presence. Then the imprudent uncle plunged at once into all he had been ruminating over; all he had to say to the erring nephew. Warmly and rapidly he spoke; of Kenneth's extravagance, his drunkenness, his idleness, his debts; of the absolute necessity of his instantly selecting a profession, whether army, navy, law, or diplomacy; of the journey to Naples having been made in fear and trouble solely on his account (with a frank admission that Lorimer Boyd's friendly report had brought about that journey); of the determination Sir Douglas had come to, to tighten the reins, and so prevent the self-indulgent ruin of the young man who stood before him!

A man who rises after a late ball, and is thus suddenly set upon before he has even breakfasted, is not likely to be very patient; nor did either of the interlocutors come of a patient race. Kenneth's answers were full of that blind and boundless ingratitude which belongs to early youth. He refused to recognize in anything that had been done for him anything for which he had to be grateful; he utterly defied all authority; he could not see how Sir Douglas could assume to exercise any. He (Kenneth) was Ross of Torrieburn, and Sir Douglas was Ross of Glenrossie, — a richer man, that was all. Lorimer Boyd was an intolerable prig, and a meddlesome, treacherous idiot; and he (Kenneth) well knew to what cause he might attribute his uncalled-for interference.

He had little doubt (unless Sir Douglas had greatly mismanaged during his long minority), that his debts could be paid with

the greatest ease; as to a profession, his father had no profession, and he himself desired nothing of the kind. He loved every inch of Torrieburn too well to go about the world like the Wandering Jew, as he considered Sir Douglas had done all his life, for no earthly reason. He had never asked, or wished, to come abroad, — but since he had come (by Sir Douglas's desire), he was determined to enjoy himself, and no earthly power should prevent him from doing so. As to the accusation of drunkenness, it was not true; and if he did occasionally get drunk, so did all the men he had ever known, either at college or since; and as to other temptations, he had infinitely greater temptations than other people, being handsomer, quicker-witted, and more fitted for social enjoyment than ninety-nine men in a hundred; so that though it was all very well for commonplace fellows to be tied down to commonplace rules, it wouldn't do for *him*, and he thought his uncle mad to expect it! Finally, with a saucy toss of his handsome young head, and a look of defiance at land and sea, as he turned from the open window and dropped into one of the lounging arm-chairs preparatory to beginning his late breakfast, he advised Old Sir Douglas not to get into "that humbugging way of lecturing" that comes upon men in later life, but to remember the days when he himself was young; when, doubtless, he indulged to the full in all that early harvest of fleeting pleasures of which he was now seeking to deprive his ill-used nephew.

Sir Douglas almost prefaced with an impatient groan the burst of passionate reply with which he met this tirade. "In the first place," he said, "if I had made debts my father would not have cleared them, even had they been reckoned by hundreds instead of thousands, as I fear yours will be. In the next place, I had a profession in which, — whatever may be *your* opinion of its opportunities for pleasure — strict discipline, and the conduct of a gentleman, are imperative even in time of peace; and I am thankful to say that of those leisure times I saw but little."

A proud, evanescent flush passed over the fine frank face, as he spoke; and then he continued eagerly and sadly:

"Oh! my dear Kenneth do think there is something more to be done with life than merely to enjoy it! And, for God's sake, don't take the tone you have just taken with me, of that morbid selfish individuality that supposes its own temptations or advantages greater than those of other people! Take your place freely and frankly amongst them

without expecting too much, or thinking too highly of yourself, or offending by assumptions that they won't recognize, and which only lead to quarrels. Depend upon it, there is no such thing upon earth as a man so intensely superior to his fellow-men, that he should stand exempted from common rules of conduct. God does not permit such gaps of distance among His creatures. He gives to all, something; and He gives to none the sort of superiority you would claim. 'That faultless monster which the world ne'er saw,' is a line from a true poet and philosopher. I know but one thing, Kenneth, in which you excel other men, and that is, that you are handsomer than most men; but how far will that one advantage go, in this world?"

"Well, a good way," muttered the youth, with a sulky smile, as he broke the shell of a second egg; "ask your wise friend Lorimer Boyd else."

"My friend Lorimer Boyd may overvalue an advantage he has not, as you overvalue the advantages you have. Nevertheless, he might please where you would not; and most assuredly in the great race of life he would win where you would not. Whether you adopt, or refuse to adopt, a profession, you must (unless you retire to a hermitage) mingle with your fellow-men. To be admired, is an accident; but to be beloved is in every one's power. You *must*, if you mean to be socially welcome, keep some prudence and decency in view; you must be patient and respectful to some men, cordial and even-tempered with others; and, above all, you must accept, in lieu of such foolish self-assertion as broke from you but now, the position which most certainly at times will be yours — namely, the finding yourself less gifted, less well-informed, less worthy, and less esteemed, than some you consort

with. I say *must*, because it is utterly impossible that any man should *always* be the first, foremost, and best, of every given group of men in which he finds himself for the time being.

"And now, my dear boy, cease to pelt that plate with grape-skins, as though it were the author of my unwelcome lecture; and put on your hat, and do the honours of this lovely city to me; for, in spite of all my wanderings, I have never been here. And get me a list of your liabilities, that we may see what should be done. Torrieburn is not California, and even my willingness to aid you does not extend so far as to be willing to transfer the rents of my estate into the pockets of foreign gamblers. Tell me, too, something of your friends and friendships, here; since I am not entirely to rely on that honest arch-traitor my old schoolmate Lorimer Boyd. Tell me about the people we were with last night; on whom, indeed, we ought, or rather I ought, to go and leave a card this morning. And get back your smiles, Kenneth, as we walk along; for that is too clouded a brow for so clear a morning!"

The anxious heart hiding its anxiety under this assumed gayety, touched the wayward young man more than the previous lecture. Kenneth wrung his uncle's hand with some confused expressions of mingled regret and deprecation; and he smiled, too (not a very comfortable or satisfactory smile), as they reached the arches of the villa at Santa Lucia, where Lady Charlotte Skifton and her daughter resided; murmuring to himself *sotto voce*, as he looked up at the green jealousies that shut out the sultry day in those familiar windows, "Here, at least, I think I have the advantage over wise Mr. Lorimer Boyd." And with this ejaculation he followed Sir Douglas into the house.

THE DYING YEAR.

SCANT leaves upon the aspen
Shake golden in the sun;
Old Year, thy sins are many,
Thy sand is almost run.
The beech-tree, brazen-orange,
Burns like a sunset down;
Old Year, thy grave is ready;
Doff sceptre, robe, and crown.

The elm, a yellow mountain,
Is shedding grief by leaf;
The rains, in gusts of passion,
Pour forth their quenchless grief;

The winds, like banshees mourning,
Wail in the straggling wood;
Old Year, put off thy splendour,
And don thy funeral hood.

Lay down thy golden glories;
The bare boughs bar the sky —
Skeletons wild and warning,
Quaking to see thee die.
Thou hast lived thy life, remember;
Now lay thee down and rest;
The grass shall grow above thy head,
And the flower above thy breast.

— Chambers' Journal..

From Macmillan's Magazine.

"PEACE ON EARTH."

BY THOMAS HUGHES, M. P. FOR LAMBETH.

THE last time that the season of "peace on earth and good will to men" came round, the great struggle between the free and slave powers in America had not yet come to death-grips. Here, at least, many people still believed that the Southern States could not be subdued, and were sure sooner or later to establish their independence, and a new polity which would act for the rest of time as a healthy corrective to the dangerously popular institutions and ideas of New England. The year has passed, and the great revolutionary epic of our time has closed. Perhaps some of us may still stop short of Mr. Seward's triumphant summing up:—"Death," he says in his yearly address to his fellow-citizens at Auburn, "Death has removed his victims; Liberty has crowned her heroes; Humanity has crowned her martyrs; the sick and the stricken are cured; the surviving combatants are fraternizing; and the country—the object of our just pride, and lawful affection—once more stands collected and composed, firmer, stronger, and more majestic than ever before, without one cause of dangerous discontent at home, and without an enemy in the world." We may think him somewhat too hopeful in the breadth of his assertions, and may have our fears that it may take a generation yet to weld again into one brotherhood all the States of the Union. But, when he predicts so fearlessly that "under next October's sun he shall be able, with his fellow-townsmen in Auburn, to rejoice in the restoration of peace, harmony, and union throughout the land," we cannot but own that earlier prophecies of his, which seemed at least as rash, have been fulfilled almost to the letter. In any case, we do all willingly now admit, and honour, the marvellous energy and constancy with which the great game has been played out by the American people. As one of the many Englishmen whose faith in that people never faltered during the contest, I do most heartily rejoice to see that all classes of my countrymen are at last not only ready to appreciate, but hearty in their appreciation of, what has been done for freedom in America in this revolutionary war. I am sure that we now only want further knowledge of facts to honour our kith and kin across the Atlantic as they deserve to be honoured, for the glorious sacrifices which they made of all that was most precious and dearest to

them in a struggle upon which not only their own life as a nation, but the future of at least one-third of the world, was at stake.

In this belief, I think that Christmas is the right time for bringing out into somewhat clearer light a side of the drama which has not been as yet fairly presented to us here: I mean, first, the strain on the resources of the Northern States while the war lasted; and, secondly, the heroism of the men of gentle birth and nurture, who, so far from shrinking from the work, and fighting by substitute (as was asserted by some of our leading journals), took at least their fair share of all the dangers and miseries and toils of those dark years.

First then, as to the people's work; and, highly as we may value the men who have come to the front, and whose names as soldiers and statesmen are now known over the whole world, we must acknowledge that the true hero of the war is, after all, the American people. In proof of this I will take one or two of the Northern States, and look for a moment at what the call was which was made on them, and how they answered to it. Let us look, as a first instance, at the smallest in area of all the States, and the smallest in population of all the free States. Little Rhode Island, at the census of 1860, just before the breaking out of the war, contained a population of 174,620. As usual in the Eastern States, the females considerably exceeded the males, and of the latter there were 82,304 altogether. Up to December 1st, 1862—that is to say, in less than two years from the first call of the President for troops—Rhode Island furnished 14,626 men to the army, and 1,400 to the navy, or almost one in five of her total male population, and, of course, far more than that proportion of her men of fighting age, between 18 and 45. In the first enthusiasm, when the call for 500,000 men came in the summer of 1861, the quota of Rhode Island was 4,057, and she furnished 5,124. I do not give the later returns, because there appears to have been a large number of substitutes amongst her recruits after 1862, and I have no means of knowing whether these were or were not natives of the State. There is no need to overstate the case, and I should, on every account, shrink from doing so. Rhode Island, though the smallest, is tenth in rank of all the States as a producer, and her people are consequently rich and prosperous. If, in the later years of the war, they found substitutes in large numbers, it must be, at

the same time, remembered, that they contributed more largely than any other State, in proportion to numbers, to that nobles of all charities — the Sanitary Commission.

But Englishmen will very likely say, "Give us an instance of any but a New England State; they are exceptional." Let us take Indiana, then, one of the mighty young Western sisters, a community scarce half a century old. A stronger contrast to Rhode Island could scarcely have been found. Indiana, in 1860, possessed 8,161,717 acres of improved farming land; Rhode Island but 329,884. Indiana was fifth of all the States in agricultural production, and thirteenth in manufacturing — Rhode Island standing tenth, or three higher than her gigantic younger sister. Yet we find the same readiness of response to the President's call to arms amongst Western farmers as amongst New England mechanics and merchants. The population of Indiana is returned in the census of 1860 at 1,350,428, and her males at 693,469. On the 31st of December, 1862, she had furnished 102,698 soldiers, besides a militia home-guard when her frontiers were threatened. When Morgan made his raid into the State, 60,000 tendered their services within twenty-four hours, and nearly 20,000 were on his track within three days. I do not happen in this case to have the later returns, and so must turn back to New England, to the old Puritan Bay State, to give one perfect example of what the American people did in the great struggle.

Massachusetts, at the outbreak of the war, held a population of 1,230,000 or thereabouts, out of which there were 257,833 males between the ages of 15 and 40. The first blood shed in the war against the slave power, as in the Revolutionary war against England, was Massachusetts blood. The 6th Massachusetts was fired on in the streets of Baltimore on April 19th, 1861, and had to fight its way through the town, losing 4 killed and 30 wounded in the operation. Well, the number of men demanded of Massachusetts during the war was 117,624. The number furnished by her (reducing all to the three years' standard) was 125,437, being a surplus over all calls of 7,813. Besides these 6,670 were mustered in answer to a call for three months' men in 1864, which were never credited to her by the Government. Look at the meaning now of this other fact, that she has actually sent more men to the war than are now to be found in the State liable to do military duty. How does this tell as

to wear and tear of the human material in those Southern campaigns? The last assessors' return gave these at 133,767; while the total number who served (including three and nine months' men, and not adhering to the three years' standard) was 153,486. Out of these, how many does the reader (who has probably heard more or less of "stopping the war by prohibiting emigration from Ireland," and of "New England hiring foreign mercenaries to do the fighting") think were foreign recruits? Just 907. This does not include men born out of the States, but resident or naturalized there before the war broke out. These latter, however, I suppose, could not come within the definition of foreign mercenaries; and, of foreigners arriving in America during the war, Massachusetts enlisted, as I have said, 907 out of 150,000. While on this point, I may add that the most reliable statistics as to the whole forces of the North show that of native-born Americans there were nearly 80 per cent., of naturalized Americans 15, and of foreigners 4 per cent. only, in the ranks.

I can honestly say that I have chosen these States at hazard, and that a scrutiny of the remaining free States would give a very similar result. And now let us consider what that result is. Rhode Island, Indiana, and Massachusetts may perhaps equal in population this metropolis with its immediate suburbs; while one of them alone actually sent to active service, in the four years of the war, an army equal in numbers to the total volunteer force now under arms in Great Britain. Rhode Island is not so populous as Sheffield; and in eighteen months she armed and sent South 15,000 of her citizens. I know that England in like need would be equal to a like effort. Let us honour, then, as they deserve the people of our own lineage to whom the call has come, and who have met it.

I need scarcely pause to note how the Northern people have paid in purse as well as in person. Let one instance suffice. In 1864 the assessment of Massachusetts for taxes to support the general government amounted to fourteen millions, every fraction of which was collected without impediment or delay. Add to this the State taxation, and the amounts contributed to the Sanitary Commission, and other organizations for distributing voluntary contributions in support of the war, and we should reach a figure almost exceeding belief. I have no means of stating it accurately, but am quite safe in putting it as high as 25,-

000,000 dollars, actually raised and paid, by a State with a population less than half of that of our metropolises, in one twelve-month.

And now for my second point — the example set by the men of birth, wealth, and high position. Here too I feel sure that a few simple facts, taken at hazard from the mass which I have under my hand, will be more than enough to satisfy every just and generous man amongst my countrymen; and I am proud to believe that, whatever our prejudices may be, there are few indeed amongst us to whom such an appeal will be made in vain.

I have said above that the mass of materials is large; I might have said unmanageable. It is, indeed, impossible to take more than an example here and there, and to bring these out as clearly as one can in the limits of an article. Let me take as mine a family or two, with some one or more of whose members I have the honour of friendship or acquaintance. And, first, that of J. Russell Lowell, the man to whose works I owe more, personally, than to those of any other American. It would be hard to find a nobler record. The young men of this stock seem to have been all of high mark, distinguished specially for intellectual power and attainments. Surely the sickle of war has never been put more unsparingly into any field! First in order comes Willie Putnam, age 21, the sole surviving son of Lowell's sister, a boy of the highest culture and promise, mortally wounded at Ball's Bluff, in October, 1861, in the first months of the war, while in the act of going to the help of a wounded companion. At the same bitter fight his cousin, James Jackson Lowell, aged 24, was badly hurt; but, after a short absence to recruit, joined his regiment again, and fell on June 30th, 1862. "Tell my father I was dressing the line of my company when I was hit," was his last message home. He had been first in his year at Harvard, and was taking private pupils in the law-school when the war broke out. Warren Russell fell at Bull's Run, in August, 1862. Many of us here may remember the account, which was reprinted in the *Times* and other papers, of the presentation of colours to the 2d Massachusetts Infantry, by Mr. Motley, at Boston, in the summer of 1861. It attracted special notice from the fact that the author of the "History of the Dutch Republic" had been so lately living amongst us, and was so well known and liked here. The group of officers who received those colours were the very *jeunesse dorée* of

Massachusetts — Quincy, Dwight, Abbot, Robeson, Russell, Shaw, Gordon, Savage, Perkins. Such a roll will speak volumes to all who have any acquaintance with New-England history. Those colours have come home riddled, tattered, blackened; but five-sixths of the young officers have given their lives for them, and of the 1,000 rank and file who then surrounded them, scarcely 150 survive. This by the way. I refer to the muster, because Robert Shaw was amongst those officers — a name already honoured in these pages, and another nephew of Lowell's. Shaw's sister married Charles Lowell, of whom more presently. We all know how Robert Shaw, after two years' gallant service, accepted the command of the first black regiment raised in Massachusetts (the 54th); how he led them in the operations before Charleston, and was buried with his "niggers" in the pit under Fort Wagner — the grandest sepulture earned by any soldier of this century. By his side fought and died Cabot Russell, the third of Lowell's nephews, then a captain of a black company. Stephen George Perkins, another nephew, was killed at Cedar Creek; and Francis Dutton Russell at one of the innumerable Virginian battles.

I pass to the last on the list, and the most remarkable. Charles Russell Lowell, the only brother of the James who died "dressing his line," was also the first scholar of his year (1854) at Harvard. He had visited Europe for health, and made long riding-tours in Spain and Algeria, where he became a consummate horseman. On the day after the 6th Massachusetts were fired on in Baltimore streets, Charles Lowell heard of it, and started by the next train to Washington, passing through Baltimore. All communication between the two cities were suspended, but he arrived on foot at Washington in forty-eight hours. In those first days of confusion, he became agent for Massachusetts at Washington, and brought order out of chaos for his own State before joining the army. His powers of command and organization gained him rapid promotion. He served with distinction in the Peninsula campaigns of McClellan, and, after Antietam, was selected to carry the captured standards to Washington. He raised a second cavalry regiment at home in the winter of 1862. He was placed in command of the cavalry force which protected Washington during the dark days of 1863. In Sheridan's brilliant campaign of 1864, he commanded the cavalry brigade, of four regular regiments, and the 2nd Massa-

chusetts volunteer cavalry. He had thirteen horses shot under him before the battle of Cedar Creek, on October 19th; was badly wounded early in that day, and lifted on to his fourteenth horse to lead the final charge, so faint, that he had to give his orders in a whisper. Urged by those round him to leave the field, he pressed on to the critical point of attack; and himself led the last charge which ended one of the most obstinate battles of the war. It is the death of this nephew which wrung from his uncle the lines which occur in one of the last "Biglow Papers," published in one of last winter's numbers of the *Atlantic Magazine*—

"Wut's words to them whose faith and truth
On War's red techstone rang true metal;
Who ventured life, an' love, an' youth
For the gret prize o' deth in battle?
To him who, deadly hurt, agen
Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
That rived the rebel line asunder?
"Ta'n't right to hev the young go fust,
All throbbin' full o' gifts and graces,
Leaving life's paupers dry as dust
To try and make b'lieve fill their places;
Nothin' but tells us wut we miss;
Ther's gaps our lives can't never say in,
An' that world seems so fur from this,
Lef for us loafers to grow grey in."

He died next day of his wounds, leaving a widow of twenty, himself not thirty. The *Gazette*, in which his commission as general was published, did not reach the army till after his death. Sheridan, with the generosity which most of the great Northern captains have shown, declared that the country could better have spared himself, and that there was no one quality of a soldier which he could have wished added to Charles Lowell.

My first example, then, gives us one family, in which there was no soldier in 1860, losing eight young men under thirty in little more than three years' fighting.

I have mentioned the name of Motley above. Let us see how it fared with his circle. He has assured me more than once, that of his own immediate family there were fewer than the average in the ranks; but he had at least five near relatives serving,—three Lothrop's, one of whom was killed in Louisiana; Major Motley, badly wounded in Virginia early in 1864; and Major Stackpole, another highly-distinguished graduate of Harvard, who served through the whole war, and has now resumed his practice as barrister. Miss Motley married

Captain Ives, a gentleman of fortune in Rhode Island, who was travelling in Europe when the war broke out. He volunteered into the navy, commanded the Potomac flotilla, and accompanied Burnside's expedition to S. Carolina, where he contracted the illness of which he has since died. His cousin Robert Ives, also a man of large fortune, volunteered into the army, and was killed at Antietam. I believe they were the last two men who bore the name of Ives in their State.

The name of Wadsworth is better known here than most American names in consequence of its English connection. The head of the family was a country-gentleman living on his estates at Genesee, in New York State, up to 1860, with a family of three sons and three daughters. At the news of the attack on the Union troops in Baltimore he instantly chartered a steamer, loaded her with provisions, and sent her up the Potomac—a most timely aid to the capital. He acted as aide-de-camp to McDowell, and was his right-hand man in the Bull Run campaign, his "youngest as well as his oldest aide;" was made a general soon afterwards; and, after several campaigns, was placed in command at Washington. His reputation as an officer had now become such that at the beginning of the last campaign every corps commander of the army of the Potomac applied to the War Department to have him with them as brigadier. He was killed in the wilderness in the last advance on Richmond. His three sons have all served, the youngest having enlisted at sixteen. Thus every man in the family served; and the only married daughter is the widow of Colonel Montgomery Ritchie, one of two brothers, both of whom served with distinction, one to the sacrifice of his life by the same subtle disease which struck down Captain Ives.

I could go to any length, for my acquaintance with Americans is large, and I scarcely know a man who has not lost some relative in the war. But, apart from one's own acquaintance, there is scarcely one of the famous colonial and revolutionary names which has not been represented. The Jays, Adamsees, Schuyters, Livingstones, Van Rensselaers, have not failed their country in her second great need; and have fought well, and worked hard, though the present holders of these honoured names, mostly quite young men, have not had time to reach their ancestors' places. The bearers of great names, I take it, do not get such a start in the States as with us at home. A descendant (grandson, I believe)

of Alexander Hamilton, however, became a general, while several of his cousins remained in lower ranks. Colonel Fletcher Webster, only surviving son of Daniel Webster, was killed in Virginia. Perhaps the man who excited most the hopes and martial enthusiasm of Americans in the first months of the war was Major Theodore Winthrop, grandson of the famous Governor John Winthrop, scholar, traveller, poet, athlete, who was killed at the disastrous battle of Great Bethel, June 10th, 1861. A son of General Porter, who was distinguished in the last war with us, fell as a colonel in the spring campaign of 1864. Even the families famous, as yet, for wealth only, have not shrunk from the fighting; one Astor, at least, and Cuttings, Schermerhorns, Lydigs, and others, having held their own in the volunteer ranks.

Or, let us come to names more familiar than any other Transatlantic ones to us—the Boston group. Longfellow's young son (Charlie, as I hear all men call him) has managed to fight a campaign, and get badly hit in Louisiana, at an age when our boys are thinking of their freshman's term at Oxford. Oliver Wendell Holmes (junior), poet, artist, Greek scholar, virtuoso, has been twice—I was going to say killed—well, shot through the body and neck, and again in the heel; and, having fought through all to the end of the war, is again busy with brush and pen. Olmstead has fought, with mightier weapons than rifled cannon, at the head of the Sanitary Commission. Of four brothers Dwight, two were killed, and a third fought his way to general. Whittiers, Appletons, Loring, Crowninshields, Dehons—but I will tax my readers' patience no longer with rolls of names which, perhaps, to most of them, will be names, and nothing more! Let this last summing up of the work of men of birth and position in one State suffice: (I choose Massachusetts again, because, thanks to Governor Andrew, we have more accurate returns as to her, over here, than as to any other State). Since the declaration of war, 434 officers from Massachusetts have been killed—9 generals, 16 colonels, 17 lieutenant-colonels, 20 majors, 15 surgeons, 2 chaplains, 110 captains, and 245 lieutenants. Of the 35 general officers from that State, 10 only have escaped wounds.

Of all the living graduates of Harvard (the university of highest repute in America), one-fifth, or, to be as accurate as possible, nineteen and some fraction per cent., has served with the army. At Yale College, the percentage has been even higher.

Conceive a struggle which should bring one in every five of men who have taken degrees at Oxford and Cambridge under fire, and which should call on us, besides our regular army, to keep on foot and recruit for three years a volunteer army five times as large as our present one!

Such plain facts and returns as these will, I am sure, convince the last sceptic—if there be one left amongst us at this Yule tide, 1865,—that New England has not spared of her best blood in the great day of the Lord, under the burthen and heat of which the whole North has reeled and staggered indeed, but without ever bating heart or hope, and always gaining fresh power, through three years of war which have seemed—nay, which have been—a lifetime. In such crises time is not measured by years or days. The America which looked on, paralyzed and doubtful, when John Brown prophesied all these things on his way to the scaffold, kissing a negro child as he passed along, and while Stonewall Jackson and his pupils guarded the gibbet—the America of State sovereignty and Dred Scott law, in which the Gospel news meant avowedly "Good will to *white* men," and abolitionism was loathed as a vulgar and mischievous fanaticism—is as far behind us to-day for all practical purposes as the England of the Stuarts, or the France of the Regency. What this means, for the old world as well as for the new, I will not pause to consider. My estimate might raise smiles or provoke criticism amongst us, both of which (good as they are in their right time and place) I am anxious here to avoid.

I prefer at parting to endeavour to put my readers in sympathy with the spirit, the heart, and conscience, of the North, in the presence of their astounding success. I cannot do this better than by a glance at the Commemoration of the living and dead soldiers of Harvard University. Commemoration Day at Harvard, in July, 1865, must indeed have stamped itself indelibly on the memories of all those sons of the first of American universities who were present at the gathering. To me, I own, even the meagre reports one got over here in the American papers were unspeakably touching. The irrepressible joy of a people delivered, after years of stern work and patient waiting, from an awful burthen, almost too heavy for mortal shoulders to bear, tempered, as it was, by the tenderest sympathy for the families of the fallen, and a solemn turning to give glory and thanks with full heart to that God who giveth victory, and healeth wounded spirits, and standeth above

His people as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land — the mingled cry of triumph, and agony, and trust, and love, which went up from the very heart of that meeting — must ever, to my mind, rank amongst the most noble, the most sublime pieces of history of the century in which we are living. Let the reader consider the following as compared with ordinary commemoration poetry. The first is the hymn written for the commemoration service by Robert Lowell —

"Thy work, O God, goes on in earth,
With shouts of war, and harvest songs :
A ready will is all our worth ;
To Thee our Maker all belongs.

"Thanks for our great and dear, who knew
To lavish life great needs to earn ;
Our dead, our living, brave and true,
To each who served Thee in his turn.

"Show us true life as in Thy Son ;
Breathe through our flesh the Holy Ghost ;
Then earth's strongholds are stormed and won ;
Then man dies faithful at his post.

"They crowd behind us to this shade,
The youth who own the coming years ;
Be never God, or land, betrayed,
By any son our Harvard rears !"

My second quotation shall be a stanza from the Commemoration Ode, by the best known member of the family, James Russell Lowell, author of the "Biglow Papers" —

"Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release !

Thy God, in these distempered days,
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,
And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace,

Bow down in prayer and praise !
O Beautiful ! my Country ! ours once more !
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare ?
What were our lives without thee ?
What all our lives to save thee ?
We reck not what we gave thee ?
We will not dare to doubt thee ;
But ask whatever else, and we will dare !

Was ever truer, or braver, ring struck out of the metal of which English speaking men are made ? If so, I for one have yet to learn when, and where. And now at this Christmas time, when their tremendous storm-cloud has broken up, and nothing but a light streak or two of vapour is to be seen in their heavens, let us seize this precious moment, never to recur again in their or our history, and, by graceful and loyal word and deed, show them that we honour, as it deserves, the work they have done for the world since the election of 1860, and can sympathize with their high hopes for the future of their continent with no jealousy or distrust, as brethren of the same stock, and children of the same Father.

THE MAID OF FASHION.

VARIED FROM BYRON.

MAID of Fashion, ere we part,
Hear me own how fair thou art ;
Hear me now the truth confess :
I love thee for thy taste in dress ;
Beautified from top to toe,
Zœ mou sas agapo !

By those stays so tightly laced ;
By that big buckle at thy waist ;
By the long skirt unconfined
That draggles in the dirt behind ;
By thy corsage cut so low,
Zœ mou sas agapo !

By the back hair thou hast got
Packed up like a porter's knot ;
By those frizzed out, frizzy curls,
Envy of less hirsute girls ;
By thy bonnet-strings' huge bow,
Zœ mou sas agapo !

By thine earrings, chains, and " charms ;"
By the bracelets on thine arms ;
By thy boots with monster heels ;
By the veil that half conceals
The rouge that on thy cheeks doth glow,
Zœ mou sas agapo !

[Punch's Almanac,

PART VII. — CHAPTER XXV.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

As Sir Brook sat in the library waiting for the arrival of the Chief Baron, Lucy Lendrick came in to look for a book she had been reading. "Only think, sir," said she, flushing deeply with joy and astonishment together—"to find you here! What a delightful surprise!"

"I have come, my dear child," said he, gravely, "to speak with Sir William on a matter of some importance, and evidently he is not aware that my moments are precious, for I have been here above half an hour alone."

"But now that I am with you," said she, coquettishly, "you'll surely not be so churlish of your time, will you?"

"There is no churlishness, my darling Lucy, in honest thrift. I have nothing to give away." The deep sadness of his voice showed how intensely his words were charged with a stronger significance. "We are off to-night."

"To-night!" cried she, eagerly.

"Yes, Lucy. It's no great banishment—only to an island in the Mediterranean, and Tom came up here with me in the vague, very vague, hope that he might see you. I left him in the shrubbery near the gate, for he would not consent to come farther."

"I'll go to him at once. We shall meet again," said she, as she opened the sash-door and hastened down the lawn at speed.

After another wait of full a quarter of an hour, Fossbrooke's patience became exhausted, and he drew nigh the bell to summon a servant; his hand was on the rope, when the door opened, and Sewell entered. Whatever astonishment Fossbrooke might have felt at this unexpected appearance, nothing in his manner or look betrayed it. As for Sewell, all his accustomed ease had deserted him, and he came forward with an air of assumed swagger, but his colour came and went, and his hands twitched almost convulsively.

He bowed, and, smiling courteously, invited Fossbrooke to be seated. Haughtily drawing himself up to his full height, Sir Brook said, in his own deep sonorous voice, "There can be nothing between us, sir, that cannot be dismissed in a moment—and as we stand."

"As you please, sir," rejoined Sewell, with an attempt at the same haughty tone. I have been deputed by my step-father, the Chief Baron, to make his excuses for not

receiving you—his health forbids the excitement. It is his wish that you may make to me whatever communication you had destined for him."

"Which I refuse, sir, at once," interrupted Sir Brook.

"I opine, then, there is no more to be said," said Sewell, with a faint smile.

"Nothing more, sir—not a word; unless perhaps you will be gracious enough to explain to the Chief Baron the reasons—they cannot be unknown to you—why I refuse all and any communication with Colonel Sewell."

"I have no presumption to read your mind and know your thoughts," said Sewell, with quiet politeness.

"You would discover nothing in either to your advantage, sir," said Fossbrooke, defiantly.

"Might I add, sir," said Sewell, with an easy smile, "that all your malevolence cannot exceed my indifference to it?"

Fossbrooke waved his hand haughtily, as though to dismiss the subject, and all discussion of it, and after a few seconds' pause said, "We have a score that must be settled one day. I have deferred the reckoning out of reverence to the memory of one whose name must not be uttered between us, but the day for it shall come. Meanwhile, sir, you shall pay me interest on your debt."

"What do you assume me to owe you?" asked Sewell, whose agitation could no longer be masked.

"You would laugh if I said, your character before the world and the repute through which men keep your company; but you will not laugh—no, sir, not even smile, when I say that you owe me the liberty by which you are at large, instead of being, as I could prove you, a forger and a felon."

Sewell threw a hurried and terrified look around the room, as though there might possibly be some to overhear the words; he grasped the back of a chair to steady himself, and in the convulsive effort seemed as if he was about to commit some act of violence.

"None of that, sir," said Fossbrooke, folding his arms.

"I meant nothing; I intended nothing; I was faint, and wanted support," stammered out Sewell in a broken voice. "What do you mean by interest? how am I to pay interest on an indefinite sum?"

"It may relieve you of some anxiety to learn that I am not speaking of money in the interest I require of you. What I want

— what I shall exact — is this, that you and yours ” — he stopped, and grew scarlet; the fear lest something coarse or offensive might fall from him in a moment of heat and anger arrested his words, and he was silent.

Sewell saw all the difficulty. A less adroit man would have deemed the moment favourable to assert a triumph; Sewell was too acute for this, and waited without speaking a word.

“My meaning is this,” said Fossbrooke, in a voice of emotion. “There is a young lady here for whom I have the deepest interest. I desire that, so long as she lives estranged from her father’s roof, she should not be exposed to other influences than such as she has met there. She is new to life and the world, and I would not that she should make acquaintance with them through any guidance save of her own nearest and dearest friends.”

“I hear, sir; but, I am free to own, I greatly mistrust myself to appreciate your meaning.”

“I am sorry for it,” said Fossbrooke, sighing. “I wanted to convey my hope that, in your intercourse here, Miss Lendrick might be spared the perils of — of —

“My wife’s friendship, you would say, sir,” said Sewell, with a perfect composure of voice and look.

Fossbrooke hung his head. Shame and sorrow alike crushed him down. Oh that the day should come when he could speak thus of Frank Dillon’s daughter!

“I will not say with what pain I hear you, Sir Brook,” said Sewell, in a low gentle voice. “I am certain that you never uttered such a speech without much suffering. It will alleviate your fears when I tell you that we only remain a few days in town. I have taken a country house, some sixty or seventy miles from the capital, and we mean to live there entirely.”

“I am satisfied,” said Sir Brook, whose eagerness to make reparation was now extreme.

“Of course I shall mention nothing of this to my wife,” said Sewell.

“Of course not, sir; save with such an explanation as I could give of my meaning, it would be an outrage.”

“I was not aware that there was — that there could be — an explanation,” said Sewell, quietly; and then seeing the sudden flash that shot from the old man’s eyes, he added, hastily, “This is far too painful to dwell on — let it suffice, sir, that I fully understand you, and that you shall be obeyed.”

“I ask no more,” said Fossbrooke, bowing slightly.

“You will comprehend, Sir Brook,” resumed Sewell, “that as I am precluded from making this conversation known to my wife, I shall not be able to limit any intimacy between her and Miss Lendrick farther than by such intimations and hints as I may offer without exciting suspicion. It might happen, for instance, that in coming up to town we should be Sir William’s guests. Am I to suppose that you interdict this?”

“I hope I am not capable of such a condition,” said Sir Brook, flushing, for at every step and stage of the negotiation he felt that his zeal had outrun his judgment, and that he was attempting, not only more than he could, but more than he ought to do.

“In fairness, Sir Brook,” said Sewell, with an assumed candour that set very well on him, “I ought to tell you that your conditions are very easy ones. My wife has come to this country to recruit her health and look after her children. I myself shall probably be on my way back to India soon after Christmas. Our small means totally preclude living in the gay world; and,” added he with a laugh, “if we really had any blandishments or captivations at our disposal, they would be best bestowed on the Horse Guards, to extend my leave, or assist me to an exchange.”

There was high art in the way in which Sewell had so contrived to get the old man involved in the conflict of his own feelings, that he was actually grateful for the easy and even familiar tone employed towards him.

“I have wounded this man deeply,” said Fossbrooke to himself. “I have said to him things alike unfeeling and ungenerous, and yet he has temper enough to treat me amicably, even courteously.”

It was almost on his lips to say that he had still some influence with the Horse Guards, that a great man there had been one of his most intimate friends in life, and that he was ready to do anything in his power with him, when a sudden glance at Sewell’s face recalled him at once to himself, and he stammered out — “I will detain you no longer, sir. Be kind enough to explain to the Lord Chief Baron, that my communication was of a character that could not be made indirectly. His Excellency’s name on my card probably suggested as much. It might be proper to add, that the subject was one solely attaching to his lordship, and to his lordship’s interest. He will himself understand what I mean.”

Sewell bowed acquiescence. As he stood at the half-open door, he was disposed to offer his hand. It was a bold step, but he knew if it should succeed it would be a great victory. The opportunity was too good to be lost, and just as Sir Brook turned to say good-morning, Sewell, like one carried away by a sudden impulse, held out his hand, and said, "You may trust me, Sir Brook."

"If you wish to do so, sir, let me not touch your hand," said the old man, with a look of stern and haughty defiance, and he strode out without a farewell.

Sewell staggered back into the room and sat down. A clammy cold perspiration covered his face and forehead, for the rancour that filled his heart sickened him like a malady. "You shall pay for this — by heaven! you shall," muttered he as he wiped the great drops from his brow. "The old fool himself has taught me where he was vulnerable, and as I live he shall feel it."

"His lordship wants to see you, sir; he is in the garden," said a servant, and Sewell rose and followed him. He stopped twice as he went to compose his features and regain his calm. On the last time he even rehearsed the few words and the smile by which he meant to accost the Judge. The little artifice was however forestalled, as Sir William met him abruptly with the words — "What a time you have been, sir, — forty-eight minutes by my watch."

"I assure you, my lord, I'd have made it shorter if I could," said Sewell, with a smile of some significance.

"I am unable to see why you could not have done so. The charge I gave you was to report to me, not to negotiate on your own part."

"Nor did I, my lord. Sir Brook Fossbrooke distinctly declared that he would only communicate with yourself personally, — that what he desired to say referred to yourself, and should be answered by yourself."

"On hearing which, sir, you withdrew?"

"So far as your lordship was concerned, no more was said between us. What passed after this I may be permitted to call private."

"What, sir! You see a person in my house, at my instance, and with my instructions — who comes to see and confer with me; and you have the hardihood to tell me that you took that opportunity to discuss questions which you call private!"

"I trust, my lord, you will not press me in this matter; my position is a most painful one."

"It is worse than painful, sir. It is hu-

miliating. But," added he, after a short pause, "I have reason to be grateful to you. You have rescued me from perhaps a very grave indiscretion. Your position — your wife's health — your children's welfare, had all interested me. I might have — no matter what, sir. I have recovered the balance of my mind. I am myself again."

"My lord, I will be open with you."

"I will accept of no forced confidences, sir," said the Judge, waving his hand haughtily.

"They are not forced, my lord, farther than my dislike to give you pain renders them so. The man to whom you sent me this morning is no stranger to me — would that he had been! — would that I had never known nor heard of him! Very few words will explain why, my lord; I only entreat that, before I say them, they may be in strictest confidence between us."

"If they require secrecy, sir, they shall have it."

"Quite enough, my lord — amply sufficient for me is this assurance. This person then, my lord, was the old friend and brother officer of Sir Frank Dillon, my father-in-law. They lived as young men in closest friendship together, shared perils, amusements, and purse together. For many years nothing occurred to interrupt the relations between them, though frequent remonstrances from Dillon's family against the intimacy might possibly have caused a coolness; for the world had begun to talk of Fossbrooke with a certain distrust, comparing his mode of living with the amount of his fortune, and half hinting that his successes at play were more than accidental.

"Still Dillon held to him, and to break the tie at last his family procured an Indian appointment for him, and sent him to Calcutta. Fossbrooke no sooner heard of it than he sold off his town house and horses, and actually sailed in the same packet with him."

"Let us sit down, Colonel Sewell; I am wearied with walking, and I should like to hear the remainder of this story."

"I will make it very brief, my lord. Here is a nice bench to rest on. Arrived in India they commenced a style of living the most costly and extravagant imaginable. Their receptions, their dinners, their equipages, their retinues, completely eclipsed the splendours of the native princes. For a while these were met promptly by ready money; later on came bills, at first duly met, and at last dishonoured. On investigation, however, it was found that the greater number — far the greater number

—of the acceptances were issued by Dillon alone; a circumstance which puzzled none so much as Dillon himself, who never remembered the circumstances that had called for them."

"They were forgeries by Fossbrooke," said the Judge.

"You are right, my lord, they were, but so adroitly done that Dillon was the first to declare the signatures his own; nor was the fraud ever discovered. To rescue his friend, as it were, Fossbrooke sold off everything, and paid, I know not what amount, and they both left for Ceylon, where Dillon was named Commander of the Forces.

"Here Dillon married, and on the birth of his first child, Fossbrooke was the godfather, their affection being stronger than ever. Once more the life of extravagance burst forth, and now, besides the costly household and reckless expenditure, the stories of play became rife and frequent, several young fellows being obliged to leave the service and sell their commissions to meet their debts. The scandal reached England, and Dillon was given his choice to resign or resume active service at his old rank. He accepted the last, and went back to India. For a while they were separated. My father-in-law made a brilliant campaign, concluding with the victory of Atteyghur. He was named Political Resident at the seat of government, and found himself in the receipt of a large revenue, and might in a few years have become wealthy and honoured. His evil genius, however, was soon at his side. Fossbrooke arrived, as he said, to see him before leaving for Europe; he never left him till his death. From that day dated my father-in-law's inevitable ruin. Maladministration, corruption, forced loans on every side. Black-mail was imposed on all the chiefs, and a system of iniquity instituted that rendered the laws a farce, and the office of judge a degradation.

"Driven almost to desperation by his approaching ruin, and yet blind to the cause of it, Sir Frank took service against the Affghans, and fell, severely wounded, at Walhalla. Fossbrooke followed him to the Hills, where he went to die. The infatuation of that fatal man was unbroken, and on his deathbed he not only confided to him all the deeds and documents that concerned his fortune, but gave him the guardianship and control of his daughter. In the very last letter he ever penned are these words: — 'Scandal may some day or other dare to asperse him (Sir Brook) — the best have no immunity on that score — but I charge you, however fortune may deal with you, share

it with him if he need it — your father never had so true, so noble, so generous a friend. Have full courage in any course he approves of, and never distrust yourself so completely as when he differs from you: above all, believe no ill of him.'

"I have seen this letter — I have read it more than once; and with my full knowledge of the man, with my memory stored with stories about him, it was very hard to see him exercise an influence in my house, and a power over my wife. For a while I tried to respect what had been the faith of her childhood; I could not bear to destroy what formed one of the links that bound her to her father's memory; but the man's conduct obliged me to abandon this clemency. He insisted on living upon us, and living in a style, not merely costly, but openly, flagrantly disreputable. Of his manner to myself I will not speak; he treated me not alone as a dependant, but as one whose character and fortune were in his hands. To what comments this exposed me in my own house, I leave you to imagine: I remonstrated at first, but my endurance became exhausted, and I turned him from my house.

"Then began his persecution of me — not alone of myself, but my wife, and all belonging to me. I must not dwell on this, or I should forget myself.

"We left India, hoping never to hear more of him.

"There was a story that he had gone on a visit to a Rajah in Oude, and I would in all likelihood live there till he died. Imagine what I felt, my lord, when I read his name on that visiting-card. I know, of course, what his presence meant, a pretended matter of business with you — the real object was to traduce and vilify me. He had ascertained the connection between us, and determined to turn it to profit. So long as I followed my career in India — a poor soldier of fortune — I was not worth persecution; but here at home, with perhaps friends, possibly with friends able and willing to aid me, I at once assumed importance in his eyes. He well knows how dear to us is the memory of my wife's father, what sacrifices we have made, what sacrifices we would make again, that his name should not be harshly dealt with by the world. He feels, too, all the power and weight he can wield by that letter of poor Dillon's, given so frankly, so trustfully, and so unfortunately, on his deathbed. In one word, my lord, this man has come back to Europe to exert over me the pressure which he once on a time used over my father-in-law.

For reasons I cannot fathom, the great people who knew him once, and who ought to know who and what he has become, are still willing to acknowledge him. It is true he no longer frequents their houses and mixes in their society — but they recognize him. The very card he sent in this morning bore the Viceroy's name — and from this cause alone, even if there were not others, he would be dangerous. I weary you, my lord, and I will conclude. By an accidental admission he let drop that he would soon leave Ireland for a while; let it seem, my lord, so long as he remains here, that I am less intimate here, less frequent as a visitor, than he has imagined. Let him have grounds to imagine that my presence here was a mere accident, and that I am not at all likely to enjoy any share of your lordship's favour — in fact let him believe me as friendless here as he saw me in India, and he will cease to speculate on persecuting me."

"There would be an indignity in such a course, sir," cried the Judge fiercely; "the man has no terrors for me."

"Certainly not, my lord, nor for me personally; I speak on my wife's behalf; it is for her sake and for her peace of mind I am alone thinking here."

"I will speak to her myself on this head."

"I entreat you not, my lord. I implore you never to approach the subject. She has for years been torn between the terrible alternative of obeying the last injunctions of her father or yielding to the wishes of her husband. Her life has been a continual struggle, and her shattered health has been the consequence. No, my lord; let us go down for a few weeks or months as it may be to this country place they have taken for us; a little quietness will do us both good. My leave will not expire till March; there is still time to look about me."

"Something shall be done for you, sir," said the Judge, pompously. Sewell bowed low; he knew how to make his bow a very deep acknowledgment of gratitude; he knew the exact measure of deference, and trustfulness, and thankfulness to throw into his expression as he bent his head, while he seemed too much overpowered to speak.

"Yes, sir, you shall be cared for," said the old man. "And if this person, this Sir Brook Fossbrooke, returns here, it is with me he will have to deal — not you."

"My lord, I entreat you never to admit him; neither see nor correspond with him. The man is a desperado, and holds his own life too cheap to care for another's."

"Sir, you only pique my curiosity to

meet with him. I have heard of such fellows, but never saw one."

"From all I have heard, my lord, *your* courage requires no proofs."

"You have heard the truth, sir. It has been tested in every way, and found without alloy. This man came here a few days ago to ask me to nominate my grandson to an office in my gift; but, save a lesson for his temerity, he 'took nothing by his motion.'" The old Judge walked up and down with short impatient steps, his eyebrows moving fiercely, and his mouth twitching angrily. "The Viceroy must be taught that it is not through such negotiators he can treat with men like myself. We hear much about the dignity of the Bench; I would that his Excellency should know that the respect for it is a homage to be rendered by the highest as well as the lowest, and that I for one will accept of nothing less than all the honours that befit my station."

Relieved, as it were, by this outburst of vanity, his heart unburdened of a load of self-conceit, the old man felt freer and better; and in the sigh he heaved there seemed a something that indicated a sense of alleviation. Then, turning to Sewell, with a softened voice, he said, "How grieved I am that you should have passed such a morning! It was certainly not what I had intended for you."

"You are too good to me, my lord — far too good, and too thoughtful of me," said Sewell, with emotion.

"I am one of those men who must go to the grave misconstrued and misrepresented. He who would be firm in an age of cowardice, he who would be just in an age of robbery, cannot fail to be calumniated. But, sir, there is a moral stature, as there is a material stature, that requires distance for its proportions; and it is possible posterity will be more just to me than my contemporaries."

"I would only hope, my lord, that the time for such a judgment may be long deferred."

"You are a courtier, sir," said the Judge, smiling. "It was amongst courtiers I passed my early youth, and I like them. When I was a young man, Colonel Sewell, it was the fashion to make the tour of Europe as a matter of education and good breeding. The French court was deemed, and justly deemed, the first school of manners, and I firmly believe France herself has suffered in her forms of politeness from having ceased to be the centre of supply to the world. She adulterated the liquor as the consumers decreased in taste and increased in number."

"How neatly, how admirably expressed!" said Sewell, bowing.

"I had some of that gift once," said the old man, with a sigh; "but it is a weapon out of use nowadays. Epigram has its place in a museum now as rightfully as an Andrea Ferrera."

"I declare, my lord, it is two o'clock. Here is your servant coming to announce luncheon. I am ashamed to think what a share of your day I have monopolized."

"You will stay and take some mutton broth, I hope?"

"No, my lord. I never eat luncheon; and I am, besides, horrified at inflicting you so long already."

"Sir, if I suffer many of the miseries of old age, I avail myself of some of its few privileges. One of the best of these is, never to be bored. I am old and feeble enough to be able to say to him who wears me, Leave me — leave me to myself and my own deariness. Had you 'inflicted' me, as you call it, I'd have said as much two hours ago. Your company was, however, most agreeable. You know how to talk; and, what is rarer, you know how to listen."

Sewell bowed respectfully and in silence.

"I wish the school that trains aides-de-camp could be open to junior barristers and curates," muttered he, half to himself, then added aloud, "Come and see me soon again. Come to breakfast, or, if you prefer it, to dinner. We dine at seven;" and without further adieu than a slight wave of his hand, he turned away and entered the house.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SIR BROOK IN CONFUSION.

TOM LENDRICK had just parted with his sister as Fossbroke came up, and, taking his arm in silence, moved slowly down the road.

Seeing his deep pre-occupation, Tom did not speak for some time, but walked along without a word. "I hope you found my grandfather in better temper, sir?" asked Tom at last.

"He refused to receive me; he pleaded illness; or rather he called it by its true name, indisposition. He deputed another gentleman to meet me — a Colonel Sewell, his stepson."

"That's the man my father saw at the Cape; a clever sort of person he called him, but, I suspect, not one of his liking; too

much man of the world — too much man of fashion for poor Dad."

"I hope so," muttered Fossbroke, unconsciously.

"Indeed, sir; and why?" asked Tom eagerly.

"What of Lucy?" said Sir Brook, abruptly; how did you think she was looking?"

"Well, sir, on the whole, well. I've seen her jollier; but, to be sure, it was a leave-taking to-day, and that's not the occasion to put one in high spirits. Poor girl, as she said, 'Is it not hard, Tom? there are only three of us, and we must all live apart.'"

"So it is — hard; very hard. I'd have tried once more to influence the old Judge if he'd have given me a meeting. He may do worse with that office than bestow it on you, Tom. I believe I'd have told him as much."

"It's perhaps as well, sir, that you did not see him," said Tom, with a faint smile.

"Yes," said Fossbroke, following along the train of his own thoughts, and not noticing the other's remark. "He may do worse; he may give it to *him*, and thus draw closer the ties between them; and if *that* man once gets admission there he'll get influence."

"Of whom are you talking, sir?"

"I was not speaking, Tom. I was turning over some things in my mind. By the way, we have much to do before evening. Go over to Hodgen's about those tools; he has not sent them yet; and the blasting powder, too, has not come down. I ought, if I could manage the time, to test it; but it's too late. I must go to the Castle for five minutes — five minutes will do it; and I'll pass by Grainger's on my way back, and buy the flannel — miner's flannel they call it in the advertisement. We must look our *métier*, Tom, eh? You told Lucy where to write, and how to address us, I hope?"

"Yes, sir, she wrote it down. By the way, that reminds me of a letter she gave me for you. It was addressed to her care, and came yesterday."

The old man thrust it in his pocket without so much as a look at it.

"I think the post-mask was Madeira," said Tom, to try and excite some curiosity.

"Possibly. I have correspondents everywhere."

"It looked like Trafford's writing, I thought."

"Indeed! let us see;" and he drew forth the letter, and broke the envelope. "Right enough, Tom — it is Trafford."

He ran his eyes rapidly over the first lines, turned to the next side, and then to

the end of the letter, and then once more began at the beginning.

"This is his third attempt, he says, to reach me, having written twice without any acknowledgment, hence he has taken the liberty—and a very great liberty, too—to address the present to the care of your sister. His brother died in March last, and the younger brother has now shown symptoms of the same malady, and has been sent out to Madeira. 'I could not,' he writes—'I could not refuse to come out here with him, however eager I was to go to Ireland. You can well believe'—here the old man slurred over the words, and murmured inaudibly for some seconds. "I see," added he at last, "he has gone back to his old regiment, with good hopes of the majority. 'Hinks is sick of the service, and quite willing to leave. Harvey, however, stands above me, and deems it a cruel thing to be passed over. I must have your advice about this, as well as about'—Here again he dropped his voice and mumbled unintelligibly. At length he read on—"What is Tom doing? What a shame it would be if a fellow with such abilities should not make his way!"

"A crying shame," burst in Tom, "but I neither see the abilities nor the way; would he kindly indicate how to find either or both?"

"My mother suggested," read on Sir Brook, "'two or three things which my father could readily obtain, but you know the price of the promotion; you know what I would have to'—Here, once more, the old man stopped abruptly.

"Pray go on, sir," cried Tom, eagerly; "this interests me much, and as it touches myself I have half a claim to hear it."

Sir Brook gave no heed to the request, but read on in silence and to himself. Turning to the last page, he said—"I may then hope to be in Ireland by the end of the month. I shall not go down to Holt, but straight to Dublin. My leave will expire on the 28th, and this will give me a good excuse for not going home. I am sure you will agree with me that I am doing the right thing.

"If I am fortunate enough to meet you in Dublin I can ask your advice on many things which press for solution; but if you should have left Ireland, and gone heaven knows where, what is to become of me?"

"Got into debt again, evidently," said Tom, as he puffed his cigar.

"Nothing of the kind. I know thoroughly what he alludes to, though I am not at liberty to speak of it. He wishes me to

leave our address with Colonel Cave at the barracks, and that if we should have left Ireland already, he'll try and manage a month's leave, and pay us a visit."

"I declare that I guessed that!" burst out Tom. "I had a dread of that, from the very day we first planned our project. I said to myself, so sure as we settle down to work—to work like men who have no thought but how to earn their bread—some lavender-gloved fellow, with a dressing-case and three hat-boxes, will drop down to disgust us alike with our own hardships and his foppery."

"He'll not come," said Sir Brook, calmly; "and if he should, he will be welcome."

"Oh! as to that," stammered out Tom, somewhat ashamed of his late warmth, "Trafford is perhaps the one exception to the sort of thing I am afraid of. He is a fine, manly, candid fellow, with no affectations nor any pretensions."

"A gentleman, sir!—just a gentleman, and of a very good type."

The last few lines of the letter were small and finely written, and cost the old man some time to decipher. At last he read them aloud. "Am I asking what you would see any objection to accord me, if I entreat you to give me some letter of introduction or presentation to the Chief Baron? I presume that you know him; and I presume that he might not refuse to know me. It is possible I may be wrong in either or both of these assumptions. I am sure you will be frank in your reply to this request of mine, and say No, if you dislike to say Yes. I made the acquaintance of Colonel Sewell, the Judge's stepson, at the Cape; but I suspect—I may be wrong—but I suspect that to be presented by the Colonel might not be the smoothest road to his lordship's acquaintance—I was going to write "favour"—but I have no pretension, as yet at least, to aspire that far.

"The Colonel himself told me that his mother and Sir William never met without a quarrel. His affectionate remark was, that the Chief Baron was the only creature in Europe whose temper was worse than Lady Lendrick's, and it would be a blessing to humanity if they could be induced to live together.

"I saw a good deal of the Sewells at the Cape. She is charming! She was a Dillon, and her mother a Lascelles, some forty-fifth cousin of my mother's—quite enough of relationship, however, to excuse a very rapid intimacy, so that I dined there when I liked, and uninvited. I did not like him so well, but then he beat me at bil-

liards, and always won my money at *ecarté*, and of course these are detracting ingredients which ought not to be thrown into the scale.

"How she sings! I don't know how you, with your rapturous love of music, would escape falling in love with her: all the more that she seems to me one who expects that sort of homage, and thinks herself defrauded if denied it. If the Lord Chief Baron is fond of ballads, he has been her captive this many a day.

"My love to Tom, if with you or without reach of you, and believe me ever yours affectionately,

"LIONEL TRAFFORD."

"It was the eldest son who died," said Tom, carelessly.

"Yes, the heir. Lionel now succeeds to a splendid fortune and the baronetcy."

"He told me once that his father had made some sort of compact with his eldest son about cutting off the entail, in case he should desire to do it. In fact, he gave me to understand that he wasn't a favourite with his father, and that, if by any course of events he were likely to succeed to the estate, it was more than probable his father would use this power, and merely leave him what he could not alienate — a very small property that pertained to the baronetage."

"With reference to what did he make this revelation to you? What had you been talking of?"

"I scarcely remember. I think it was about younger sons, how hardly they were treated, and how unfairly."

"Great hardship truly that a man must labour! not to say that there is not a single career in life he can approach without bringing to it greater advantages than befall humbler men — a better and more liberal education, superior habits as regards society, powerful friends, and what in a country like ours is inconceivably effective — the prestige of family. I cannot endure this compassionate tone about younger sons. To my thinking they have the very best opening that life can offer, if they be men to profit by it, and if they are not, I care very little what becomes of them."

"I do think it hard that my elder brother should have fortune and wealth to overabundance, while my pittance will scarcely keep me in cigars."

"You have no right, sir, to think of his affluence. It is not in the record; the necessities of your position have no relation to his superfluities. Bethink you of yourself, and if cigars are too expensive for you,

smoke *cavendish*. Trafford was full of this cant about the cruelty of primogeniture, but I would have none of it. Whenever a man tells me that he deems it a hardship that he should do anything for his livelihood, I leave him, and hope never to see more of him."

"Trafford surely did not say so."

"No — certainly not; there would have been no correspondence between us if he had. But I want to see these young fellows showing the world that they shrink from no competition with any. They have long proved, that to confront danger and meet death they are second to none. Let them show that in other qualities they admit of no inferiority — that they are as ready for enterprise, as well able to stand cold and hunger and thirst, to battle with climate and disease. I know well they can do it, but I want the world to know it."

"As to intellectual distinctions," said Tom, "I think they are the equals of any. The best man in Trinity in my day was a fellow-commoner."

This speech seemed to restore the old man to his best humour. He slapped young Lendrick familiarly on the shoulder, and said, "It would be a grand thing, Tom, if we could extend the application of that old French adage, '*Noblesse oblige*,' and make it apply to every career in life, and every success. Come along down this street; I want to buy some nails — we can take them home with us."

They soon made their purchases, and each, armed with a considerably-sized brown paper parcel, issued from the shop — the old man eagerly following up the late theme, and insisting on all the advantages good birth and blood conferred, and what a grand resource was the gentleman element in moments of pressure and temptation.

"His Excellency wishes to speak to you, sir," said a footman, respectfully standing hat in hand before him. "The carriage is over the way."

Sir Brook nodded an assent, and then, turning to Tom, said, "Have the kindness to hold this for me for a moment; I will not detain you longer;" and placing in young Lendrick's hands a good-sized parcel, he stepped across the street, totally forgetting that over his left arm, the hand of which was in his pocket, a considerable coil of strong rope depended, being one of his late purchases. As he drew nigh the carriage, he made a sign that implied defeat; and mortified as the Viceroy was

at the announcement, he could not help smiling at the strange guise in which the old man presented himself.

"And how so, Fossbrooke?" asked he, in answer to the other's signal.

"Simply, he would not see me, my lord. Our first meeting had apparently left no very agreeable memories of me, and he scarcely cared to cultivate an acquaintance that opened so inauspiciously."

"But you sent him your card with my name?"

"Yes; and his reply was, to depute another gentleman to receive me, and take my communication."

"Which you refused, of course, to make?"

"Which I refused."

"Do you incline to suppose that the Chief Baron guessed the object of your visit?"

"I have no means of arriving at that surmise, my lord. His refusal of me was so peremptory, that it left me no clue to any guess."

"Was the person deputed to receive you one with whom it was at all possible to indicate such an intimation of your business, as might convey to the Chief Baron the necessity of seeing you?"

"Quite the reverse, my lord; he was one with whom, from previous knowledge, I could hold little converse."

"Then there is, I fear, nothing to be done."

"Nothing."

"Except to thank you heartily, my dear Fossbrooke, and ask you once more, why are you going away?"

"I told you last night, I was going to make a fortune. I have—to my own astonishment, I own it—begun to feel that narrow means are occasionally most inconvenient; that they limit a man's action in so many ways, that he comes at last to experience a sort of slavery; and instead of chafing against this, I am resolved to overcome it, and become rich."

"I hope, with all my heart, you may. There is no man whom wealth will more become, or who will know how to dispense it more reputably."

"Why, we have gathered a crowd around us, my lord," said Fossbrooke, looking to right and left, where now a number of people had gathered, attracted by the Viceroy's presence, but still more amused by the strange-looking figure with the hank of rope over his arm, who discoursed so freely with his Excellency. "This is one of the penalties of greatness, I take it," continued he. "It's your Excellency's Col-

lar of St. Patrick costs you these attentions"—

"I rather suspect it's your '*grand cordon*,' Fossbrooke," said the Viceroy, laughing, while he pointed to the rope.

"Bless my stars!" exclaimed Sir Brook, blushing deeply, "how forgetful I am growing! I hope you forgive me. I am sure you could not suppose"—

"I could never think anything but good of you, Fossbrooke. Get in, and come out to 'the Lodge' to dinner."

"No, no; impossible. I am heartily ashamed of myself. I grow worse and worse every day; people will lose patience at last, and eat me; good-bye."

"Wait one moment. I want to ask you something about young Lendrick. Would he take an appointment in a colonial regiment—would he?" But Fossbrooke had elbowed his way through the dense crowd by this time, and was far out of hearing—shocked with himself, and overwhelmed with the thought that, in his absurd forgetfulness, he might have involved another in ridicule.

"Think of me standing talking to his Excellency with this on my arm, Tom!" said he, flushing with shame and annoyance: "how these absent fits keep advancing on me! When a man begins to forget himself in this fashion, the time is not very distant when his friends will be glad to forget him. I said so this moment to Lord Wilmington, and I am afraid that he agreed with me. Where are the screws, Tom—have I been forgetting them also?"

"No, sir, I have them here; the hold-fasts were not finished, but they will be sent over to us this evening, along with the cramps you ordered."

"So, then, my head was clear so far," cried he, with a smile. "In my prosperous days, Tom, these freaks of mine were taken as good jokes, and my friends laughed at them over my burgundy; but when a man has no longer burgundy to wash down his blunders with, it is strange how different becomes the criticism, and how much more candid the critic."

"So that, in point of enlightenment, sir, it is better to be poor."

"It is what I was just going to observe to you," said he, calmly. "Can you give me a cigar?"

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TWO LUCYS.

WITHIN a week after this incident, while Fossbrooke and young Lendrick were

ploughing the salt sea towards their destination, Lucy sat in her room one morning engaged in drawing. She was making a chalk copy from a small photograph her brother had sent her, a likeness of Sir Brook, taken surreptitiously as he sat smoking at a window, little heeding or knowing of the advantage thus taken of him.

The head was considerably advanced, the brow and the eyes were nearly finished, and she was trying, for the third time, to get an expression into the mouth which the photograph had failed to convey, but which she so often observed in the original. Eagerly intent on her work, she never heard the door open behind her, and was slightly startled as a very gentle hand was laid on her shoulder.

"Is this a very presumptuous step of mine, dear Lucy?" said Mrs. Sewell, with one of her most bewitching smiles: "have I your leave for coming in upon you in this fashion?"

"Of course you have, my dear Mrs. Sewell; it is a great pleasure to me to see you here."

"And I may take off my bonnet, and my shawl, and my gloves, and my company manner, as my husband calls it?"

"Oh! you have no company manner," broke in Lucy.

"I used to think not; but men are stern critics, darling, and especially when they are husbands. You will find out, one of these days, how neatly your liege lord will detect every little objectionable trait in your nature, and with what admirable frankness he will caution you against — yourself."

"I almost think I'd rather he would not."

"I'm very certain of it, Lucy," said the other, with greater firmness than before.

"The thing we call love, in married life has an existence only a little beyond that of the bouquet you carried to the wedding-breakfast; and it would be unreasonable in a woman to expect it, but she might fairly ask for courtesy and respect, and you would be amazed how churlish even gentlemen can become about expending these graces in their own families."

Lucy was both shocked and astonished at what she heard, and the grave tone in which the words were uttered surprised her most of all.

Mrs. Sewell had by this time taken off her bonnet and shawl, and, pushing back her luxuriant hair from her forehead, looked as though suffering from headache, for

her brows were contracted, and the orbits around her eyes dark and purple-looking.

"You are not quite well to-day," said Lucy, as she sat down on the sofa beside her, and took her hand.

"About as well as I ever am," said she, sighing; and then, as if suddenly recollecting herself, added, "India makes such an inroad on health and strength! No buoyancy of temperament ever resisted that fatal climate. You wouldn't believe it, Lucy, but I was once famed for high spirits."

"I can well believe it."

"It was, however, very long ago. I was little more than a child at the time — that is, I was about fourteen or fifteen — when I left England, to which I returned in my twentieth year. I went back very soon afterwards to nurse my poor father, and be married."

The depth of sadness in which she spoke the last words made the silence that followed intensely sad and gloomy.

"Yes," said she, with a deep melancholy smile, "papa called me madcap. Oh dear, if our fathers and mothers could look back from that eternity they have gone to, and see how the traits they traced in our childhood have saddened and sobered down into sternest features, would they recognize us as their own? I don't look like a madcap now, Lucy, do I?" As she said this, her eyes swam in tears, and her lip trembled convulsively. Then standing hastily up, she drew nigh the table, and leaned over to look at the drawing at which Lucy had been engaged.

"What!" cried she, with almost a shriek — "what is this? Whose portrait is this? tell me at once; who is it?"

"A very dear friend of mine and of Tom's. One you could not have ever met, I'm sure."

"And how do you know whom I have met?" cried she, fiercely. "What can you know of my life and my associates?"

"I said so, because he is one who has lived long estranged from the world," said Lucy, gently; for in the sudden burst of the other's passion she only saw matter for deep compassion. It was but another part of a nature torn and distracted by unceasing anxieties.

"But his name, his name?" said Mrs. Sewell, wildly.

"His name is Sir Brook Fossbrooke."

"I knew it, I knew it!" cried she, wildly. "I knew it!" and said it over and over again. "Go where we will we shall find him. He haunts us like a curse — like a

curse!" And it was in almost a shriek the last words came forth.

"You cannot know the man, if you say this of him," said Lucy, firmly.

"Not know him! — not know him! You will tell me next that I do not know myself — not know my own name — not know the life of bitterness I have lived — the shame of it — the ineffable shame of it!" and she threw herself on her face on the sofa, and sobbed convulsively. Long and anxiously did Lucy try all in her power to comfort and console her. She poured out her whole heart in pledges of sisterly love and affection. She assured her of a sympathy that would never desert her; and, last of all, she told her that her judgment of Sir Brook was a mistaken one; that in the world there lived not one more true-hearted, more generous, or more noble.

"And where did you learn all this, young woman?" said the other, passionately. "In what temptations and trials of your life have these experiences been gained? Oh, don't be angry with me, dearest Lucy; forgive this rude speech of mine; my head is turning, and I know not what I say. Tell me, child, did this man speak to you of my husband?"

"No."

"Nor of myself?"

"Not a word. I don't believe he was aware that we were related to each other."

"He not aware! Why, it's his boast that he knows every one and every one's connections. You never heard him speak without this parade of universal acquaintanceship. But why did he come here? how did you happen to meet him?"

"By the merest accident. Tom found him one day fishing the river close to our house, and they got to talk together; and it ended by his coming to us to tea. Intimacy followed very quick'y, and then a close friendship."

"And do you mean to tell me that all this while he never alluded to us?"

"Never."

"This is so unlike him — so unlike him," muttered she, half to herself. "And the last place you saw him, where was it?"

"Here, in this house."

"Here! do you mean that he came here to see you?"

"No, he had some business with grandpapa, and called one morning, but he was not received. Grandpapa was not well, and sent Colonel Sewell to meet him."

"He sent my husband! And did he go?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure of that?"

"I know it."

"I never heard of this," said she, holding her hands to her temples. "About what time was it?"

"It was on Friday last. I remember the day, because it was the last time I saw poor Tom."

"On Friday last," said she, pondering. "Yes, you are right. I do remember that Friday;" and she drew up the sleeve of her dress, and looked at a dark blue mark upon the fair white skin of her arm; but so hastily was the action done that Lucy did not remark it.

"It was on Friday morning. It was on the forenoon of Friday, was it not?"

"Yes. The clock struck one, I remember, as I got back to the house."

"Tell me, Lucy," said she, in a caressing tone, as she drew her arm round the girl's waist — "tell me, darling, how did Colonel Sewell look after that interview? did he seem angry or irritated? — I'll tell you why I asked this some other time — but I want to know if he seemed vexed or chagrined by meeting this man."

"I did not see him after: he went away almost immediately after Sir Brook. I heard his voice talking with grandpapa in the garden, but I went to my room, and we did not meet."

"As they spoke in the garden were their voices raised? did they talk like men excited or in warmth?"

"Yes. Their tone and manner were what you say — so much so that I went away, not to overhear them. Grandpapa, I know, was angry at something, and when we met at luncheon he barely spoke to me."

"And what conclusion did you draw from all this?"

"None! There was nothing to induce me to dwell on the circumstance; besides," added she, with some irritation, "I am not given to reason upon the traits of people's manner, or their tone in speaking."

"Nor perhaps accustomed to inquire, when your grandfather is vexed, what it is irritated him?"

"Certainly not. It is a liberty I should not dare to take."

"Well, darling," said she, with a saucy laugh, "he is more fortunate in having you for a granddaughter than me. I'm afraid I should have less discretion — at all events less dread."

"Don't be so sure of that," said Lucy, quietly. "Grandpapa is no common person. It is not his temper but his talent that one is loath to encounter."

"I do not suspect that either would terrify

me greatly. As the soldiers say, Lucy, 'I have been under fire' pretty often, and I don't mind it now. Do you know, child, that we have got into a most irritable tone with each other? each of us is saying something that provokes a sharp reply, and we are actually sparring without knowing it."

"I certainly did not know it," said Lucy, taking her hand within both her own, "and I ask pardon if I have said anything to hurt you."

Leaving her hand to Lucy unconsciously, and not heeding one word of what she had said, Mrs. Sewell sat with her eyes fixed on the floor, deep in thought. "I'm sure, Lucy," said she at last, "I don't know why I asked you all those questions a while ago. That man, Sir Brook I mean, is nothing to me; he ought to be, but he is not. My father and he were friends; that is, my father thought he was his friend, and left him the guardianship of me on his death-bed."

"Your guardian — Sir Brook your guardian?" cried Lucy, with intense eagerness.

"Yes; with more power than the law, I believe, would accord to any guardian." She paused and seemed lost in thought for some seconds, and then went on, "Colonel Sewell and he never liked each other. Sir Brook took little trouble to be liked by him; perhaps Dudley was as careless on his side. What a tiresome vein I have got in! How should you care for all this?"

"But I do care — I care for all that concerns you."

"I take it if you were to hear Sir Brook's account, we should not make a more brilliant figure than himself. He'd tell you about our mode of life and high play, and the rest of it; but, child, every one plays high in India, every one does scores of things there they wouldn't do at home, partly because the ennui of life tempts to anything — anything that would relieve it; and then all are tolerant because all are equally — I was going to say wicked; but I don't mean wickedness — I mean bored to that degree that there is no stimulant left without the breach of the decalogue."

"I think that might be called wickedness," said Lucy, dryly.

"Call it what you like, only take my word for it you'd do the self-same things if you lived there. I was pretty much what you are now when I left England, and if any naughty creature like myself were to talk, as I am doing to you now, and make confession of all her misdeeds and misfortunes, I'm certain I'd have known how to bridle up and draw away my hand, and retire to a far end of the sofa, and look un-

utterable pruderies, just as you do this moment."

"Without ever suspecting it, certainly," said Lucy, laughing.

"Tear up that odious drawing, dear Lucy," said she, rising and walking the room with impatience. "Tear it up; or, if you won't do that, let me write a line under it — one line, I ask for no more — so that people may know at whom they are looking."

"I will do neither; nor will I sit here to listen to one word against him."

"Which means, child, that your knowledge of life is so much greater than mine, you can trust implicitly to your own judgment. I can admire your courage, certainly, though I am not captivated by your prudence."

"It is because I have so little faith in my own judgment that I am unwilling to lose the friend who can guide me."

"Perhaps it would be unsafe if I were to ask you to choose between *him* and *me*," said Mrs. Sewell, very slowly, and with her eyes fully bent on Lucy.

"I hope you will not."

"With such a warning I certainly shall not do so. Who could have believed it was so late?" said she, hastily looking at her watch; "what a seductive creature you must be, child, to slip over one's whole morning without knowing it — two o'clock already. You lunch about this time?"

"Yes, punctually at two."

"Are you sufficiently lady of the house to invite me, Lucy?"

"I am sure you need no invitation here; you are one of us."

"What a little Jesuit it is," said Mrs. Sewell, patting her cheek. "Come, child, I'll be equal with you. I'll enter the room on your arm and say, 'Sir William, your granddaughter insisted on my remaining; I thought it an awkwardness, but she tells me she is the mistress here, and I obey.'"

"And you will find he will be too well bred to contradict you," said Lucy, while a deep blush covered her face and throat.

"Oh, I think him positively charming!" said Mrs. Sewell, as she arranged her hair before the glass; "I think him charming. My mother-in-law and I have a dozen pitched battles every day on the score of his temper and his character. My theory is, the only intolerable thing on earth is a fool; and whether it be that Lady Lendrick suspects me of any secret intention to designate one still nearer to her by this reservation, I do not know, but the declaration drives her half-crazy. Come, Lucy, we shall be keeping grandpapa waiting for us."

They moved down the stairs arm-in-arm, without a word; but as they gained the door of the dining-room Mrs. Sewell turned fully round and said in a low deep voice, "Marry, anything—rake, gambler, villain—anything, the basest and the blackest; but never take a fool, for a fool means them all combined."

THIS PETITION OF THE AMERICAN FREE TRADE LEAGUE TO THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED,

Respectfully Represents that:

Every man has the right to work for himself, and to enjoy, in full, the fruits of his own labor.

It is the right of every man to exert his powers of body and mind for his own good. It is necessarily, therefore, a right of every man to take the products of his own skill and labor and exchange them freely for the products of the skill and labor of any other man in the world, on such terms as the two may agree are for their mutual good.

This free exchange of labor concerns only the two, and cannot injure others. No one has the right to meddle. No Government ought to meddle with or hinder this free exchange.

A Government has the right to take, by taxation, so much only as is necessary for its support. It should do so by making the burden of taxes bear equally on all. If a Government affords special favor or encouragement to one form of labor, the other forms of labor are neglected, and thus positively discouraged. In this country, the Government cannot give any special encouragement or favor to agriculture, because we can furnish the products of agriculture much more cheaply than they can be brought hither from any part of the world. Our country has more than three-fourths of its people engaged in agriculture; so that our Government cannot, if it would, by any discriminating tax-laws, protect, as it is called, or favor, the great majority of those who live by their honest labor. In trying to afford special protection or favor to any of the other forms of labor, it is clear that the Government is making laws for the good of only a small minority, and imposing positive and unequal burdens upon the great majority, the farmers. The Southern farmer produces, say, a bale of cotton; he can exchange this, in the markets of the world, if the Government will let him, for at least two tons of iron. But the Government steps in and imposes a heavy duty on iron, not for the support of the Government, because it would get more revenue by means of a lower duty, but for the special benefit of the iron masters of

this country. The result is: the Southern farmer gets only one ton of iron for his bale of cotton. The Northern farmer produces so many bushels of wheat. Left free to exchange it with the blanket-makers of the world, he could get, for the same quantity of wheat, two blankets where he now gets but one. So it is with all the clothing of his family.

The poor man requires as much of warmth, nourishment, and shelter, as the rich man. The rich man needs no more tea, no more coffee, no more sugar, no more blankets, no more fuel, than the poor man. In the present system of duties, therefore, the rich man pays but little more than the poor man. It is worse than this; for the highest duties are put upon the coarsest fabrics, which the rich do not, but which the poor must, use. A woman cannot dress in the cheapest manner without paying a tribute of several dollars, out of her earnings, to the manufacturers—a class proverbial for wealth. When a Government distributes the burdens of its necessary maintenance so unequally, it does not tax; it robs.

The income of the Government is, of course, lessened by high duties; for revenue is got on the goods which come in, and the aim of Protective duties is to keep the goods out. The people pay more, that the Treasury may receive less. Not only is the farming class, and with it the great body of consumers, including the mechanics of the country, made to suffer by a system of protective duties, but the nation in its collective capacity is impoverished. No doctrine can be more fallacious than that which maintains that the wealth of a country can be increased by restraining its inhabitants from obtaining for their labor the most they can.

Protective tariffs are carried through Congress by a combination of private interests; the sugar planter is won over by a duty greater than the cost of producing sugar elsewhere; the iron master, the cotton and woolen manufacturers, receive severally their separate advantage in the way of special favor to their occupations; and joining forces, they roll the unjust law through to the wrong of all the rest of the people. These classes are a small minority even of the people of their own States; they are, all put together, a very minute minority of our whole people. Every farmer, every plant-

er, every laborer, every carpenter, mason, sewing-woman, every worker in this country, every consumer, in fact, except the few who derive a profit from these petted occupations, is robbed daily and hourly, and their earnings are put into the pocket of the favored few.

In a great number of instances the effect of these protective duties is the grievous oppression of the poor. The duties imposed on foreign coal cause great misery in all our large towns on the Atlantic coast through the dearth of fuel. The duties on iron, which have made it enormously dear, bear heavily on all classes. All kinds of clothing have become oppressively dear through the effect of protective duties. Paper, the great vehicle of knowledge, has been exorbitantly enhanced in price by the same means without bringing a dollar into the treasury of the nation. Formerly books were published here more cheaply than in Great Britain. Now that country produces cheap books, while we produce dear ones; a result of this tax on knowledge, from which only the paper makers derive any advantage. In all these instances our country is unhappily imitating the policy which Great Britain pursued so long in the instance of its Corn Laws, which after a long struggle between the people and the aristocracy were not long since abrogated, greatly to the benefit of the people and even of the landowners themselves; for it is one of the results of the protective system that it keeps back improvements and tempts the favored classes to rest contented with imperfect, unskillful, and costly methods of production.

One plea of the few who are favored by protective duties is that these duties protect the labor of this country against the pauper labor of Europe. It is a false plea. For it is plain that it is the interest of the very men who advance it, to get labor as cheap as they can. Moreover, these very men are themselves constantly importing working-people from Europe. It is a false plea again, because the laborer in this country needs no one's protection. The American laborer can protect himself against everything but the revenue laws which make goods dear. He is protected against inadequate wages by the abundance of free land, ready for his occupation. We should never have heard of the pauper labor of Europe, had the workers there had free lands at hand in their own respective countries, such as we fortunately have.

The most powerful bond of Union between the different parts of this great country extending from Ocean to Ocean, holding us

together forever, not only by the forms of law, but by mutual attachment and the feeling that we are in all respects one people, is impartial legislation; legislation which shall not seek to enrich one portion of the country at the expense of others.

Regarding it, therefore, as a most unworthy and groundless imputation upon our countrymen to insist that their ingenuity, skill and diligence, cannot, without the help of protective duties, keep pace with the ingenuity, skill and diligence of any other nation in the world, and holding, moreover, that protective duties are unjust and oppressive to the many, enervating to the industry of the few for whom they are imposed, and inconsistent with the principles of civil liberty and the rights of man, the American Free Trade League trusts that Congress will see the propriety and expediency of renouncing entirely, in any laws for the raising of revenue through a customs tariff, the wasteful and mischievous fallacy of Protection.

President.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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From The North British Review.

The Poetical Works of Henry Taylor, D. C. L. 3 vols. Chapman and Hall, 1864.

THE wealth of the present century in Poetry generally has often been contrasted with its comparative poverty in the Drama. In most Continental countries the serious drama has long fallen to a low ebb; and among ourselves the number of dramatic aspirants has been more remarkable than their success. There has, however, been one conspicuous exception. *Philip van Artevelde* at once achieved for its author a place in English literature. It appeared under the title of *A Dramatic Romance*: the public was not intimidated by the challenge of "Two Parts;" and repeated editions prove that it had in it that which holds its own. If the theme was a large one, the handling was large too; and a style of classical severity, no less than an abundance of such practical thought as is gleaned from the fields of experience, showed that the author had not grudged that conscientious labour which spares labour to the reader. Mr. Taylor has now republished this work, with four other plays, and his minor poems, in a revised and complete edition. Of these, *Isaak Comnenus* and *Edwin the Fair* have been before the world long enough to take their place. We shall break new ground, confining our remarks to his two more recent dramas, and his minor poems. They are destined, unless we are mistaken, to as high a place as his earlier works occupy; but we shall be equally frank in our expressions of approval and disapproval. We shall conclude with some observations on the comparative merits and characters of our earlier and our later drama, and on the relation in which the author of *Philip van Artevelde* stands to both.

The two dramas are entitled *A Sicilian Summer*, and *St. Clement's Eve*.

A Sicilian Summer occupies a peculiar position, both in Mr. Taylor's poetry and in modern literature. Since the earlier part of the seventeenth century we have had but few comedies after the genuine Shakspearean model. Our modern comedies have been comedies of wit and manners:

they have dealt with the humours, not the heart of man, and aimed but to combine a skilful plot with a brilliant, superficial sketch of society. Such was the comedy of Sheridan, whose works are perhaps the happiest specimens of the style to which they belong. But the Shakspearean comedy was another order of composition. It differed from his tragedy in the absence of a sad catastrophe; but in spite of the gay scenes with which they are so delightfully varied, such plays as the *Merchant of Venice*, *The Tempest*, and *As You Like It*, are as full of serious purpose as Shakspeare's tragedies themselves. It is not with wit and manners, but with character and poetry, that they deal. Those trifles on the surface of society with which they sport so buoyantly do not hinder them from descending into the heart of the humanities. In them joy and sorrow are allowed to alternate their voices, as they do in the long dispute of human life, although the brighter genius has the last word. It is from the imagination and the reason that all genuine poetry springs, the imagination claiming in it that first place, which in philosophical inquiry she concedes to the more masculine power. The higher drama is thus competent to measure itself with the whole of human life. There is a music in human laughter as well as in sighs, of which reason alone can discern the law; and there is a depth in the humorous which the imagination alone can fathom. Ages before a Shakspeare had been raised up to prove the truth of the assertion, the great critic of antiquity had affirmed, that the intellect capable of the highest greatness in tragedy must be competent in comedy no less.

A Sicilian Summer is as bright and musical as the southern clime it illustrates, and it is full of that wisdom which is never wiser than in its sportive moods. It is not, however, every reader who will appreciate it. Strength touches all: but strength refined into grace addresses itself to a select circle. Tragic passion, be it remembered, challenges the personal as well as the imaginative sensibilities; and as such it affects not only a better class, but many likewise who, if they sometimes respond to

what is truly great, yet as frequently burst into raptures at the clumsiest appeals. It is far otherwise with those passages of a finer grain—those delicate hair-strokes of felicitous thought and finished expression, which to be apprehended at all must be fully appreciated. By many poetry is liked best for the accidents with which the noblest poetry is most willing to dispense. In its inmost essence it reveals itself but to those who prefer the distant flute-tone to the rattle of wire and wood, and enjoy most the odour that floats upon the breeze.

The scene of *A Sicilian Summer* is chiefly at Palermo, where Silisco, Marquis of Malespina, in the prodigality of youthful spirits and vast wealth, fills his old palace with a perpetual revel. His generosity and his magnificence make him the delight of the young; but the old prognosticate his speedy ruin,—a catastrophe not the less probable because the young nobleman, after the fashion of the time, is merchant too. He charts a ship to Rhodes, mortgaging the remaining portions of his estates to three Jews. Spadone, the captain of the ship, conspires to betray at once his employer and his crew. He is to sink his vessel on his return, and escaping in a boat with his fellow-conspirators, to secrete amid the catacombs, near the sea shore, the jewels and ingots of gold which he has brought from Rhodes. In the meantime Rosalba, daughter of the king's chamberlain, Count Ubaldo, comes from Procida to Palermo, accompanied by her chosen friend Fiordeliza. The revels at Silisco's palace are soon given exclusively on her account, Fiordeliza being wooed at the same time by Ruggiero, the friend of Silisco, though the severest censor of his waste. Count Ubaldo has, however, contracted Rosalba to Ugo, Count of Arezzo, the wealthiest of the Sicilian nobles, desiring to preserve her from spendthrifts and fortune-hunters, and seeing nothing amiss in a bridegroom of between sixty and seventy years. At the king's entreaty Ubaldo relents so far as to say that he will not insist on his daughter's engagement if Count Ugo can be induced to forego it, and if Silisco is able, on the return of his ship, to redeem his lands of Malespina, impledged to Ugo. Silisco is not less successful in his suit, and Rosalba promises to be his, if, through a change in her father's purpose, she should find herself free. She leaves her lover, at his own prayer, till All Saints' Day, to work upon her father's will.

As an illustration of Silisco's character, we shall make an extract from the second

scene of the play, describing the revels of the prodigal:—

Silisco. Off with these viands and this wine, Conrado;

Feasting is not festivity: it cloyes
The finer spirits. Music is the feast
That lightly fills the soul. My pretty friend,
Touch me that lute of thine, and pour thy voice
Upon the troubled waters of this world.

Aretina. What ditty would you please to hear, my Lord?

Silisco. Choose thou, Ruggiero. See now, if that knave . . .

Conrado, ho! 'A hundred times I've bid thee
To give what wine is over to the poor
About the doors.

Conrado. Sir, this is Malvoisie
And Muscadel, a ducat by the flask.

Silisco. Give it them not the less; they'll never know;

And better it went to enrich a beggar's blood
Than surfeit ours;—Choose thou, Ruggiero!

Ruggiero. I!

I have not heard her songs.

Silisco. Thou sang'st me once

A song that had a note of either muse,
Not sad, nor gay, but rather both than neither.
What call you it?

Aretina. I think, my Lord, 'twas this.

Silisco. Yes, yes, 'twas so it ran; sing that,
I pray thee.

Aretina sings—

I'm a bird that's free
Of the land and sea,
I wander whither I will
But oft on the wing,
I falter and sing,
Oh fluttering heart, be still,
Be still,
Oh fluttering heart, be still.

I'm wild as the wind,
But soft and kind,
And wander whither I may,
The eye-bright sighs,
And says with its eyes,
Thou wandering wind, oh stay,
Oh stay,
Thou wandering wind, oh stay.

Manager. Now, had she clapp'd her hand
upon her heart
In the first verse, which says, "Oh fluttering heart" . . .

1st Player. And at "Oh stay" had beckoned
thus, or thus . . .

2d Player. And with a speaking look . . .

Manager. But no—she could not;—
It was not in her.

Silisco. You'll not take the gold?
Wear this then for my sake; it once
adorn'd

The bosom of a Queen of Samarcand,
And shall not shame to sit upon this throne.

Aretina. My heart, my Lord, would
prize a gift of yours,
Were it a pebble from the brook.
Silisco. What ho!
Are not the players in attendance? Ah!
A word or two with you, my worthy friends.
1st Girl. Why, *Aretina*, 'tis the dia-
mond
Was sold last winter for a thousand crowns.
2d Girl. A princely man!
3d Girl. In some things; but in others
He's liker to a patriarch than a prince.
1st Girl. I think that he takes us for
patriarchs,
He's so respectful. . . . — Vol. iii. p. 5-7.

The reader will have discovered that the prodigal is neither a sensualist nor a mere trifler. His nature has strength and movement in it, and it is only the edge of the wave that breaks into froth and loses itself. Yet his heedlessness tends to worse than the loss of his lands, as is intimated by the reply of *Fra Martino* to a friend who has found it impossible to refuse him aid in his difficulties:—

"Give thou to no man, if thou wish him well,
What he may not in honour's interest take;
Else shalt thou but befriend his faults, allied
Against his better with his baser self."

We shall next introduce our readers to the heroine of the play, and to *Fiordeliza*. They are coming from *Procida*, and *Silisco* waits on the sea-shore with *Ruggiero*, to receive them. The friends converse of their expected guests:—

"*Ruggiero.* In the soft fullness of a rounded
grace,
Noble of stature, with an inward life
Of secret joy sedate, *Rosalba* stands,
As seeing and not knowing she is seen,
Like a majestic child, without a want
She speaks not often, but her presence speaks,
And is itself an eloquence, which withdrawn,
It seems as though some strain of music ceased
That fill'd till then the palpitating air
With sweet pulsations; when she speaks indeed,
'Tis like some one voice eminent in the choir,
Heard from the midst of many harmonies
With thrilling singleness, yet clear accord.
So heard, so seen, she moves upon the earth,
Unknowing that the joy she ministers
Is aught but Nature's sunshine.

Silisco. Call you this
The picture of a woman or a Saint?
When *Cimabue* next shall figure forth
The hierarchies of heaven, we'll give him this
To copy from. But said you, then, the other
Was fairer still than this?

Ruggiero. I may have said it;
I should have said, she's fairer in my eyes.

Yet must my eyes be something worse than
blind,
And see the thing that is not, if the hand
Of Nature was not lavish of delights
When she was fashion'd. But it were not well
To blazon her too much; for mounted thus
In your esteem, she might not hold her place,
But fall the farther for the fancied rise.
For she has faults, *Silisco*, she has faults;
And when you see them you may think them
worse
Than I, who know, or think I know, their
scope.

She gives her words the mastery, and flush'd
With quickenings of a wild and wayward wit,
Flits like a firefly in a tangled wood,
Restless, capricious, careless, hard to catch,
Though beautiful to look at." — Vol. iii. p. 13.

The young Countess lands, and *Silisco's*
fate is changed. It is thus he ruminates:—

"Hope and Joy,
My younger sisters, you have never yet
Been parted from my side beyond the breadth
Of a slim sunbeam, and you never shall;
Already it is loosen'd, it is gone,—
The cloud, the mist; across the vale of life
The rainbow rears its soft triumphal arch,
And every roving path and brake and bower
Is bathed in colour'd light. Come what come
may.

I know this world is richer than I thought
By something left to it from paradise;
I know this world is brighter than I thought,
Having a window into heaven. Henceforth
Life hath for me a purpose and a drift." — Vol.
iii. p. 17.

To return to our analysis of the story:
The venture of the merchant-prince prom-
ises success. In good time his ship re-ap-
pears in the offing. All day long it is
watched from the harbour tower by one of
the Jews. Then its treacherous captain,
Spadone, executes his plot. About sunset,
the good ship *Maddalena* suddenly sinks.
Writs are immediately sent out by the Jews
against *Silisco*, who flies for refuge to the
catacombs on the seaside. *Spadone* has al-
ready lodged his booty there. His two ac-
complices watch for him in a boat outside;
but on the appearance of *Ruggiero*, who is
walking on the shore, they take to their oars.
Spadone commits his booty to his mistress
Aretina, and leaves her, with directions to
send him word as soon as he can safely re-
turn. In an agony of terror at the crime
of which she has just heard, *Aretina* meets
Silisco, and is on the point of telling him all
she has learned, when *Spadone*, who has
lurked near them, stabs her. He endeav-
ours to kill *Silisco* also; but after a short
combat, falls covered with wounds. *Silisco*,

not knowing with whom he has been engaged, drags him out of the cave, leaves him at the door of Gerbetto, the king's physician, who lives on the beach, and again secretes himself. Ruggiero learns soon after from the lips of a half-drowned sailor, sole survivor of the *Maddalena's* crew, the villany by which the rest have been destroyed. His eye has already been attracted by the signs of guilty terror with which the mate and boatswain fled at his approach; he leaps into a boat, and with the help of the rescued sailor gives them chase.

Rosalba finds herself thus deserted by her lover, and loses in his ruin all hope of a changed intention on the part of her father. She still resists the marriage with Count Ugo, till assured by Gerbetto, on the word of the dying Spadone, that Silisco had been faithful to her, and had induced Aretina to be false also. She then consents to wed Count Ugo. Silisco lies hid on the lands of Malespina, which have now passed into Ugo's hands. He is there joined by Ruggiero, who, after giving chase for a night and day to the fugitives, saw them go down at sea, as he supposed, with Silisco's lost treasures, and had then himself languished in fever for months on the coast of Calabria. Ruggiero resolves to make an effort to prevent the marriage; but it has already taken place before his tired horse can bear him to Palermo. The evening, however, of the marriage-day is kept with mask and pageant. Ruggiero attends the festival, and removing his mask, arraigns the bride for her falsehood. Her reply brings out the statement made by the dying Spadone respecting Aretina, which Ruggiero at once confutes, revealing the crime of Spadone, of which Silisco's ruin had been the consequence. In the midst of the grief of the bride, and her father's anger, the aged bridegroom displays a magnanimity for which none had given him credit. He declares that he can never recognize as valid an engagement contracted under such circumstances, and that the calamity which has befallen them is the punishment of his own sin. On the death of his first wife, he had vowed to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. Upon that pilgrimage he goes forth at once, and alone.

Rosalba, quitting the court, takes refuge in the castle of Malespina. There she lives in a seclusion, partaken only by her friend Fiordeliza. The maiden solitude of the friends is a charming idyll of rural life, rich in fancy, quaint in humour, and set forth chiefly in that finer more and delicate prose, the cadence of which is hardly less

rhythmical than that of verse. At last, word is sent to her by her father that he who in name only has been her husband has died at Jerusalem, and that she must return to Palermo, there to do homage for the lands that have now become her own. She obeys; but before her has returned a pilgrim, Buonaiuto, from the Holy Land. The pilgrim is Silisco, who, on hearing that Count Ugo had set out upon a journey, the hardships of which could scarcely be surmounted by the young and strong, had accompanied him in disguise, and saved his life in numberless dangers. Silisco has returned in time to see Aretina, who tells him just before her death that it was from jealousy, as well as fear, that Spadone had stabbed her, and that the treasures carried off from the wreck had not, as he supposed, been lost at sea, but were buried in the catacombs. The last scene unravels all the threads of a plot very skilfully woven. It is in the royal palace of Palermo. The king sits on his throne, surrounded by his court, when Rosalba advances at her father's command to receive investiture of Count Ugo's lands. Is it certain, the chief justiciary demands, that the Count has made no will? Gerbetto, who at the king's command had attended Count Ugo, and was with him at his death, presents the will of the deceased Count. It provides that his possessions shall devolve on Rosalba if she remains single; but that if she marries they shall pass to the pilgrim Buonaiuto. That pilgrim is Silisco. His suit is not long resisted by Rosalba. Ruggiero, who had been cast off by Fiordeliza, and vindictively pursued by the king, in consequence of unfounded jealousies, stands forth at the same moment, and with Gerbetto's aid refutes the charges that had been brought against him, receiving from the king pardon and restitution, and from Fiordeliza a gift that he values yet more.

There are many dramatic writers whose powers are rendered nugatory by the want of one great gift — a light hand. The gift may seem a slight one, but its absence soon proves its importance. As a specimen of it we will quote the following: —

"*Fiordeliza.* Let me alone, I say; I will not dance.

Rosalba. Not if Ruggiero ask you?

Fiordeliza. He indeed! If the Colossus came from Rhodes and ask'd me.

Perhaps I might.

Rosalba. Come, Fiordeliza, come; I think, if truth were spoken, 'tis not much You have against that knight.

Fiordeliza. Not much, you think?
Well, be it much or little, 'tis enough;
He has his faults.

Rosalba. Recount me them; what are they?

Fiordeliza. I'll pick you out a few; my wallet: first,
He's grave; his coming puts a jest to flight
As winter doth the swallow.

Rosalba. Something else,
For this may be a merit; jests are oft
Or birds of prey or birds of kind unclean.

Fiordeliza. He's rude; he's stirring ever
with his staff
A growling great she-bear that he calls
Truth.

Rosalba. The rudeness is no virtue; but
for love
Of that she-bear, a worsen vice might pass.
Again?

Fiordeliza. He's slow, — slow as a tortoise,
— once

He was run over by a funeral.

Rosalba. He may have failings; but if
these be all,

I would that others were as innocent.

Fiordeliza. Oh, others! Say, then, who?

Rosalba. Nay, others — all;
I wish that all mankind were innocent.

Fiordeliza. Thou art a dear well-wisher of
mankind,

And, in a special charity, wishest well
To that good knight Silisco. What! dost
blush?

Rosalba. No; though you fain would make
me.

Fiordeliza. No! What's this,
That with an invisible brush doth paint thee
red?

Well, I too can be charitable, and wish
Silisco were less wicked.

Rosalba. Is he wicked?

Fiordeliza. Is waste not wickedness? and
know'st thou not

The lands of Malespina day by day
Diminish in his hands?

Rosalba. True, waste is sin.

My mother (and no carking cares had she,
Nor loved the world too much nor the world's
goods),

In many a vigil of her last sick-bed
Bid me beware of spendthrifts, as of men
That seeming in their youth not worse than
light,

Would end not so, but with the season change;
For time, she said, *which makes the serious soft,*
Turns lightness into hardness. — Vol. iii. p 22.

This theme is resumed in a later part of
the play, when Silisco, to escape his creditors,
flies from the court and takes refuge on
the lands of Malespina. It will serve as an
illustration of that deep moral seriousness
which underlies the gayety of this play: —

“*Ruggiero.* Why hither? It can bring you
little joy.

To look upon the lands that you have lost.

Silisco. To look upon the days that I have
lost;

Ruggiero, brings me less; and here I thought
To get behind them; for my childhood here
Lies round me. But it may not be. By
Heavens!

That very childhood bitterly upbraids
The manhood vain that did but travesty,
With empty and unseasonable mirth,
Its joys and lightness. From each brake and
bower

Where thoughtless sports had lawful time and
place,

The manly child rebukes the childish man;
And more reproof and bitterer do I read
In many a peasant's face, whose leaden looks
My host the farmer construes to my shame.
Injustice, rural tyranny, more dark
Than that of courts, have laid their brutal
hands

On those that claim'd my tendance; want and
vice

And injury and outrage fill'd my lands,
Whilst I, who saw it not, my substance threw
To feed the fraudulent and tempt the weak.

Ruggiero, with what glittering words so'er
We smear the selfishness of waste, and count
Our careless tossings bounties, this is sure,
Man sinks not by a more unmanly vice
Than is that vice of prodigality —

Man finds not more dishonour than in debt.”
— Vol. iii. p. 42.

In those self-reproaches we find the de-
velopment of that better life which dawned
on Silisco when he first met Rosalba. The
change thus worked in him is a very differ-
ent one from that imputed to beauty by
dramatists whose moralizing vein is often at
least as dangerous as their immoralities;
dramatists who reform a rake by a virtuous
woman's smile, and confirm the rickety vir-
tue thus produced by the grace of matrimony: —

“Since that eve

When, as you landed in the dimpled bay
From Procida, I help'd you from the boat,
And touch'd your hand, and as the shallop
rock'd

Embolden'd by your fears I . . . , pardon
me,

I should not make you to remember more, —
But since that moment when the frolicsome
waves

Toss'd you towards me, — blessings on their
sport!

I have not felt one kindling of a thought,
One working of a wish but you were in it;
The rising sun, that striking through the lat-
tice

Awaken'd me, awaken'd you within me;
The darkness closing shut us up together:
I saw you in the mountains, fields, and woods;

Flowers breathed your breath, winds chanted
 with your voice,
 And Nature's beauty clothed itself in yours.
 Then think not that my life, though idly led,
 Is tainted or impure or bound to sense,
 Or if incapable of itself to soar,
 Unworthy to be lifted from the dust
 By love of what is lofty." — Vol. iii. p. 25.

Corruption is not cleansed by the mere
 beauty of purity, for it has filmed the eye
 that sees purity. Silisco's refinement of
 nature is indicated by his forbearance: —

"Pardon me,
 I should not make you to remember more."

He becomes at the end but that which
 potentially he was from the beginning.
 Rosalba had not failed to detect the inner
 strength that lurked beneath the outward
 lightness:

"Three long days had past
 (Long though delightful, for they teem'd with
 thoughts
 As Maydays teem with flowers) since I had
 first
 Beheld him, standing in the sunset lights,
 Beside a wreck half-buried in the sand
 Upon the western shore. I see him now
 A radiant creature with the sunset glow
 Upon his face, that mingled with a glow
 Yet sunnier from within. When next we met
 'Twas here, as you have said; and then his
 mien
 Was lighter, with an outward brightness clad,
 For all the Court was present; yet I saw
 The other ardour through." — Vol. iii. p. 77.

The following passage embodies Mr. Taylor's philosophy of art. His poetry, and especially this play, may be considered as a practical exemplification of it.

"*Silisco*. We'll have the scene where Brutus
 from the bench
 Condemns his son to death. 'Twas you *Ruggiero*,
 Made me to love that scene.

Manager. I think, my Lord,
 We pleased you in it.

Ruggiero. Oh, you did, you did;
 Yet still with reservations: and might I speak
 My untaught mind to you that know your art,
 I should beseech you not to stare and gasp
 And quiver, that the infection of the sense
 May make our flesh to creep; for as the hand
 By tickling of our skin may make us laugh
 More than the wit of *Plautus*, so these tricks
 May make us shudder. But true art is this,
 To set aside your sorrowful pantomime,
 Pass by the senses, leave the flesh at rest,
 And working by the witcheries of words
 Felt in the fulness of their import, call

Men's spirits from the deep; that pain may
 thus
 Be glorified, and passion flashing out
 Like noiseless lightning in a summer's night,
 Show Nature in her bounds from peak to
 chasm,
 Awful, but not terrific.

Manager. True, my Lord:
 My very words; 'tis what I always told them.
 Now, Folco, speak thy speech.

Ruggiero. 'Tis a speech
 That by a language of familiar lowliness
 Enhances what of more heroic vein
 Is next to follow. But one fault it hath:
 It fits too close to life's realities,
 In truth to Nature missing truth to Art;
 For Art commends not counterparts and copies,
 But from our life a nobler life would shape,
 Bodies celestial from terrestrial raise,
 And teach us, not jejune what we are,
 But what we may be when the Parian block
 Yields to the hand of *Phidias*." — Vol. iii. p. 7.

The criticism of *Silisco* on the histrionic
 art is applicable not less to the art poetic,
 and its suggestions were never more needed
 than in our day. We live in a "fast age,"
 but if "he that runs may read," it is to
 be feared that he will prefer what is written
 in the largest and coarsest characters, to
 what requires a more steadfast attention.
 Loud words, big words, odd words, will re-
 commend themselves more than the unob-
 trusive witcheries of common "words felt
 in the fulness of their import." But what
 the eye takes in as quickly as the advertise-
 ments that adorn a railway station, it for-
 gets no less rapidly. The poetry that lasts
 is that which embodies thoughts, but so
 embodies them that they sink at once upon
 the slumbering feeling and wake it into
 life. But the thoughts which have this
 talismanic power must be something more
 than striking, or even original thoughts.
 They must be true thoughts. Thoughts
 of a lower class may be had in any num-
 bers, thick as the "motes that people the
 sunbeam," and darken what they so people,
 but they are barren thoughts.

The extracts we have given are not
 sufficient to illustrate the singular variety
 of this play, but we can find room for only
 one more. It should be premised that
Lisana is the daughter of *Gerbetto*, the
 king's physician. The king has formed an
 attachment to her, and pursues it with all
 the unscrupulousness that belongs to abso-
 lute power. *Lisana*, however, has been
 committed to the care of *Ruggiero* by *Ger-
 betto* when he follows Count *Ugo* on his
 pilgrimage. Defying the king's displeasure,
Ruggiero has saved *Lisana* by withdrawing
 her from court when its snares are closing

around her. He places her in the convent of San Paolo, of which his aunt is abbess, and in the stillness of that retreat her better mind returns to her, and the passion that tormented her takes flight.

"Ere waned one moon
Of her novitiate, it had pass'd away
Like the soft tumult of a summer storm."

She now bids adieu to her deliverer before taking the veil : —

Lisana. O friend beloved,
Who propp'd this weak heart in its weakest
hour,
Rejoice with me, and evermore rejoice !
Your work is done, your recompense achieved,
A thankful soul is saved.

Ruggiero. *Lisana, yes ;*
I will rejoice ; I do ; though mortal eyes
Must still have lookings backwards. Yet 'tis
best ;
The holiest verily are the sweetest thoughts,
And sweetest thoughts were ever of your heart
The native growth.

Lisana. No more of that, my Lord ;
It savours of the blandishments of earth.
Look onward only — up the eminent path
To which you led me — which my feet have
trodden

With gladness, issuing daily to the light,
Till meeting now the radiance face to face,
Earth melts, Heaven opens, Angels stretch
their hands

To take me in amongst them, glory breaks
Upon me, and I feel through all my soul
That there is joy, joy over me in heaven.

Ruggiero. Then joy too shall be over you on
earth.

My eyes shall never more behold your face
Till, looking through the grave and gate of
death,

I see it glorified and like to His
Who raised it ; but I will not waste a sigh
On what, if seeing, I should see to fade.

Lisana. Farewell my Master calls me
Ruggiero. Fare you well.
I pace a lower terrace ; but some flowers
From yours fling down to me, at least in prayer.

Vol. iii. p. 80.

We now proceed to Mr. Taylor's latest tragedy, *St. Clement's Eve*. This play takes up the tale of European society where it was left off in *Philip van Artevelde*, but illustrates it as it existed in France, not Flanders. Charles the Sixth, the boy-king, by whom so bright a light was thrown over the second part of Van Artevelde, is presented to us again, but this time in eclipse. He was subject to recurring fits of madness, during which the kingdom was torn to pieces by the rivalries of the Duke of Burgundy, the king's cousin, and the Duke of Orleans,

his brother. It was perhaps about the worst and most anarchical period of the middle ages. The king was loved by his people, and deserved their love, for in the intervals of his malady he devoted himself to their interests with a tender and profound solicitude. He is described in this play with a mournful pathos.

The Duke of Burgundy is a man of blood, fierce, with a shrewd intellect (the instrument of ungovernable passions), a domineering pride, and a will that knows no law. The Duke of Orleans has not escaped the contamination of a dissolute court, more disposed to respect religion in its outward forms than to obey its commands, but he has about him much that is good, and more that is specious. He is frank, generous, loyal, and devotedly attached to his brother, whom he resembles in his personal beauty and in love for his country. His kindly and courteous manners make him a favourite of the people, while his learning and accomplishments recommend him to the clergy. He represents the chivalry of his age ; but it was a chivalry dying out. The spirit of self-sacrifice, the virtuous zeal, and the reverence for purity had left it, and consequently the child-like faith of the middle ages was daily becoming more enervated with those childish superstitions from which neither orthodoxy nor heterodoxy secures the unspiritual and sensual. Chivalry retained its bright accout and winning grace, but the graver heart had departed from it, and the savage fierceness of the feudality it had covered was working out again through the thin disguise.

St. Clements Eve is, in power and ability, among the best of Mr. Taylor's Dramas, but in some respects it is less satisfactory than it is remarkable. Both in its success and its short-comings it signally illustrates the philosophy of the drama. It is as masculine a work as *Philip van Artevelde*. It is also far more condensed, and the action is more rapid. But the subject throws a gloom over the play darker than that which tragedy requires. We leave it with a feeling of sadness, the result not merely, or chiefly, of a fatal catastrophe, but of the absence of noble characters sufficient to balance the ignoble and the wicked. We have no right to quarrel with a dramatist either for selecting a corrupt period of history for illustration, or for faithfully representing it, yet he certainly loses not a little by such a selection. Whatever the pride of art may affirm, the abiding charm of a poem will ever bear a proportion to the moral beauty it enshrines, — not merely the beauty which the poet has created,

but that which he has found ready-made in his theme. A favourite book is generally one fortunate in its subject, as well as one that makes the most of that subject. The poet works against the tide unless the theme and the characters he describes work with him, and tend to a result which, though painful, still is such as the higher imagination can muse on with satisfaction and peace. There must be a due proportion of sunshine to the shadow, and even the saddest events must be something more than sad; they must illustrate poetical justice; they must set forth the ways of God to man; they must leave behind them the sense that the world we inhabit, though it has its sorrows, has yet its method and order, that it is a region into which angels of chastisement are indeed sent as well as angels of love and joy, but that it is not a jungle beset by wild beasts, or a labyrinth—the haunt of mocking spirits.

A perfect tragic theme is one that presents us with greatness in all forms. There must be great sorrows, but there should also be great characters; there should be a scope for great energies: the event should be the result of great, even though of erring, passions, not of petty infirmities and base machinations. Many a striking theme does not include such materials, abundant as it may be in stirring action and picturesque positions, just as many a fair landscape is deficient in that which a picture requires. Let the subject include the characteristics we have named and very numerous defects, with which the critic may cavil, will detract but little from the reader's pleasure. He will recur to the work when the first effect of surprise, and the admiration produced by the sense of difficulties overcome, have worn off. A poet will be wise to choose a theme that does much for him. It is the one for which he can do most, as, in the long-run, it is the best land which best repays the husbandman's toil.

The subject of *St. Clement's Eve* combines the barbarism of prolonged civil war with the corruptions of a court, and exhibits a social condition in which simplicity has ceased to exist, while refinement has not yet come. It supplies but one wholly noble character, that of the hermit, Robert de Menuot. Montargis and Burgundy are men without conscience or honour, or even that regard for reputation which often passes for honour. The two monks, or supposed monks, are equally prompt at the burning of a witch or the composition of a philtre. Such characters, in their due place, may doubtless be portrayed both justly and usefully. But the

interests of the drama require, and as it seems to us, historic truth no less, that specimens of a nobler order of character should be also introduced in a compensating measure. The best periods have their villains, and the worst have often their saints and heroes: nature commonly produces such intermingling, and art requires it. The chronicles of the time described, full as they are of violence and wrong, delight us also with many a trait of generosity, magnanimity, loyalty, fidelity, and self-abnegation, which need no aid from the romance of chivalry to give them interest. Virtue becomes perfected by the very trials and temptations to which it is subjected, and though at particular periods injustice and wrong may occupy an unusual prominence upon the surface of society, yet true virtue must co-exist with these, both in high places and in low, or society could not long continue to exist. It has but small place in this play. Even characters so rarely presented to us that their vices contribute nothing to the carrying out of the plot, are sketched in colours of arbitrary gloom. The Archbishop of Paris is made a servile old pedant. This is gratuitous. The metropolitan sees were in those ages commonly occupied either by men of ability and force of character, or by the representatives of some great family,—by one, in short, whose faults were not likely to be those of a schoolmaster turned courtier. We find here something of that confusion between the middle ages and the *ancien régime* which M. de Montalembert alludes to as so common. Such bishops would have been less easily found in the middle ages than in the seventeenth century, when in most parts of Europe an oriental despotism had risen up upon the ruins of feudalism. In still more repulsive colours is the Abbess of the Celestines represented, and little as we see of her, we are left with the painful impression that she has worse faults than those which seek a palliation in passion.

"That liberty she grants herself, good soul,
She not denies to others,"

is a comment made upon her by a friend; and we find her stimulating the vanity and increasing the danger of a pupil intrusted to her charge, who has attracted the admiration of the Duke of Orleans. This might surely have been avoided without representing the abbess either as a saintly Hildegarde, or even as a nun "wise and witty," and with more aptitude for the day's work than fitness for a place in romance. Of the younger female characters, Floe, though

energetic and sparkling, is not intended to interest our deeper sympathies.

We have spoken strongly of what we deem the fault of the theme in this play. It is more difficult to speak, without the appearance of exaggeration, of its merits. Its manliness might startle a literary age as effeminate as ours. Not a few of its readers will exclaim —

“What doth the eagle in the coop,
The bison in the stall?”

In its vigour, both of thought and of language, it possesses a merit which to some will be lost in its strangeness — a strangeness like that which we find in the organic remains of a remote age. That vigour belongs, not only to the serious scenes, but to the lighter also, which are of a very different character from those of *A Sicilian Summer*, and preserve something of fierceness even in mirth. Its songs have the buoyancy, terseness, and dramatic impulse which belong to those of Mr. Taylor's earlier plays. In none of his works, perhaps, is his style so consummate. It is at once classical and idiomatic, and it has the polish, with the weight of steel. Above all it is invariably clear, letting the thoughts shine through it, like objects seen through transparent air. This last characteristic is becoming rare in our day, owing, in some measure, to the very degree to which some particular merits of style have been carried. At present, in not a little of our popular poetry, language has been so strained in search of expressiveness, and has thus become such a richly-coloured medium, that it sometimes seems to be a beautiful substitute for thought rather than a revealer of thought, thus resembling those water-colour drawings in which the aerial effects swallow up mountain and plain, and in which the picture might be described as mist with trees in it. In this play, condensation has, we think, been carried too far. The introduction of a few interstitial scenes would be useful, not only as thus allowing the enrichment of poetry and philosophic thought, but yet more in suspending the course of an action so rapid as to hurry us out of breath. That action is occupied chiefly by the jealousies of the royal cousins; and we have not room to trace it in details. They had also their occasional reconciliations, one of which is thus humorously described:—

“To-day they rode together on one horse,
Each in the other's livery. To-morrow
They are to sleep together in one bed.

The People stare and deem the day is nigh
When lamb and lion shall lie down together.

De Chevreuse. Rode on one horse!

De Aiclin. Yea, Orleans before,
And Burgundy behind.

Gris-nez.

‘Twas so they rode:
Two witches on one broomstick rode beside
them;

But riding past an image of Our Lady
The hindmost snorted and the broomstick
brake.

De Cassinel. Would I were sure my gout
would be as brief as their good fellow-
ship.

De Vierzon.

To see grim John
Do his endeavour at a gracious smile,
Was worth a ducat; with his trenchant teeth
Clinch'd like a rat-trap.

De Cassinel.

Ever and anon
They open'd to let forth a troop of words
Scented and gilt, a company of masques
Stiff with brocade, and each a pot in hand
Fill'd with wasp's honey.”

The most characteristic illustration which we can give of *St. Clement's Eve* is the following denunciation of both the Royal Dukes, pronounced by Robert the Hermit before the Council. We regard it also as the finest piece of poetry in the play, and as such extract it uncurtailed:—

“Robert. King and my gracious Sovereign,
unto whom

I bend the knee as one ordain'd of God,
A message hath been given me, and I am bid
To tell thee in what sort. St. Jerome's Day,
My vows perform'd, I sail'd from Palestine,
With favouring winds at first; but the tenth
night

A storm arose and darkness was around
And fear and trembling and the face of death.
Six hours I knelt in prayer, and with the
seventh

A light was flash'd upon the raging sea,
And in the raging sea a space appear'd
Flat as a lake, where lay outstretch'd and
white

A woman's body; thereupon were perch'd
Two birds, a falcon and a kite, whose heads
Bare each a crown, and each had bloody
beaks,

And blood was on the claws of each, which
clasp'd,
This the right breast and that the left, and
each

Fought with the other, nor for that they
ceased

To tear the body. Then there came a cry
Piercing the storm — ‘Woe, woe for France,
woe, woe!’

Thy mother France, how excellently fair
And in how foul a clutch! Then silence,
then,

‘Robert of Menuot, thou shalt surely live,

For God hath work to give thee; be of good cheer;

Nail thou two planks in figure of a cross,
And lash thee to that cross and leap, and lo!
Thou shalt be cast upon the coast of France;
Then take thy way to Paris; on the road,
See, hear, and when thou com'st to Paris,
speak.'

'To whom?' quoth I. Was answer made,
'The King.'

I question'd, 'What?' 'That thou shalt see,
declare,

And what God puts it in thy heart to speak
That at the peril of thy soul deliver.'
Then leap'd I in the sea lash'd to a cross,
And drifting half a day I came to shore
At Sigeau, on the coast of Languedoc,
Add parting thence barefooted journey'd hither
For forty days save one, and on the road
I saw and heard, and I am here to speak.

The King. Good hermit, by God's mercy
we are spared

To hear thee, and not only with our ears
But with our mind.

Burgundy. If there be no offence.
But take thou heed to that.

Robert. What God commands,
How smacks it of offence? But dire offence
There were if fear of man should choke God's
word.

I heard and saw, and I am here to speak.
Nigh forty days I sped from town to town,
Hamlet to hamlet, and from grange to grange,
And wheresoe'er I set my foot, behold!
The foot of war had been before, and there
Did nothing grow, and in the fruitless fields
Whence ruffian hands had snatch'd the beasts
of draught

Women and children to the plough were yoked;
The very sheep had learnt the ways of war,
And soon as from the citadel rang out
The larum peal, flock'd to the city gates:
And tilth was none by day, for none durst forth,
But wronging the night season which God gave
To minister sweet forgetfulness and rest,
Was labour and a spur. I journey'd on,
And near a burning village in a wood
Were huddled 'neath a drift of blood-stain'd
snow

The houseless villagers: I journey'd on,
And as I pass'd a convent, at the gate
Were famish'd peasants, hustling each the
other,

Half-fed by famish'd nuns: I journey'd on,
And 'twixt a hamlet and a church the road
Was black with biers, for famine-fever raged:
I journey'd on — a trumpet's brazen clang
Died in the distance; at my side I heard
A child's weak wail that on its mother's breast
Droop'd its thin face and died; then peal'd to
heaven

The mother's funeral cry, 'My child is dead
For lack of food; he hunger'd unto death;
A soldier ate his food, and what was left
He trampled in the mire; my child is dead!
Hear me, O God! a soldier kill'd my child!

See to that soldier's quittance — blood for
blood!

Visit him, God, with thy divine revenge!
The woman ceased; but voices in the air,
Yea and in me a thousand voices cried,
'Visit him, God, with thy divine revenge!'
Then they too ceased, and sterner still the
Voice

Slow and sepulchral that the word took up —
'Him, God, but not him only, nor him most;
Look Thou to them that breed the men of blood,
That breed and feed the murderers of the realm.
Look Thou to them that, hither and thither tost
Betwixt their quarrels and their pleasures, laugh
At torments that they taste not; bid them learn
That there be torments terrible than these
Whereof it is Thy will that they shall taste,
So they repent not, in the belly of hell.'
So spake the Voice, then thunder shook the
wood,

And lightning smote and splinter'd two tall
trees

That tower'd above the rest, the one a pine,
An ash the other. Then I know the doom
Of those accursed men who sport with war
And tear the body of their mother, France.
Trembling though guiltless did I hear that
doom,

Trembling though guiltless I; for them I
quaked

Of whom it spake: O Princes, tremble ye,
For ye are they! Oh, hearken to that Voice!
Oh cruel, cruel, cruel Princes hear!
For ye are they that tear your mother's flesh;
Oh, flee the wrath to come! Repent and live!
Else know your doom, which God declares
through me,

Perdition and the pit hereafter; here
Short life and shameful death." — Vol. iii. p.
125-8.

We cannot better illustrate the two chief
female characters of the play than by the
following passage. Iolande has been giving
friendly counsel to Flos, whose wayward
temper and love of wordly pleasures excite
her alarm: —

"Iolande. Last night I had a dreadful dream.
I thought

That borne at sunrise on a fleece of cloud.
I floated high in air, and looking down,
Beheld an ocean-bay girt by green hills,
And in a million wavelets tipp'd with gold
Leapt the soft pulses of the sunlit sea.
And lightly from the shore a bounding bark,
Festive with streamers fluttering in the wind,
Sail'd seaward, and the palpitating waves
Fondly like spaniels flung themselves upon her,
Recoiling and returning in their joy.
And on her deck sea-spirits I descried
Gliding and lapsing in an undulant dance,
From whom a choral gratulating strain
Exhaled its witcheries on the wanton air.
Still sail'd she seaward, and ere long the bay
Was left behind; but then a shadow fell

Upon the outer sea — a shadowy shape —
 The shadow bore the likeness of the form
 Of the Arch-fiend. I shudder'd for the bark,
 And stretch'd my hands to heaven, and strove
 to pray
 But could not for much fear. The shadow
 grew
 Till sea and sky were black; the bark plunged
 on
 And clove the blackness; then the fleece of
 cloud
 That bore me, melted, and I fell and fell,
 And falling I awoke.

Flos. Yes, Iolande,
 You're ever dreaming dreams, and when they're
 bad

They're always about me. I too can dream,
 But otherwise than you. The god of dreams
 Who sleeps with me is blithe and debonnaire,
 Else should he not be partner of my bed.
 I dreamt I was a cat, and much carress'd,
 And fed with dainty viands; there was cream,
 And fish, and flesh, and porridge, but no mice;
 And I was fat and sleek, but in my heart
 There rose a long and melancholy mew
 Which meant, 'I must have mice;' and there-
 withal

I found myself transported to the hall
 Of an old castle, with the rapturous sound
 Of gnawing of old wainscot in my ears;
 With that I couch'd and sprang and sprang and
 couch'd,

My soul rejoicing.

Iolande. May God grant, dear Flos,
 Your mice shall not prove bloodhounds."—Vol.
 iii. p. 135.

Too soon it turns out that there was room
 for the warning. Flos is betrayed and de-
 serted by her lover Montargis. Wooed by
 another, she tells him that, before he wins
 her favour, he must avenge her wrong:—

"Give me thy hand again. It is too white.
 I dedicate this hand to truth and love,
 And hatred and revenge. White as mine own!
 Dye it and bring it back to me to-morrow,
 And I will clasp it to my heart. Farewell!"

Father Renault moralizes well:—

"How swift
 The transformation whereby carnal love
 Is changed to carnal hatred! I have heard it
 said,
 There is no haunt the viper more affects
 Than the forsaken bird's nest."

We know not how far we can recognize
 in Iolande, the heroine of the play, an ex-
 ception to the general darkness that charac-
 terizes it. At first she has a delightful
 freshness, and a purity capable of "disin-
 fecting" the bad air in which she lives. She
 is tender in heart and soaring in aspirations,
 one of those who, if reproached as visiona-

ries, might reply, with the author of *Gues-
 ses at Truth*, "Yes, a visionary, because he
 sees." But fate and fortune conspire to take
 from her the respect of others and her own.
 She has been saved by Orleans from Mon-
 targis, who attempted to carry her off, and
 she loves her preserver before she knows he
 has a wife. On the discovery she breaks
 the tie; but her heart is neither restored to
 liberty (as in so noble a nature it must soon
 have been), nor left in peace with its sorrow
 and its humiliation. Orleans implores her
 — "O pious fraud of amorous charity" — if
 she renounces him, at least to befriend his
 sick brother. At his entreaty she under-
 takes to exorcise the king's malady by
 means of certain miraculous waters enclosed
 in a reliquary, the healing virtue of which
 depends upon the spotless purity in heart
 and life of her by whose hand they are
 sprinkled upon the sufferer's brow. She
 makes the attempt, and fails. The ordina-
 ry reader will account for her failure, not
 by her unworthiness, but by the circum-
 stance that she was but a dupe, practised on
 by impostors. This is not her view of the
 subject, nor the hermit's; and if accepted
 as just, though it exculpates the victim, it
 leaves her death wholly unredeemed by po-
 etic justice. In Shakspeare, imposture is
 treated with the contempt so sorry a thing
 deserves; it is exhibited, detected, and flung
 aside. The catastrophe of a tragedy is never
 made to depend on it. In this play the
 noble efforts of the hermit for the restoration
 of France are frustrated, and the most in-
 teresting characters swept into ruin by in-
 strumentalities too petty for such a catas-
 trophe.

We have another fault to find with this
 part of the plot. It forces our sympathies
 into a painful region of poetic casuistry.
 The struggle between human love and heav-
 enly love, where each so easily puts on the
 semblance of the other, is perplexing to the
 imagination. We know not how far we are
 to condemn, and how far we may pity.
 There is a pity which is "akin to love,"
 and another pity which is "akin to con-
 tempt;" and in the misty region of insin-
 cere and equivocal action and passion, the
 two run into each other. The poetry that
 describes or adumbrates such conflicts of
 spirit and flesh, belongs to what, in writers
 very different from Mr. Taylor, sometimes
 claims the name of "psychological poetry."
 There are struggles in human nature which
 even the author of *Hamlet* would have
 shrunk from exhibiting in tragedy. There
 are regions in the human heart, open to the
 Divine Eye alone, into which reverence and

humanity forbid poetry to enter. The hopes and aims of Iolande are noble; her heart was liegefully given to heavenly things, and was worthy of a human love also that should have elevated, not degraded her. There is something, we think, beneath the generosity of art (equally great when it dares and when it forbears), in the exhibition of a contest like that to which she is subjected — one entered upon so unwittingly, waged so bravely, and yet ending so ignominiously, as well as disastrously. Our estimate of her, and therefore of the real nature of her struggle, rests upon that which is itself ambiguous, if we throw ourselves back into the sympathies of the time described. Are we to regard the miraculous relic simply as an imposture? If so, a second spite of fortune has placed a noble and innocent being in a position painfully equivocal. But by the only elevated characters in the play, the healing agency is to the last moment supposed to be supernatural. In that case, its failure would be the condemnation of one who, with deficient purity, had dared to profane it.

In many parts of Mr. Taylor's poetry we find a singularly keen appreciation of the kindred art of painting. The following description will at once enable the reader to determine the school to which the picture described belongs. We are much mistaken if it be not the Venetian.

"Painter. There is a power in beauty which subdues

All accidents of Nature to itself.
Aurora comes in clouds, and yet the cloud
Dims not, but decks her beauty. Furthermore
Whate'er shall single out a personal self
Takes with a subtler magic. So of shape;
Perfect proportion, like unclouded light,
Is but a faultless model; small defect
Conjoint with excellence, more moves and wins,
Making the heavenly human.

I spared no pains.

Look closer; mark the hyacinthine blue
Of mazy veins irriguous, swelling here,
There branching and so softening out of sight.
Nor is it ill concealed. You may mark
The timbrel drooping from her hand denotes
The dance foregone; a fire is in her eye
Which tells of triumph, and voluptuous grace
Of motion is exchanged for rapturous rest." —

Vol. iii. p. 170.

This picture has very serious consequences. Montargis, pretending zeal for a friend,

"Whose soul

Lies in the hollow of her Grace's hand
Soft fluttering like a captured butterfly,"

persuades the painter to lend it to him. It is the portrait of the Duke of Burgundy's wife, from whom he has long been estranged. Resolved to procure the assassination of Orleans, who had rescued Iolande from him, Montargis secretly conveys this portrait into a chamber of the Duke of Orleans's palace, reported to be hung round by the portraits of all those ladies who had successively surrendered their virtue to a prince as dissolute as he was captivating; and having carefully prepared the train, he introduces the Duke of Burgundy into the apartment, among the boasts of which is this witness to his dishonour. This is the critical scene, upon which the plot of *St. Clement's Eve* turns; and there are few passages in the English drama in which a vehement outburst of passion is more intensified by every art of skilful delay and artificial stimulus. To appreciate the full force of this scene, one must previously be acquainted with the ferocious, though by no means callous, character of Burgundy. He is thus described early in the piece —

"Other clay,

Dug from some miry slough or sulphurous bog,

With many a vein of mineral poison mix'd,
Went to the making of Duke Jean-Sans-Peur.
This knew the crafty Amorabiquin.

When captives by the hundred were hewn down,
'Twas not rich ransom only spared the Duke.

'Twas that a dying Dervise prophesied
More Christian blood should by his mean be shed
Than ere by Bajazet with all his hosts.

Therefore it was to France he sent him back
With gifts, and what were they? 'twas bow-strings made

Of human entrails." — Vol. iii. p. 111.

This is the man who, after years of contest with his cousin of Orleans, has been forced into a temporary reconciliation with him. As daring in his wild fits of half-savage frolic as in ambition, he has entered the palace, nay, the inmost and secret chamber, of one whom he knew to have been his successful rival in power, but whom he has never suspected of rivalry in love. The first sight of the "galaxy of glowing dames" delights him: —

*"Ha! were it not a frolic that should shake
Grim Saturn's self with laughter, could we
bring*

The husbands hither, each to look round and
^{spy}

The blazon of his dire disgrace."

Then comes a series of pictures, accompanied by corresponding descriptions of char-

acter, presented in a few masterly touches, and strangely contrasting, by the tranquillity that belongs to such delineations, with the storm that follows:—

“*Burgundy.* And then the next!

Montargis. Which? This?

Burgundy. She with the timbrel dangling from her hand.

Montargis. I know not this; this was not here before.

The one beyond it . . .

Burgundy. Not so fast; this face I surely must have seen, though not, it may be, For some time past; it hath a princely grace And lavish liberty of eye and limb, With something of a soft seductiveness Which very strangely to my mind recalls The idle days of youth; that face I know, Yet know not whose it is.

Montargis. Nor I, my Lord; Albeit the carriage of the neck and head Is such as I have somewhere seen.

Burgundy. But where? Familiar seems it though in foreign garb, And whether it be Memory recalls Or Fancy feigning Memory . . . Death of my soul!

It is my wife.

Montargis. Oh no, my Lord, no, no, It cannot be her highness.

Burgundy. Cannot—cannot— Why, no, it cannot. For my wife is chaste, And never did a breath of slander dim Her pure and spotless fame; no, no, it cannot; By all the Angels that keep watch above It cannot be my wife . . . and yet it is. I tell thee, Bastard of Montargis, this, This picture is the picture of my wife.

Montargis. And I, my Lord, make answer it is not.

I would as soon believe that Castaly Had issued into Styx. Besides, look here, There is a mole upon the neck of this Which is not on your wife's.

Burgundy. That mole is hers; That mole convicts her.

Montargis. What? a mole? Well, yes, Now that I think of it, some sort of smirch, A blot, a blur, I know not what . . .

Burgundy. That mole. Oh see, Montargis, look at her, she smiles, But not on me, but never more on me! Oh, would to God that she had died the day That first I saw that smile and trusted her; Though knowing the whole world of women false,

Still trusted her, and knowing that of the false The fairest are the falsest, trusted still, Still trusted her—Oh my besotted soul! Trusted her only—Oh my wife, my wife! Believing that of all the Devil's brood That twist and spin and spawn upon this earth, She was the single Saint—the one unfallen Of this accursed Creation—oh my wife! Oh the Iscariot kiss of those false lips! With him too—to be false with him—my bane,

My blight from boyhood.

Montargis. Verily therein Was foul-play worse befoul'd; no arts but his, And theirs who taught him, with their rings and rods, Powders and potions, would have breach'd the wall

Of that fair citadel.

Burgundy. I'll have his blood . . . Ere the sun sets.

Montargis. A later hour were better; We want not daylight for a deed like this.

Burgundy. I sleep not till he's dead. Come thou with me And take thy warrant.

Montargis. Sir, at your command.

Burgundy. Look here, Montargis; [*Drawing his sword.*]

Should a breath be breathed That whispers of my shame, the end is this. [*Stabs the portrait in the heart.*]

Vol. iii. p. 179-181.

A succession of stirring scenes follows. The populace of Paris, infuriated by the return of the king's madness, demands the death of the maiden who had undertaken his cure. The Duke of Burgundy, sitting in council, pledges his word that she shall die. To save her, Orleans hastens to the council, attended only by his page. As he makes his way in the dusk, through the snow-covered streets, Montargis, who, after receiving Burgundy's warrant, has lain in wait within the gate of a house, springs upon his prey, and slays him. All Paris is in commotion, and the crowds soon swarm around the council-chamber where the Duke of Burgundy is sitting with the king's uncles, the Dukes of Bourbon and Berri, and the Titular King of Sicily. The chamberlain, entering, announces the murder. The Provost of Paris, who follows him, demands permission to search for the assassin in all places alike, the royal residences, in spite of their ordinary privilege, not being excepted. The other royal dukes consent. Burgundy alone refuses, and on being challenged by the rest, suddenly avows his guilt, leaves the council, and with his attendants escapes from Paris. In the meantime the body of Orleans has been carried to the convent of the Celestines, where Iolande watches beside it. Montargis, who enters with a warrant for her apprehension and death, is himself stabbed by De Vezelay. Immediately afterwards a tumult is heard without. The infuriated crowd, rolling on like a raging sea, have reached and beleaguered the convent. The hermit entreats Iolande to fly by the wicket. She answers—

"It is I
Must speak and vindicate the fame of him
Whose lips are silent ;"

and advances to the window, when an arrow from below strikes her, and she falls. Once more the hermit speaks —

"Arise, if horror have not stark'd your limbs,
And bear we to the Chapel reverently
These poor remains. In her a fire is quench'd
That burn'd too bright, with either ardour fed,
Divine and human. In the grave with him
I bury hope ; for France from this time forth
Is but a battle-field, where crime with crime,
Vengeance with vengeance grapples ; till one
sword .
Shall smite the neck whence grow the hundred heads,
And one dread mace, weighted with force
and fraud,
Shall stun this nation to a dismal peace." —
Vol. iii. p. 198.

In *St. Clement's Eve*, as well as *Philip van Artevelde*, Mr. Taylor has dealt with a corrupt period of the middle ages, but in none of his works has he given us a favourable picture of them. He is drawn to them by their manliness and their quaintness, and these qualities he sketches with a graphic touch, but their deeper and more noble characteristics he seldom delineates. How is this to be accounted for ? In part, perhaps, on the principle of reaction. The contempt with which the middle ages were so long treated, had, before he began to write, been succeeded by an enthusiasm equally unreasonable. In neither instance had a calm philosophy pronounced its verdict. The middle ages had been revived in the form of melodrama, and become the fashion. Second-class poets and romancers had made them their spoil ; every scene-painter had tried his brush on them ; but it was only their more exaggerated and outward traits that had been painted, and admiration had been lavished alike on the worthless and on worth. The justness of Mr. Taylor's genius seems to have been offended by this paltering with truth for the sake of effect, and his sense of humanity to have resented the wrongs of serfs whose oppressors have too often been forgiven because they wore a picturesque costume. The defects of those ages, far from being concealed or palliated, will ever be most lamented by those who most appreciate their great compensating merits. One of their most celebrated vindicators has made this frank confession : — "By the side of the opened heavens, hell always appeared ; and beside those prodigies of sanctity which are so rare else-

where, were to be found ruffians scarcely inferior to those Roman emperors whom Bossuet calls 'monsters of the human race.'"^{*} In the feudal system, the barbaric, it is true, was "scotched, not killed," by the chivalry which expressed the Christian character of the time. But the good existed as well as the bad, and each attained a heroic growth. The general hardihood of the time gave a dreadful hardihood to crime also, and probably in no small degree occasioned the terrible severity with which crimes were punished ; for mild punishments would have exercised but a small deterring effect upon men whose sport was war, and who seldom counted upon dying in their beds. It was not an age of respectability, and little pains were taken to conceal offences. — often, it may be, more trouble was taken to conceal virtues. Men did not then value themselves on consistency. Immense crimes were often followed by intense repentance ; high aspirations were strangely blended with fierce animal instincts ; refined and coarse feelings were tenants of the same breast ; the whole human character was large as well as strong, and its passions swung through a wide arc, and touched the most opposite extremes. The same men were self-sacrificing and cruel, and nature was often trampled under foot by those who yet bore no doubtful allegiance to a supernatural ideal, to whom, in their serious moods, earthly life was a shadow of life eternal, and who regarded all that was not sacred as the licensed field of a rough boy-play. The strange contrasts between the different elements that made up what are called the "middle ages," and the very different character of the periods included under that comprehensive term, render an impartial estimate of them a difficult thing. Mr. Taylor has not, we think, yet presented us with such an estimate, vividly as he has touched many of their special traits ; and we trust he will yet discharge the remaining portion of his debt to a period of society so important on historic grounds, and which has furnished him with such rich poetic materials.

In estimating Mr. Taylor's position among the English poets, both of recent and earlier days, and in comparing the modern dramatists with those of the time of Elizabeth, we must bear in mind that the dramatists of the earlier period are themselves to be divided into two classes. Shakspeare by himself constitutes one of

* Montalembert, *The Monks of the West*.

these, while the whole of his contemporaries and immediate successors constitute the other. The rest, with all their differences of species, are still generically one, while Shakspeare is a genus in himself. Each of Shakspeare's greater plays is, in the highest sense of the word, a poem as well as a play. It possesses an *interior* unity (little as Shakspeare thought of what are technically called the unities), a unity proceeding from the one great idea that created the whole, the predominant sentiment that inspired it, and the exquisite subordination of the details to the general effect.* This unity, piercing at once and comprehensive, belongs alone to great creative genius, and Shakspeare's contemporaries were without it. Ben Jonson, with all his learning and classical predilections, lacked it as much as Marlow or Webster. Shakspeare worked "from within;" the process was one of growth, and the unity latent in the parent germ manifested itself in every leaf and spray of the developed plant. This is the secret of that marvellous judgment which equalled his imagination itself. Starting with a genuine idea, he shrank instinctively from whatever obscured it, whether by disproportion or by incongruity. The other dramatists worked "from without," and mechanically. They found their materials in life and books, and with great ability, but without a true inspiration, they combined them. In multitudes of cases the result is a painful discord; in few is it a complete harmony.

The reader who turns to their Plays in a complete edition, after reading the splendid fragments detached from them in Lamb's *Specimens*, will often think the finished work more fragmentary than the fragments. Again and again, the finest scenes in our early drama lose half their value from the inappropriateness of their position. Take, for instance, Ford's best play, *The Broken Heart*: nothing can exceed in suppressed passion the concluding scene, in which the Princess, receiving secretly and successively the tidings of the death of her father, of her friend, and of her lover with a Spartan's fortitude, replies indifferently, keeping up the court pageant almost to the moment of her death. Shakspeare would have cast the whole play so as to have foreshadowed the dreadful catastrophe; and in approaching it we should have felt as men do when their boat is swept towards the rapids.

*The reader who refers to Coleridge's *Lectures on the English Drama*, and to those by Schlegel, will find the most philosophic comparative estimate of Shakspeare and his contemporaries.

In Ford's work we see little of the Princess, and care little for her; nor is there anything in her character to suggest the marvellous conclusion which thus stands up like a precipice without a mountain-range to back it. This want of judgment in our early dramatists is often a moral even more than an intellectual deficiency. It proceeds from too great a love of the startling, and too slight a sense of the becoming, the fitting, and the orderly.

Another difference between Shakspeare and his contemporaries is the amount of extravagance and rant in the latter. Strength was the great quality our early dramatists valued. When it came to them in the form of real passion, they knew how to exhibit it in perfection, intermixing the most delicate with the most vigorous touches. In the absence of real passion they were often content with its coarse imitation. Giovanni, in a too celebrated play, makes his appearance at the revel with the heart of Annabella, whom he has just slain, on the point of his dagger! Yet this outrage against all genuine passion, as well as against decency, almost immediately follows a scene of the truest pathos.

The same exaggerated love, either of strength itself, or of bombast mimicking strength, prevented Shakspeare's contemporaries from even aiming at his profound conception of character. Their own characters were formed on a different principle, and one for their coarser purposes more effective. To a great extent they are but abstractions, vividly described as are the circumstances among which they are placed. In *The Broken Heart*, Bassanes is not a jealous man so much as jealousy itself embodied, while Shirley's Traitor is not an example of fearless perfidy, but its impersonation. In the comedies the characters are often not even representations of qualities; they are but the embodiment of some personal whim or transient folly of society. Thus, in Ben Jonson's *Epicæne*, the chief character, Morose, might be defined as "a nervous gentleman's dislike to noise in the street." How different is this from Shakspeare! Before his mighty mind there ever stood the great idea of humanity; and each of his characters is worked out of that one manifold type. In shaping it, as much is withdrawn from the universal as is necessary to mould the particular, but the universal remains. This is the cause of the infinite light and shadow of Shakspeare's characters; in them the passions are influences working in conjunction with all else that belongs to the moral being, not tempests

blowing on them from without. Characters thus delineated are so softened and rounded off by imperceptible gradations, that they can only be effective in the hand of a genius who combines with the force of nature her variety, grace, and subtlety. Those only can appreciate the strength shown by Shakespeare, who appreciate also the profundity, the completeness, the many-sidedness, and the refinement, which he never condescended to sacrifice in order to gain the appearance of strength.

The most important point of diversity remains to be noticed — the moral sense. The true greatness of Shakespeare is by nothing so proved as by his superiority to his contemporaries in this respect. Shakespeare does not bring out his moral in didactic vein; but the great moral that always belongs to Nature herself belongs to him who best knew how to exhibit her. In him there are no moral confusions, no substitution of rhetorical sentiment for just feeling, no palliation of vice, no simulations of virtue. The dramatic form of composition by necessity gives a great prominence to the passions, and must also keep in the background that region of the supernatural and the infinite in the immediate presence of which the passions are cowed. But from that remote and awful background no doubtful flashes are sent to bear witness that this life, with all its tumults, is circled by a vaster one. There are occasionally moral blemishes in Shakespeare's plots, and there is not seldom a license of language to be seriously regretted; but this last is far less than in the other writers of his time, nor do we know how much of it is owing to the interpolations of those players whom he commands to deliver "no more than is set down for them."

It is far otherwise with almost all Shakespeare's contemporaries. When, some half-century ago, our earlier dramatic writers emerged once more from obscurity, the public thought that all their offences ought to be condoned to make up for the neglect under which they had long lain. But the interests of literature itself require that in such cases justice should be done. The sins of our dramatists in the reign of Elizabeth and James the First were not exceptional, nor were they but superficial blemishes. The plays of Charles the Second's time were so far worse, that they possessed no compensating merits; but their positive offences could hardly prove more fatal both to the interests of poetry and of society. In multitudes of our early plays the whole plot turns upon vice in its grossest forms,

or a second and foul plot is joined to a sound one, like a dead body bound to a living one. Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* is rich in poetry from which Milton borrowed in his *Comus*: yet it is disgraced by whole scenes of ribaldry; and in the *Maid's Tragedy* the grief of the forsaken Aspatia is similarly dishonoured. Massinger offends less than most of the other dramatists, yet in his *Fatal Dowry* vice almost rejects the plea of temptation; and even his *Virgin Martyr* is deformed by the excrescence of scenes which were reverently omitted in a recent and separate edition of that play.

Such offences have commonly, when not condoned by the false charity of indifference, been regarded only from the moral point of view. The boundless injury inflicted by them on literature has hardly been adverted to. The Greeks were so well aware of the relations between virtue and the liberal arts, that even when the morals of Paganism were at the lowest, a high moral standard was maintained in serious literature. The indirect losses sustained by our early dramatists, in consequence of their defects in this matter, were even worse than the direct ones. They found in coarseness and license so easy a means of amusing the audience, that they were rarely forced to elicit their own deeper powers. Strength to excite, and ribaldry to amuse, sufficed, and they too often spared themselves the trouble of addressing the finer affections, the reason, or the moral sense of their audience. Their works consequently, in spite of some splendid exceptions, lacked those passages of quiet beauty, of pathos, of philosophy, of imaginative grace, and of moral power, which are our principal inducements to return to a book when the interest of story is exhausted. The same fault blunted the best faculties of the early dramatists, and allowed many others to lie fallow. The moral sense thus obscured, man was known to them in his animal relations chiefly. To them the passions were but appetites intellectualized and directed to exclusive objects. They knew little of the connection of the passions with the affections and the moral sense; in other words, all in them that is ennobling, and all that subjects itself to law they ignored. Hence those causeless changes from evil to good, or from passion to passion, which evince so superficial a knowledge of human nature. Hence that lack of gradation, and those movements, fierce and lawless as the movements of beasts. They knew man socially, but did not also know him in his personality, and therefore their

knowledge was empirical. The inner scope of man's faculties had escaped them. In man, for example, the faculty of Observation does not act separately, but in subordination to that interior wisdom which alone teaches him how to observe; — they, on the other hand, frequently delineate it as though the observing eye were that of a dog, not that of a man. The faculty of Reflection, similarly, as they delineate it, works apart from that *mens melior* which alone sustains it with the true food of reason, and inspires its nobler aims. In the absence of spiritual insight, society as delineated by them was often a thing gregarious rather than human. Imagination emptied her urns to bathe and irradiate the wastes of the senses; the Understanding directed those actions the root of which was in the appetites; but the inmost spirit of the spectator starved amid abundance, for the same hand which pampered the body had "sent leanness into the soul." That these early dramatists were men of great intellects and great energies cannot be denied. They possessed all gifts, had they but known how to use them aright; and their genius could have failed in no attempt, had it cared to subject itself to the true and the good. But the imagination which works for the senses loses its spiritual heritage, and sells its birthright for a mess of pottage.

Their offences were those of their age, for they did not rise superior to it. Our age has offences of a different kind, and our literature reflects them. Their offences would not be tolerated in our day; but, while acknowledging the moral improvement evinced by modern literature, we have yet almost always to lament an inferiority, on the part of our recent poets, as regards intellectual keenness and energy. That inferiority of itself has disqualified them for the higher drama. Ben Jonson said of a young competitor, "My son Cartwright writes all like a man." Among our modern dramatic aspirants some have written like women, and some like philosophers, but few like men. Mr. Taylor is an exception. His genius is characterized by robust strength, and the drama is plainly its native region. We know of nothing in our earlier dramatists more manly and vigorous than many passages in his writings, such as, to refer to the plays not included in our criticism, the last scene in *Edwin the Fair*, or that in which the dying Van den Bosch addresses the downcast Burghers after his defeat. His characters are real characters. In ideality they seem to us sometimes deficient, but never in reality; and they are

not merely superficially *described*, — a thing too common among the attempts of modern dramatists, — but evoked and exhibited with the hand of power. It is this reality which makes one character wholly different from another, even when they have most in common. How unlike, for instance, is the statesmanlike wisdom of Clarenbald from that of Wulfstan, which is metaphysical, or that of Father John, which is moral! How different is the grave and resolute courage of Artevelde from that of Van den Bosch, which is animal, or that of Gilbert Matthew, which is sullen pride, or that of Orleans, which is chivalrous, or that of the Hermit, which is spiritual zeal!

To return to some of our earlier remarks: the speciality of Mr. Taylor's genius appears to us to consist in its uniting the masculine strength of our early drama with the richer variety, the thoughtfulness, and the purer sentiment of our later poetry. Others among our modern poets have carried farther, some one, some another merit of that poetry. His characteristic consists in his being a connecting link between the two periods. It would be curious to compare the different modes in which the poets of different periods have gone through their poetic education. In our own time it has been the fashion to say that Nature is the only true instructress, and that the mountains and forests are the colleges in which her sons must graduate. Our earlier dramatists generally began with the universities, and then precipitated themselves upon the society of the metropolis, as exhibited at the theatres, where they often combined a great deal of undigested learning with not a little of debauchery. In such a career there was more to develop the intelligence than to discipline that part of our being in which the intellect and the moral sense blend; that part of it from which the most permanent poetry proceeds. We can imagine that, at least for some departments of poetry, the training of professional, public, or official life, may be as auspicious as either of the other modes. It occupies the mind with persons at once and with things, and thus disciplines at the same time the faculties of observation and reflection. For dramatic poetry, which at heart is ever a serious thing, we suspect it to be, in its place, the best school; and it has the advantage also of being a safe, in proportion as it is an arduous one. Imagination cannot be created even by mountains and forests; and where it exists, its products will be great and healthy in proportion to the vigor of the whole moral being to which it is

wedded; for high poetry is the offspring, not of the imagination only, but of the whole moral being.

The relation in which Mr. Taylor stands to our other modern poets must be very imperfectly understood without an acquaintance with his minor poems, in which his resemblance to them is chiefly to be found. With the exception of the exquisite lyrics scattered through their plays, the minor poems of our early dramatists are less known than they deserve to be. As might have been expected, they are for the most part narrative. In Mr. Taylor's, the meditative vein predominates. He has given us fewer than we could wish for; but these have a character of selectness, as if they had been drawn from a larger store. The longest is called the *Eve of the Conquest*. The night before the battle of Hastings, Harold sends to a neighbouring convent for his daughter Edith; and, while the army slumbers around them, relates to her the chief incidents in his life, commanding her to record them, and thus vindicate his fame:—

“The Many, for whose dear behoof I lose
The suffrage of the Few, are slow to praise
A fallen friend, or vindicate defeat.
To-day the Idol am I of their loves;
But should I be to-morrow a dead man,
My memory, were it spotless as the robes
That wrapp'd the Angels in the Sepulchre,
Should see corruption.”

The theme is one of warlike labours and of political wiles; but with these a brighter thread is interwoven. The following is the description of the Duke of Normandy's daughter, whose affections had fastened themselves upon Harold while he was sojourning, half as guest, and half as captive, at her father's court:—

“Of these the first
In station and most eminently fair,
Was Adeliza, daughter of the Duke.
A woman-child she was; but womanhood
By gradual afflux on her childhood gain'd,
And like a tide that up a river steals
And reaches to a lillied bank, began
To lift up life beneath her. As a child
She still was simple, — rather shall I say
More simple than a child, as being lost
In deeper admirations and desires.
The roseate richness of her childish bloom
Remain'd, but by inconstancies and change
Referr'd itself to sources passion-swept.
Such had I seen her as I pass'd the gates
Of Rouen, in procession, on the day
I landed, when a shower of roses fell

Upon my head, and looking up I saw
The fingers which had scatter'd them half
spread

Forgetful, and the forward-leaning face
Intently fix'd and glowing, but methought
More serious than it ought to be, so young
And midmost in a show.” — Vol. iii. p. 212.

Not less graphic is a very different portrait, that of William:—

“His eye was cold and cruel, yet at times
It flash'd with merriment; his bearing bold,
And, save when he had purposes in hand,
Reckless of those around him, inasmuch
He scarce would seem to know that they
were there.

Yet was he not devoid of courtly arts,
And when he wish'd to win, or if it chanced
Some humour of amenity came o'er him,
He could be bland, attractive, frankly gay,
Insidiously soft; but aye beneath
Was fire which, whether by cold ashes
screen'd,

Or lambent flames that lick'd whom at a
word

They might devour, was unextinguish'd
still.” — Vol. iii. p. 214.

The record of Harold's early life concluded, the terrible battle and fatal overthrow are described. The poem ends thus:—

“In Waltham Abbey on St. Agnes' Eve
A stately corpse lay stretch'd upon a bier.
The arms were cross'd upon the breast; the
face,

Uncover'd, by the taper's trembling light
Show'd dimly the pale majesty severe
Of him whom death, and not the Norman
Duke,

Had conquer'd; him the noblest and the
last

Of Saxon Kings; save one the noblest he;
The last of all. Hard by the bier were seen
Two women, weeping side by side, whose
arms

Clasp'd each the other. Edith was the one.
With Edith Adeliza wept and pray'd.” —
Vol. iii. p. 220.

Eloquence in poetry is a quality as rare as that counterfeit of manly eloquence, rhetoric, once was common among us. If we associate the latter with Pope and his imitators, including much of what Lord Byron wrote in the heroic couplet, to the former must be conceded a place among the merits of Dryden. Among our more recent poets a splendid specimen of poetic eloquence will be found in Southey's “Ode written during the Negotiations for Peace with Buonaparte in 1814.” This quality is among the characteristics of Mr. Taylor's

poetry. As an illustration of it, the ode entitled *Heroism in the Shade* may be cited. We can but make room for the last stanza :—

“What makes a hero?—Not success, not fame,
Inebriate merchants and the loud acclaim
Of glutted avarice,—caps toss’d up in the air,
Or pen of journalist with flourish fair,
Bells peal’d, stars, ribands, and a titular name,—
These, though his rightful tribute, he can spare ;
His rightful tribute, not his end, or aim,
Or true reward ; for never yet did these
Refresh the soul or set the heart at ease.
What makes a hero ?—An heroic mind
Express’d in action, in endurance proved :
And if there be pre-eminence of right,
Derived through pain well suffer’d, to the height
Of rank heroic, ’tis to bear unmoved,
Not toil, not risk, not rage of sea or wind,
Not the brute fury of barbarians blind,
But worse,—ingratitude and poisonous darts
Launch’d by the country he had served and loved :
This with a free unclouded spirit pure,
This in the strength of silence to endure,
A dignity to noble deeds impart
Beyond the gauds and trappings of renown :
This is the hero’s compliment and crown ;
This miss’d, one struggle had been wanting still,
One glorious triumph of the heroic will,
One self-approval in his heart of hearts.”
— Vol. iii. p. 254.

The predominant characteristic, however, of Mr. Taylor’s minor poems is a certain meditative pathos. They have something in them of Wordsworth ; but the thoughts are less discursive and less philosophical ; something also of Southey, but the texture is finer and firmer. In the conciseness of their diction lies chiefly the difference between them and such of our modern poetry as they most resemble. In some pieces, as in *Lago Varese*, descriptive poetry is blended with personal interest ; the lovely scene there described seems to be impersonated in the youthful “native of the clime,” who forms the centre of the picture, and mitigates its pensiveness, though she cannot remove it. The *Lago Lugano*, written in a stanza wholly original, is likewise a descriptive poem ; but it gradually rises into a strain of statesmanlike thought, in which the “moral liberty” of light and humble hearts is contrasted with the “civil liberty” of

charters and statutes, and a strong preference expressed for the former :—

“From pride plebeian and from pride high-born,
From pride of knowledge no less vain and weak,
From overstrain’d activities that seek
Ends worthiest of indifference or scorn,
From pride of intellect that exalts its horn
In contumely above the wise and meek,
Exulting in coarse cruelties of the pen,
From pride of drudging souls to Mammon sworn,
Where shall we flee and when ?”

Where pride is the poet affirms that freedom cannot be, except in name :—

“For Independence walks
With staid Humility aye hand in hand,
Whilst Pride in tremor stalks.”

Two Ways of Life is a dramatic scene, in which the descriptive and the meditative vein are blended with the personal ; and the comparative merits of the life domestic and the life monastic are discussed—with as much impartiality as can be expected from two lovers.

Ernesto is a love poem replete with power and pathos. It has no events, but the two characters it describes are finely discriminated :—

Thoughtfully by the side Ernesto sate
Of her whom, in his earlier youth, with heart
Then first exulting in a dangerous hope,
Dearer for danger, he had rashly loved.
That was a season when the untravell’d spirit,
Not way-worn nor way-wearied, nor with soil
Nor stain upon it, lions in its path
Saw none,—or seeing, with triumphant trust
In its resources and its powers, defied,—
Perverse to find provocatives in warnings
And in disturbance taking deep delight.
By sea or land he then saw rise the storm
With a gay courage, and through broken lights,
Tempestuously exalted, for awhile
His heart ran mountains high, or to the roar
Of shatter’d forests sang superior songs
With kindling, and what might have seem’d to
some,
Auspicious energy ;—by land and sea
He was way-foundered—trampled in the dust
His many-colour’d hopes—his lading rich
Of precious pictures, bright imaginations,
In absolute shipwreck to the winds and waves
Suddenly rendered.”

How does the lady of his love look on the wreck ?—

Of this she saw not all—she saw but little—

That which she could not choose but see she
 saw —
 And o'er her sunlit dimples and her smiles
 A shadow fell — a transitory shade —
 And when the phantom of a hand she clasp'd
 At parting, scarce responded to her touch,
 She sigh'd — but hoped the best."— Vol. iii. p.
 259.

The ode with which the volume ends is very fine; but there is another piece which we regard as, on the whole, the most characteristic of Mr. Taylor's minor poems. Few poems are at once so true to Nature, and to that art which Nature owns. The metre is a rare one — that of *Lycidas*; and the long interwoven periods, with their rhymes recurring at wide intervals, like the chime of funeral-bells far off, are in harmony with the elegiac strain:—

"In remembrance of the Hon. Edward Ernest Villiers."

I.

A grace though melancholy, manly too,
 Moulded his being: pensive, grave, serene,
 O'er his habitual bearing and his mien
 Unceasing pain, by patience temper'd, threw
 A shade of sweet austerity. But seen
 In happier hours and by the friendly few,
 That curtain of the spirit was withdrawn,
 And fancy light and playful as a fawn,
 And reason imp'd with inquisition keen,
 Knowledge long sought with ardour ever new,
 And wit love-kindled, show'd in colours true
 What genial joys with sufferings can consist.
 Then did all sternness melt as melts a mist
 Touch'd by the brightness of the golden dawn,
 Aerial heights disclosing, valleys green,
 And sunlights thrown the woodland tufts between,
 And flowers and spangles of the dewy lawn.

II.

And even the stranger, though he saw not these,
 Saw what would not be willingly pass'd by.
 In his deportment, even when cold and shy,
 Was seen a clear collectedness and ease,
 A simple grace and gentle dignity,
 That fail'd not at the first accost to please;
 And as reserve relented by degrees,
 So winning was his aspect and address,
 His smile so rich in sad felicities,

Accordant to a voice which charm'd no less,
 That who but saw him once remember'd long,
 And some in whom such images are strong
 Have hoarded the impression in their heart
 Fancy's fond dreams and Memory's joys among,
 Like some loved relic of romantic song,
 Or cherish'd masterpiece of ancient art.

III.

His life was private; safely led, aloof
 From the loud world, — which yet he understood
 Largely and wisely, as no worldling could.
 For he by privilege of his nature proof
 Against false glitter, from beneath the roof
 Of privacy, as from a cave, survey'd
 With steadfast eye its flickering light and shade,
 And gently judged for evil and for good.
 But whilst he mix'd not for his own behoof
 In public strife, his spirit glow'd with zeal,
 Not shorn of action, for the public weal, —
 For truth and justice as its warp and woof,
 For freedom as its signature and seal.
 His life thus sacred from the world, discharged
 From vain ambition and inordinate care,
 In virtue exercised, by reverence rare
 Lifted, and by humility enlarged,
 Became a temple and a place of prayer.
 In latter years he walk'd not singly there;
 For one was with him, ready at all hours
 His griefs, his joys, his inmost thoughts to share,
 Who buoyantly his burthens help'd to bear,
 And deck'd his altars daily with fresh flowers.

IV.

But farther may we pass not; for the ground
 Is holier than the Muse herself may tread;
 Nor would I it should echo to a sound
 Less solemn than the service for the dead.
 Mine is inferior matter, — my own loss, —
 The loss of dear delights for ever fled,
 Of reason's converse by affection fed,
 Of wisdom, counsel, solace, that across
 Life's dreariest tracts a tender radiance shed.
 Friend of my youth! though younger yet my
 guide,
 How much by thy unerring insight clear
 I shaped my way of life for many a year,
 What thoughtful friendship on thy deathbed
 died!
 Friend of my youth, whilst thou wast by my
 side
 Autumnal days still breathed a vernal breath;
 How like a charm thy life to me supplied
 All waste and injury of time and tide,
 How like a disenchantment was thy death!"

From Good Words.

THE STORY OF JOHN HUSS.

BY HENRY ROGERS,

Author of "The Eclipse of Faith."

THE story of John Huss, the great Bohemian Reformer, has been often told, and is sufficiently familiar to the student of ecclesiastical history. But it may be doubted whether it has been so well known to ordinary readers, either as it deserves to be, or as that of Luther unquestionably is. This is partly to be ascribed to the remoteness of the age in which he lived,—it is now just 450 years since his martyrdom; partly to the character of the reformation he aimed at, and which did not touch the great doctrinal abuses, the correction of which, after all, was an essential preliminary to any radical reformation, such, in a word, as the Church required, and Luther achieved; partly to the fact that the heroic effort he made was not *successful*, and that his memory has been clouded by the subsequent excesses of his followers; lastly, and above all perhaps, to the circumstance that the more illustrious name of Luther has eclipsed that of his great predecessor,—in the blaze of whose fame this bright morning star of the Reformation has almost faded from our eyes. For these reasons it may be well to say a little respecting the principal incidents of his life and the more striking traits of his character, in a periodical, which must have many thousands of readers who have not paid much, or, perhaps, any attention to the claims of the great Bohemian to the grateful homage and everlasting remembrance of mankind.

Nor can any who love and revere the name of Luther forget that it was probably due to Huss that Luther was able to do so much; nay, that he lived to do anything. We may say this, not merely because Huss was a pioneer in the same great work; that he shaped many of the stones, and hewed much of the timber, of that Temple he was not permitted to build; that he made an impression on the outworks of the fortress which it was reserved for Luther to storm; not merely because Luther derived some lights, and still greater stimulus, at an early period of his career, from the history and writings of Huss, as is seen clearly in his letters, and in the allusions he made to him at the *Leipsic Disputation*; * not merely, I say, for

these reasons, (in fact, all the "Reformers before the Reformation," as they have been well called, are entitled to some of that praise,) but for a more special reason. In all likelihood, Huss was not simply the precursor of Luther, but literally paid down, in his martyrdom, the ransom of his life. That violation of the 'imperial safe-conduct' which to the eternal shame of Emperor, Pope, Cardinals, and the whole Council of Constance, involved the death of Huss, was the very thing which probably prevented the like crime in the case of Luther at Worms. Vehemently was Charles V. urged to imitate the conduct of Sigismund, and violate, for the sake of the Church, the safe-conduct granted to Luther; strongly was he plied by the same casuistry, namely, that "no faith was to be kept with heretics;" but Charles replied that "he had no wish to blush like his predecessor Sigismund,"—in allusion to the story of Sigismund's having manifested so much weakness, when Huss alluded to the subject of his safe-conduct, at the Council of Constance. The scandal of that iniquitous transaction of the previous century was Luther's *ægis* at Worms, and hence he safely quitted that place which he had entered with such dauntless courage in defiance of so many omens of evil. Thus was Huss probably the saviour of Luther—

Dipped in his fellow's blood
The living bird went free.

The courage of Luther indeed was as great as though he too had died a martyr. During his whole progress to Worms, whither he went with such inflexible obstinacy against all the remonstrances of his friends and the muttered threats of his enemies, it is evident that he contemplated the too great likelihood of sharing the fate of Huss. The genius and maxims of ecclesiastical policy were unchanged; the terrors of Reformation at least as strong; and the inheritors of the persecuting principles of Constance equally unscrupulous. He would assuredly have died if Charles V. had not been afraid of "blushing."

And as Huss deserves the veneration of posterity, scarcely more for what he did in the cause of Reformation, than for the spell

what doctrines that arch-heretic had propagated. My astonishment was incredible. I could not comprehend why they burned so great a man, who explained the Scriptures with so much skill and gravity. . . . But as his name was held in such abhorrence that I imagined the sky would fall and the sun be darkened if I made honourable mention of him, I shut the book with no little indignation."

* "When I studied at Erfurt," says Luther, in the edition of the letters of Huss (1537), "I found in the library of the convent, a book entitled *The Sermons of John Huss*. I had a great curiosity to know

which his name and fate threw around Luther, so his history itself is full of deepest and most tragical interest. In the vast catalogue of martyrs there is hardly a victim whose fate awakens such unmingled admiration for the unflinching fortitude and constancy with which he adhered to what he deemed truth, and suffered for it; or which inspires such vivid, and, indeed, exquisitely painful sympathy, as we read the story. Exposed, single-handed, to the concentrated enmity of the whole Roman Church and hierarchy, as embodied in the cruel Council of Constance, — to Pope and Cardinals, Emperor and Princes; feeling that the whole might of prescription, both of the present and the past, was against him; doubtless often tempted to ask himself as Luther sometimes did, and as Huss was still more likely to do in that earlier and darker age, “Whether it was possible that he alone should be right, and all the rest of the world wrong;” troubled with those tremors of heart which such a possibility could not but awaken, he yet held on his way — though darker and darker at every step — undaunted. Such was the mastery which the truth had over him, so gloriously imperious was conscience, so profound his reverence for Scripture, and so resolute was he, like Luther, to yield obedience to that alone, that he was proof alike against shame and ignominy, cajolery and adulation, promises and threats, and at last sealed his testimony by enduring death in the most appalling of all shapes. This last proof of heroism, indeed, many men have given, both before and after him. But very few, if any, ever passed such an ordeal of absolute abandonment to the “cruel mockings” and wrongs of a hostile world, with so majestic a patience as he did. Huss before the Council of Constance is one of the sublimest pictures in the whole gallery of history.

It is not my intention to give a full account of his life; but a slight sketch of its principal events is necessary for comprehending the significance of the closing scenes of it. It will not occupy much space, for the records of his early years are unusually meagre.

He was born about 1370, at Hassinez, a village of Bohemia, not far from Prague. Huss is the Bohemian name for a “goose,” and this furnishes both Huss and his enemies more than once with some rather clumsy pleasantry. It is hard to say whether he or they are more ponderously witty in availing themselves of it; he for the enhancement of his humility, and they as a term of reproach. He was born of lowly

but honest parents, who seem to have done all they could for his education.

He was first sent to the school of his native village, and afterwards to another of somewhat higher order, in a neighbouring town. He was noted from his boyhood for the acuteness and vigour of his intellect, and made good in his youth all the promise of his childhood. He was sent to the University of Prague at an early age; and in the dearth of authentic details, writers have garnished this event with some idle traditions. There is an absurd story, for example, which L'Enfant gravely relates from an old author, that “when his mother took him to Prague to enter him at the university, she took a goose and a cake with her as a present to the rector, and that by chance the goose flew away, an accident which the poor woman looked upon as an evil omen, and fell down on her knees to recommend her son to the Divine Protection” (the tutelary “goose,” we may suppose, having left its namesake), “and went on her way with great heaviness of heart, that half her oblation to the rector was gone.”

“He lived in times,” says the same historian, “that were very favourable to the improvement of his various talents,” a proposition which it is somewhat difficult to accede to, considering that the shadow of the “dark ages” still lay upon them, and the *crepusculum* of a better time was just beginning to glimmer. But it may be conceded (and this is probably what is meant,) that it was a period of literary and intellectual activity as compared with the preceding centuries; and his proximity to Prague certainly ensured him the advantages of one of the first universities in Europe.

Of his academic career we know little or nothing, except that it was honourable and successful. Certain dates preserved in the ancient memoir of him by an unknown author, prefixed to the folio edition of his works, inform us that in 1393 he became M.A. and B.D.; three years after was ordained priest, and began to preach; in 1400 was appointed to that function in the chapel of Bethlehem, at Prague, where he became the favourite court preacher of Sophia, the Queen of Wenceslaus. In 1401, he was elected Dean of the Faculty of Divinity and Confessor to the Queen; and some time after, Rector of the University.

In 1405 he had already become famous for his sermons at Bethlehem, preached in *his native tongue*, in which he insisted on forgotten evangelical verities, and inveighed energetically against the corruptions of the Church and the vices of the clergy. It was

in the nature of things that this should expose him to the hatred of the Church. He had been equally fearless, indeed, against the vices of the laity; but King Wenceslaus sarcastically told the clergy, it was only when he began to attack similar vices in the Church that he became so obnoxious to them.

He gave great offence, also, to a large portion of the Bohemian clergy by the part he took in the great Papal Schism; strongly advocating the rejection of the claims of Gregory XII.

But his sermons were not the only cause of the fierce hatred which followed him from this time to his death. Strange to say, there were other reasons for the odium attached to him, perhaps as potent, or nearly as potent, as any of his imputed religious errors, though they had nothing to do with religion. Enthusiastically beloved by a large party of his countrymen, there was of course always a large part of the Romish Church, who, for the very same causes, were bitterly opposed to him; but, had he had no other enemies, it is pretty certain he might have remained safe in Bohemia (supposing it had been possible for him to evade the summons to Constance), as Luther in Saxony under the protection of Frederick. Of course, he had the dominant church party also against him, *out* of Bohemia; but their hatred was greatly strengthened by the extraneous causes to which we have just adverted, and which it is necessary to bear in mind in order to understand his true position. The first is, the part he took in asserting certain rights of his countrymen to a just share in the government of the University of Prague, and by which he exposed himself to the hatred of Germany. The remembrance of that quarrel, in which the Germans were worsted (and as they alleged, perhaps truly alleged), through the instrumentality of Huss, inspired them with a lifelong hatred of him. Having such important results, the quarrel may justify a few words of explanation.

The University of Prague was founded in the year 1347, by the Emperor Charles IV. It was modelled on the statutes of the universities of chief note in Europe, as Paris and Bologna, where, in questions involving university honours and emoluments, three votes were given to the native, and one vote to the foreign, members. But as, during the infancy of the University of Prague, there was a much larger number of students from various parts of the Germanic Empire than from Bohemia, this proportion was reversed. The consequence was

that the university honours and rewards were almost monopolised by the Germans; and, as the native students increased in numbers, this naturally occasioned much chagrin and discontent. They sought to redress this wrong, and were successful, principally through the efforts of Huss and Jerome of Prague. Huss admitted that the provisional management was reasonable enough, as long as the foreign element in the university was so preponderant. But when that was no longer the case, "It is just," said he, "that we should have three votes, and that you Germans should be content with one." The Germans, however, as might be expected, were by no means content. On the contrary, so exasperated were they, that they agreed, should the alteration take place, they would leave the university *en masse*; and, it is further said, resolved that if any were obstinate enough to refuse taking a part in this *exodus*, he should expiate his guilt by the loss of two of his fingers! a curious illustration of the old saying as to the "humanising effects of polite learning," and not less of the strength of national hatred. Be this as it may, the Germans, (who doubtless thought, from their numbers, that their secession would leave the university as "frightful a solitude" as Tertullian says the Roman Empire would have been if all the Christians had gone out of it,) carried out their threat. And if their numbers had been as great as some accounts make them, no doubt the *vacuum* would have been all but complete. But the figures generally given are clearly fabulous, as is indicated by the enormous differences in the several accounts found in different writers. As reported in *L'Enfant*, one writer says the students were 44,000, which is about as probable as that there were at one time 80,000 students at Oxford. Another, a little more modestly, says 40,000; a third computes the roll at 36,000; a fourth comes down to 24,000; Æneas Sylvius reduces it to 5,000, which Count Krasinski thinks may have been the truth, though he hardly assigns any sufficient reason for preferring it to that of other writers who fixed it at 2000! In other words, we know little about the matter.

The secession of the foreign students took place in 1409, and led to the establishment of the University of Leipsic.

The seceding Germans spread and kept alive among their countrymen, a vivid and lasting hatred of Huss, which formed an appreciable element in the grand total of enmities combined against him in the Council of Constance.

It may be as well to add that there was probably also another adventitious cause of hostility to Huss. He was in philosophy a "Realist." Now between the Realists and their opponents, the Nominalists, the disputes were equally unintelligible and interminable, and turned upon refinements of abstraction so extremely subtle that (one would imagine) they could never stir in a single human bosom the faintest breath of passion! But this would be to credit human nature with far more good sense than it can claim. Whatever men can wrangle about, be it the idlest phantasm of the most crazy dreamer, that they can also fight about; and indeed often with an energy of passion in inverse proportion to the importance or clearness of the point in dispute. Accordingly, these two metaphysical sects often sought to decide by blows what they could not decide by reason: and shed blood and even sacrificed lives for the question, whether an abstract name (as *man*, for example) represented any one man in particular, or man in general. In short, they made more than one university of Europe a sort of metaphysical Donnybrook, where the combatants fought with about as intelligent understanding of what they were fighting for, and also with as much passion and obstinacy as any Irish "factions" whatsoever. Now it has been surmised that the fact that Huss was a Realist, and consequently hated by the opposite faction of the Nominalists, made him obnoxious to many of his judges at Constance. It is certainly not a little mournful, as well as curious, that in this and other cases, the fortunes of Truth and Humanity should often be imperilled by considerations which have nothing in the world to do with either the one or the other; that a man like John Huss may be made a martyr for religion, in a great measure because national animosities have set two communities by the ears, and opposite sects are blindly engaged in a night-battle about an incomprehensible dogma of metaphysics.*

Another fact which undoubtedly had much more to do with his fate, as really exercising a powerful influence over his theological opinions and exposing him to the ravour of Rome, was his attachment to the writings of Wickliffe. It is an interesting circumstance to Englishmen, that from our

remote insular seclusion went forth the influence which gave the chief impulse to the Bohemian Reformer. It makes good the quaint words of Fuller in his "Church History of England," when speaking of the posthumous dishonour put on Wickliffe's ashes:—"They were cast into the Swift, a neighbouring brook, running hard by. Thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, then into the Main Ocean. And thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."

But that his doctrine should have been conveyed to Bohemia would have seemed as little likely as that any particle of his dust should reach it, in default of that "sea-port on the coast of Bohemia," which Shakespeare has created there in spite of geography. Yet so it was; and by one of those incidents by which the Providence of God in the course of its ordinary working easily brings the strangest things to pass, and binds the most distant things together. Our Richard the Second's queen was Anne of Bohemia, daughter of the Emperor Charles IV. After her husband's death she returned to Bohemia, and some of her retinue took many of the writings of Wickliffe with them. Certain Bohemians, it is said, had sojourned for some time at Oxford, among whom was Jerome of Prague: while others add, that two English Lollards found their way to Prague, and were entertained for some time at the house of John Huss, and that from them he got to know the works of Wickliffe. However that may be, and whatever the mode, it is certain that he became well acquainted with several of those works, and that they produced a strong effect on his opinions. At his chapel of Bethlehem, he often spoke in terms of eulogy of the great English Reformer, and prayed that when he died his soul might be with that of Wickliffe, wheresoever that might be!

There is a tradition that the two English Wickliffites asked Huss to allow them to paint the hall of his house, and that on his granting the request they depicted, on one side, Christ's lowly entry into Jerusalem, and on the other, in strong contrast with it, a splendid procession of the Pope and his cardinals, in all the pomp and glitter of pontifical pageantry. It is said these pictures excited much curiosity; that many came to see them, and went away divided in opinion about their propriety. But the generality of ecclesiastics understood the pictorial writing of these Wickliffite Mexi-

* One subtle question, particularly respecting transubstantiation, seems to have been designed to entrap Huss through his Realist creed. It challenged him to maintain the *Universal à parte Rei*, and had like to have given him some trouble. — *L'Enfant*, vol. i. p. 324.

cans too well, and it is said that the pictures created so much scandal that the Englishmen were compelled to quit Prague.

Whatever the truth of these traditions, it is certain that Wickliffe's writings were extensively circulated at Prague at this time, as we shall presently see from the crusade of the Archbishop of Prague against them. Cochleus tells us that many of the "manuscripts were beautifully written and splendidly embossed and bound—*bullis aureis tegumentisque preciosis ornata*." This not only shows the justice of Krasinski's remark, that they had been in the possession of wealthy and therefore influential persons, but it also shows how great value was put upon jewels which were enshrined in such costly caskets. Several of the Reformer's writings Huss himself translated into his native tongue, and took measures to circulate them widely in Bohemia and Moravia.

By such proceedings, and especially by his bold invectives against the enormous corruptions of the Church, Huss had formed a considerable party throughout Bohemia intensely desirous of Reform, and disposed to accept him as their leader; not a little influenced, doubtless, by the fact that he had been the champion of their national rights in the great university quarrel, a circumstance which, though it might operate against him out of Bohemia, vastly strengthened his influence within it.

And now things were ripe for a conflict between Huss and the Church. In 1410 the Archbishop of Prague obtained a bull from the Pope (Alexander V.), authorizing him to extirpate heresy in Bohemia, and as a means to that end, to burn the writings of Wickliffe wherever they could be found, and to prohibit preaching except in certain specified buildings, from which "chapels" were excluded; and therefore, (which was doubtless the real object,) the chapel of Bethlehem, where Huss preached. After much opposition to the bull, it was at last proclaimed.

On March 9th, 1410, Huss was cited before the Archbishop's Court on the charge of heresy. When he, and others similarly charged with possessing portions of the writings of Wickliffe, asked the Archbishop what part of the Reformer's writings were heretical? they were told that "all the writings of that arch-heretic were heretical," and the Archbishop burnt them accordingly wherever he could lay hands on them. At the same time he forbade all preaching in chapels, and thus gagged Huss. The University of Prague protested, but for the present protested in vain,

against the violent measures of the Archbishop.

The ferment spread throughout Bohemia, and the country was divided into two great parties, which in many places threatened, and indeed broke, the public peace. This led to a series of struggles between King Wenceslaus and the refractory Archbishop, into which we have not space to enter, but which are amongst not the least memorable or instructive of the contests between the temporal and the spiritual powers during the middle ages. We can only notice them so far as they severally bear on the fate of Huss. The King, indolent and addicted to pleasure, is said to have cared very little about the dispute, if the disputants would but have left him alone; but if it went on to civil war, he felt that he could not be left alone. Huss also was a favourite with his queen, and to a certain extent with himself. He ordered the Archbishop to indemnify the folks whose books he had so summarily burnt. The prelate refused; and his estates were sequestered. — Soon after, a papal embassy arrived at Prague to announce the election of the infamous John XXIII., afterwards deposed by the Council of Constance. The King thought it was a good opportunity to endeavour to obtain the repeal of the "bull" of John's predecessor, and to secure the restitution of the privileges of the chapel of Bethlehem. But the astute Archbishop sent back, with the embassy, emissaries of his own, who defeated the King's object. They procured the Pope's sanction of the Archbishop's proceedings, and a citation for Huss to appear at Rome to plead to the charges of heresy against him. The King declared that Huss could not go "without peril of his life," which no doubt the Pope and Archbishop knew as well as he, or even better; and refused to let him go. The Pope replied that the appearance of Huss was indispensable, and that the judges to try his cause were already appointed. In short, the banquet was all prepared, and the Pope seemed to say, "Come, for all things are now ready." Thus backed by the papal authority, the Archbishop reiterated the excommunication of Huss, and claimed that his estates should be restored; the King would not comply with the last, and many of the clergy refused to read out the first. Higher and higher soared hawk and falcon, in the hope to gain a vantage point for striking. The Archbishop, nothing daunted, laid the terrors of interdict on Prague. The King retorted with equally vigorous measures; banished many of the clergy who had been

conspicuously busy in the execution of the Archbishop's orders; seized (worse than all!) the treasures of the Chapter of Prague, and made the Estates of the Realm pass a law by which it was forbidden to carry certain causes before the ecclesiastical courts. These measures of retaliation touched what was more precious than doctrine, and finished for the present the contest between the temporal and spiritual powers; and the victory thus lay with the former. The Archbishop agreed to submit the controversy to a court of arbitration, which, on 3rd of July, 1411, decided that the Archbishop was "to submit to the King, to revoke his interdict, to cancel the proceedings he had commenced against heresy, and to send to Rome a declaration that in Bohemia there was no heresy." On the other hand, if the Archbishop complied, the King was to restore his estates, and was to bind himself to punish all heresies, — an easy task, since it seems the Archbishop was to declare at the same time that in Bohemia there were none! And so ended this notable passage of arms between the King and his refractory priest.

As the most illustrious of the successors of John Huss, (who really achieved in the cause of Reformation, what Huss only attempted, and far more,) miraculously escaped martyrdom, so it is not a little remarkable that Huss's most illustrious predecessor, Wickliffe, also escaped it. Both he and Luther died in their beds, contrary to all human probability. And so perhaps might Huss, could he have remained in Bohemia, amidst the tens of thousands who loved, and were ever ready to rally round him. He refused, like Luther and Wickliffe, to obey the citation to appear at Rome; no doubt feeling with them that it was not "good for the health" of a Reformer to go there. All seemed to feel as by instinct that, go where they might, to London, or Constance, or Worms, they had better not repair to Rome. Perhaps they felt like the fox in the fable, who declined the invitation to the lion's den, inasmuch as he had observed that the only footsteps in its vicinity were *towards* it, and none *from* it: *nulla vestigia retrorsum*. If (as already said) Huss could have escaped the invitation to Constance — if he had not severed himself from the thousands of zealous and faithful friends among his compatriots, — he might have remained as safe in their protection, as Luther under that of the Elector of Saxony. Luther indeed ran great risks in going to Worms, but still it was within the "fatherland," and he was surrounded by "troops of friends,"

not to repeat that the very name and fate of Huss probably proved a shield. Huss has been sometimes blamed for his rashness in going to Constance. But, as L'Enfant has shown in his History of the Council, he had little choice in the matter. When he refused to go to Rome, he appealed to a general Council, and pledged himself to appear before it and abide by it; he went not only with the consent of the King of Bohemia, but by his command; and, though like Luther on the way to Worms, he was not without forebodings and misgivings, he yet seemed to be amply fortified by the imperial safe-conduct with which he was furnished. Perhaps we may also say, with Waddington, that he felt not only an "intense conviction of the truth of his doctrines," but confidence also "in the integrity of the Council." He certainly seems to have hoped that he might be able to disabuse it of its impressions against him, and to reply satisfactorily to the charge of heresy. But though hoping the best, he was prepared for the worst, as is seen in that almost prophetic letter of farewell to his friends, written just before his departure for Constance, in which he touchingly says, "Perhaps you will never see me at Prague any more."

It was on the 11th of October, 1414, that Huss commenced his journey to Constance: all through Bohemia, as was to be expected, his progress was a series of ovations. Nor was he unfavorably received even in Germany itself. At Nuremberg especially, the most flattering attentions were paid him, and he was conducted into the town by a vast concourse of people. He arrived at Constance, November 2nd, 1414. He was still without his safe-conduct; but it came the next day, and was delivered by one of the three Bohemian nobles to whose care King Wenceslaus had committed him. It was couched in the most absolute and unequivocal terms.* No sooner had he arrived in Constance than those intrigues and machinations began which had his destruction for their object, and which were too fatally successful. His enemies, many of them from the party opposed to him in Bohemia, inflamed the minds of the people, spread

* It may be seen at large in L'Enfant, vol. i. p. 61. One sentence will suffice:

"Whom we have taken into our protection and safe-guard, and into that of the empire, desiring you, when he comes among you, to receive him well and entertain him kindly, furnishing him with all necessaries for his despatch and security, whether he goes by land or water, without taking anything either from him or his, at coming in or going out, for any sort of duties whatsoever; and to let him freely and securely pass, sojourn, stop, and repass, for the honour and respect of His Imperial Majesty."

abroad all sorts of accusations (most of them wholly false), and brought such pressure to bear on the Cardinals — only too willing doubtless to be pressed — that they “promised he should never be set at liberty.” His friend, John de Chlum, was summoned to surrender Huss. That noble Bohemian, indignant at this flagrant attempt to elude or infringe the safe-conduct, appealed to the Pope. The Pope was very polite; declared he had nothing to say against Huss, but that he could not control the Cardinals. De Chlum showed the safe-conduct to all the German princes, and to the magistrates of Constance, but without effect. John Huss was put under arrest, and after being confined for a week in the house of one of the Canons of Constance, was consigned on the 6th of December to a dungeon underground in the Dominican convent. On the news of his imprisonment, the Emperor, still capable of shame at being compelled to palter with his word, and at the insolence of the lieges who thus set his commands at naught, ordered his instant release. The Council paid no more attention to it than to the expostulations of John de Chlum. On his arrival at Constance, finding his orders had not been obeyed, he threatened to leave the Council to itself, and actually set forth. Some of the Cardinals rode after him, overtook him, and to his own eternal shame so successfully plied him with their diabolical casuistry, — the chief articles of which were “That a General Council could deal with a heretic at its pleasure,” and that “No man was bound to keep faith with heretics,” — that they persuaded him, January 1st, 1415, to seal his infamy by giving his consent that the Council should take its course unimpeded by him.

Forty-four articles of accusation, all charging Huss with teaching doctrines contrary to those of the Church, were presented. The greater part of these he clearly showed were false; others, misrepresentations or exaggerations of his real opinions; and that the rest were not *heresies* at all, inasmuch as they had never been condemned by Pope or General Council, and were in harmony both with Scripture and reason. But there was one heresy of heresies of which Huss was guilty, which would have made orthodoxy itself heterodox. He did not acknowledge the Pope and the Cardinals, even with the Council to boot, to constitute the Church; and like Luther in the next century, appealed to the Scripture as the ultimate and supreme authority in matters of faith. He accordingly refused throughout the entire struggle to abandon any

opinion unless he was confronted by arguments drawn from Holy Writ. There is no doubt that while he held many opinions and practices opposed to the current superstitions, his chief offence was the unsparing and bitter invectives which he had fulminated from the pulpit of Bethlehem and elsewhere, against the corruptions of the Church and the vices of the clergy. While they talked of heresy, this was in truth his great heresy.

Unconditional submission to the decisions of the Council was demanded of Huss, whether he believed them true or not. A curious, and almost incredible, instance of the implicit faith sometimes demanded of the individual conscience in those days is given in one of the letters of Huss, wherein he mentions one of the many visits made to him in prison, with the view of entrapping, cajoling, or terrifying him into submission. It was no less than a “certain doctor” who tried his rhetoric on this occasion. “He told me that, whatever I did, I ought to submit to the Council; and subjoined ‘if the Council were to say that you have only one eye, while in fact you have two, you ought to confess with the Council that so the matter is.’ To whom I said, Even if the whole world should tell me so, as long as I have my senses, I could not say this without doing violence to my conscience. And after some more talk, he gave up the point, and acknowledged that he had not given a very good illustration.”

On his arrest, he had demanded “the privilege of a public advocate,” — the more necessary, as his bodily infirmities, cruelly aggravated by his imprisonment, made him very unequal to the task imposed upon him. This most reasonable demand was refused. A strong disposition was also evinced to deprive him altogether of a public trial, but this was found to be more than even the iniquity of the Council could compass.

Huss was brought before the Council three times; namely, on the 5th, 7th, and 8th of June, 1415, and each time was treated with the grossest injustice and cruelty. On the first occasion, the MS. of his treatise on the “Church” was presented to him, and he was asked whether the opinions contained in it were his? Huss avowed them, and his readiness to defend them; but also his readiness to retract everything which should be proved contrary to Scripture. Here he distinctly anticipates the Lutheran dilemma propounded at Worms. This was met by the no doubt sincere outcry, that the question was not what the Scriptures said, but whether he would retract doctrines

which the Church, as represented by the Council, declared to be erroneous. Huss, began to make a confession of his faith. His confession was not wanted, he was told; but simply that he should answer to the questions put to him, of which that one question just mentioned, was the principal, and admitted of but one answer. He again attempted to enter upon an explanation and defence of his opinions, but was met with rude shouts of derision; and the tumult became so great that Huss was compelled to say (and it was the only thing like rebuke which all his wrongs extorted from him), that "he had expected more courtesy and moderation from such an assembly."—Nevertheless, he defended himself with so much address that he demolished the first charge against him. But fighting thus single-handed (for, as already said, he had been denied an advocate), and in so mortal a struggle, it is no wonder that his strength failed; he was conducted, exhausted and fainting, to his prison. One day of respite was granted to him, when he was again to be brought into the arena like the early martyrs, to face "the lions," or as St. Paul might have said, "to fight with wild beasts at Ephesus."

On the 7th he was accused of holding opinions contrary to the doctrine of transubstantiation, that old and approved test of orthodoxy, and trap for catching heretics; that grim Moloch of superstition, which brought more of the Reformers to the stake than all their other heterodoxies put together. Huss easily refuted this charge, as in fact he never dreamt of questioning this doctrine, any more than did Luther when he began to preach against indulgences. Other charges were brought forward, of which Huss demanded the proof. Instead of giving it, the Council pressed him with the only alternative, absolute submission to its decrees. On this day, the Emperor Sigismund consummated his own shame, by declaring that though he had given Huss a safe-conduct, yet being now informed by the Fathers of the Council that such a document given to a heretic was, *ipso facto*, null and void, he would no longer charge himself with his safety. Well might Huss say with David and with Strafford, "Put not your trust in princes." From that moment he saw his fate; but with that same beautiful patience for which he was distinguished, he began to express his thanks to the Emperor for the protection that had hitherto been granted him.

The last and final hearing, was on June the 8th. The charges were now more

specifically those on which (as already said) his "heresies" really depended, namely, the opinions he had so often expressed at Prague, touching the Pope and Cardinals, and the invectives in which he had indulged against the vices of the clergy. He could not deny these charges, and if these could make him guilty, he could not deny his guilt. He might indeed have been willing to apologise for occasional needless intemperance of language, but he could not say that his allegations were false. The one alternative was once more put before him, of unconditional submission to the Council, or to be condemned as a heretic. He in vain implored once more that he might enter into a full exposition of his opinions. He was told that he must retract and abjure the doctrines contained in the forty-four articles, and swear to believe and teach the contrary. Huss then gave the noble answer "that he could not abjure those doctrines which he had never affirmed, and as to others which he did believe, he would not deny the truth against his conscience, until their falsehood was clearly proved to him." Here again he was pleading as Luther pleaded, that nothing can justify a man's saying anything against his conscience.

In vain he was admonished; in vain all sorts of menaces and blandishment were exhausted upon him in turn. He was inflexible; his truly adamant temper would neither bend nor break. He was taken back to his prison, and as he left the Council, told them, "God must judge between him and them."

At this last appearance before the Council, finding himself brow-beaten and bullied on all hands, and utterly hopeless of obtaining a hearing, in reply to the charges made against him, Huss at last contented himself with reiterating what he had on a previous occasion urged, "a solemn appeal to Christ against the Council." This of course moved only the scorn and derision of this Christian assembly; on which he renewed and justified it. "Behold," he said, "O Christ, how thy Council condemns what Thou hast prescribed and practised. Yes," he continued, turning to the Council, "I have maintained, and still maintain, that there can be no surer appeal than to Jesus Christ; for He can be neither corrupted by bribes, nor deceived by false witnesses, nor cozened by any artifice."

He remained yet a month in his dungeon, and during that time various formulae of abjuration were proposed to him. Several Cardinals visited him, and plied him with

promises and threats by turns. It was still in vain, and on the 1st of July Huss sent to the Council his final resolution, that he neither could nor would abjure any of his opinions until his errors were demonstrated from the Scriptures. His execution was fixed for the 6th of July. But before that hour arrived one other trial, prolonged and ignominious almost beyond example, awaited him. Every ingredient that could add bitterness to that cup was infused into it. This was the public ceremony of his formal degradation. It is not possible to read the account of that scene without wondering at the majestic patience of the man, or without horror and indignation against the perpetrators of the iniquity, and at the system which made such things possible. The only thing that at all mitigates the feeling is contempt for many of the childish forms of spiteful mummery in which their malice embodied itself. He was commanded to assume the priestly vestments; he obeyed. He then ascended a lofty scaffold, prepared for the occasion, and made that remarkable and noble confession to the people: "The Bishops bid me confess that I am in error. If I could comply, with but the loss of the honour of a mortal man, they might perhaps have persuaded me to yield to them. But I stand here, face to face with Almighty God, and I cannot do this without dishonour to Him or without the stings of my own conscience. . . . How could I lift my eyes to Heaven, how face those whom I have taught, if I were thus to act? Am I to cast into doubt so many souls by my example?"

He was interrupted, and commanded to descend from the scaffold. The several priestly vestments were then successively taken from him by as many bishops, each of whom, as he took his part of the holy finery, (too holy for John Huss to wear,) addressed the poor victim by some too characteristic speech of orthodox irony or malice. The one who took the chalice from him out-heroded the rest: "O thou accursed Judas," said he, "because thou hast abandoned the council of peace, and conspired with the Jews, we take from thee this cup of salvation." Huss undauntedly replied, "But I trust in God the Father of all, and in our Lord Jesus Christ, for whose name's sake I am suffering all this, that He will not take from me the cup of His salvation. On the contrary I have a firm persuasion that I shall drink it to-day in His kingdom." At length came the obliteration of the tonsure, and how to manage this, — that is, (as one may say,) to shave a man already

shaved, or rather to unshave him, — not a little puzzled these sacerdotal barbers. One proposed this, and another that. Huss quietly said to the Emperor, "Strange, that though they are all equally cruel, they cannot agree even in their cruelty." At last they decided, (it is said, but it is to be hoped falsely,) to cut with scissors a portion of the scalp. They had now, as they deemed, deprived him of all ecclesiastic symbols of honour and privilege, and nothing remained but to hand him over to the secular arm; but their childish malice suddenly recollected that one thing was still omitted. A large paper cap, painted with grotesque figures of devils, and inscribed with the word "HERESIARCHA," was placed on his head. When Huss saw it he said, "Our Lord wore a crown of thorns for my sake, why should I not wear this light, though ignominious cap for His?" The bishops in putting it on said, "We deliver thy body to the flames, and thy soul to the devil." Huss, lifting his eyes, replied, "Into thy hands, O Jesus Christ, I commend my soul which thou hast redeemed."

After this, he was led to the place of execution, just beyond the gate of Gottlieben, where carcases were usually flayed, and where much carrion had been recently strewn about, in order to add to the ignominy of the punishment. On his way, Huss had seen his more immortal part, — his books, — already burning. It only moved a smile, perhaps, at the childishness, perhaps at the futility, of the malice of his enemies. On arriving at the pile, his countenance was told lighted up with animation. With a loud and clear voice he recited the 31st, and 81st Psalms, and prayed for some time. After one more vain attempt to extract a retraction from him, the fire was lighted. The fuel had only been piled up to his knees, and when burnt down, the upper part of his body was found unconsumed, and hanging on the stake by the chain; the flames were again kindled, and the heart of the refractory heretic having been torn from his body, and beaten and broken with clubs, was separately burnt. But happily, of this supplementary martyrdom, Huss knew nothing. He seems to have been suffocated, rather than burnt, shortly after the fire was kindled, and just after he had uttered with a loud voice his last words, "Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God, have mercy on me!"

The ashes were carefully collected and cast into the Rhine, whence, (as Fuller said of those of Wickliffe, cast into the Avon,) they have been carried into the "main

ocean," and so are an "emblem of his doctrine, diffused throughout the world."

As the voluminous accounts of martyrdom scarcely present us with any scene that reminds us more strongly of our blessed Lord in the hall of Pilate and amidst the soldiers of Herod: so, there is none in which the example of the great Master has been more completely copied by the disciple. The patience, dignity, and fortitude of a Christian were marvellously displayed in the whole deportment of the martyr. He "partook of the sufferings of Christ" and "the glory of Christ rested on him." It was something wonderful, that, as he was of too high and hardly a spirit to quail under the accumulated wrongs and cruelties of his persecutors, this very spirit did not betray him into momentary passion or irritation: that after being so fiercely chased he did not at last turn on the hunters, and resent, with unseemly defiance, the insufferable indignities heaped upon him. Luther would certainly have raged like a lion in the toils; Huss was led as "a lamb to the slaughter."

But this is only half his praise; he was inflexible as gentle. Neither the open violence of the Council, nor the artful interrogatories with which he was plied in prison; neither threats and intimidations, nor promises and cajolery; nor, what was hardest to resist of all, the earnest importunities of friendly voices, could warp his steadfast spirit. And this inflexibility, conjoined with such meekness and patience, give to the character and conduct of Huss, an air of moral sublimity which the world has rarely seen equalled. Even the page of *L'Enfant*, the copious chronicler of the Council of Constance, one of the most honest and laborious, but also one of the dullest, of historians, lights up with a glimmer of animation, and is ruffled with something like energy and pathos, when he comes to depict the closing scenes of the life of the great Bohemian Reformer.*

*One of the most touching and noble appeals made to the Reformer is that of John de Chlum; an appeal which, though it must have cost Huss a pang to part with such a friend, must have sounded in his ears, had he needed such a stimulus, like a trumpet. When every hope was lost, and De Chlum was about to separate from the martyr for the last time, he addressed him in these words:—

"My beloved Master, — I am unlettered, and consequently unfit to counsel one so enlightened as you. Nevertheless, if you are secretly conscious of any one of those errors which have been publicly imputed to you, I do entreat you not to feel any shame in retracting it; but if, on the contrary, you are convinced of your innocence, I am so far from advising you to say anything against your conscience, that I exhort you rather to endure every form of torture than to renounce anything that you hold to be true." Huss replied with tears, that God

Thus perished this man, after as terrible and prolonged a fight with the "principalities, and powers of this world," close leagued with those of "darkness," as ever was fought by martyr or confessor; — the more terrible that it was fought by him alone, the first of the long and illustrious procession of martyrs of Reformation who were destined, with "the irresistible might of weakness," (as Milton has it,) "to shake the Powers of Darkness, and scorn the fiery rage of the Old Red Dragon." Huss trod his dark path alone, unsupported by the example of that "cloud of witnesses" who gave courage to his successors: by himself was he to hush the doubts which could not but assail any man who undertook to assert his opinions against the voice of all prescription, armed with all power; and this, too, amidst imprisonment, sickness, "cruel mockings," and every form of wrong. In a word, he drank the cup of martyrdom drop by drop, with every conceivable ingredient of bitterness in it, — involving in all probability, a sum of suffering of which, after all, the last brief fiery agony was the least part. To the deep shadows which often rested on his soul, amidst his prison solitude, there are some touching allusions in his letters; he there speaks of the dark forebodings which troubled him, and of the terrible dreams which sometimes haunted his sleep.*

As we read the tragic story, it is impossible not to feel our indignation kindle against the corrupt Church which burned him, or murmuring with those souls beneath the altar, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

While it is true that John Huss was a pioneer of the Reformation, it is also true that the Reformation he sought was not of doctrine so much as of morals and of government. He pleaded, quite justly, that he was not guilty of the heresies of which his enemies accused him: he was, as already said, burned for very different reasons. He was orthodox on transubstantiation, believed in the intercession of saints, worshipped the Virgin Mother, held by purgatory and prayers for the dead; and, though he thought the cup ought to be given to the laity, did not make even that, (which was the bond and characteristic symbol of his followers,) an essential point. In inveighing against the monstrous evils of the great Schism,

was his witness, how ready he had ever been, and still was, to retract on oath, and with his whole heart, from the moment he should be convicted of any error by evidence from Holy Scripture.

*Especially in letters xxviii, xxxii, *Huss, Oper.* In one, he speaks of a dream in which frightful serpents seemed to be crawling about him.

against the corruptions in the government of the Church, and the vices of her ministers, he had done little more than many others both before him and after him. Nay, at Constance itself almost equal freedom was used. But, as Waddington justly observes, the offence of Huss consisted in this—that the “Bible,” and not the “Church,” was the source of his reforming zeal.

It would have been well if the Reformation that Huss contemplated had included dogma; for there could be no effectual reformation without it. Hence chiefly it was that Luther's was more durable and efficacious. Both reformers had their eyes first opened by those moral enormities which most readily struck the sense, and which were the *ne plus ultra* of the recession of the Church from Christian truth. Both spoke with almost equal vehemence against false miracles, indulgences, and the vices of the clergy. But Luther looked further, and saw deeper; and attacked, one after another, those corruptions of doctrine which were the secret roots of the evils in practice. So little force is there in the modern and too favourite notion, that dogma is of little or no consequence, or that one set of dogmas is nearly as good as another! Looking at men *in general*, as are their *convictions* (supposing these firm and sincere), such also will be their life, whether good or evil. The superstition which buries truth, and the scepticism which doubts whether there be any, are in the end almost equally pernicious to the morals of mankind; both alike tend to repress all that is noble and magnanimous in our nature. What we find true in politics, is certainly not less true in theology; and we all know what sort of patriot and statesman he is likely to prove who believes that it matters not what party-badge he wears or what political creed he professes; who doubts whether it be not wisest to let the world jog on as it will, and to acquiesce in any time-honoured abuse, or inveterate corruption which it will give trouble and involve sacrifice to extirpate. But there is this difference in the two cases, that the world will tolerate in theology the character which it is too astute not to abhor in politics.

It is in vain, however, to blame Huss for not going deeper or further. He lived a century before Luther; and neither he nor his contemporaries were prepared in the fifteenth century to receive or act upon views which were feasible only in the sixteenth. But to this high praise he is unquestionably entitled, that he asserted the very same maxim on which Luther justified his

resistance at Worms,—the absolute supremacy of conscience, unless its errors be demonstrated by clear proof from what both of them affirmed to be alone the ultimate authority in matters of faith,—the Scripture. Though much more than this is required for a full and consistent system of religious liberty, it was a large instalment of it; and for vindicating so much of the great charter of the “Rights of Conscience,” and ratifying it with a martyr's seal, John Huss is entitled to be held in lasting and grateful remembrance.

It has been seen that really Huss penetrated very imperfectly into the evils of Popery. By some, however, the contrary would seem to be assumed; for he has been represented, not only as the precursor but the prophet of the Reformation; and an appeal has been made to certain medals, (supposed to have been struck contemporaneously with his death, or shortly after it,) inscribed with a prediction that “after a hundred years his oppressors should answer to God and to him — ‘*Centum revolutis annis Deo respondebitis et mihi.*’”

L'Enfant has examined this matter with his usual fullness and fairness, and shown that there is no ground for supposing these medals to be anterior to the Lutheran Reformation, and that there is nothing in any of the acknowledged remains of Huss, which show that he pretended to anything more than merely mortal presages as to the future of the papacy. It is true there are expressions which show that he felt convinced that the evils of the Church were so enormous that a time of Reformation must come; that a tree so rotten must fall. But they only prove that he saw what many a mind between Huss and Luther saw as clearly. Nor is it possible to read many of the satires on the clergy during the middle ages, without being convinced that those who have wrote and read them must have divined that a system, the corruptions of which were so notorious, so odious, and so *ridiculed*, could not be very long maintained. It was a probability on which any mind of more than moderate perspicuity might safely speculate; just as we may now confidently predict from the present symptoms and position of the Papacy that it will, within a very short time, perhaps in less than one brief year, be the subject of startling revolutions. There it stands, an anachronism in the world's history; with all its errors stereotyped; stationary amidst progress, and immutable amidst change; showing in the late Encyclical that it does not in the slightest degree recede from aspirations and pretensions to which it is im-

possible to give effect; regarding all that passes around it with a smile of senile madness; the patron still, so far as it can or dare act upon them, of the very principles which led it to persecute Huss and Luther; the lion still, but an old lion, with teeth broken and claws pared; with the worst possible government of its own, and acting as a universal obstructive (wheresoever it has influence) to the formation of others that are better; giving the world infinite plague, and a source of perpetual difficulty and worry to Europe; with its subject nations more and more divided as to the extent of their allegiance, and as to the measure of the faith to be reposed in its Decrees; while on the other hand, we see it about to be deserted by the secular supports which have so long upheld it, and challenged to try whether it can keep itself from tumbling down. If the French Emperor had studied, for ten years together, how to involve it in difficulties, and perhaps Europe with it, he could not have thought of anything better than his somewhat enigmatical "Convention." Whether fairly carried out with all its appendant conditions, or not, it offers almost equally perilous alternatives to Rome. It is impossible for any man not to pre-see—as Huss and Luther could in their day—that a time of startling change is at hand.

If we could put faith in what most of us must always be very distrustful of,—the interpretation of *unfulfilled* prophecy, it would be difficult not to be startled by the singular coincidence that the *time* fixed by many interpreters, (and some of them lived long ago,) for the *dénouement* of the great papal drama synchronises with that fixed for carrying out the imperial Convention, namely, the year 1866; for surely it is not easy to imagine the Emperor Napoleon determining his policy by conjectural interpretations of the Apocalypse! It is very certain, not only that some recent interpreters have fixed on that year as being a significant epoch for the Papacy, but that Fleming, more than a hundred and fifty years ago, predicted that *either* 1848 or 1866, according as we

read the prophetic year by the Julian calendar, or otherwise, would be thus significant. In point of fact, both periods have been very significant,—the first as heralding the European Revolutions (and amongst them, that at Rome) which led to the occupation of Rome by the French; and the second as signalled by the imperial Convention which is to terminate it. But, as already said, it is impossible not to distrust minute interpretations of *unfulfilled* prophecy. While we hold with Bishop Butler, that it is impossible for any man who compares the history of the world with the prophetic pages of the Bible, not to be struck with the general conformity between them; and, while we may well believe that, as the scroll of the future is read by the light of events, that view will be strongly corroborated, it is difficult to imagine, from the very nature of prophecy, (addressed as it is to a world governed by moral laws, and yet predicting events which are to admit of no possibility of being either accelerated or frustrated,) that it can be otherwise than conjecturally interpreted. He who would pry too closely into unfulfilled prophecy, is like the too curious Athenian, who wished to know "what it was that the philosopher was carrying concealed under his cloak?" "I carry it there," was the reply, "for the very purpose of concealing it." It is much the same with the enigmas of unfulfilled prophecy till the event makes them plain. And if we too importunately inquire as to the future, that may be said to us, which was said to those who asked the Saviour, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in his own power."

Meanwhile, it does not require any great sagacity to believe that startling changes are coming upon that wonderful fabric which it took so many centuries to compact, and has already taken so many to disintegrate; that, "after the Convention," chaos; and that none need particularly covet to be in Rome in the month of December, 1866.

CHAPTER LX.

ROGER HAMLEY'S CONFESSION.

ROGER had a great deal to think of as he turned away from looking after the carriage as long as it could be seen. The day before, he had believed that Molly had come to view all the symptoms of his growing love for her, — symptoms which he thought had been so patent, — as disgusting inconstancy to the inconstant Cynthia; that she had felt that an attachment which could so soon be transferred to another was not worth having; and that she had desired to mark all this by her changed treatment of him, and so to nip it in the bud. But this morning her old sweet, frank manner had returned — in their last interview, at any rate. He puzzled himself hard to find out what could have distressed her at breakfast-time. He even went so far as to ask Robinson whether Miss Gibson had received any letters that morning; and when he heard that she had had one, he tried to believe that the letter was in some way the cause of her sorrow. So far so good. They were friends again after their unspoken difference; but that was not enough for Roger. He felt every day more and more certain that she, and she alone, could make him happy. He had felt this, and had partly given up all hope, while his father had been urging upon him the very course he most desired to take. No need for "trying" to love her, he said to himself, — that was already done. And yet he was very jealous on her behalf. Was that love worthy of her which had once been given to Cynthia? Was not this affair too much a mocking mimicry of the last? Again just on the point of leaving England for a considerable time! If he followed her now to her own home, — in the very drawing-room where he had once offered to Cynthia! And then by a strong resolve he determined on this course. They were friends now, and he kissed the rose that was her pledge of friendship. If he went to Africa, he ran some deadly chances; he knew better what they were now than he had done when he went before. Until his return he would not even attempt to win more of her love than he already had. But once safe home again, no weak fancies as to what might or might not be her answer should prevent his running all chances to gain the woman who was to him the one who excelled all. His was not the poor vanity that thinks more of the possible mortification of a refusal than of the precious jewel of a bride that may be won. Somehow or another,

please God to send him back safe, he would put his fate to the touch. And till then he would be patient. He was no longer a boy to rush at the coveted object; he was a man capable of judging and abiding.

Molly sent her father, as soon as she could find him, to the Hall; and then sat down to the old life in the home drawing-room, where she missed Cynthia's bright presence at every turn. Mrs. Gibson was in rather a querulous mood, which fastened itself upon the injury of Cynthia's letter being addressed to Molly, and not to herself.

"Considering all the trouble I had with her trousseau, I think she might have written to me."

"But she did — her first letter was to you, mamma," said Molly, her real thoughts still intent upon the Hall — upon the sick child — upon Roger, and his begging for the flower.

"Yes, just a first letter, three pages long, with an account of her crossing; while to you she can write about fashions, and how the bonnets are worn in Paris, and all sorts of interesting things. But poor mothers must never expect confidential letters, I have found that out."

"You may see my letter, mamma," said Molly; "there is really nothing in it."

"And to think of her writing, and crossing to you who don't value it, while my poor heart is yearning after my lost child! Really life is somewhat hard to bear at times."

Then there was a silence — for a while.

"Do tell me something about your visit, Molly. Is Roger very heart-broken? Does he talk much about Cynthia?"

"No. He does not mention her often; hardly ever, I think."

"I never thought he had much feeling. If he had had, he would not have let her go so easily."

"I don't see how he could help it. When he came to see her after his return, she was already engaged to Mr. Henderson — he had come down that very day," said Molly, with perhaps more heat than the occasion required.

"My poor head!" said Mrs. Gibson, putting her hands up to her head. "One may see you've been stopping with people of robust health, and — excuse my saying it, Molly, of your friends — of unrefined habits, you've got to talk in so loud a voice. But do remember my head, Molly. So Roger has quite forgotten Cynthia, has he? Oh! what inconstant creatures men are! He will be falling in love with some grandee next, mark my words! They are making a

pet and a lion of him, and he's just the kind of weak young man to have his head turned by it all; and to propose to some fine lady of rank, who would no more think of marrying him than of marrying her footman."

"I don't think it is likely," said Molly, stoutly. "Roger is too sensible for anything of the kind."

"That's just the fault I always found with him; sensible and cold-hearted! Now, that's a kind of character which may be very valuable, but which revolts me. Give me warmth of heart, even with a little of that extravagance of feeling which misleads the judgment, and conducts into romance. Poor Mr. Kirkpatrick! That was just his character. I used to tell him that his love for me was quite romantic. I think I have told you about his walking five miles in the rain to get me a muffin once when I was ill?"

"Yes!" said Molly. "It was very kind of him."

"So imprudent, too! Just what one of your sensible, cold-hearted, commonplace people would never have thought of doing. With his cough and all."

"I hope he didn't suffer for it?" replied Molly, anxious at any cost to keep off the subject of the Hamleys, upon which she and her stepmother always disagreed, and on which she found it difficult to keep her temper.

"Yes, indeed, he did! I don't think he ever got over the cold he caught that day. I wish you had known him, Molly. I sometimes wonder what would have happened if you had been my real daughter, and Cynthia dear papa's, and Mr. Kirkpatrick and your own dear mother had all lived. People talk a good deal about natural affinities. It would have been a question for a philosopher." She began to think on the impossibilities she had suggested.

"I wonder how the poor little boy is?" said Molly, after a pause, speaking out her thought.

"Poor little child! When one thinks how little his prolonged existence is to be desired, one feels that his death would be a boon."

"Mamma! what do you mean?" asked Molly, much shocked. "Why every one cares for his life as the most precious thing! You have never seen him! He is the bonniest, sweetest little fellow that can be! What do you mean?"

"I should have thought that the squire would have desired a better-born heir than the offspring of a servant, — with all his ideas about descent, and blood, and family. And

I should have thought that it was a little mortifying to Roger — who must naturally have looked upon himself as his brother's heir — to find a little interloping child, half French, half English, stepping into his shoes!"

"You don't know how fond they are of him, — the squire looks upon him as the apple of his eye."

"Molly! Molly! pray don't let me hear you using such vulgar expressions. When shall I teach you true refinement — that refinement which consists in never even thinking a vulgar, commonplace thing? Proverbs and idioms are never used by people of education. 'Apple of his eye!' I am really shocked."

"Well, mamma, I'm very sorry; but after all, what I wanted to say as strongly as I could was, that the squire loves the little boy as much as his own child; and that Roger — oh! what a shame to think that Roger" — And she stopped suddenly short, as if she were choked.

"I don't wonder at your indignation, my dear!" said Mrs. Gibson. "It is just what I should have felt at your age. But one learns the baseness of human nature with advancing years. I was wrong, though, to deceive you so early — but depend upon it, the thought I alluded to has crossed Roger Hamley's mind!"

"All sorts of thoughts cross one's mind — it depends upon whether one gives them harbour and encouragement," said Molly.

"My dear, if you must have the last word, don't let it be a truism. But let us talk on some more interesting subject. I asked Cynthia to buy me a silk gown in Paris, and I said I would send her word what colour I fixed upon — I think dark blue is the most becoming to my complexion; what do you say?"

Molly agreed, sooner than take the trouble of thinking about the thing at all; she was far too full of her silent review of all the traits in Roger's character which had lately come under her notice, and that gave the lie direct to her stepmother's supposition. Just then they heard Mr. Gibson's step downstairs. But it was some time before he made his entrance into the room where they were sitting.

"How is little Roger?" said Molly, eagerly.

"Beginning with scarlet fever, I'm afraid. It's well you left when you did, Molly. You've never had it. We must stop up all intercourse with the Hall for a time. If there's one illness I dread, it is this."

"But you go and come back to us, papa."

"Yes. But I always take plenty of precautions. However, no need to talk about risks that lie in the way of one's duty. It is unnecessary risks that we must avoid."

"Will he have it badly?" asked Molly.

"I can't tell. I shall do my best for the wee laddie."

Whenever Mr. Gibson's feelings were touched, he was apt to recur to the language of his youth. Molly knew now that he was much interested in the case.

For some days there was imminent danger to the little boy; for some weeks there was a more chronic form of illness to contend with; but when the immediate danger was over and the warm daily interest was past, Molly began to realize that, from the strict quarantine her father evidently thought it necessary to establish between the two houses, she was not likely to see Roger again before his departure for Africa. Oh! if she had but made more of the uncared-for days that she had passed with him at the Hall! Worse than uncared for; days on which she had avoided him; refused to converse freely with him; given him pain by her change of manner; for she had read in his eyes, heard in his voice, that he had been perplexed and pained, and now her imagination dwelt on and exaggerated the expression of his tones and looks.

One evening after dinner, her father said,—

"As the country-people say, I've done a stroke of work to-day. Roger Hamley and I have laid our heads together, and we have made a plan by which Mrs. Osborne and her boy will leave the Hall."

"What did I say the other day, Molly?" said Mrs. Gibson, interrupting, and giving Molly a look of extreme intelligence.

"And go into lodgings at Jennings' farm; not four hundred yards from the Park-field gate," continued Mr. Gibson. "The squire and his daughter-in-law have got to be much better friends over the little fellow's sick-bed; and I think he sees now how impossible it would be for the mother to leave her child, and go and be happy in France, which has been the notion running in his head all this time. To buy her off, in fact. But that one night, when I was very uncertain whether I could bring him through, they took to crying together, and condoling with each other; and it was just like tearing down a curtain that had been between them; they have been rather friends than otherwise ever since. Still Roger"—(Molly's cheeks grew warm and her eyes soft and bright; it was such a

pleasure to hear his name)—"and I both agree that his mother knows much better how to manage the boy than his grandfather does. I suppose that was the one good thing she got from that hard-hearted mistress of hers. She certainly has been well trained in the management of children. And it makes her impatient, and annoyed, and unhappy, when she sees the squire giving the child nuts and ale, and all sorts of silly indulgences, and spoiling him in every possible way. Yet she's a coward, and doesn't speak out her mind. Now by being in lodgings, and having her own servants—nice pretty rooms they are, too; we went to see them, and Mrs. Jennings promises to attend well to Mrs. Osborne Hamley, and is very much honoured, and all that sort of thing—not ten minutes' walk from the Hall, too, so that she and the little chap may easily go backwards and forwards as often as they like, and yet she may keep the control over her child's discipline and diet. In short, I think I've done a good day's work," he continued, stretching himself a little; and then with a shake rousing himself, and making ready to go out again, to see a patient who had sent for him in his absence.

"A good day's work!" he repeated to himself as he ran downstairs. "I don't know when I have been so happy!" For he had not told Molly all that had passed between him and Roger. Roger had begun a fresh subject of conversation just as Mr. Gibson was hastening away from the Hall, after completing the new arrangement for Aimée and her child.

"You know that I set off next Tuesday, Mr. Gibson, don't you?" said Roger, a little abruptly.

"To be sure. I hope you'll be as successful in all your scientific objects as you were the last time, and have no sorrows awaiting you when you come back."

"Thank you. Yes. I hope so. You don't think there's any danger of infection now, do you?"

"No! If the disease were to spread through the household, I think we should have had some signs of it before now. One is never sure, remember, with scarlet fever."

Roger was silent for a minute or two. "Should you be afraid," he said at length, "of seeing me at your house?"

"Thank you; but I think I would rather decline the pleasure of your society there at present. It's only three weeks or a month since the child began. Besides, I

shall be over here again before you go. I'm always on my guard against symptoms of dropsy. I have known it supervene."

"Then I shall not see Molly again!" said Roger, in a tone and with a look of great disappointment.

Mr. Gibson turned his keen, observant eyes upon the young man, and looked at him in as penetrating a manner as if he had been beginning with an unknown illness. Then the doctor and the father compressed his lips and gave vent to a long intelligent whistle. "Whew!" said he.

Roger's bronzed cheeks took a deeper shade.

"You will take a message to her from me, won't you? A message of farewell?" he pleaded.

"Not I. I'm not going to be a message-carrier between any young man and young woman. I'll tell my womenkind I forbade you to come near the house, and that you're sorry to go away without bidding good-by. That's all I shall say."

"But you do not disapprove?—I see you guess why. Oh! Mr. Gibson, just speak to me one word of what must be in your heart, though you are pretending not to understand why I would give worlds to see Molly again before I go."

"My dear boy!" said Mr. Gibson, more affected than he liked to show, and laying his hand on Roger's shoulder. Then he pulled himself up, and said gravely enough:

"Mind, Molly is not Cynthia. If she were to care for you, she is not one who could transfer her love to the next comer."

"You mean not as readily as I have done," replied Roger. "I only wish you could know what a different feeling this is to my boyish love for Cynthia."

"I wasn't thinking of you when I spoke; but, however, as I might have remembered afterwards that you were not a model of constancy, let us hear what you have to say for yourself."

"Not much. I did love Cynthia very much. Her manners and her beauty bewitched me; but her letters,—short, hurried letters,—sometimes showing that she really hadn't taken the trouble to read mine through,—I cannot tell you the pain they gave me! Twelve months' solitude, in frequent danger of one's life—face to face with death—sometimes ages a man like many years' experience. Still I longed for the time when I should see her sweet face again, and hear her speak. Then the letter at the Cape!—and still I hoped. But you know how I found her, when I went to have

the interview which I trusted might end in the renewal of our relations,—engaged to Mr. Henderson. I saw her walking with him in your garden, coquetting with him about a flower, just as she used to do with me. I can see the pitying look in Molly's eyes as she watched me; I can see it now. And I could beat myself for being such a blind fool as to—What must she think of me? how she must despise me, choosing the false Duessa."

"Come, come! Cynthia isn't so bad as that. She's a very fascinating, faulty creature."

"I know! I know! I will never allow any one to say a word against her. If I called her the false Duessa it was because I wanted to express my sense of the difference between her and Molly as strongly as I could. You must allow for a lover's exaggeration. Besides, all I wanted to say was,—Do you think that Molly, after seeing and knowing that I had loved a person so inferior to herself, could ever be brought to listen to me?"

"I don't know. I can't tell. And even if I could, I would not. Only if it's any comfort to you, I may say what my experience has taught me. Women are queer, unreasoning creatures, and are just as likely as not to love a man who has been throwing away his affection."

"Thank you sir!" said Roger, interrupting him. "I see you mean to give me encouragement. And I had resolved never to give Molly a hint of what I felt till I returned,—and then to try and win her by every means in my power. I determined not to repeat the former scene in the former place,—in your drawing-room,—however I might be tempted. And perhaps, after all, she avoided me when she was here last."

"Now, Roger, I've listened to you long enough. If you've nothing better to do with your time than to talk about my daughter, I have. When you come back it will be time enough to enquire how far your father would approve of such an engagement."

"He himself urged it upon me the other day—but then I was in despair—I thought it was too late."

"And what means you are likely to have of maintaining a wife,—I always thought that point was passed too lightly over when you formed your hurried engagement to Cynthia. I'm not mercenary,—Molly has some money independently of me,—that she by the way knows nothing of,—not much;—and I can allow her something. But all these things must be left till your return."

"Then you sanction my attachment?"

"I don't know what you mean by sanctioning it. I can't help it. I suppose losing one's daughter is a necessary evil. Still" — seeing the disappointed expression on Roger's face — "it is but fair to you to say I'd rather give my child, — my only child, remember! — to you, than to any man in the world!"

"Thank you!" said Roger, shaking hands with Mr. Gibson, almost against the will of the latter. "And I may see her, just once, before I go?"

"Decidedly not. There I come in as doctor as well as father. No!"

"But you will take a message, at any rate?"

"To my wife and to her conjointly. I will not separate them. I will not in the slightest way be a go-between."

"Very well," said Roger. "Tell them both as strongly as you can how I regret your prohibition. I see I must submit. But if I don't come back, I'll haunt you for having been so cruel."

"Come, I like that. Give me a wise man of science in love! No one beats him in folly. Good-by."

"Good-by. You will see Molly this afternoon!"

"To be sure. And you will see your father. But I don't heave such portentous sighs at the thought."

Mr. Gibson gave Roger's message to his wife and to Molly that evening at dinner. It was but what the latter had expected, after all her father had said of the very great danger of infection; but now that her expectation came in the shape of a final decision, it took away her appetite. She submitted in silence; but her observant father noticed that after this speech of his, she only played with the food on her plate, and concealed a good deal of it under her knife and fork.

"*Lover versus father!*" thought he, half sadly. "*Lover wins.*" And he, too, became indifferent to all that remained of his dinner. Mrs. Gibson pattered on; and nobody listened.

The day of Roger's departure came. Molly tried hard to forget it in working away at a cushion she was preparing as a present to Cynthia; people did worsted-work in those days. One, two, three. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven; all wrong, she was thinking of something else, and had to unpick it. It was a rainy day, too; and Mrs. Gibson, who had planned to go out and pay some calls, had to stay indoors. This made her restless and fidgety. She kept going backwards and forwards to dif-

ferent windows in the drawing-room to look at the weather, as if she imagined that while it rained at one window, it might be fine weather at another. "Molly — come here! who is that man wrapped up in a cloak, — there, — near the Park wall, under the beech-tree — he has been there this half-hour and more, never stirring, and looking at this house all the time! I think it's very suspicious."

Molly looked, and in an instant recognized Roger under all his wraps. Her first instinct was to draw back. The next to come forwards, and say — "Why, mamma, it's Roger Hamley! Look now — he's kissing his hand; he wishing us good-by in the only way he can!" And she responded to his sign; but she was not sure if he perceived her modest quiet movement, for Mrs. Gibson became immediately so demonstrative that Molly fancied that her eager foolish pantomimic motions must absorb all his attention.

"I call this so attentive of him," said Mrs. Gibson, in the midst of a volley of kisses of her hand. "Really it is quite romantic. It reminds me of former days — but he will be too late! I must send him away; it is half-past twelve!" And she took out her watch and held it up, tapping it with her fore-finger, and occupying the very centre of the window. Molly could only peep here and there, dodging now up, now down, now on this side, now on that of the perpetually-moving arms. She fancied she saw something of a corresponding movement on Roger's part. At length he went away, slowly, slowly, and often looking back, in spite of the tapped watch. Mrs. Gibson at last retreated, and Molly quietly moved into her place to see his figure once more before the turn of the road hid it from her view. He, too, knew where the last glimpse of Mr. Gibson's house was to be obtained, and once more he turned, and his white handkerchief floated in the air. Molly waved hers high up, with eager longing that it should be seen. And then, he was gone! and Molly returned to her worsted-work, happy, glowing, sad, content, and thinking to herself how sweet is friendship!

When she came to a sense of the present, Mrs. Gibson was saying, —

"Upon my word, though Roger Hamley has never been a great favourite of mine, this little attention of his has reminded me very forcibly of a very charming young man — a *soupirant*, as the French would call him — Lieutenant Harper — you must have heard me speak of him, Molly?"

"I think I have!" said Molly, absently.

"Well, you remember how devoted he was to me when I was at Mrs. Duncombe's, my first situation, and I only seventeen. And when the recruiting party was ordered to another town, poor Mr. Harper came and stood opposite the schoolroom window for nearly an hour, and I know it was his doing that the band played: 'The girl I left behind me,' when they marched out the next day. Poor Mr. Harper! It was before I knew dear Mr. Kirkpatrick! Dear me. How often my poor heart has had to bleed in this life of mine! not but what dear papa is a very worthy man, and makes me very happy. He would spoil me, indeed, if I would let him. Still he is not as rich as Mr. Henderson."

That last sentence contained the germ of Mrs. Gibson's present grievance. Having married Cynthia, as her mother put it—taking credit to herself as if she had had the principal part in the achievement—she now became a little envious of her daughter's good fortune in being the wife of a young, handsome, rich, and moderately fashionable man, who lived in London. She naively expressed her feelings on this subject to her husband one day when she was really not feeling quite well, and when consequently her annoyances were much more present to her mind than her sources of happiness.

"It is such a pity!" said she, "that I was born when I was. I should so have liked to belong to this generation."

"That's sometimes my own feeling" said he. "So many new views seem to be opened in science, that I should like, if it were possible, to live till their reality was ascertained, and one saw what they led to. But I don't suppose that's your reason, my dear, for wishing to be twenty or thirty years younger."

"No, indeed. And I did not put it in that hard unpleasant way; I only said I should like to belong to this generation. To tell the truth, I was thinking of Cynthia. Without vanity, I believe I was as pretty as she is—when I was a girl, I mean; I had not her dark eye-lashes, but then my nose was straighter. And now look at the difference! I have to live in a little country town with three servants, and no carriage; and she with her inferior good looks will live in Sussex Place, and keep a man and a brougham, and I don't know what. But the fact is, in this generation there are so many more rich young men than there were when I was a girl."

"Oh, oh! so that's your reason, is it, my dear. If you had been young now you

might have married somebody as well off as Walter?"

"Yes!" said she. "I think that was my idea. Of course I should have liked him to be you. I always think if you had gone to the bar you might have succeeded better, and lived in London, too. I don't think Cynthia cares much where she lives, yet you see it has come to her."

"What has—London?"

"Oh, you dear, facetious man. Now that's just the thing to have captivated a jury. I don't believe Walter will ever be so clever as you are. Yet he can take Cynthia to Paris, and abroad, and everywhere. I only hope all this indulgence won't develop the faults in Cynthia's character. It's a week since we heard from her, and I did write so particularly to ask her for the autumn fashions before I bought my new bonnet. But riches are a great snare."

"Be thankful you are spared temptation, my dear."

"No, I'm not. Everybody likes to be tempted. And, after all, it's very easy to resist temptation, if one wishes."

"I don't find it so easy," said her husband.

"Here's medicine for you, mamma," said Molly, entering with a letter held up in her hand. "A letter from Cynthia."

"Oh, you dear little messenger of good news! There was one of the heathen deities in Mangnall's questions whose office it was to bring news. The letter is dated from Calais. They're coming home! She's bought me a shawl and a bonnet! The dear creature! Always thinking of others before herself: good fortune cannot spoil her. They've a fortnight left of their holiday! Their house is not quite ready; they're coming here. Oh, now, Mr. Gibson, we must have the new dinner service at Wat's! I've set my heart on so long! 'Home' Cynthia calls this house. I'm sure it has been a home to her, poor darling! I doubt if there is another man in the world who would have treated his stepdaughter like dear papa! And, Molly, you must have a new gown."

"Come, come! Remember I belong to the last generation," said Mr. Gibson.

"And Cynthia will not notice what I wear," said Molly, bright with pleasure at the thought of seeing her again.

"No! but Walter will. He has such a quick eye for dress, and I think I rival papa; if he is a good stepfather, I'm a good stepmother, and I could not bear to see my Molly shabby, and not looking her best. I

must have a new gown too. It won't do to look as if we had nothing but the dresses which we wore at the wedding!"

But Molly stood against the new gown for herself, and urged that if Cynthia and Walter were to come to visit them often, they had better see them as they really were, in dress, habits, and appointments. When Mr. Gibson had left the room, Mrs. Gibson softly reproached Molly for her obstinacy.

"You might have allowed me to beg for a new gown for you, Molly, when you knew how much I admired that figured silk at Brown's the other day. And now, of course, I can't be so selfish as to get it for myself, and you to have nothing. You should learn to understand the wishes of other people. Still, on the whole, you are a dear, sweet girl, and I only wish — well, I know what I wish; only dear papa does not like it to be talked about. And now cover me up close, and let me go to sleep, and dream about my dear Cynthia and my new shawl!"

HERE the story is broken off and it can never be finished. What promised to be the crowning work of a life is a memorial of death. A few days longer, and it would have been a triumphal column, crowned with a capital of festal leaves and flowers: now it is another sort of column — one of those sad white pillars which stand broken in the churchyard.

But if the work is not quite complete, little remains to be added to it, and that little has been distinctly reflected into our minds. We know that Roger Hamley will marry Molly, and that is what we are most concerned about. Indeed, there was little else to tell. Had the writer lived, she would have sent her hero back to Africa forthwith; and those scientific parts of Africa are a long way from Hamley; and there is not much to choose between a long distance and a long time. How many hours are there in twenty-four when you are all alone in a desert place, a thousand miles from the happiness which might be yours to take — if you were there to take it? How many, when from the sources of the Topinambo your heart flies back ten times a day, like a carrier-pigeon, to the one only source of future good for you, and ten times a day returns with its message undelivered? Many more than are counted on the calendar. So Roger found. The days were weeks that separated him from the time when Molly gave him a certain little flower, and months from the time which divorced

him from Cynthia, whom he had begun to doubt before he knew for certain that she was never much worth hoping for. And if such were his days, what was the slow procession of actual weeks and months in those remote and solitary places? They were like years of a stay-at-home life, with liberty and leisure to see that nobody was courting Molly meanwhile. The effect of this was, that long before the term of his engagement was ended all that Cynthia had been to him was departed from Roger's mind, and all that Molly was and might be to him filled it full.

He returned; but when he saw Molly again he remembered that to her the time of his absence might not have seemed so long, and was oppressed with the old dread that she would think him fickle. Therefore this young gentleman, so self-reliant and so lucid in scientific matters, found it difficult after all to tell Molly how much he hoped she loved him; and might have blundered if he had not thought of beginning by showing her the flower that was plucked from the nosegay. How charmingly that scene would have been drawn, had Mrs. Gaskell lived to depict it, we can only imagine: that it *would* have been charming — especially in what Molly did, and looked, and said — we know.

Roger and Molly are married; and if one of them is happier than the other, it is Molly. Her husband has no need to draw upon the little fortune which is to go to poor Osborne's boy, for he becomes professor at some great scientific institution, and wins his way in the world handsomely. The squire is almost as happy in this marriage as his son. If any one suffers for it, it is Mr. Gibson. But he takes a partner, so as to get a chance of running up to London to stay with Molly for a few days now and then, and "to get a little rest from Mrs. Gibson." Of what was to happen to Cynthia after her marriage the author was not heard to say much, and, indeed, it does not seem that anything needs to be added. One little anecdote, however, was told of her by Mrs. Gaskell, which is very characteristic. One day, when Cynthia and her husband were on a visit to Hamley, Mr. Henderson learned for the first time, through an innocent casual remark of Mr. Gibson's, that the famous traveller, Roger Hamley, was known to the family. Cynthia had never happened to mention it. How well that little incident, too, would have been described!

But it is useless to speculate upon what would have been done by the delicate strong

hand which can create no more Molly Gibsons — no more Roger Hamleys. We have repeated, in this brief note, all that is known of her designs for the story, which would have been completed in another chapter. There is not so much to regret, then, so far as this novel is concerned; indeed, the regrets of those who knew her are less for the loss of the novelist than of the woman — one of the kindest and wisest of her time. But yet, for her own sake as a novelist alone, her untimely death is a matter for deep regret. It is clear in this novel of *Wives and Daughters*, in the exquisite little story that preceded it, *Cousin Phillis*, and in *Sylvia's Lovers*, that Mrs. Gaskell had within these five years started upon a new career with all the freshness of youth, and with a mind which seemed to have put off its clay and to have been born again. But that "put off its clay" must be taken in a very narrow sense. All minds are tintured more or less with the "muddy vesture" in which they are contained; but few minds ever showed less of base earth than Mrs. Gaskell's. It was so at all times; but lately even the original slight tincture seemed to disappear. While you read any one of the last three books we have named, you feel yourself caught out of an abominable wicked world, crawling with selfishness and reeking with base passions, into one where there is much weakness, many mistakes, sufferings long and bitter, but where it is possible for people to live calm and wholesome lives; and, what is more, you feel that this is at least as real a world as the other. The kindly spirit which thinks no ill looks out of her pages irradiate; and while we read them, we breathe the purer intelligence which prefers to deal with emotions and passions which have a living root in minds within the pale of salvation, and not with those which rot without it. This spirit is more especially declared in *Cousin Phillis* and *Wives and Daughters* — their author's latest works; they seem to show that for her the end of life was not descent amongst the clods of the valley, but ascent into the purer air of the heaven-aspiring hills.

We are saying nothing now of the merely intellectual qualities displayed in these later works. Twenty years to come, that may be thought the more important question of the two; in the presence of her grave we cannot think so; but it is true, all the same, that as mere works of art and observation, these later novels of Mrs. Gaskell's are among the finest of our time. There is a scene in *Cousin Phillis* — where Holman, making hay with his men, ends the day with

a psalm — which is not excelled as a picture in all modern fiction; and the same may be said of that chapter of this last story in which Roger smokes a pipe with the Squire after the quarrel with Osborne. There is little in either of these scenes, or in a score of others which succeed each other like gems in a cabinet, which the ordinary novel-maker could "seize." There is no "material" for him in half-a-dozen farming men singing hymns in a field, or a discontented old gentleman smoking tobacco with his son. Still less could he avail himself of the miseries of a little girl sent to be happy in a fine house full of fine people; but it is just in such things as these that true genius appears brightest and most unapproachable. It is the same with the personages in Mrs. Gaskell's works. Cynthia is one of the most difficult characters which have ever been attempted in our time. Perfect art always obscures the difficulties it overcomes; and it is not till we try to follow the processes by which such a character as the Tito of *Romola* is created, for instance, that we begin to understand what a marvellous piece of work it is. To be sure, Cynthia was not so difficult, nor is it nearly so great a creation as that splendid achievement of art and thought — of the rarest art, of the profoundest thought. But she also belongs to the kind of characters which are conceived only in minds large, clear, harmonious and just, and which can be portrayed fully and without flaw only by hands obedient to the finest motions of the mind. Viewed in this light, Cynthia is a more important piece of work even than Molly, delicately as she is drawn, and true and harmonious as that picture is also. And what we have said of Cynthia may be said with equal truth of Osborne Hamley. The true delineation of a character like that is as fine a test of art as the painting of a foot or a hand, which also seems so easy, and in which perfection is most rare. In this case the work is perfect. Mrs. Gaskell has drawn a dozen characters more striking than Osborne since she wrote *Mary Barton*, but not one which shows more exquisite finish.

Another thing we may be permitted to notice, because it has a great and general significance. It may be true that this is not exactly the place for criticism, but since we are writing of Osborne Hamley, we cannot resist pointing out a peculiar instance of the subtler conceptions which underlie all really considerable works. Here are Osborne and Roger, two men who, in every particular that can be seized for description, are totally different creatures. Body and

mind they are quite unlike. They have different tastes; they take different ways: they are men of two sorts, which, in the society sense, never "know" each other; and yet, never did brotherly blood run more manifest than in the veins of those two. To make that manifest without allowing the effort to peep out for a single moment, would be a triumph of art; but it is a "touch beyond the reach of art" to make their likeness in unlikeness so natural a thing that we no more wonder about it than we wonder at seeing the fruit and the bloom on the same bramble: we have always seen them there together in blackberry season, and do not wonder about it nor think about it at all. Inferior writers, even some writers who are highly accounted, would have revelled in the "contrast," persuaded that they were doing a fine anatomical dramatic thing by bringing it out at every opportunity. To the author of *Wives and Daughters* this sort of anatomy was mere dislocation. She began by having the people of her story born in the usual way, and not built up like the Frankenstein monster; and thus when Squire Hamley took a wife, it was then

provided that his two boys should be as naturally one and diverse as the fruit and the bloom on the bramble. "It goes without speaking." These differences are precisely what might have been expected from the union of Squire Hamley with the town-bred, refined, delicate-minded woman whom he married; and the affection of the young men, their kind-ness (to use the word in its old and new meanings at once) is nothing but a reproduction of those impalpable threads of love which bound the equally diverse father and mother in bonds faster than the ties of blood.

But we will not permit ourselves to write any more in this vein. It is unnecessary to demonstrate to those who know what is and what is not true literature that Mrs. Gaskell was gifted with some of the choicest faculties bestowed upon mankind; that these grew into greater strength and ripened into greater beauty in the decline of her days; and that she has gifted us with some of the truest, purest works of fiction in the language. And she was herself what her works show her to have been — a wise, good woman. — [Ed. Cornhill Magazine.]

THE TRUE GOLDEN AGE.

CHILDHOOD's the only golden age;
Then had I many a fairy vassal,
Then even the miser who lived on the hill
Was Giant Despair, of Doubting Castle.

Everything my fancy changed
To the wonderful dreams of nursery-lore,
And I walk'd in the fir-tree wood in fear
Of meeting the Giant Blunderbore.

I dreaded the cat with the brassy eyes
Glaring with phosphorescent lights;
For I knew on such steeds the witches ride,
Chasing the moon on the summer nights.

And well I knew that the fern-leaves hid
Sleeping fairies and elves by dozens,

And mushrooms sprang wherever there danced
Titania's chiefs or Oberon's cousins.

The sunset brought me faces grim,
Glaring out from the fiery doors;
And often I saw in the moonlit clouds
Angels who paced the starry floors.

Now, the rainbow itself seems black;
The only giant I meet is Care;
The wolf is growling outside the door,
And the bailiff's step I hear on the stair.

Childhood's the only golden age;
Then had I many a fairy vassal,
Then even the miser who lived on the hill
Was Giant Despair, of Doubting Castle.
— *All the Year Round.*

PART VIII. — CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE NEST WITH STRANGE "BIRDS" IN IT.

To the Swan's Nest, very differently tenanted from what we saw it at the opening of our story, we have now to conduct our reader. Its present occupant, "the acquisition to any neighbourhood," as the house-agent styled him, was Colonel Sewell.

Lady Lendrick had taken the place for her son, on finding that Sir William would not extend his hospitality to him. She had taken the precaution not merely to pay a year's rent in advance, but to make a number of changes in the house and its dependencies, which she hoped might render the residence more palatable to him, and reconcile him in some degree to its isolation and retirement.

The Colonel was, however, one of those men—they are numerous enough in this world—who canvass the mouth of the gift-horse, and have few scruples in detecting the signs of his age. He criticised the whole place with a most commendable frankness. It was a "poky little hole. It was dark, it was low ceilinged. It was full of inconveniences. The furniture was old-fashioned. You had to mount two steps into the drawing-room, and go down three into the dining-room. He had to cross a corridor to his bath-room, and there was a great Tudor window in the small breakfast parlour, and made one feel as if sitting in a lantern."

As for the stables, "he wouldn't put a donkey into them." No light, no ventilation, no anything, in short. To live surrounded with so many inconveniences was the most complete assertion of his fallen condition, and, as he said, "he had never realized his fall in the world till he settled down in that miserable Nest."

There are men whose especial delight it is to call your attention to their impaired condition, their threadbare coat, their patched shoes, their shabby equipage, or their sorry dwelling, as though they were framing a sort of indictment against Fate and setting forth the hardships of persons of merit like them being subjected to this unjustifiable treatment by Fortune.

"I suppose you never thought to see me reduced to this," is the burden of their song; and it is very strange how, by mere repetition and insistence, these people establish for themselves a sort of position, and oblige the world to yield them a black-mail of respect and condolence.

"This was not the sort of tipple I used to

set before you once on a time, old fellow," will be uttered by one of whose hospitalities you have never partaken. "It was another guess sort of beast I gave you for a mount when we met last," will be said by a man who never rose above a cob pony; and one is obliged to yield a kind of polite assent to such balderdash, or stand forward as a public prosecutor and arraign the rascal for a humbug.

In this self-commiseration Sewell was a master, and there was not a corner of the house he did not make the but of his ridicule—to contrast its littleness and vulgarity with the former ways and belongings of his own once splendour.

"You're capital fellows," said he to a party of officers from the neighbouring garrison, "to come and see me in this dog-hole. Try and find a chair you can sit on, and I'll ask my wife if we can give you some dinner. You remember me up at Rangoon, Hobbes? another guess sort of place, wasn't it? I had the Rajah's palace and four elephants at my orders. At Guzerat too I was the Resident, and by Jove I never dreamed of coming down to this!"

Too indolent or too indifferent to care where or how she was lodged, his wife gave no heed to his complaints, beyond a little half-supercilious smile as he uttered them. "If a fellow will marry, however, he deserves it all," was his usual wind-up to all his lamentations; and in this he seemed to console himself by the double opportunity of pitying himself and insulting his wife.

All that Colonel Cave and his officers could say in praise of the spot, its beauty, its neatness, and its comfort, were only fresh aliment to his depreciation, and he more than half implied that possibly the place was quite good enough for *them*, but that was not exactly the question at issue.

Some men go through life permitted to say scores of things for which their neighbour would be irrevocably cut and excluded from society. Either that the world is amused at their bitterness, or that it is regarded as a malady, far worse to him who bears than to him who witnesses it—whatever the reason—people endure these men, and make even a sort of vicious pets of them. Sewell was of this order, and a fine specimen too.

All the men around him were his equals in every respect, and yet there was not one of them who did not accept a position of quiet, unresisting inferiority to him for the sake of his bad temper and his bad tongue. It was "his way," they said, and they bore it.

He was a consummate adept in all the details of a household; and his dinners were perfection, his wine good, and his servants drilled to the very acme of discipline. These were not mean accessories to any pretension; and as they sat over their claret, a pleasanter and more social tone succeeded than the complaining spirit of their host had at first promised.

The talk was chiefly professional. Pipeclay will ever assert its pre-eminence, and with reason; for it is a grand leveller; and Smooks, who joined three months ago, may have the Army List as well by heart as the oldest major in the service; and so they discussed, Where was Hobson? what made Jobson sell out? how did Bobson get out of that scrape with the paymaster? and how long will Dobson be able to live at his present rate in that light cavalry corps? Everything that fell from them showed the most thorough intimacy with the condition, the fortune, and the prospects of the men they discussed — familiarity there was enough of, but no friendship. No one seemed to trouble himself whether the sickleave or the sell-out meant hopeless calamity — all were dashed with a species of well-bread fatalism that was astonished with nothing, rejoiced at nothing, repined at nothing.

"I wish Trafford would make up his mind!" cried one. "Three weeks ago he told me positively he would leave, and now I hear he offered Craycroft three thousand pounds to retire from the majority."

"That's true; Craycroft told me so himself; but old Joe is a wily bird, and he'll not be taken so easily."

"He's an eldest son now," broke in another. "What does he care whether he be called major or captain?"

"An eldest son!" cried Sewell, suddenly; "how is that? When I met him at the Cape he spoke of an elder brother."

"So he had then, but he's 'off the hooks.'"

"I don't think it matters much," said the Colonel. "The bulk of the property is disentailed, and Sir Hugh can leave it how he likes."

"That's what I call downright shameful," said one; but he was the minority, for a number of voices exclaimed —

"And perfectly right; that law of primogeniture is a positive barbarism."

While the dispute waxed warm and noisy, Sewell questioned the Colonel closely about Trafford — how it happened that the entail was removed, and why there was reason to suppose that Sir Hugh and his son were not on terms of friendship.

Cave was frank enough when he spoke of the amount of the fortune and the extent of the estate, but used a careful caution in speaking of family matters, merely hinting that Trafford had gone very fast, spent a deal of money, had his debts twice paid by his father, and was now rather in the position of a reformed spendthrift, making a good character for prudence and economy.

"And where is he? — not in Ireland?" asked Sewell, eagerly.

"No; he is to join on Monday. I got a hurried note from him this morning, dated Holyhead. You said you had met him?"

"Yes, at the Cape; he used to come and dine with us there occasionally."

"Did you like him?"

"In a way. Yes, I think he was a nice fellow — that is, he might be made a nice fellow, but it was always a question into what hands he fell; he was at the same time pliant and obstinate. He would always imitate — he would never lead. So he seemed to me; but, to tell you the truth, I left him a good deal to the women; he was too young and too fresh for a man like myself."

"You are rather hard on him," said Cave, laughing; "but you are partly right. He has, however, fine qualities — he is generous and trustful to any extent."

"Indeed!" said Sewell, carelessly, as he bit off the end of a cigar.

"Nothing would make him swerve from his word; and if placed in a difficulty where a friend was involved, his own interests would be the last he'd think of."

"Very fine, all that. Are you drinking claret? — if so, finish that decanter, and let's have a fresh bottle."

Cave declined to take more wine, and he arose, with the rest, to repair to the drawing-room for coffee.

It was not very usual for Sewell to approach his wife or notice her in society; now, however, he drew a chair near her as she sat at the fire, and, in a low whisper, said — "I have some pleasant news for you."

"Indeed!" she said, coldly — "what a strange incident."

"You mean it is a strange channel for pleasant news to come through, perhaps," said he, with a curl of his lip.

"Possibly that is what I meant," said she, as quietly as before.

"None of these fine-lady airs with me, madam," said he, reddening with anger; "there are no two people in Europe ought to understand each other better than we do."

"In that I quite agree with you."

"And as such is the case, affectations are clean thrown away, madam; we can have no disguises for each other."

A very slight inclination of her head seemed to assent to this remark, but she did not speak.

"We came to plain speaking many a day ago," said he, with increased bitterness in his tone. "I don't see why we are to forego the advantage of it now — do you?"

"By no means. Speak as plainly as you wish; I am quite ready to hear you."

"You have managed, however, to make people observe us," muttered he between his teeth — "it's an old trick of yours, madam. You can play martyr at the shortest notice." He rose hastily and moved to another part of the room, where a very noisy group were arranging a party for pool at billiards.

"Won't you have me?" cried Sewell in his ordinary tone. "I'm a perfect boon at pool; for I'm the most unlucky dog in everything."

"I scarcely think you'll expect us to believe that," said Cave, with a glance of unmistakable admiration towards Mrs. Sewell.

"Ay," cried Sewell, fiercely, and answering the unspoken sentiment — "ay, sir, and that" — he laid a stern emphasis on the word — "and that the worst luck of all."

"I've been asking Mrs. Sewell to play a game with us, and she says she has no objection," said a young subaltern, "if Colonel Sewell does not dislike it."

"I'll play whist then," said Sewell. "Who'll make a rubber? — Cave, will you? Here's Houghton and Mowbray — eh!"

"No, no," said Mowbray — "you are all too good for me."

"How I hate that — too good for me," said Sewell. "Why, man, what better investment could you ask for your money than the benefit of good teaching? Always ride with the best hounds — play with the best players — talk with the best talkers."

"And make love to the prettiest women," added Cave, in a whisper, as Mowbray followed Mrs. Sewell into the billiard-room.

"I heard you, Cave," whispered Sewell, in a still lower whisper; "there's devilish little escapes my ears, I promise you." The bustle and preparation of the card-table served in part to cover Cave's confusion, but his cheek tingled and his hand shook with mingled shame and annoyance.

Sewell saw it all, and knew how to profit by it. He liked high play, to which Cave generally objected; but he well knew that on the present occasion Cave would concur

in anything to cover his momentary sense of shame.

"Pounds and fives, I suppose," said Sewell; and the others bowed, and the game began.

As little did Cave like three-handed whist, but he was in no mood to oppose anything; for, like many men who have made an awkward speech, he exaggerated the meaning through his fears, and made it appear absolutely monstrous to himself.

"Whatever you like," was therefore his remark; and he sat down to the game.

Sewell was a skilled player; but the race is no more to the swift in cards than in anything else — he lost, and lost heavily. He undervalued his adversaries too, and, in consequence, he followed up his bad luck by increased wagers. Cave tried to moderate the ardour he displayed, and even remonstrated with him on the sums they were staking, which, he good-humouredly remarked, were far above his own pretensions; but Sewell resented the advice, and replied with a coarse insinuation about winners' counsels. The ill luck continued, and Sewell's peevishness and ill temper increased with every game. "What have I lost to you?" cried he, abruptly, to Cave; "it jars on my nerves every time you take out that cursed memorandum, so that all I can do is not to fling it into the fire."

"I'm sure I wish you would, or that you would let me do it," said Cave, quietly.

"How much is it? — not short of three hundred, I'll be bound."

"It is upwards of five hundred," said Cave, handing the book across the table.

"You'll have to wait for it, I promise you. You must give me time, for I'm in all sorts of messes just now." While Cave assured him that there was no question of pressing for payment — to take his own perfect convenience — Sewell, not heeding him, went on, "This confounded place has cost me a pot of money. My wife, too, knows how to scatter her five-pound notes; in short, we are a wasteful lot. Shall we have one rubber more, eh?"

"As you like. I am at your orders."

"Let us say double or quits, then, for the whole sum."

Cave made no reply, and seemed not to know how to answer.

"Of course if you object," said Sewell, pushing back his chair from the table, as though about to rise, "there's no more to be said."

"What do you say, Houghton?" asked Cave.

"Houghton has nothing to say to it; he

hasn't won twenty pounds from me," said Sewell, fiercely.

"Whatever you like, then," said Cave, in a tone in which it was easy to see irritation was with difficulty kept under, and the game began.

The game began in deep silence. The restrained temper of the players and the heavy sum together impressed them, and not a word was dropped. The cards fell upon the table with a clear, sharp sound, and the clink of the counters resounded through the room, the only noises there.

As they played, the company from the billiard-room poured in and drew around the whist-table, at first noisily enough; but seeing the deep preoccupation of the players, their steadfast looks, their intense eagerness, made more striking by their silence, they gradually lowered their voices, and at last only spoke in whispers, and rarely.

The first game of the rubber had been contested trick by trick, but ended by Cave winning it. The second game was won by Sewell, and the third opened with his deal.

As he dealt the cards, a murmur ran through the bystanders that the stake was something considerable, and the interest increased in consequence. A few trifling bets were laid on the issue, and one of the group, in a voice slightly raised above the rest, said, "I'll back Sewell for a pony."

"I beg you will not, sir," said Sewell, turning fiercely round. "I'm in bad luck already, and I don't want to be swamped altogether. There, sir, your interference has made me misdeal," cried he, passionately, as he flung the cards on the table.

Not a word was said as Cave began his deal. It was too plain to every one that Sewell's temper was becoming beyond control, and that a word or a look might bring the gravest consequences.

"What cards!" said Cave, as he spread his hand on the table: "four honours, and nine trumps."

Sewell stared at them, moved his fingers through them to separate and examine them, and then, turning his head round, he looked behind. It was his wife was standing at the back of his chair, calm, pale, and collected. "By Heaven!" cried he, savagely, "I knew who was there as well as if I saw her. The moment Cave spread out his cards, I'd have taken my oath that she was standing over me."

She moved hastily away at the ruffianly speech, and a low murmur of indignant anger filled the room. Cave and Houghton

quitted the table, and mingled with the others; but Sewell sat still, tearing up the cards one by one, with a quiet, methodical persistence that betrayed no passion. "There!" said he, as he threw the last fragment from him, "you shall never bring good or bad luck to any one more." With the ease of one to whom such paroxysms were not unfrequent, he joined in the conversation of a group of young men, and with a familiar jocularity soon set them at their ease towards him; and then, drawing his arm within Cave's, he led him apart, and said, "I'll go over to the Barrack to-morrow and breakfast with you. I have just thought of how I can settle this little debt."

"Oh, don't distress yourself about that," said Cave. "I beg you will not let it give you a moment's uneasiness."

"Good fellow!" said Sewell, clapping him on the shoulder; "but I have the means of doing it without inconvenience, as I'll show you to-morrow. Don't go yet; don't let your fellows go. We are going to have a broil, or a devilled biscuit, or something." He walked over and rang the bell, and then hastily passed on into a smaller room, where his wife was sitting on a sofa, an old doctor of the regiment seated at her side.

"I won't interrupt the consultation," said Sewell, "but I have just one word to say." He leaned over the back of the sofa, and whispered in her ear, "Your friend Trafford is become an eldest son. He is at the Bilton Hotel, Dublin; write and ask him here. Say I have some cock-shooting—there are harriers in the neighborhood. Are you listening to me, madam?" said he, in a harsh, hissing voice, for she had half turned away her head, and her face had assumed an expression of sickened disgust. She nodded, but did not speak. "Tell him that I've spoken to Cave—he'll make his leave all right—that I'll do my best to make the place pleasant to him, and that—in fact, I needn't try to teach you to write a sweet note. You understand me, eh?"

"Oh, perfectly," said she, rising, and a livid paleness now spread over her face, and even her lips were bloodless.

"I was too abrupt with my news. I ought to have been more considerate; I ought to have known it might overcome you," said he, with a sneering bitterness. "Doctor, you'll have to give Mrs. Sewell some cordial, some restorative—that's the name for it. She was overcome by some tidings I brought her. Even pleasant news will startle us occasionally. As the French

comedy has it, 'La joie fait peur,' and with a listless, easy air he sauntered away into another room.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SEWELL VISITS CAVE.

PUNCTUAL to his appointment, Sewell appeared at breakfast the next morning with Colonel Cave. Of all the ill humour and bad conduct of the night before, not a trace now was to be seen. He was easy, courteous, and affable. He even made a half-jesting apology for his late display of bad temper; attributing it to an attack of coming gout. "So long as the malady," said he, "is in a state of menace, one's nerves become so fine strung, that there is no name for the irritability; but when once a good honest seizure has taken place, a man recovers himself, and stands up to his suffering manfully and well.

"To-day, for instance," said he, pointing to a shoe divided by long incisions, "I have got my enemy fixed, and I let him do his worst."

The breakfast proceeded pleasantly; Cave was in admiration of his guest's agreeability; for he talked away, not so much of things, as of people. He had, in a high degree, that man-of-the-world gift of knowing something about every one. No name could turn up of which he could not tell you something the owner of it had said or done, and these "scratch" biographies are often very amusing, particularly when struck off with the readiness of a practised talker.

It was not, then, merely that Sewell obliterated every memory of the evening before, but he made Cave forget the actual object for which he had come that morning. Projects, besides, for future pleasure did Sewell throw out, like a man who had both the leisure, the means, and the taste for enjoyment. There was some capital shooting he had just taken; his neighbour, an old squire, had never cared for it, and let him have it "for a song." They were going to get up hack races too, in the Park — "half-a-dozen hurdles and a double ditch to tumble over," as he said, "will amuse our garrison fellows — and my wife has some theatrical intentions — if you will condescend to help her."

Sewell talked with that blended munificence and shiftness which seems a speciality with a certain order of men. Nothing was too costly to be done, and yet everything must be accomplished with a dexterity that

was almost a dodge. The men of this gift are great scene-painters. They dash you off a view — be it a wood or a rich interior, a terraced garden or an Alpine hut — in a few loose touches. Ay, and they "smudge" them out again before criticism has had time to deal with them. "By the way," cried he, suddenly, stopping in the full swing of some description of a possible regatta, "I was half forgetting what brought me here this morning. I am in your debt, Cave."

He stopped as though his speech needed some rejoinder, and Cave grew very red and very uneasy — tried to say something — any thing — but could not. The fact was, that, like a man who had never in all his life adventured on high play or risked a stake that could possibly be of importance to him, he felt pretty much the same amount of distress at having won as he would have felt at having lost. He well knew that if by any mischance he had incurred such a loss as a thousand pounds, it would have been a most serious embarrassment — by what right, then, had he won it? Now, although feelings of this sort were about the very last to find entrance into Sewell's heart, he well knew that there were men who were liable to them, just as there were people who were disposed to plague or yellow fever, and other maladies from which he lived remote. It was, then, with a sort of selfish motive that he saw Cave's awkward hesitating manner, and read the marks of the shame that was overwhelming him.

"A heavy sum too," said Sewell, jauntily; "we went the whole 'pot' on that last rubber."

"I wish I could forget it — I mean," muttered Cave, "I wish we could both forget it."

"I have not the least objection to that," said Sewell; gayly; "only let it first be paid."

"Well, but — what I mean was — what I wanted to say, or rather, what I hoped — was — in plain words, Sewell," burst he out, like a man to whom desperation gave courage, — "in plain words, I never intended to play such stakes as we played last night — I never have — I never will again."

"Not to give me my revenge?" said Sewell, laughing.

"No, not for anything. I don't know what I'd have done — I don't know what would have become of me, if I had lost; and I pledge you my honour, I think the next worst thing is to have won."

"Do you, by George!"

"I do, upon my sacred word of honour. My first thoughts on waking this morning

were more wretched than they have been for any day in the last twenty years of life, for I was thoroughly ashamed of myself."

"You'll not find many men afflicted with your malady, Cave; and, at all events, it's not contagious."

"I know nothing about that," said Cave, half irritably; "I never was a play man, and have little pretension to understand their feelings."

"They haven't got any," said Sewell, as he lit his cigar.

"Perhaps not; so much the worse for them. I can only say, if the misery of losing be only proportionate to the shame of winning, I don't envy a gambler; such an example, too, to exhibit to my young officers. It was too bad — too bad."

"I declare I don't understand this," said Sewell, carelessly; "when I commanded a battalion, I never imagined I was obliged to be a model to the subs or the junior captains." The tone of banter went, this time, to the quick, and Cave flushed a deep crimson, and said,

"I'm not sorry that my ideas of my duty are different; though, in the present case, I have failed to fulfil it."

"Well, well, there's nothing to grow angry about," said Sewell, laughing, "even though you won't give me my revenge. My present business is to book up," and, as he spoke, he sat down at the table, and drew a roll of papers from his pocket, and laid it before him.

"You distress me greatly by all this, Sewell," said Cave, whose agitation now almost overcame him. "Cannot we hit upon some way? can't we let it lie over? I mean — is there no arrangement by which this cursed affair can be deferred; you understand me?"

"Not in the least. Such things are never deferred without loss of honour to the man in default. The stake that a man risks is supposed to be in his pocket, otherwise play becomes trade, and accepts all the vicissitudes of trade."

"It's the first time I ever heard them contrasted to the disparagement of honest industry."

"And I call billiards, tennis, whist, écarté, honest industries too, though I won't call them trades. There, there," said he, laughing at the other's look of displeasure, "don't be afraid; I am not going to preach these doctrines to your young officers, for whose morals you are so much concerned. Sit down here, and just listen to me for one moment."

Cave obeyed, but his face showed in every feature how reluctantly.

"I see, Cave," said Sewell, with a quiet smile — "I see you want to do me a favour — so you shall. I am obliged to own that I am an exception to the theory I have just now enunciated. I staked a thousand pounds, and I had *not* the money in my pocket. Wait a moment — don't interrupt me. I had *not* the money in gold or bank notes, but I had it here" — and he touched the papers before him — "in a form equally solvent, only that it required that he who won the money should be not a mere acquaintance, but a friend — a friend to whom I could speak with freedom and in confidence. This," said he, "is a bond for twelve hundred pounds, given by my wife's guardian in satisfaction of a loan once made to him; he was a man of large fortune, which he squandered away recklessly, leaving but a small estate, which he could neither sell nor alienate. Upon this property this is a mortgage. As an old friend of my father-in-law — a very unworthy one, by the way — I could not of course press him for the interest, and, as you will see, it has never been paid; and there is now a balance of some hundred pounds additional against him. Of this I could not speak, for another reason — we are not without the hope of inheriting something by him — and to allude to this matter would be ruinous. Keep this, then. I insist upon it. I declare to you, if you refuse, I will sell it to-morrow to the first money-lender I can find, and send you my debt in hard cash. I've been a play man all my life, but never a defaulter."

There was a tone of proud indignation in the way he spoke that awed Cave to silence; for in good truth he was treating of themes of which he knew nothing whatever: and of the sort of influences which swayed gamblers, of the rules that guided, and the conventionalities that bound them, he was profoundly ignorant.

"You'll not get your money, Cave," resumed Sewell, "till this old fellow dies; but you will be paid at last — of that I can assure you. Indeed, if by any turn of luck I was in funds myself, I'd like to redeem it. All I ask is, therefore, that you'll not dispose of it, but hold it over in your own possession till the day — and I hope it may be an early one — it will be payable."

Cave was in no humour to dispute anything. There was no condition to which he would not have acceded, so heartily ashamed and abashed was he by the posi-

tion in which he found himself. What he really would have liked best, would have been to refuse the bond altogether, and say, Pay when you like, how you like, or, better still, not at all. This of course was not possible, and he accepted the terms proposed to him at once.

"It shall be all as you wish," said he, hurriedly. "I will do everything you desire; only, let me assure you that I would infinitely rather this paper remained in *your* keeping than in *mine*. I'm a careless fellow about documents," added he, trying to put the matter on the lesser ground of a safe custody. "Well, well, say no more; you don't wish it, and that's enough."

"I must be able to say," said Sewell, gravely, "that I never lost over night what I had not paid the next morning, and I will even ask of you to corroborate me, so far as this transaction goes. There were several of your fellows at my house last night; they saw what we played for, and that I was the loser. There will be — there always is — plenty of gossip about these things, and the first question is, 'Has he booked up?' I'm sure it's not asking more than you are ready to do, to say that I paid my debt within twenty-four hours."

"Certainly; most willingly. I don't know that any one has a right to question me on the matter."

"I never said he had. I only warned you how people will talk, and how necessary it is to be prepared to stifle a scandal even before it has flared out."

"It shall be cared for. I'll do exactly as you wish," said Cave, who was too much flurried to know what was asked of him, and to what he was pledged.

"I'm glad this is off my mind," said Sewell, with a long sigh of relief. "I lay awake half the night thinking of it; for there are scores of fellows who are not of your stamp, and who would be for submitting these documents to their lawyer, and asking, heaven knows, what this affair related to. Now I tell you frankly, I'd have given no explanations. He who gave that bond is, as I know, a consummate rascal, and has robbed me — that is, my wife — out of two-thirds of her fortune; but *my* hands are tied regarding him. I couldn't, touch him except he should try to take my life — a thing, by the way, he is quite capable of. Old Dillon, my wife's father, believed him to be the best and truest of men, and my wife inherited this belief, even in the face of all the injuries he had worked us. She went on saying, My father always said, Trust Fossy: there's at

least one man in the world that will never deceive you."

"What was the name you said?" asked Cave, quickly.

"Oh, only a nickname. I don't want to mention his name. I have sealed up the bond with this superscription — 'Colonel Sewell's bond.' I did this believing you would not question me farther; but if you desire to read it over, I'll break the envelope at once."

"No, no; nothing of the kind. Leave it just as it is."

"So that," said Sewell, pursuing his former line of thought, "this man ~~not~~ alone defrauded me, but he sowed dissension between me and my wife. Her faith is shaken in him, I have no doubt; but she'll not confess it. Like a genuine woman, she will persist in asserting the convictions she has long ceased to be held by, and quote this stupid letter of her father in the face of every fact."

"I ought not to have got into these things," said Sewell, as he walked impatiently down the room. "These family bedevillments should be kept from one's friends; but the murder is out now, and you can see how I stand — and see, besides, that if I am not always able to control my temper, a friend might find an excuse for me."

Cave gave a kindly nod of assent to this, not wishing, even by a word, to increase the painful embarrassment of the scene.

"Heigh ho!" cried Sewell, throwing himself down in a chair, "there's one care off my heart, at least! I can remember a time when a night's bad luck wouldn't have cost me five minutes of annoyance; but nowadays I have got it so hot and so heavy from fortune I begin not to know myself." Then, with a sudden change of tone, he added — "When are you coming out to us again? Shall we say Tuesday?"

"We are to be inspected on Tuesday. Trafford writes me that he is coming over with General Halkett — whom, by the way, he calls a tartar — and says, 'If the Sewells are within hail, say a kind word to them on my part.'"

"A good sort of fellow, Trafford," said Sewell, carelessly.

"An excellent fellow — no better living!"

"A very wide-awake one too," said Sewell, with one eye closed, and a look of intense cunning.

"I never thought so. It is, to my notion, to the want of that faculty he owes every embarrassment he has ever suffered. He is unsuspecting to a fault."

"It's not the way *I* read him; though perhaps I think as well of him as *you* do. I'd say that for his years he is one of the very shrewdest young fellows I ever met."

"You astonish me! May I ask if you know him well?"

"Our acquaintance is not of very old date, but we saw a good deal of each other at the Cape. We rode out together, dined, played, and conversed freely together; and the impression he made upon me was that every sharp lesson the world had given him he'd pay back one day or other with a compound interest."

"I hope not—I fervently hope not!" cried Cave. "I had rather hear to-morrow that he had been duped and cheated out of half his fortune than learn he had done one act that savoured of the—the"—He stopped, unable to finish, for he could not hit upon the word that might be strong enough for his meaning, and yet not imply an offence.

"Say blackleg. Isn't that what you want? There's my wife's pony-chaise. I'll get a seat back to the Nest. Good-bye, Cave. If Wednesday is open, give it to us, and tell Trafford I'd be glad to see him."

Cave sat down as the door closed after the other, and tried to recall his thoughts to something like order. What manner of man was that who had just left him? It was evidently a very mixed nature. Was it the good or the evil that predominated? Was the unscrupulous tone he displayed the result of a spirit of tolerance, or was it the easy indifference of one who trusted nothing—believed nothing?

Was it possible his estimate of Trafford could be correct? and could this seemingly generous and open manner cover a nature cold, calculating, and treacherous? No, no! *That* he felt to be totally out of the question.

He thought long and intently over the matter, but to no end; and as he rose to deposit the papers left by Sewell in his writing-desk, he felt as unsettled and undecided as when he started on the inquiry.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE RACES ON THE LAWN.

A BRIGHT October morning, with a blue sky and a slight, very slight, feeling of frost in the air, and a gay meeting on foot and horseback on the lawn before the Swan's Nest, made as pretty a picture as a

painter of such scenes could desire. I say of such scenes, because in the *tableau de genre* it is the realistic element that must predominate, and the artist's skill is employed in imparting to very commonplace people and costumes whatever poetry can be lent them by light and shade, by happy groupings, and, more than all these, by the insinuation of some incident in which they are the actors—a sort of storied interest pervading the whole canvass, which gives immense pleasure to those who have little taste for the fine arts.

There was plenty of colour even in the landscape. The mountains had put on their autumn suit, and displayed every tint from a pale opal to a deep and gorgeous purple, while the river ran on in those circling eddies which come to the surface of water under sunshine as naturally as smiles to the face of flattered beauty.

Colonel Sewell had invited the country-side to witness hack races in his grounds, and the country-side had heartily responded to the invitation. There were the county magnates in grand equipages—an earl with two postillions and outriders, a high sheriff with all his official splendours, squires of lower degree in more composite vehicles, and a large array of jaunting-cars, through all of which figured the red coats of the neighbouring garrison, adding to the scene that tint of warmth in colour so dear to the painter's heart.

The wonderful beauty of the spot, combining as it did heath-clad mountain, and wood, and winding river, with a spreading lake in the distance, dotted with picturesque islands, was well seconded by a glorious autumnal day—one of those days when the very air has something of champagne in its exhilarating quality, and gives to every breath of it a sense of stimulation.

The first three races—they were on the flat—had gone off admirably. They were well contested, well ridden, and the "right horse" the winner. All was contentment, therefore, on every side, to which the interval of a pleasant moment of conviviality gave hearty assistance, for now came the hour of luncheon; and from the "swells" in the great marquee, and the favoured intimates in the dining-room, to the assembled unknown in the jaunting-cars, merry laughter issued, with clattering of plates and popping of corks, and those commingled sounds of banter and jollity which mark such gatherings.

The great event of the day was, however, yet to come off. It was a hurdle race, to which two stiff fences were to be added, in

the shape of double ditches, to test the hunting powers of the horses. The hurdles were to be four feet eight in height, so that the course was by no means a despicable one, even to good cross-country riders. To give increased interest to the race Sewell himself was to ride, and no small share of eagerness existed amongst the neighbouring gentry to see how the new-comer would distinguish himself in the saddle — some opining he was too long of leg; some, that he was too heavy; some, that men of his age — he was over five-and-thirty — begin to lose nerve; and many going so far as to imply “that he did not look like riding” — a judgment whose vagueness detracts nothing from its force.

“There he goes now, and he sits well down, too!” cried one, as a group of horsemen swept past, one of whom, mounted on a “sharp” pony, led the way, a white Macintosh and loose overalls covering him from head to foot. They were off to see that the fences were all being properly put up, and in an instant were out of sight.

“I’ll back Tom Westenra against Sewell for a twenty-pound note,” cried one, standing up on the seat of his car to proclaim the challenge.

“I’ll go further,” shouted another — “I’ll do it for fifty.”

“I’ll beat you both,” cried out a third — “I’ll take Tom even against the field.”

The object of all this enthusiasm was a smart clean-shaven little fellow, with a good blue eye and a pleasant countenance, who smoked his cigar on the seat of a drag near, and nodded a friendly recognition to their confidence.

“If Joe Slater was well of his fall, I’d rather have him than any one in the county,” said an old farmer, true to a man of his own class and standing.

“Here’s one can beat them both!” shouted another; “here’s Mr. Creagh of Lis-makerry!” and a thin, ruddy-faced, keen-eyed man of about fifty rode by on a low-sized horse, with that especial look of decision in his mouth, and the peculiar puckering about the corners, that seem to belong to those who traffic in horse-flesh, and who, it would appear, however much they may know about horses, understand humanity more thoroughly still.

“Are you going to ride, Creagh?” cried a friend from a high tax-cart.

“Maybe so, if the fences are not too big for me,” and a very malicious drollery twinkled in his grey eye.

“Faix, and if they are,” said a farmer, “the rest may stay at home.”

“I hope you’ll ride, Creagh,” said the first speaker, “and not let these English fellows take the shine out of us. Yourself and Tom are the only county names on the card.”

“Show it to me,” said Creagh, listlessly, and he took the printed list in his hand and conned it over, as though it had all been new to him. “They’re all soldiers, I see,” said he. “It’s Major This, and Captain That — Who is the lady?” This question was rapidly called forth by a horsewoman who rode past at an easy canter in the midst of a group of men. She was dressed in a light-gray habit and hat of the same colour, from which a long white feather encircling the hat hung on one side.

“That’s Mrs. Sewell — what do you think of her riding?”

“If her husband has as neat a hand I’d rather he was out of the course. She knows well what she’s about.”

“They say there’s not her equal in the Park in London.”

“That’s not Park riding; that’s something very different, take my word for it. She could lead half the men here across the country.”

Nor was she unworthy of the praise, as, with her hand low, her head a little forward, but her back well curved in, she sat firmly down in her saddle; giving to the action of the horse that amount of movement that assisted the animal, but never more. The horse was mettlesome enough to require all her attention. It was his first day under a side-saddle, and he chafed at it, and when the heavy skirt smote his flank, bounded with a lunge and a stroke of his head that showed anger.

“That’s a four hundred guinea beast she’s on. He belongs to the tall young fellow that’s riding on her left.”

“I like his own horse better, the liver-chestnut with the short legs. I wish I had a loan of him for the hurdle race.”

“Ask him, Phil; or get the mistress there to ask him,” said another, laughing. “I’m mighty mistaken or he wouldn’t refuse her.”

“Oh, is *that* it?” said Creagh, with a knowing look.

“So they tell me here, for I don’t know one of them myself; but the story goes that she was to have married that young fellow when Sewell carried her off.”

“I must go and get a better look at her!” said Creagh, as he spurred his horse, and cantered away.

“Is any one betting?” said little Westenra, as he descended from his seat on the

drag. "I have not seen a man to-day with five pounds on the race."

"Here's Sewell," muttered another; "he's coming up now, and will give or take as much as you like."

"Did you see Mrs. Sewell any of you?" asked Sewell, cavalierly, as he rode up with an open telegram in his hand; and as the persons addressed were for the most part his equals, none responded to the insolent demand.

"Could you tell me, sir," said Sewell, quickly altering his tone, while he touched his hat to Westenra, "if Mrs. Sewell passed this way?"

"I haven't the honour to know Mrs. Sewell, but I saw a lady ride past, about ten minutes ago, on a black thoroughbred."

"Faix, and well she rode him too," broke in an old farmer. "She took the posey out of that young gentleman's button-hole, while her beast was jumping, and stuck it in her breast, as easy as I'm sitting here."

Sewell's face grew purple as he darted a look of savage anger at the speaker, and, turning his horse's head, he dashed out at speed and disappeared.

"Peter Delaney," said Westenra, "I thought you had more discretion than to tell such a story as that."

"Begorra, Mister Tom! I didn't know the mischief I was making till I saw the look he gave me!"

It was not till after a considerable search that Sewell came up with his wife's party, who were sauntering leisurely along the river-side, through a gorse-covered slope.

"I've had a devil of a hunt after you!" he cried, as he rode up, and the ringing tone of his voice was enough to intimate to her in what temper he spoke. "I've something to say to you," said he, as though meant for her private ear, and the others drew back, and suffered them to ride on together. "There's a telegram just come from that old beast the Chief Baron; he desires to see me to-night. The last train leaves at five, and I shall only hit it by going at once. Can't you keep your horse quiet, madam, or must you show off while I'm speaking to you?"

"It was the furze that stung him," said she, coldly, and not showing the slightest resentment at his tone.

"If the old bear means anything short of dying, and leaving me his heir, this message is a shameful swindle."

"Do you mean to go?" asked she, coldly.

"I suppose so; that is," added he, with a

bitter grin, "if I can tear myself away from you;" but she only smiled.

"I'll have to pay forfeit in this match," continued he, "and my book will be all smashed besides. I say," cried he, "would Trafford ride for me?"

"Perhaps he would."

"None of your mock indifference, madam. I can't afford to lose a thousand pounds every time you've a whim. Ay, look astonished if you like! but if you hadn't gone into the billiard-room on Saturday evening and spoiled my match, I'd have escaped that infernal whist-table. Listen to me now! Tell him that I have been sent for suddenly—it might be too great a risk for me to refuse to go—and ask him to ride Crescy; if he says Yes—and he will say yes if you ask him as you *ought*"—her cheek grew crimson as he uttered the last word with a strong emphasis—"tell him to take up my book. Mind you, use the words 'take up;' he'll understand you."

"But why not say all this yourself?—he's riding close behind at this minute."

"Because I have a wife, madam, who can do it so much better—because I have a wife who plucks a carnation out of a man's coat, and wears it in her bosom, and this on an open race-course, where people can talk of it; and a woman with such rare tact ought to be of service to her husband, eh?" She swayed to and fro in her saddle for an instant as though about to fall, but she grasped the crutch with both hands and saved herself.

"Is that all!" muttered she, faintly.

"Not quite. Tell Trafford to come round to my dressing-room, and I'll give him a hint or two about the horse. He must come at once, for I have only time to change my clothes and start. You can make some excuse to the people for my absence; say that the old Judge has had another attack, and I only wish it may be true. Tell them I got a telegram, and *that* may mean anything. Trafford will help you to do the honours, and I'll swear him in as viceroy before I go. Isn't that all that could be asked of me?" The insolence of his look as he said this made her turn away her head as though sickened and disgusted.

"They want you at the weighing-stand, Colonel Sewell," said a gentleman, riding up.

"Oh, they do! Well, say, please, that I'm coming. Has he given you that black horse?" asked he, in a hurried whisper.

"No; he offered him, but I refused."

"You had no right to refuse; he's strong enough to carry *me*; and the ponies that I saw led round to the stable-yard, whose are they?"

"They are Mr. Trafford's."

"You told him you thought them handsome, I suppose, didn't you?"

"Yes, I think them very beautiful."

"Well, don't take them as a present. Win them if you like at picquet or *ecarté* — any way you please, but don't take them as a gift, for I heard Westenra say they were meant for you."

She nodded, and as she bent her head, a smile, the very strangest, crossed her features. If it were not that the pervading expression of her face was at that instant melancholy, the look she gave him would have been almost devilish.

"I have something else to say, but I can't remember it."

"You don't know when you'll be back?" asked she, carelessly.

"Of course not — how can I? I can only promise that I'll not arrive unexpectedly, madam; and I take it that's as much as any gentleman can be called on to say. By-bye."

"Good-bye," said she, in the same tone.

"I see that Mr. Balfour is here. I can't tell who asked him; but mind you don't invite him to luncheon; take no notice of him whatever; he'll not bet a guinea; never plays; never risks anything — even his *affections*!"

"What a creature!"

"Isn't he! There! I'll not detain you from pleasanter company; good-bye; see you here when I come back, I suppose?"

"Most probably," said she, with a smile; and away he rode, at a tearing gallop, for his watch warned him that he was driven to the last minute.

"My husband has been sent for to town, Mr. Trafford," said she, turning her head towards him as he resumed his place at her side; "the Chief Baron desires to see him immediately, and he sets off at once."

"And his race? What's to become of this match?"

"He said I was to ask you to ride for him."

"Me — I ride! Why, I am two stone heavier than he is."

"I suppose he knew that," said she, coldly, and as if the matter was one of complete indifference to her.

"I am only delivering a message," continued she, in the same careless tone; "he said, 'Ask Mr. Trafford to ride for me, and

take up my book;' I was to be particular about the phrase 'take up;' I conclude you will know what meaning to attach to it."

"I suspect I do," said he, with a low soft laugh.

"And I was to add something about hints he was to give you, if you'd go round to his dressing-room at once; indeed, I believe you have little time to spare."

"Yes, I'll go; I'll go now; only there's one thing I'd like to ask — that is — I'd be very glad to know" —

"What is it?" said she, after a pause, in which his confusion seemed to increase with every minute.

"I mean, I should like to know whether you wished me to ride this race or not?"

"Whether I wished it?" said she, in a tone of astonishment.

"Well, whether you cared about the matter one way or other," replied he, in still deeper embarrassment.

"How could it concern me, my dear Mr. Trafford?" said she, with an easy smile; "a race never interests me much, and I'd just as soon see Blue and Orange come in, as Yellow and Black; but you'll be late if you intend to see my husband; I think you'd better make haste."

"So I will, and I'll be back immediately," said he, not sorry to escape a scene where his confusion was now making him miserable.

"You are a very nice horse!" said she, patting the animal's neck, as he chafed to dash off after the other. "I'd like very much to own you; that is, if I ever was to call anything my own."

"They're clearing the course, Mrs. Sewell," said one of her companions, riding up; "we had better turn off this way, and ride round to the stand."

"Here's a go!" cried another, coming up at speed. "Big Trafford is going to ride Crescy; he's well-nigh fourteen stone."

"Not thirteen; I'll lay a tenner on it."

"He can't ride a bit," said a third.

"I'd rather he rode his own horse than mine."

"Sewell knows what he's about, depend on't."

"That's his wife," whispered another; "I'm certain she heard you."

Mrs. Sewell turned her head as she cantered along, and, in the strange smile her features wore, seemed to confirm the speaker's words; but the bustle and hurry of the moment drowned all sense of embarrassment, and the group dashed onward to the stand.

Leaving that heaving, panting, surging

tide of humanity for an instant, let us turn to the house, where Sewell was already engaged in preparing for the road.

"You are going to ride for me, Trafford?" said Sewell, as the other entered his dressing-room, where, with the aid of his servant, he was busily packing up for the road.

"I'm not sure; that is, I don't like to refuse, and I don't see how to accept."

"My wife has told you; I'm sent for hurriedly."

"Yes."

"Well?" said he, looking round at him from his task.

"Just as I have told you already; I'll ride for you as well as a heavy fellow could take a light-weight's place, but I don't understand about your book — am I to stand your engagements?"

"You mean, are you to win all the money I'm sure to pocket on the match?"

"No, I don't mean that," said he, laughing; "I never thought of trading on another man's brains; I simply meant, am I to be responsible for the losses?"

"If you ride Crescy as you ought to ride him, you needn't fret about the losses."

"But suppose that I do not — and the case is a very possible one — that, not knowing your horse?"

"Take this portmanteau down, Bob, and the carpet-bag; I shall only lose my train," said Sewell, with a gesture of hot impatience; and, as the servant left the room, he added, "pray don't think any more about this stupid race; scratch Crescy, and tell my wife that it was a change of mind on my part — that I did not wish you to ride; good-bye;" and he waved a hasty adieu with his hand, as though to dismiss him at once.

"If you'll let me ride for you, I'll do my best," blundered out Trafford; "when I spoke of your engagements, it was only to prepare you for what perhaps you were not aware of, that I'm not very well off just now, and that if anything like a heavy sum" —

"You are a most cautious fellow; I only wonder how you ever did get into a difficulty; but I'm not the man to lead you astray, and wreck such splendid principles; adieu!"

"I'll ride, let it end how it may!" said Trafford, angrily, and left the room at once, and hurried down stairs.

Sewell gave a parting look at himself in the glass; and, as he set his hat jauntily on one side, said, "There's nothing like a little mock indignation to bully fellows of his stamp; the key-note of their natures is the dread of being thought mean, and particu-

larly of being thought mean by a woman." He laughed pleasantly at this conceit, and went on his way.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SEWELL ARRIVES IN DUBLIN.

It was late at night when Sewell reached town. An accidental delay to the train deferred the arrival for upwards of an hour after the usual time, and when he reached the Priory the house was all closed for the night, and not a light to be seen.

He knocked, however, and rang boldly; and after a brief delay, and considerable noise of unbolting and unbarring, was admitted. "We gave you up, sir, after twelve o'clock," said the butler, half reproachfully, "and his lordship ordered the servants to bed. Miss Lendrick, however, is in her drawing-room still."

"Is there anything to eat, my good friend? that is what I stand most in need of just now."

"There's a cold rib of beef, sir, and a grouse pie; but if you'd like something hot, I'll call the cook."

"No, no, never mind the cook; you can give me some sherry, I'm sure?"

"Any wine you please, sir. We have excellent madeira, which ain't to be had everywhere nowadays."

"Madeira be it, then; and order a fire in my room. I take it you have a room for me?"

"Yes, sir, all is ready; the bath was hot about an hour ago, and I'll have it refreshed in a minute."

"Now for the grouse pie. By the way, Fenton, what is the matter with his lordship? he wasn't ill was he, when he sent off that despatch to me?"

"No, sir; he was in court to-day, and he dined at the Castle, and was in excellent spirits before he went out."

"Has anything gone wrong, then, that he wanted me up so hurriedly?"

"Well, sir, it ain't so easy to say, his lordship excites himself so readily; and mayhap he had words with some of the judges — mayhap with his Excellency, for they're always at him about resigning, little knowing that if they'd only let him alone he'd go of himself, but if they press him he'll stay on these twenty years."

"I don't suspect he has got so many as twenty years before him."

"If he wants to live, sir, he'll do it. Ah, you may laugh, sir, but I have known him

all my life, and I never saw the man like him to do the thing he wishes to do."

"Cut me some of that beef, Fenton, and fetch me some draught beer. How these old tyrants make slaves of their servants," said he, aloud, as the man left the room — "a slavery that enthralls mind as well as body." A gentle tap came to the door, and before Sewell could question the summons, Miss Lendrick entered. She greeted him cordially, and said how anxiously her grandfather had waited for him till midnight. "I don't know when I saw him so eager or so impatient," she said.

"Have you any clue to his reason for sending for me?" said he, as he continued to eat, and assumed an air of perfect unconcern.

"None whatever. He came into my room about two o'clock, and told me to write his message in a good bold hand; he seemed in his usual health, and his manner displayed nothing extraordinary. He questioned me about the time it would take to transmit the message from the town to your house, and seemed satisfied when I said about half-an-hour."

"It's just as likely, perhaps, to be some caprice — some passing fancy."

She shook her head dissentingly, but made no reply.

"I believe the theory of this house is, 'he can do no wrong,'" said Sewell, with a laugh.

"He is so much more able in mind than all around him, such a theory might prevail; but I'll not go so far as to say that it does."

"It's not his mind gives him his pre-eminence, Miss Lucy — it's his temper; it's that same strong will that overcomes weaker natures by dint of sheer force. The people who assert their own way in life are not the most intellectual, they are only the best bullies."

"You know very little of grandpapa, Colonel Sewell, that's clear."

"Are you so sure of that?" asked he with a dubious smile.

"I am sure of it, or in speaking of him you would never have used such a word as bully."

"You mistake me — mistake me altogether, young lady. I spoke of a class of people who employ certain defects of temper to supply the place of certain gifts of intellect; and if your grandfather, who has no occasion for it, chooses to take a weapon out of their armoury, the worse taste his."

Lucy turned fiercely round, her face flushed and her lip trembling. An angry

reply darted through her mind, but she repressed it by a great effort, and in a faint voice she said, "I hope you left Mrs. Sewell well?"

"Yes, perfectly well, amusing herself vastly. When I saw her last she had about half-a-dozen young fellows cantering on either side of her, saying, doubtless, all those pleasant things that you ladies like to hear."

Lucy shrugged her shoulders, without answering.

"Telling you," continued he, in the same strain, "that if you are unmarried you are angels, and that if married you are angels and martyrs too; and it is really a subject that requires investigation, how the best of wives is not averse to hearing her husband does not half estimate her. Don't toss your head so impatiently, my dear Miss Lucy; I am giving you the wise precepts of a very thoughtful life."

"I had hoped, Colonel Sewell, that a very thoughtful life might have brought forth pleasanter reflections."

"No, that is precisely what it does not do. To live as long as I have, is to arrive at a point when all the shams have been seen through, and the world exhibits itself pretty much as a stage during a day rehearsal."

"Well, sir, I am too young to profit by such experiences, and I will wish you a very good night — that is, if I can give no orders for anything you wish."

"I have had everything. I will finish this madeira — to your health — and hope to meet you in the morning, as beautiful and as trustful as I see you now — *felice notte*." He bowed as he opened the door for her to pass out, and she went, with a slight bend of the head and a faint smile, and left him.

"How I could make you beat your wings against your cage, for all your bravery, if I had only three days here, and cared to do it," said he, as he poured the rest of the wine into his glass. "How weary I could make you of this old house and its owner. Within one month — one short month — I'd have you repeating as wise saws every sneer and every sarcasm that you just now took fire at. And if I am to pass three days in this dreary old dungeon I don't see how I could do better. What can he possibly want with me?" All the imaginable contingencies he could conjure up now passed before his mind. That the old man was sick of solitude, and wanted him to come and live with them; that he was desirous of adopting one of the children, and

which of them? formed a query; that he had held some correspondence with Fossbrooke, and wanted some explanations—a bitter pang, that racked and tortured him while he revolved it; and, last of all, he came back to his first guess—it was about his will he had sent for him. He had been struck by the beauty of the children, and asked their names and ages twice or thrice over; doubtless he was bent on making some provision for them. “I wish I could tell him that I’d rather have ten thousand down, than thrice the sum settled on Guy and the girls. I wish I could explain to him that mine is a ready-money business, and that cash is the secret of success; and I wish I could show him that no profits will stand the reverses of loans raised at two hundred per cent! I wonder how the match went off to-day; I’d like to have the odds that their were three men down at the double rail and bank.” Who got first over the brook, was his next speculation, and where was Trafford? “If he punished Crescy, I think I could tell *that*,” muttered he, with a grin of malice. “I only wish I was there to see it;” and in the delight this thought afforded, he tossed off his last glass of wine, and rang for his bed-room candle.

“At what time shall I call you, sir?” asked the butler.

“When are you stirring here—I mean, at what hour does Sir William breakfast?”

“He breakfasts at eight, sir, during term; but he does not expect to see any one but Miss Lucy so early.”

“I should think not. Call me at eleven, then, and bring me some coffee and a glass of rum when you come. Do you mean to tell me,” said he, in a somewhat stern tone, “that the Chief Baron gets up at seven o’clock?”

“In term time, sir, he does every day.”

“Egad! I’m well pleased that I have not a seat on the Bench. I’d not be Lord Chancellor at that price.”

“It’s very hard on the servants, sir—very hard indeed.”

“I suppose it is,” said Sewell, with a treacherous twinkle of the eye.

“If it wasn’t that I’m expecting the usher’s place in the court, I’d have resigned long ago.”

“His lordship’s pleasant temper, however, makes up for everything, Fenton, eh?”

“Yes, sir, that’s true;” and they both laughed heartily at the pleasant conceit; and in this merry humour they went their several ways to bed.

NOTHING TO DO.

A STRIP of snowiest linen
Half-broidered and stamped in blue,
And the gleam of a threadless needle
Piercing the pattern through:
The needle is ready, yet the sweet little Lady
Sits sighing for something to do.

Heaped on the table beside her
Blossoms of every hue;
Delicate, odorous roses—
The rarest that ever grew:
The vase stands ready while the sweet little Lady
Sits wishing for something to do.

Half hid under flowers a volume
In daintiest gold and blue,
Just parted, as if it would open
At “The Miller’s Daughter” for you:

The book lies ready, yet the sweet little Lady
Sits sighing for something to do.

A silent harp in the corner,
And melodies old and new
Scattered in pretty disorder—
Songs of the false and the true:
The harp stands ready—still the sweet little Lady
Sits longing for something to do.

A sudden wind-sweep and flutter—
The door wide open blew;
A step in the hall, and swiftly,
Like a bird, to the threshold she flew:
Blushing, already the sweet little Lady
Forgets she has nothing to do!

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

Portsmouth, N. H.

—Transcript.

From the Press.

THE EIGHTH-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE eighth centenary of the consecration of Westminster Abbey was celebrated on Dec. 28, with much solemnity. The last hereditary King of England before the Norman Conquest, Edward the Confessor, had long designed the erection of a church and abbey in Westminster. On the Feast of the Holy Innocents (December 28), 1065, he was barely able from mortal illness to be present at the consecration of his abbey, but signed the charter of its foundation, and died eight days afterwards. Thursday being Innocents' Day, the dean and chapter determined to commemorate the anniversary with an elaborate ceremonial service.

At ten o'clock a long procession moved from the Jerusalem Chamber up the nave towards the choir in the following order:—The choir of the abbey, reinforced by several gentlemen forming the special evening service choir; the Rev. J. C. Haden (precentor), the Revs. S. F. Jones, J. Antrobus, and C. M. Arnold, minor canons; the Ven. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., archdeacon and canon; the Revs. J. Jennings, E. Nepean, and W. Conway, canons; the Rev. Lord John Thynne, D.D., sub-dean; the Very Rev. A. P. Stanley, D.D., dean. Prayers were chanted by the Rev. S. F. Jones, and the lessons read by the Rev. Precentor Haden. The music was most appropriately chosen from composers connected with the abbey, either in times past or present.

In the afternoon the "service" was by Benjamin Cooke, Mus. Doc., organist of the abbey, buried in the west cloister, and the anthem, "Cry aloud and shout" (Isaiah xii. 6), by William Croft, Mus. Doc., organist of the abbey, buried in the north aisle.

Of living composers we were favoured by the accomplished organist of the abbey, Mr. James Turlle, with a "service" in D and a "credo" in D in the morning, and a Psalm chant in the afternoon; the morning "Venite" and the chants to Psalms 133, 134, and 135, by Mr. J. L. Brownsmith, vicar-choral of the abbey, and the chant to Psalm 132 by Mr. J. Foster, another vicar-choral; the "Kyrie," by Mr. A. Montem Smith, a third vicar-choral; the "Introit," All Saints' tune, by Mrs. J. J. B. E. Frere, niece of the late Rev. Temple Frere, Canon of Westminster, the words (from "The Holy Year,") being by the Ven. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Canon Archdeacon of Westminster. All the music was given with exquisite taste.

The Rev. Lord John Thynne, D.D., sub-dean, read the Communion service, except the epistle, which was read by the Rev. C. M. Arnold.

The sermon was preached by the Dean (Dr. Stanley), from John x. 21, 22, "And it was at Jerusalem, the Feast of the Dedication, and it was winter. And Jesus walked in the Temple, in Solomon's porch." "The words of the text," the preacher said, "were peculiarly suitable to the occasion, as they connected our Blessed Lord with a sense of the great historic past and the recollection of a famous anniversary. It was the Feast of the Dedication, but not that of the first foundation, but of that after its reconstruction by Judas Maccabæus, when He and all His followers saw the Sanctuary of God lying desolate, and shrubs and weeds growing in its courts. And not only in that do we find a parallel with our anniversary to-day, but 'it was winter,' and the very time of the joyful celebration corresponds with our 25th of December, the same inclement season which we read in the Prophet Ezra was so depressing to the people. It was then, upon such an anniversary as this, not one of their greatest, and not one of those sanctioned by the law and the prophets, but full of the memories which belonged to the history of the nation, that Jesus went up to Jerusalem and 'walked in the Temple in Solomon's porch,' and thus blessed it by His presence. And upon such an anniversary as this we are gathered together in a building, which, if less famous and in some respects less sacred, yet presents to us far grander dimensions and historical remembrances as important to us as those of Judas Maccabæus to the Jews of old. Eight hundred years have passed since on this day the Abbey was completed and dedicated which, like the Temple of the Jews, was beautified and adorned beyond all other buildings, and in its magnificence swept away every vestige of that which was left of the work of earlier times. We know not what existed here before, or whether it was the Royal Edgar, the doubtful Sebert, or the still more doubtful Lucius, who first erected a fane for the worship of God amid the entangled thickets and stagnant waters of Thorney Island, divided by many a stream, and not a few green meadows, from the Roman fortress on the distant hills of London. We need not go back to them. We may be content to carry our thoughts back for eight centuries, when the act was completed which first fixed the destinies of this building and this spot for all future time. There is something in the simple words of the Saxon chronicler in

recording this event, which finds an echo in the words of the text, 'At mid-winter King Edward came to Westminster, and had the minster there consecrated which he had himself built to the honour of God and of St. Peter, and of all God's saints.' It was at Christmas when the Court re-assembled, as was usual in that age, in the adjoining palace of Westminster, and when this long-desired dedication was to be accomplished. The King had long been impressed with the thought, like David in the psalm we have just sung — 'I will not suffer mine eyes to sleep, nor mine eyelids to slumber, neither the temples of my head to take any rest until I find out a place for the great sanctuary,' which henceforth was to be the centre of his kingdom. On Christmas Day he appeared in state, wearing his Royal Crown, but that night he was seized with the last fatal illness. He struggled through the next two days, but on the festival of the Holy Innocents the King was too weak to take any part in the ceremony, yet he roused himself so as to be able to sign the charter of foundation, and to direct the Queen and Court to join the assembly within these walls, now, indeed, venerable with age, but then white and fresh from the hands of the builders, and which were about to receive the rite of consecration. By that effort the feeble frame and over-taxed spirit of the King was worn out, and in the evening of Innocents' Day he sank into a mortal stupor. One startling rally took place on the 5th of January. Recollections of two favourite teachers of his youth, dim and shadowy fears as to the future of his country, a few incoherent words as to the succession, variously reported, burst from his lips, some expressions respecting his hopes in passing from death to life, and he then expired in the chamber long called after his name in the old Palace of Westminster. We are told by the historians that at his death a thrill of horror filled the whole nation. With him it seemed as if the freedom, the strength, and the happiness of the people had vanished away, so dark were their forebodings. And the next day, while the new King Harold was being crowned at St. Paul's the Confessor was buried in the newly-finished abbey, the first of the hundreds who have since been laid here around his honoured grave. This is not the time nor place to enlarge on the merely historical or antiquarian interest of these remarkable events — to describe how the present fabric corresponds with that erected by Edward, or where we can still lay hands upon stones that witnessed the scene of that first burial

— what has been done or what still remains to be done to complete and carry on the work which, was, as upon this day, dedicated forever to God. But there are reflections suggested by these events which can be offered nowhere so fitly as on this occasion and from this place. First the celebration of this foundation connects the whole growth of the abbey and all its glories, suggests that the life and death and grave of such an one as our founder is a lasting tribute to the enduring force of that childlike goodness which distinguished him. Let us see what his character was. If we look at the details of history, it is hardly possible to imagine a figure more unlike any of our own time. The guileless King, who alone of all the canonised English saints still rests undisturbed in his ancient shrine, we know him well as he is described by his contemporaries. We see his grave and gentle figure moving solemnly along with downcast eyes; we recognise his rose-red face, contrasted with the milky whiteness of his hair and beard, and as he draws near we hear one of those startling bursts of unearthly rapture with which it was his wont to break his ordinary silence; we see his thin white hands and long transparent fingers with which it was believed at the time, and centuries afterwards, he had the power of touching away as it were the diseases of his subjects. In his conduct we find a childishness of thought and action, and it is evident to us now that his title of Saint and Confessor arose as much out of the jealousies of ecclesiastics and the policy of the Norman rulers of the country as out of the loving regret of his Saxon subjects. In spite of all divergencies, his innocent and childlike faith was the secret of the charm exercised by him over his countrymen. We sometimes hear it said, with a cynical sneer, that many are buried here who are great without being good, many wise without being simple, many noble whose nobility is not that of virtue, but of the earth, earthy, and of the world, worldly; but meanly do they conceive of the goodness of God who would complain of this recognition of His gifts to man. The central tomb around which these warriors and statesmen and great men repose contains the ashes of one weak and erring as they were, but who rests his claim to interment here, not on his rank or deeds, although he ranked with the great ones of the earth, but on the artless piety and guileless faith of those early days. He to whose dust was attracted the fierce Norman, the proud Plantagenet, the grasping Tudor, the fickle Stuart, the powerful Edward, the frivolous

Richard, the worldly Elizabeth, the light-hearted Charles, the Dutch William, and the Hanoverian George, and even in his death the Independent Oliver, was one whose virtues were within the reach of every man, woman, and child in every age, if we only separate the perishable form from the immortal substance. To follow his footsteps we must not look to his age, but to our own — not to the 11th, but to the 19th century. *Again, this day invites us to think that not only have eight centuries rolled by and brought with them their accumulated stores of thought and wealth and experience to our country, but the very event we are celebrating was itself the beginning of a new order of things. The year in which the abbey was dedicated was not only the last year of the Confessor's life and reign, but the eve of the Norman Conquest — the greatest change, with one exception — the Reformation — which this church and nation ever witnessed. Christmas, 1065, was the last which ever saw a Saxon King worship within these sacred precincts. Edward, Saxon as he was by birth, was Norman by education, and almost to the last year of his life he wavered between a Saxon and a Norman for his successor. This house was a shadow cast before by the coming event. Few changes could be more significant than that which replaced the wooden wattled church of the Anglo-Saxon period with the majestic pile, the architecture of which Edward brought from the Norman. Its solid pillars, its rounded arches, its lofty roof, its cruciform plan, and its storied windows were all new and strange to the people of that age in a degree we can hardly conceive now, and of this new style and shape and dimensions the abbey built by the Confessor was the first example. When Harold, with his brother Gurth and his sister Editha, passed beneath these lofty towers and signed his name to the charter of this abbey, he might have known that he was signing his own doom and preparing his own destruction. The old cathedral, as it was then called, at Winchester, where the Saxon kings for centuries had been crowned and buried, was then discarded, and the Royal favour settled upon Westminster. It was founded, therefore, not only in faith, but in hope — in the hope that England had yet a glorious career to run, in the hope that the line of her great sovereigns had not dried up, even when the race of Alfred ceased to live, and that the troubles which the Confessor saw in prophetic vision would pass away, and that a brighter day was yet in store than he or any other

living man at that time could anticipate. It was founded in hopes that have been more than fulfilled. We know that this abbey has been renovated and beautified by successive kings whenever for a time it was neglected or disfigured, and that it has kept its hold upon the affections and reverence of the whole English people. We know how its precincts have witnessed not only every successive stage of the English monarchy, but the rise and growth of English constitutional freedom. We know how it has been the refuge, in life and death, to princes who had no other place in which to lay their heads — how on the change of faith (greater, as I have said, than the Norman conquest) it received the great shock of the Reformation, and became a shelter for that famous school which is bound to it by so many illustrious names, and how under its shadow were held assemblies to discuss momentous questions affecting the interests of the Church of England, and also to compile and set forth the only confession of faith ever imposed by law upon the population of the whole island, and which at the present moment, although bearing the name of Westminster, is the established formula of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, — how its walls embrace memorials from every rank and profession in life — sovereigns and statesmen, divided in all but death and the hope of a common resurrection; the doubting sceptic hard by the enthusiastic believer — the ornaments of other communions, Romanist, Puritan, Dissenting, beside the uncompromising prelates of our own, the smoking flax beside the blazing lamp, the bruised reed beside the sturdy tree. Such has been the development and expansion of the seed planted here by our founder, and we do well to think of it. The Abbey, so regarded, is a standing monument and witness of the peculiar process by which our English Constitution has been framed, and the peculiar duties we owe to it as Englishmen and as Christians. The Norman Church, founded by a Saxon king, the new future springing out of the dying past, new progress with old liberty, prerogative side by side with precedent, Church and State inextricably mixed with each other, opposing parties in Church and State neutralizing, counterbalancing, and completing each other, neither by the other entirely subdued, each by the other honoured and respected. From this thought we pass naturally to the direct object of the foundation of this august benefice. I speak not now of the curious legends and dreams and visions which wrought upon the Confessor's mind, but I

refer to the fixed intention, which has never died out, that this magnificent pile should be a house where Christian souls might meet and hold converse with their Maker. Whatever it has since become — Royal, heroic, historic, or artistic, it has always been a place dedicated for ever to the worship of Almighty God. This, it is true, is a character which it shares with the humblest church or chapel in the kingdom, but to us who here carry on that worship the greatness and importance of our office must be brought home with double force with the reflection that on it, as on the invisible thread, hangs every other interest which from generation to generation has accumulated around us. Break this thread, and the whole building becomes an unmeaning labyrinth, a cold artificial Valhalla, a lifeless museum. But in all times, in sorrow and in joy, in difficulty and in triumph, God, the consoler and the giver, has been sought here in prayer and praise. And you who take part in our services day by day, you who add by your tuneful voices new graces and force to those services, join hand to hand and heart to heart with those who in times gone by found out those musical tunes which we to-day sing over their graves — join with them to make the worship worthy of the place as the place is worthy of the worship." The preacher then, after pointing out that the Confessor, in founding the abbey, had, in fact, also founded the city of Westminster, made an eloquent appeal on behalf of those without the walls in poverty and sickness, with a view to the collection which was about to be made for the Westminster Hospital, and concluded with an eloquent invocation for the Divine blessing.

The prayers were intoned by the Rev. Mr. Flood Jones. The Communion Service was read by the Sub-dean, and the Holy Communion was administered to a large number of communicants, the service being choral.

In the afternoon there was another special musical service, and the abbey was crowded.

From the Economist.

AMERICAN FINANCE.

THE report of the Secretary of the Treasury, just delivered to Congress, is, perhaps, the most remarkable of the many remarkable documents which the American civil war has suggested. The most curious pe-

culiarity is its contrast to European ideal. People in Europe have been arguing whether or not the interest on the United States debt would be paid, whether the American Government would not go on to issue more and more "greenbacks," more and more irredeemable currency. In the face of the European controversy Mr. McCulloch goes down to Congress and proposes to redeem all the "greenbacks," to pay all the national note currency now out, and to devote *forty millions sterling annually* to the payment of the interest on the debt, and to the liquidation of the principal. No such bold propositions have ever, we believe, been offered to any nation at the end of a great war — a war of the first magnitude. In 1815 our Government had no currency of its own to reform; the depreciated notes were bank notes, and, perhaps, it was fortunate that it was so; but on the matters with which it had to deal the English Government did not act as the American Government. It made no vast effort, it proposed to vast effort, to pay off the debt; it abandoned all idea of a surplus revenue, it took off the income tax and what other taxes it could, and it abolished the "sinking fund," which it had maintained during the war and while it was useless, at the beginning of peace, and just when there would have been real money for it. Whether the Americans will effect more than the English, we do not say, but at any rate they have plans more equal to their great place. Whatever the nation may do, their Finance Minister, at least, hopes for large schemes and aims at great ends.

The American secretary's message runs into innumerable topics, all of great importance, and great interest, but a paper as long as his, — and his is very long, — is needful to follow him fully, even to half of them. We only wish to show our readers, in brief, with what realities and with what prospects this great war now concludes. And we follow the Secretary's own division in separating the matter into three heads — the Taxation, the Debt, and the Currency.

First, as to the taxation. An Englishman regards finance not with that fond and half-romantic feeling with which the happy statesman at the head of a new country casts up in prophecy its unbounded resources, but with the patient and carefulness of an old world where labour is difficult, where much of it is ill paid, where failure is easy, where success *after* failure is all but impossible. The Americans, with unequalled, though untried resources, are

in the place of justified hope; we, with less resources, but after many trials, ought at least to have an enriched experience and an instructed caution.

What, then, are the facts? The outgoing side of the last year's accounts of the United States is stupendous, more than 200,000,000! (above three times the ordinary expenditure) to be spent on the War department alone, and the other expenses were great too. Civil government costs much when a new internal revenue of vast magnitude is in the course of organization, and a blockade over an immense coast must create great naval outlay. The figures are:—

EXPENDITURE OF UNITED STATES for the year ending * 30th June, 1865.

	£
Civil Service	8,953,110
Pensions and Indians	2,851,704
War department	206,264,676
Navy —	24,513,554
Interest on public debt	15,479,542
Total Expenditure	258,062,586

Probably the largest sum any nation has spent in twelve months. The largest we ever spent was in the year 1814, 106,832,000!, of which 76,780,000!, was for war and other outlay, and the rest 30,052,000! for interest on debt. The Americans have a perceptible pride in the money they have spent, and it is impossible to wonder at it.

They may well be proud of being able to find that money. How it has been raised is for many purposes most material; that manner may affect the nation in many incalculable ways for good and for evil. But for the present purpose that manner is not at all material. The national effort, the national destruction of wealth, *the capital the country had to find*, is the same. The army was paid, armed, and fed; the cost of subduing the South was defrayed. Whether the capital so required was abstracted by loans or taxes is upon this general view immaterial. It was abstracted; it was taken from the nation, and the soldiers were paid and clothed with it.

The money was found thus:—

TAXATION AND LAND SALES.

	£
Customs	16,985,652
Land	199,310

* The figures here and elsewhere are given at 4s to the dollar. The value of the currency has fluctuated so much that a retrospect of the war at the true exchange of the day would be a task of infinite labour.

Direct tax	240,114	
Internal revenue	41,192,842	
Miscellaneous resources	6,595,656	
		65,913,574
Loans		172,972,698
Reduction of balance in Treasury		19,176,324
		258,062,596

It cannot be said that this is a very good specimen of financial management. At the crisis of the nation's destiny the painful effort, the effort by taxes, ought to have borne a larger proportion to the easy effort—the effort by loans. Still it may be said that the Federal taxation is between four and five times what it was in 1860; the effect of the war has been to quadruple, and more than quadruple, the taxation of the country. The proportion of the present taxes to the late outlay is small, but the proportion of the present taxes to the old taxes is large, and what is more material than any comparison, the money was, in fact, obtained—obtained at home in this way.

What we have to ask is, now that the crisis is past, now that the war is over, how will America now stand? The year ending June 30, 1866, next June, is naturally so complicated with temporary expenditure and the outlay incident on the conclusion of the war, that it is not very instructive. It is half way between the past war and the coming peace, and so does not bring out the salient points of either. But happily, according to the American custom of giving three years' figures at once (one year wholly past, another a quarter over, and a third wholly to come), Mr. McCulloch puts before us a budget for the year ending June 30, 1867, and it is as follows:—

	INCOME £	£
Customs	22,000,000	
Internal revenue	55,000,000	
Lands	200,000	
Miscellaneous resources	4,000,000	
		79,200,000

	EXPENDITURE	
Civil service	8,433,118	
Pensions and Indians	3,521,928	
War department	7,803,482	
Navy department	8,796,490	
Interest on public debt	28,308,412	
		56,863,430
Surplus		22,336,570

Supposing all the war taxes kept on, and to yield an augmented income in the now peaceful country with the addition of the

South, and by revised adjustment and improved collection.

Each of these suppositions is, of course, open to discussion and doubt. What the South will become no one in Europe ventures clearly to foretell; all the best of us are dubious—the very best, perhaps, very dubious. How much the income of the country will grow is matter of conjecture, though doubtless it will grow much; and how many taxes, and what sort of taxes, the American democracy will bear, it would be childish now to investigate. Nothing but experience can decide questions so large and so complex as these.

But it is after all upon these questions that the success of Mr. McCulloch's great proposal depends. As to the debt, he proposes to spend on interest and principal 40,000,000*l* annually; but he must first get this 40,000,000*l*. The above accounts no doubt give it him, but will those accounts be verified?

We have no doubt that the United States (if the South goes well) will be amply able to pay 70 or 80,000,000*l* of taxation. Their economic position is the best the world has ever seen. The productiveness of their industry is greater than the productiveness of any industry ever was before. The best working race earth has ever known is coming into the greatest opportunity of profitable labour the world has ever afforded. But will it endure to pay so many taxes? Every one must see the grave doubts which beset the subject.

First, sooner or later, the South must come back to Congress, and whatever good effect that return may have socially, it is hardly possible it should have a good effect financially. The South must long be poor; it always was poor in comparison with the North; it produced for export some great staples—one great staple above all—but its self-contained wealth was small. It was not like the wealth of Pennsylvania, or the wealth of New York. But after the great losses of life—of its best lives both for war and production—after the break-up of its whole former system of production—it is impossible that for years the South should be otherwise than very poor. She will pay what she pays with difficulty. And it is hardly possible to doubt that she will pay what she pays with reluctance. She is beaten in war, but it is much to ask her to pay those who overcame her. This debt is greatly held in the New England States, and other warm Union States. But is it possible that the *dis*-Union States should wish to pay such creditors? Their lives are ruined,

their friends and relatives killed, their best property gone, and you ask them for years to come to make such exertions as no nation has ever made in order that the infliction of these calamities may be repaid. No nation has ever yet paid for its own subjugation, and we do not expect the South will begin. Sooner or later its members will come back to Congress—sooner or later they will vote against high taxation.

The West, too, cannot like high taxation. It does not hold near as much of the debt as the Old States in the East. It detests high Customs duties, which cripple foreign trade, which are so much protection to the Eastern manufacturer, which are so much additional difficulty placed in the way of European purchases of what they wish to sell. The West will (as time goes on) object to the easiest part of the taxation—the taxation of imports—because much of their real effect is to take from one section of the United States and to give to another section; to put the money of the Western farmer into the pocket of the Eastern manufacturer; what the Western man buys will be dearer because of the duty, and what he sells to Europe will be less because of the duty. Nor will any State—reasoning upon the assumption that American human nature is like European human nature—be anxious for, agitate for, taxation. A dislike of paying money is one of the most universal parts of man's nature. And an American tax-payer pays money unpleasantly. Their internal Revenue Act is the most excruciating instrument of torture we know. It taxes nearly everything and (we hardly exaggerate) every act, every cognizable act of commercial life. The administration at Washington has discovered its defects. Mr. McCulloch complains of the number of little imposts which yields nothing, but which cost much and harass much.—a Government Commission is sitting to examine the subject and suggest reforms. But no Commission will make 55,000,000*l* of excise duties, of internal revenues, at all agreeable,—can render them anything but torments to the commercial and to the consuming community.

Congress, too, is, for the present state of American politics, an untried power. During the war the President was Dictator, and by their President it is in vain to deny that the American people did great things. They found typical men—sufficient but not more than sufficient exponents of the greatness that was in them. But what will their Parliament be? Will that work right in times of calm as their President

worked right in times of storm? No man can answer these doubts, and it is therefore that we state them. When in money matters the data of calculation do not exist, uncertainty is of all things the most prudent.

There are three great forces against high taxation, and there is only one in favour of it. One is (and we are the last to speak lightly of it, though it is not the dry sort of motive which is easily described in our style) the sensibility of a democracy for great ideas. After what has happened, it is impossible to say what Northerners would not do for their union. They have a sentiment about it different from any we feel, different from any which is felt in Europe, but which is inestimably powerful. Mr. McCulloch trades, so to say, on this feeling. He wishes to attract the imaginations of his countrymen by a magnificent finance. He thinks it "poor" to make provision for mere interest. He asks for a large annual reduction of the principal—such a reduction as has never elsewhere been made. This is, doubtless, to English notions showy finance; but if you have to teach the minds of a large, busy, scattered people, a theatricality may be necessary. When all is over, the American debt will be 600,000,000*l*. and (almost all borrowed in four years) they are going to pay 40,000,000*l* a year in interest and principal. These are great figures, whatever comes of them.

We have left ourselves little space to speak of Mr. McCulloch's last burden,—the currency. And yet there is much to be said about it. We can only now strictly indicate how the matter stands, and must return to all details hereafter. The first, the most prominent, and, when examined, most important part of Mr. McCulloch's currency views, reads to an Englishman almost like a jest, or like nonsense. He says the issue of irredeemable currency of greenbacks is part of the "war power." The President is, by Article III. sec. 2 of the Constitution, declared to be "Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States," and this, it seems, gives him power to issue a paper currency. It is what English lawyers would call a "large construction," but still so Mr. McCulloch tells us. And though no legal fiction can be more strained, the principal object, like that of most legal fictions, is good. There must be somewhere a power to do at a great crisis the things needed by that crisis. The United States Constitution did not provide this expressly and by name; it was made under what is

supposed,—but falsely supposed, to be the doctrine of "the English Constitution," under the doctrine of "checks and balances," and in accordance with that doctrine it nails all parts of the State down to a specific task. Each bit of machinery has its own bit of work, but there is no single superlative power. There is no power like with us, an Act of Parliament at a crisis, to break through all cobwebs, and put everything right. But a shrewd observer has said,—“Whatever document an Anglo-Saxon people are compelled to obey, they will find something sensible in it.” The Americans have found a provision for temporary omnipotence in their Constitution, though it would have astonished the makers of that Constitution to know it was there.” This is the “power of the Commander-in-Chief,” the “war power.” This gives him a right in ancient phrase “to see that the Republic comes to no harm.” This power it is that gives the right at a crisis to issue Government notes.

And this alone. Now that the war is over, all the powers of the Constitution return to their defined limits. Each power has certain words in the Constitution which *make* it, and it cannot go beyond them. The only words in the Constitution about the currency are in article I. and section VIII., which gives the Congress power to “coin money and regulate the value thereof,” but there is nothing giving authority to *emit* paper there.

The American paper currency is as follows:—

	£
United States notes and fractional currency	. 90,843,000
Notes of National Banks	. 37,000,000
Notes of States Banks	. 13,000,000
	140,843,000

The United States notes are the “greenbacks,” the exceptional currency issued, so to say, by right of war. The national banks are a creation of Mr. Chase's. Before the war each State had its currency based on its own laws and its own usages; and the currencies, therefore, were of all sorts and degrees of quality. In New York the notes were well secured; in others they were ill secured. Mr. Chase, acting on the clause which gives the Government power to “regulate the value” of the currency, founded one single currency for the whole Union. He created national banks, whose notes are secured everywhere in the same war, and which were to circulate, and

do circulate, throughout the whole Union. The limit of these national bank notes is 60,000,000*l*, and they have, therefore, 23,000,000*l* more to issue.

Mr. McCulloch boldly proposes to fund the 90,000,000*l* of "greenbacks," which will give him between 4,000,000*l* and 5,000,000*l* more to pay in the way of interest annually *beyond what is allowed in the above accounts*. He will go up to the legal limit of 60,000,000*l* of national bank notes, so that he will deal with the entire volume of the currency thus:—

	£
Present currency	140,843,000
Less "greenbacks" retired	90,873,000
	50,000,000
Add national notes remaining to be issued	23,000,000
	73,000,000

which is an immense reduction. The amount, however, is still largely in excess of the old issues before the war. The old issues in 1860 were in round numbers 200,000,000*l*, or 40,000,000*l*, so that there the present augmentation of paper is enormous, and after every contemplated reduction will be very great.

The true aim of the American reformers of their currency is very clear. They must try with the utmost speed to return to cash payments. There is no security for the equivalence in value of coin and paper, except the interchange of coin and paper at the will of the holder. The holder of the paper is the person who creates that equivalence. If you give him a right to ask for coin for his paper, depend on it the value of the paper will not be less than the value of the coin; at the slightest shade of depreciation, the holder of the paper will demand coin to get the difference. But there is no other check. Fancied limitations of quantity are but conjectural estimates of what a country requires; they contain no self-corrective. It is the power in each noteholder to get gold and silver for his note that enforces the equivalence of that note to gold and silver.

In order to approach specie payments, it is necessary first to reduce the quantity of depreciated currency, and day by day to raise its value; next, to accumulate a reserve of the precious metals, bearing some proportion or being some fixed part (economists differ as to these points) of the actual circulation. But these are great efforts. The creation of an adequate reserve is by far the least difficulty of the two. A de-

preciating paper currency, to use an American phrase, "lubricates the wheels of commerce." Every day the commercial class—the borrowing class—feels its liabilities lightened; it sells its goods for more, and only the same fixed sum goes to its creditors. But an appreciating currency, a currency growing dearer, has the very opposite effect. Every day a merchant sells his goods for less; what comes in is smaller and smaller, but his bills do not diminish; his liabilities are identical. An extra issue of paper is a bounty to the mercantile class, because it is in general a borrower; a contraction of paper is a penalty on the mercantile class, for it takes from them and gives to the lender.

At the very time, therefore, that they are asked to pay unusual taxes, the commercial classes of America will be subject to unusual though most just and necessary pressure. What course will be taken as years go on cannot be foreseen. America, in finance, and in much else, is a "great unknown;" at all events, to others, and in no inconceivable degree to herself. A bolder and grander proposal than Mr. McCulloch's no one ever made; what Congress will decide on it, Congress *en masse*, scarcely one individual of Congress, if one, yet knows.

From the Saturday Review.

NAPOLEON IN MEXICO.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON distinctly announced that he sent his troops to Mexico in order that he might, in his quality of head of the Latin race, prevent the Americans ruling over too large a part of the New World. The occupation of Mexico was a distinct challenge to the Americans, and they are aware that this challenge was only given because they were then too much occupied with their own troubles to be able to notice it. No wonder, therefore, that they resent it, and speak loudly their feelings, now that they are prosperous and powerful. They do not want to go to war with France, but they want to use such language as will make the French withdraw from Mexico without a war being necessary; and what will be the course pursued, under these circumstances, by the Emperor NAPOLEON, is one of the most important secrets that we may expect the new year to reveal to us.

Whatever may be the decision of the Emperor of the FRENCH, the fall of the

Mexican Empire, if it does fall, will probably be due, not so much to political causes extraneous to itself as to its own inherent difficulties. If the Mexican Empire were getting on very well, if it were making way in the country, if it were attracting capital and establishing a settled state of society, and if it were beginning to pay its way and get an army of its own, the French might easily retire, and the Americans would scarcely interfere with a happy, peaceful, flourishing community simply because it choose to be governed by a very liberal Emperor. But the Mexican Empire is not getting on well. It does not attract capital; it does not secure the welcome arrival of immigrants; it is not heartily supported by the Mexicans; its revenue does not increase in proportion to the increase of its debt; it cannot enlist a native army on which it can rely. This disappointing result is not due to any one cause. It is not the fault of the Emperor MAXIMILIAN, or of the French, although the EMPEROR may have made mistakes, and the French may have given just grounds of complaint. The evil lies much deeper, for it lies principally in the character of the Mexicans themselves, and in the nature of Mexican climate and soil and geography. The better Mexicans — those who have some settled position and property — support the Empire, because the Empire saves them from having their houses burnt and their throats cut; but their support is purely passive. They do not even talk in favour of the Empire, and they certainly do not act so as to support it. They simply do nothing, and indulge in quiet, querulous censure of all that the EMPEROR does. The mass of Mexicans are utterly incapable of supporting any person or party. They have none of the virtues which prompt men to cohere for common objects. If they are ready to enlist, they are equally ready to desert; if they are ready to be paid for protecting property, they are equally ready to plunder property without pay. They are just so far above the lowest level of humanity that they are able to see how such cries as the Republic or the Church can be used to make their atrocities seem less atrocious. Unless a race superior to any now in Mexico overruns the country, there can be no native government there, for no one can conceive what government means, or what is the use of it. From the outset of his rule the Emperor MAXIMILIAN saw this clearly, and tried to induce emigrants to settle in Mexico, and so to introduce new blood and new ideas. But he has been baffled by two difficulties. In the parts of Mexico where

money might most easily be made, cultivation must be carried on with plenty of capital and labour if it is to be profitable, and the labour does not suit the white man. A man who wishes to grow coffee or sugar or tobacco, or to breed large herds of cattle, must have money to start with; and as he does not expect to labour with his own hands, he must make sure that labour is to be had. In some of the most promising parts of Mexican soil, labour is very scarce; and where labour is to be had, it is not every one who can keep Indians industrious and in good-humour. And to men who could manage these labourers, and who have capital to risk, Mexico is scarcely sufficiently inviting, on account of the great insecurity of life. Then, again, although there are large districts where a European might thrive if he tried to support himself, as emigrants to the States do, by the labour of his own hands, there is no special inducement to such men to choose Mexico which can counterbalance the heavy expense, fatigue, and danger to life of getting there. Poor Europeans will not go to Mexico without money being given them to help them on the journey, and the Mexican Government cannot find the funds for the purpose.

This is the darker side of affairs in Mexico, and it is sombre enough to make the Emperor of the FRENCH to have many doubts as to the expediency of persisting in his attempts to make Mexico what he dreams it might be. There is scarcely sufficient hope of the country prospering under French guidance to make it worth while to persevere; and perhaps a Republic under American protection, and with Americans gradually seizing on the country, would be the best future Mexico could have. Still, it is a great mistake to treat the present aspect of Mexico as if nothing but gloom was to be seen there. The French, and the EMPEROR they have set up, have done much since they were there that is bearing fruit. Mexico has been made something like a European city; it has grown richer, and dared to show its riches. Its material condition is improving. In a few months it will be lighted with gas, and in less than a year a railway a hundred miles long will run out of its gates. The import revenue has already increased, and if a direct internal revenue could be properly adjusted and collected, the Imperial Treasury would not be so empty as it has been. The EMPEROR himself is quite alive to the necessity of keeping intact the public credit, and will fulfil every obligation that it is in his power to meet. The country, though very un-

safe, is free from war; and if, now that the decisive moment is come, the French decide to stay, at all hazards, till their task is complete, and it becomes certain that the Americans will not interfere, the Mexicans will gradually learn to accept a situation from which there is no escape. The Emperor NAPOLEON will be a bold man if he keeps his troops in Mexico, for he is only protracting an effort that may never yield any good result; he will provoke the ceaseless disapprobation of the Americans, and he will be adhering to the one act of his reign which Frenchmen of all ranks and all parties pronounce to be a mistake. But he will also be a bold man if he withdraws his troops, and publicly owns that he has been wrong, or gives his subjects reason to think that he has yielded to threats, and has conceded to fear of the Americans what he would not concede to a desire for the approbation of France.

From the Saturday Review, Dec. 27.

OUR INTERNATIONAL SHORTCOMINGS.

THAT part of the President's Message which refers to England, and to the measures taken by our Government with regard to Confederate cruisers, contains matter for the gravest and most serious reflection, and raises apprehensions to which it would be folly to close our eyes. The President brings a heavy charge against us, and the worst of it is that this charge is more easily stated than answered. After premising that the formal accordance of belligerent rights to the insurgent States was unprecedented, and has not been justified by the issue, and taking care not to allege that the declaration of blockade was not technically a warrant for the counterstep of according these belligerent rights, he goes on to say, what is quite true, that it was only through the action of England that the accordance of these rights made much difference. No one can deny that "British ships, manned by British subjects, and prepared for receiving British armaments, sailed from the ports of Great Britain to make war on American commerce, under the shelter of a commission from the insurgent States." It is also true that these ships, having once escaped from British ports, ever afterwards entered them in every part of the world, to refit, and so to renew their depredations. Further, we unfortunately

cannot deny that this had the effect, to a great extent, of driving the American flag from the sea, and of transferring much of American shipping and American commerce to the very Power whose subjects had created the necessity for such a change. Lord Russell did, in a great measure, rest his defence on the ground that he had been obliged in all the steps he took to consider our municipal law, and the interpretations which English judges and English tribunals had put, or were likely to put, on that law. Further, we refused arbitration, and proposed instead a Commission from the consideration of which the only matters in which the Americans felt any interest should be excluded. All this sounds very bad, and even if we have a defence further than appears in the President's statement, yet we must regret that the *prima facie* case against us is so strong. For the proposal of a Commission there is, we conceive, no defence whatever. It was a pure diplomatic blunder. It was one of those illusory offers which are intended, not to facilitate negotiations, but to throw on the opposing party the onus of rejecting them. To the rest of the case there is a defence which in a great measure would, we hope, be considered by any impartial judge a good defence; but then it is a defence that cannot be put in the telling and concise way in which the accusation against us can be put. Lord Russell, being called on to act, examined how far he had power to act; and, seeing that we and the United States had substantially the same provisions in our municipal systems of law for dealing with such cases, acted in accordance with those provisions, and did exactly what the United States had done when a precisely similar case arose during the war of Portugal with Brazil. Afterwards it was clear that these provisions were ineffectual; and then Lord RUSSELL, no longer taking our municipal law as the measure of our duty as a neutral, boldly invented and enforced a method of preventing the issue of Confederate armed cruisers which was quite illegal, but which was effectual, and satisfied practically the requirements of the Americans. This is substantially our defence. We, in the first instance, did adopt our municipal law as the standard of our duty, because, as it was our law, and as it also had the sanction of being substantially identical with the municipal law of the United States, it might be reasonably supposed to be effectual for its object. When it failed, we no longer treated it as the measure of our duty, but invented a new

system of action which enlarged the measure of our duty very considerably, and practically answered its purpose. This seems to us a good defence, and especially as against the Americans. They, like ourselves, know all the difficulties which beset the Governments of free States when they try to limit the operations of their subjects. They had, and still have, a municipal law for preventing similar damage to belligerents, which our recent experience proves to be ineffectual. They, like Englishmen, know how embarrassing it is for a Government to be called on to take cognizance of everything that happens along a vast line of coast peopled by an enterprising, self-reliant, unscrupulous population. They ought to judge us with all the indulgence which they would certainly have claimed for themselves had our positions been reversed, and had they been the neutrals and we the belligerents.

It is also very difficult to state, in a summary and telling way, the causes why we were justified in refusing arbitration. It seems so fair, so conciliatory, to say, as the PRESIDENT does, that the United States, finding great questions of international law involved in the matter, proposed, in the honest and sincere love of peace and goodwill, to refer the whole case to arbitration. Nor is it certain that an English Minister who had accepted arbitration would have done as wrong as Lord RUSSELL did who declined arbitration, and offered in lieu of it an illusory Commission. But if we are right in the main point — if we took our law as the measure of our duty only until we found it inefficacious, and if we had this excuse for taking it as such measure in the first instance, that the greatest of our sister maritime nations had estimated the measure of its duty in exactly the same way — the only question to refer to arbitration in the case of the *Alabama* was whether we had fulfilled the measure of our duty by doing all that our law allowed us to do. Here arbitration could have been of little good. Admit that, in this first and experimental case, Lord RUSSELL had nothing to do but to lay the facts before the Law Officers, and act as they advised, the real question must then be whether Sir ROUNDELL PALMER looked up his papers fast enough; and as one of the few days during which the papers were before the Law Officers was a Sunday, the issue might turn on the question whether he could have been expected to stay away from church to get up the case of the *Alabama*. The diligence

of particular officials is not a matter on which foreign arbitrators can properly decide. But it must be acknowledged that this does not touch the question whether we could have referred to arbitration the issue as to our being entitled to consider our municipal law the measure of our duty, in the first instance; and Lord RUSSELL ought to have considered this point more closely, and argued it more fully, in his despatch to Mr. ADAMS. All that, however, is past now. The opportunity for obtaining from an arbitration an interpretation of the duty of neutrals is gone by, if we could ever have availed ourselves of it; and it would be exceedingly satisfactory if we could see now any means of establishing such rules for the future as would relieve us, and every other maritime nation, from the dread of seeing commerce preyed on by such vessels as the *Alabama*. The best way, undoubtedly, would be to promote the assembling of a Maritime Congress, at which every danger to belligerents and neutrals from the escape of such cruisers should be discussed. But, after reading the PRESIDENT'S Message, we have little hope that a Congress could be got to meet for their discussion. The line which the Americans are inclined to take is very obvious. They say that they do not want to dispute any more with us, or to quarrel or make claims; but they will wait till we are at war, and then we shall find out by our own experience what it is to suffer as they have suffered. And if the Americans will not help us to call a Congress, we may be sure that France will not. The Emperor has too keen a recollection of the slight which, as he thinks, we put on him by refusing the Congress which he proposed, to do for us what we declined to do for him.

England, therefore, if she acts at all, must act for herself and by herself. Of course, if she takes any measures for the security of commerce now which she did not take when the American war was going on, it will be said that she is acting from fear, and from a mere selfish desire to avert from herself the injuries she has entailed on others. The Americans would be certain to say this, and would give us to understand that our repentance came too late. But that may not be a sufficient reason for not doing all that we can to be in the right; and even if considerable caution must be used in devising and proposing any changes, it can never be amiss to consider what salutary changes we might effect. Many changes have been proposed that

would not be at all salutary, and views have been propounded of our duty as neutrals that would, if adopted, place us at the mercy of any belligerent who might call on us to carry them into practice. But some changes, more or less effectual and beneficial, might be made. In the first place, as our existing law does not express the measure of our duty as neutrals, and as our Government, in order to fulfil that measure, was forced to defy and infringe our law, we might profit by our experience, and bring our law up to the proper standard. We might give our Government the power to deal with all vessels of war in construction, as they dealt with Mr. LAIRD's steam-rans. And, in the next place, it deserves consideration whether we might not borrow a lesson from the PRESIDENT's remark that we greatly aggravated the injury caused by the escape of the *Alabama* and her sister cruisers when we allowed them to come into British ports to refit. Need we do this for the future? The Spanish Government, immediately on hearing of the war with Chili, announced that, if a Spanish vessel of war captured any ship bearing a Chilian commission, but which had not issued from a Chilian port, it would treat the crew as pirates, which is a confused and technical periphrasis for hanging them. The only reason why a belligerent should not take this course is that he lays himself open to reprisals; and the Chilians might reply that, if this were done, and a Chilian man-of-war ever captured a Spanish vessel, the whole of the captured crew should be hanged in retaliation. It is for the belligerent to decide whether he likes to take this risk. But a neutral might perhaps say that no vessel of war of either belligerent should enter any of the harbours of the neutral unless it had issued from the port of the belligerent having already been invested with a military character. All that the neutral would have to do would be to refuse shelter, and this he might do probably without accepting any burden of duty that he was not able to bear. The next time that a great war arises, if England is happily a neutral, it may be worth while that she should announce at the outset that this will be the principle by which she will be guided in the reception of belligerent cruisers.

From the Spectator.

MORAL CONTAGION.

If it be true, as we believe it is, that Mr. Eyre, naturally a brave and just, though

weakly obstinate, and dictatorial man, has succumbed to the intense feeling of race-hatred and race-suspicion which alienates the white colonists of Jamaica from the descendants of their former slaves, it is only a remarkable illustration of the highly contagious character of certain moral disorders to which we are all liable. The close analogies which exist between physical and moral organisms are really very remarkable. In both alike we find that the most *hopeless* kinds of disease are seldom contagious, though not unfrequently hereditary; in both alike we find many of the most fatal diseases,—that is, of those which, though seldom hopeless, attack and frequently destroy multitudes in a very short time, what our Registrar-General calls the zymotic class,—to be exceedingly temporary in their nature, and if survived at all, scarcely likely to leave the constitution weaker for the attack. Cancer, consumption, scrofula, none of them contagious, all of them slow in their approaches, all of them hereditary, resemble the mental diseases which arise from organic taints in the will, or what in some cases is equivalent, deficiency in healthy social impulse caused by predominance of will. No moral disorder is more hereditary than a consuming pride (closely allied to insanity), which we may call an isolating will-disease; it is pride in great measure which has sapped the strength of the Ottoman race and insulated it in a sort of lonely and fatalistic despair. Pride in its intensest forms may be called moral consumption, and is curiously allied with certain forms of unnatural cruelty, impurity, and sin, which may be called moral scrofula, disorders which so far from being infectious, destroy by their very tendency to evade that social influence which, once brought to bear on them, would extinguish them immediately. And yet no kinds of vices are more distinctly *hereditary* than these unnatural forms of cruelty, these secret vices of proud natures. Again, the contagious physical diseases which trouble children so much, and are usually dangerous only to youthful blood and overflowing vitality, usually diseases of the skin, have their analogue in the social vices which, though often of the same class as the unsocial,—vices of cruelty, for instance, as between race and race, vices of profligacy which are so catching in Universities and any large associations of young men,—have always in them something absolutely distinct in kind from the deeper, unsocial, more hopeless organic diseases which are hereditary, but not contagious. As a rule, we believe the conta-

gious mental diseases do not originate in the will, but in the sympathies and the social emotions, and only overpower the will through its weakness; while the deeper-rooted organic diseases originate in the centre of our individuality — the will, and creep like a cancer thence to the more superficial portions of our nature.

But if this were true, then it would seem to follow that men of strong wills and weak social impulses would be less liable to moral contagion than men of weak will and strong social impulses; and almost all women, who though less generally social than men, are far more closely bound up with the few nearest and dearest to them than men themselves, — would be more so. But how would this apply to the illustration of moral contagion with which we set out? Mr. Eyre is unquestionably a man in some sense of more than strong will, of irresistible obstinacy, and there is nothing to show that he is a man of strong social impulses; what is known of him seems rather to imply an insulated man. We believe the explanation in his case would prove that it is not so much his general liability to infection, as his liability to infection in this particular case, which has caused this fatal attack of the prevalent disease. We know that in the case of all infectious physical diseases there is something, extremely difficult to analyze, called predisposing causes. It is by no means universally true that mere delicacy is a predisposing cause. In one visitation of a great epidemic it has been remarked that all the weakly and sickly persons came off with no ill result, while the strongest and healthiest fell at the first touch. Again, at other times these diseases wither all the sickly plants at once, and leave the healthy ones comparatively uninjured. So it is with moral infections. There are not only generally predisposing causes to catching the contagion, such as strong social impulses, weak will, and an early education adapted to receive the poison instead of to repel it, — but *special* predisposing causes, such as the tendency of the alarm, when it arises, to lend strength and justification to deep-seated currents of purpose already excited in the mind. So far as it is at present possible to judge, this would be Mr. Eyre's case. He was not a timid man, and not originally liable to the feeling of race-hatred and caste-privilege. Had he been in Jamaica as a mere observer, as one of the people unidentified with any part in the political struggle which had been going on, he would probably have never taken the

infection of the anti-negro passion which has burst out there so violently, — nay, might have done much to stem the tide of impetuous feeling. But it seems that he had been engaged in a vehement political quarrel with the party commonly called the negro party in the Assembly, about many local matters of expenditure as well as general policy, — and the naturally tenacious spirit of the man's purposes rendered him peculiarly open to the infection of any hostile feeling running directly against this party. We do not of course mean to imply that Mr. Eyre used a passion he did not share for his own purposes. That would be the most shocking of all wickednesses. The whole purport of our remarks is to show that he *did* catch the infection from a special predisposing cause, — the ready and rapid conducting medium supplied to him by the intensity of his own indignation against the party which was resisting as he thought the wise and salutary exercise of his authority in the island. If you are already angry with anybody, you must be very impartial indeed not to believe far more easily what others have to say against him than you would do if no such anger had ever been excited. Mr. Eyre was certainly very angry with the Gordon party in the assembly before these troubles began and the planter panic broke out, and this anger was apparently the special predisposing cause which rendered him liable to an infection he would not otherwise have taken. It is nothing more than an individual illustration of the ordinary remark on the greater liability to be deceived by fallacious reasoning displayed by an audience who agree heartily with an orator's practical ends, than is displayed by an audience who are indifferent to the ends which he tries to promote, and judge his reasoning therefore simply by its reasonableness. Convoke an assembly to promote reform, or the abolition of slavery, or anything else, and the weakest arguments will excite even enthusiasm in an audience that goes heart and soul with the drift of the speaker, when they would excite contempt in those who are convinced that he is wrong. In precisely the same way the spread of a moral infection must depend very much on its finding a state of feeling identical in drift, though not in origin, with the state of feeling it would promote. This is of course the true reason of the highly contagious character of bad sentimental morality — in French novels or elsewhere. It is not the depth of the sentiment itself, but the high-

ly conducting medium of the passions it finds ready to its purpose, which renders so feeble a poison dangerous.

If, as we have ventured to suggest, the region of infectious diseases is usually the social emotions and sympathies — those which bind classes and nations together, and so propagate either false morality or false sentiment almost with as little free choice among the individuals as there is in the meal as to whether it shall or shall not be leavened by the yeast, — then it would follow that the great disinfectant must be solitary judgment, — that habit of mind which habitually interposes a kind of minute capillary repulsion between the pressure of social influences and the attitude of its own secret thought, — which clears a space, as it were, like a juggler with his balls in a crowd, round the will, into which it will not admit the pressure of social influences till it has given its sanction to their tendency. Such a habit of mind would really operate to save society from false corporate judgments, much as the cellular system of building iron vessels operates to save a ship from the disastrous effects of leakage. As it is, when a moral accident happens to the social nature of influential persons in any closely organized society the bad results are never isolated, and sometimes extend so rapidly that the whole ship founders. But if the ship is built of non-communicating cells, one cell may fill and all the others remain as water-tight as before. It is true, as we have admitted, that the worst social vices, — even social cruelty and impurity, — are seldom so utterly destructive of the soul as the organic tendencies to disease *originating* in a perverted will, which, though often hereditary, are never very contagious. Yet a French or Jamaica reign of terror destroys the souls as well as bodies of multitudes, and steels by cruel wrongs the souls of multitudes whom it does not destroy. A perverted and evil enthusiasm is as terrible a force as any which does not imply absolutely the constitutional exhaustion of a great community. Nor are men less in need of the disinfectant we have mentioned who apparently, like Mr. Eyre, are not naturally liable to be affected vehemently by social influences, if they permit special conductors, such as political hostility, to open the gates of their minds to besieging influences which, acting alone, would have had no chance of triumph.

From the Spectator 30th Dec.

LES ETATS-UNIS PENDANT LA GUERRE. *

It is a curious, to an Englishman an unpleasantly suggestive, fact that the best work ever written on America should have had a Frenchman for its author. Upon the absolute merits of De Tocqueville as a political observer opinions may differ, but there can be no question that on the whole his work is the ablest and most exhaustive which has yet been published concerning America. As a rule, French treatises on American affairs have been infinitely fairer and more impartial than those which have proceeded from English authors. Yet it is very hard to conceive at first how this should be the case. We all know by experience how difficult, if not impossible, it is for a Frenchman really to understand English character, or institutions, or politics; and it is not easy to see how the mere fact of crossing the Atlantic should give a Frenchman an appreciation of the Anglo-Saxon nature of which he is utterly devoid in the Old World of Europe. There is a story told of Kant, that on his death-bed he said: — "Nobody can explain my philosophy except Hegel, and he cannot understand it." In much the same way we should say that nobody but Englishmen can explain America, and that they cannot understand it. If English writers about the model Republic could ever realize the simple fact that Americans are Englishmen, with all our national virtues and vices, strength and weakness, energies and failings, differing from us only in the different conditions of their lives, they would be able to understand America in a way no foreigner, or certainly no Frenchman, can ever hope to do. As, however, no amount of experience or observation ever seems able to persuade Englishmen of this patent fact, they never can give any estimate of America which does not err on one side or the other. Owing to this fact French writers on American subjects have a great advantage over English ones. They do not see as much as the latter, but what they do see they see it in its natural light. The minor differences of customs and manners which strike Englishmen so much are not perceptible to foreign observers. To a writer like Mr. Russell, or Mr. Sala, or

* *Les Etats-Unis pendant la Guerre.* By Auguste Laugel. Paris: Baillière.

even Mr. Trollope, it seems a serious matter that an English-speaking man should say "I guess" instead of "I expect," or should pronounce "do" "du," or should wear white-kid gloves in the day-time, or should commit any other of the solecisms whose commission in England would argue a certain want of knowledge of the habits of genteel society. To a Frenchman these sort of criticisms, with which the works of English tourists are filled, never suggest themselves. His very ignorance of English habits of thought and society preserve him from the fatal error of attaching undue importance to incidental features in American life which have nothing to do with its real essence and character.

M. Laugel is in many respects a very favourable specimen of a French tourist. Connected, we believe, with America by family relations, and intimately acquainted with our English language, and life, and literature, he united to a very great extent the opposite advantages of a French and an English observer. Having resided for some time in America in the closing year of the war, he has published a series of recollections of his Transatlantic experiences, which are well worth the study of anybody who wishes to understand the real aspect of that great country. Like most educated French Liberals, M. Laugel was throughout the war a strong supporter of the Northern cause. Several of the chapters of his book were published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* at different periods during the last three years, and to re-read these now is to an Englishman curious enough. At the very time when our own public writers ridiculed and laughed at the notion that the North could possibly defeat the South, or that the Union could ever be restored, this French essayist treated the triumph of the Federals, the restoration of the Union, the present out-turn in fact of the war, as a matter of certainty; and this not because he had any superior channel of information, not because he was an impassioned partisan, but because he was cool enough to look facts in the face, and because, we are afraid we must add, he had more faith in freedom than we showed ourselves. With the clear, incisive logic of a French intellect, he saw at once that slavery was the real cause of the war, and perceiving this, he found no difficulty in understanding the nature of the struggle. "It cannot," he says, "be fairly asserted that the crisis we have just witnessed was the natural result of the application of those democratic ideas which triumphed on the American conti-

ment towards the close of the last century. It may be asserted confidently that the war would never have broken out if class privileges, under their most unjust and cruel form, had not been surreptitiously introduced into the laws and society of the Union,—into the laws by the constitutional protection afforded to slavery,—into society by that prejudice of race which is so terrible an obstacle to the emancipation of the blacks. . . . What can you say of a social system where, in the midst of the most absolute equality, there existed a privileged class, founded neither on merit, nor on education, nor on distinguished services, nor even on wealth, but only on a certain description of property, that in human beings? This fatal antagonism of slavery and freedom is the key to all the political and social history of the United States."

M. Laugel was in America during the Presidential election, and his account of the fundamental questions at issue between Mr. Lincoln and McClellan is the clearest we have yet seen. He utterly denies the assertion so commonly made at the time in England, that the Democratic party was in favour of making peace with the South. The only difference in his opinion between the two parties was that while the Democrats proposed to restore the Union by guaranteeing the South the possession of their "peculiar institutions," the Republicans proposed to restore the Union and abolish slavery. Of all the many estimates of Abraham Lincoln's character, M. Laugel's seems to us the most philosophical we have met with. No doubt the portrait given of him in these pages is in some degree an exaggerated one. The humour of the man, the honesty, the ignorance, the shrewd mother-wit; the mental hesitation till the final conclusion was arrived at, and the dogged courage with which that resolution was adhered to; the mixture of fanaticism with a kindly cynicism, were all too characteristic of our strange Anglo-Saxon nature for any one not belonging to our race to understand thoroughly. One feature, however, of Mr. Lincoln's character, the influence which his life in the West had produced upon him, is brought out by M. Laugel with great power and acuteness. "It so happened," he says with truth, "that the one dominant and almost only passion of Abraham Lincoln's nature was the passion of the nation. I ought perhaps not to use the word passion to express a resolute, calm, inflexible conviction, a sort of innate and inborn faith in the destiny of the American people. In no part of the Union has the

national sentiment entered so deeply into the souls of Americans as amidst the populations which live beyond the Alleghanies. The inhabitant of Massachusetts may well be proud of the history of his little State. Most of the sea-board States have traditions and memories of their own, but Indiana, Ohio, and Illinois have as yet no history. The citizen of these vast territories, which he feels are called to such high destinies, is above all an *American*; he is, he means to remain, the citizen of a great country; he is determined to measure the greatness of his country by the magnitude of the States he inhabits, and his patriotism knows literally no bounds."

Of the feeling thus depicted Mr. Lincoln was undoubtedly a worthy representative, and no small portion of his strength was due to the fact that he knew and sympathised with the depth of the passion for the Union which prevails in the West. In the course of years Western men may come to have the same feelings towards their own States as are entertained by the citizens of Massachusetts or Maryland; but in the West the States as yet exist simply as geographical expressions. Even the most ardent patriot cannot be enthusiastic about the allotment of prairie land out of which his State has been formed within the memory of men still young, and therefore if the Western settler has any patriotism in him it is given undivided to the Union.

The reader who wants to learn how Yankees gobble down their food, or neglect the use of spittoons, or liquor up at bars, had better not turn to M. Laugel's pages. Strange to say, he omits almost all mention of these and similar topics, which form the staple of ordinary Anglo-American books of travel. But those who wish for a great deal of very valuable information about the Western States, told very pleasantly, cannot do better than read the record of M. Laugel's travels. The grotesque side of American men and manners and cities has been described so often that it is a change to meet with a writer who tries to understand and explain their real character. Here, for instance, is a remark on the monster hotels of the West which throws a new light on these institutions:—

"The hotel, like the political meeting, is at once an opportunity for and an occasion of social intercourse; life is too busy in the West for those social relations which require leisure, which demand a disinterested taste for abstract things, a half serious, half frivolous eagerness in the pursuit of some conventional ideal. Democratic roughness

ignores or despises shades, and degrees, and classifications; in the middle of so many equals a man feels himself in truth alone. Everybody has his home, where he shuts himself up with his wife and children; but at his hotel the American sees new faces, he hears other things talked about besides his own business; he learns to love order, cleanliness, luxury, large and spacious rooms; he forms his manners on those of the strangers he meets with there; he watches the movements, listens to the smallest words, of the celebrated personages, generals, statesmen, orators, or writers, whom chance has placed beside him for the day. Amidst this continual flood of new comers, amongst so many strange faces, he learns the greatness of his country more fully than by studying an atlas. If he cannot visit every State, every State in turn comes to visit him. His horizon extends itself, and from the centre of his vast continent he turns his gaze to the shores of the Atlantic, to the Gulf of Mexico, to the valleys of California. The hotel is in fact an epitome of the Union."

The theory thus exposed may be true or not, but at any rate it seems to us better worth studying than an account of how many times the traveller had to ring before he could get buttered toast for breakfast, or of how many dishes the lady seated next him at dinner composed her repast. We have had enough, and more than enough, of comic American tourists, and we are glad to find one in M. Laugel who is serious without being dull.

From the Spectator.

CITOYENNE JACQUELINE.*

THE conception of condensing the Great French Revolution into a novel concerning an individual woman's lot must seem at first sight almost as bold as that of condensing the lightning into a conductor of individual messages, or compelling the ocean to carry a single boat wherever its owners will. There is a largeness in the machinery which seems too great for the individual purpose to which it is applied, and perhaps the artistic enterprise is really bolder than the scientific, for if you undertake to paint "a woman's lot in the Great French Revolution,"

* *Citoyenne Jacqueline; a Woman's Lot in the Great French Revolution.* By Sarah Tytler. 3 vols. London: Strahan.

there is always the same difficulty that the figure-painter has in dealing with a too magnificent landscape as his background, — the fear lest either the individual figures be lost in the grandeur of the scene, or the grand features of the scene be dwarfed or distorted in order to give sufficient prominence to the individual figures. Miss Tytler has felt this difficulty, and there are perhaps here and there in this beautiful and finished story chapters in which the historic picture of the events of the time is a little too extended. But on the whole she has surmounted it with great success, — the rather that she specially excels in that grouping and colouring of country and city pictures which in a great degree supersedes the necessity of little *sums* of events by letting the course of events indicate itself in the gossip of humble persons. At all events the interest of the individual tale is never absorbed in the interest of the great tragedy, and again, we are never in danger of forgetting that that tragedy was made up of thousands and thousands of similar individual trials, as the sea itself is but an aggregate of waves.

Not only is the tale one of deep interest, and of great pictorial power in reference to the scenery and the society it depicts, but it is long since we have read any in which the sketches of character — all for the most part slight — are more delicately outlined or sustained with more uniform skill. Miss Tytler is fair to every class, and has given us good instead of bad specimens of almost all the classes engaged in the Great Revolution without concealing the radical weakness and selfishness which undermined their strength. The sketch of the Baron and Baronne de Faye, of their full-dress manners and highly preserved etiquettes in the dull little *Tour de Faye*, Monsieur going every evening between five and six to kiss Madame's hand and play cards with her and her daughter till supper was served, and of the genuinely high-bred courage, the gallantry of heart that still lingered under this stiff moral brocade in both the Baron and his wife, is graphic, and at least like truth, if, from want of any intimate knowledge of the old French *noblesse*, we cannot properly assert that it is true. The young lady and heroine, Jacqueline. *Demoiselle de Faye*, is, as young ladies and heroines are apt to be, less definite, and perhaps Miss Tytler's least successful character. But even in her the youthful enthusiasm for the nation, the true disinterestedness and nobility of mind before she abandons her own class, and again, the technical nobility of

caste which asserts itself in her after marriage with her father's steward, the registrar of Faye, — are finely drawn, and the contrast between her real refinement and the artificial refinement of the brilliant Madame de Croi, who carries off her lover from her, is thoroughly artistic. Madame de Croi is a girl little older than herself, also of a noble family, who had married a rich old *bourgeois* for his money (afterwards confiscated), and was left a widow while yet in her teens. She has culture and brilliancy, but has none of the noble ideas which just redeemed some few among the higher aristocracy of old France. One of the best touches in the book is that soliloquy in which the Baroness de Faye contrasts the artificial brilliancy of Madame de Croi with the nobility of her own daughter's nature, much as she affects to despise its deeper and more enthusiastic side: —

"There was one person, and only one, present who formed a more correct estimate than her circle of the conflicting claims of Jacqueline and Petronille. It was not Babette; for although she loved her young mistress dearly, and ground her strong white teeth at this issue, she too regarded Madame de Croi as by far the finer woman — very nearly as fine as the lady in the caravan from Alsace. Was it wonderful that the judge who decided in Jacqueline's favour — not out of partiality, but in good faith — was Madame de Faye? Monsieur the Baron might have his doubts, bewildered and dazzled as men are liable to be; Madame had none. 'What does the woman fear for?' she began her reflections deliberately, apostrophizing Madame de Lussac. 'Her own paltry spark of a life? It does not merit the trouble of being blown out, any more than that of her reader, Mademoiselle Troche. They will soon go out of themselves, poor women! if the people will only have patience. She might have more to think of. What! a daughter born a Lussac, by marriage a Croi, and with a taint that is cousin-german to vulgarity! Nevertheless it is so. My Jacqueline is an awkward, untormed child, who may be anything yet. The worst is, she will believe in the whole world and embroil herself with it, like a saint in the middle ages. But in that there is not a shade of vulgarity. Petronille de Croi is like a financier's daughter: she seeks to shine, she struggles to rule. Ah! how low that is! She is a liar, in look and act, in assuming the tournure and costume of the old *régime*. We others governed because we could not help it. We ruled without effort or design. We scorned to conceal our worst sins. We were grand dames to the last. For you, my Chevalier, I can follow your game. Petronille de Croi's dot will maintain you in exile now that Jacqueline de Faye's domain is destined beyond remedy to confiscation. Good. Petronille's heart is also favourable to you, for

you will prove a better chevalier than the Marquis to conduct her to England, and thus prevent hazard and *ennui*. She may marry you. Ah! well, I forgive you, my cousin. Every man must have care for himself, and the very Chapter of the Knights of Malta is dissolved. I forgive you for everything but being actually light-headed for this Petronille's smile and favour. Chut! I hear the creaking of the joints of the young woman's mind. But men have thick heads and dull brains. They cannot always tell the pewter from the silver, or see that peacocks are not birds of paradise. They have a shade of vulgarity themselves. We are otherwise."

There seems to us real genius in this passage. The aristocracy of self-reliant serenity looking down on the glitter of mere clever effort, and saying to itself, with French vivacity, "Chut! I hear the creaking of the joints of the young woman's mind!" is a touch worthy of any novelist however great. But if Miss Tytler is thoroughly fair to the greater qualities even of the effete aristocracy wiped out by the Revolution, she is more than fair to the qualities of the class which superseded, and deserved to supersede, them in the rural districts. In the innkeeper of Faye and her son, La Sarte and Michel, we have a fine picture of the noblest qualities which are needed to form the nucleus of a healthy and simple society, without any sort of idealism or Arcadian extravagance. La Sarte, with all her depth of faith and pride of simplicity, is no angel, and cannot easily bear to renounce the influence she has exercised as a wealthy innkeeper in a poor village, nor can she bend to offer voluntarily any sympathy to the *Demoiselle de Faye* in the sacrifices which the latter takes upon herself when she enters a sphere beneath her own, and becomes her daughter-in-law. The picture of La Sarte ignoring all the confusion which her unpractised and unhappy daughter-in-law introduces into the village inn by her ignorance and negligence, rather than volunteer her help and sympathy, much as she loves to counsel and reprove those who spontaneously come to her for advice, is as well conceived as is her proud injunction to her favourite son, the Girondist deputy for Faye, to put a stop to the bloodshed of the Convention, when he and his party had in fact fallen from power and were just about to suffer for their comparative moderation. The sketch, slight though it be, of the intrinsic nobility and consequent serenity in these plebeians of the Sarte family, of the far deeper root which this moral nobility has in them than any which the hereditary rank

of Monsieur and Madame de Faye could strike into the thin soil of the old aristocratic ideas, combined as it is with a very graphic picture of the peculiar, and so to say frosted, charm, which a long hereditary serenity and the comparatively artificial sentiment of 'noblesse oblige' give to the manners of Monsieur and Madame, is subtle and very effective. Nor is the sketch of the kindly *bourgeois* family at Paris, the rich mercer Durand and his people, so far inferior in true nobility even to the statelier peasantry owing to a certain want of fixity of status and simplicity of position, less striking. The pompous and good-natured father, with his pompous republican ferocity, his shopkeeper's thrift, shopkeeper's vanity, and personal kindness; the pretty daughter, *Félicité*, who is not exactly a flirt, but so much dislikes to give pain that she cannot throw off either of two men who love her, and does her best to satisfy both; the neglected and eccentric little romp *Olympe*, with her girlish passion for her sister's lover and the diablerie which great talents and high spirits kept down by repressive neglect is almost sure to inspire in young French girls, are all outlined with a masterly hand.

All these sketches are fine, and not less so are the general and still slighter sketches of revolutionary life in the provinces and in Paris. The various village characters of the hamlet of Faye are especially happy, and even to the worst of all, the village butcher *Sylvain*, with his deep melancholy eyes and insatiable thirst for the bloodiest gratifications of revolutionary ferocity, the author does not deny that touch of human nature which renders him conceivable as a man as well as a demon. We must give one specimen of Miss Tytler's village conversations. The Revolution is at its darkest, and the hamlet of Faye, its church gutted and closed, worship and mass forbidden, and tenth days substituted for the Sunday, does not find itself happier for the reign of Reason:—

"Next day an old woman, with her distaff in the bosom of her gown, went along spinning, and driving her red cow before her, from the banks of the Mousse, where, by dint of great assiduity, it had managed to get a few wisps or blades. She looked up, and began to wag her head gravely, as she approached the churchyard gate. It was closed, but clearly not for the preservation of property. The crosses were pulled up and broken into fragments, like the woodwork of the little church close by, and neither white ribands nor immortelles rested on the grave of virgin or patriarch. Over the gate was painted, in big, staring, white letters,

'Death is an everlasting sleep.' Here was the explanation of the shut door. The old woman was very old, and brown, and shrivelled. To all appearance it could not be longer she slept her everlasting sleep. The idea, however, seemed to fill her with lively dissatisfaction. A second and younger woman, noticing the first, walked down the street and joined her. The two stood still at the locked gate, while the red cow went discreetly on to quench its thirst at the fountain trough. — 'A fine thing now,' said the older woman, 'after me and my old man have lived together these forty years, to tell us that when our time comes we are to fall asleep and not even dream of each other, — bah!' — 'And my little son Alex,' replied the younger, 'who was drawn for the army, and has marched to the ends of the earth, and who may be shot passing through some hedge and die in a ditch — they will tell me he will have gone to sleep and will have no awaking. I need not care to go to sleep, for I shall have no awaking either; and I suppose they would say I need not pray, because God is also asleep!' — 'Death! if that were the case, what would the common people do?' — 'For that matter, what would the great people do?' — 'Ah! the great people have had their day, and now it is their night; the holy saints help them! I bear them no spite, poor souls! But my faith! if they call this liberty, when they do not give us the liberty of another world, I would like better to want their liberty, I would!' — 'The salt tax and roadmaking were not half so bad, not even purgatory and the dread of hell itself.' — 'No indeed! They still left us heaven, and the good God, and our Lord and Saviour, the Virgin and the Saints, to interpose for us. One never knew where a blessing might not come from. But this sleep, it crushes us like lead.' — 'La Jullienne takes on worst of all for her baby. They say she will go mad if something is not done.' — 'Go! she was always a lunatic, La Jullienne. What is her baby, which lay in her bosom for only a year, to my man, who has driven the cow there — the prodigal beast! — with me, and helped to milk her too, and dug, and thrashed, and ate, and drank, and prayed with me for nearly half a century?' — 'Or to my little son, who kept the vintage so well, and was affianced to the good Jeanneton, the best girl in Faye. Oh! well, it is hard; but for mother Jullienne, — fy! do not speak of her in comparison.' — 'La Sarte used to say, every one's trial was the worst trial to that man or woman' — 'La Sarte knows; she is a wise woman. I esteem La Sarte; I wish her good luck of her stay in Paris with her son, the famous deputy. But La Sarte did not live with her man for forty-seven years. Father Sarte died when the famous deputy was a baby himself, I remember. The honest man departed on the *fête* of St. Hilaire. Ouf! I forget there is no St. Hilaire; there is nothing but the sun yonder, and he goes to bed in his turn. They hold up that sleep as if it were a blessing. I don't want to sleep unless I am to awake again. Though I do have the rheumatism, I can bear it; for there are many things

beautiful here, if only folk did not tell us lies.' . . . 'But look you, there comes Mother Jullienne, whose son was only a little child.' — The old gadding slattern of the hamlet was a sorry sight. Not only were her arms empty of the meagre child, but they were tossing distractedly about her head, from which she had torn her cap, together with handfuls of her grizzled hair. The bones were staring at each other above her hollow cheeks, and her ferret eyes were glazed and wild. — 'Why does that great beast Jullien not take up my child and give him consecrated burial?' she raged, in a hoarse voice. — 'But Jullien is so swollen he cannot dig. I will rather scratch away the earth with my nails.' — 'Softly, softly, La Jullienne, the child rests under the shadow of the church. There is no better grave in France now,' said Mother Beaujeu. — 'And he was but a little thing,' added the other woman, grudgingly preoccupied with her own trial; 'he had not worked for you, nor even spoken to you.' — 'Silence! or I strike you,' screeched Mother Jullienne. — 'What do you know of it, wife of Huc the younger — you whose Alex was idle many a time, and was turned back from his confirmation for killing quails when he should have been ringing the bells? Or you, Mother Beaujeu, whose old Simon is like a crab apple, and you and he spit at each other like cats! Ah! I have seen you, Mother Beaujeu, yoked side by side with an ox, and even an old grey ass, and your man driving you. No wonder you bray! You two would be well at ease to have your plagues sleeping for ever, and so would the whole world, for that. But my innocent little child, what do I know but that if he had lived he might have been a great farmer, buying up the lands, like Maître Michel! And now that he is dead, to be told that he will never wake up again, — I tell you it makes me mad.' "

The whole novel is rather a sketch than a painting, its outlines delicately touched, the stir and tempest in the air and sky faithfully rendered, the hope and the despair gleaming like stormy sunlight or forked lightning over the individual characters, expression never wanting, but no single nature sounded even to such depths as fiction, in skilful hands like Miss Tyler's, might safely go. Still every stroke in the sketch is refined, and almost every stroke tells. It is a story that not only interests us in the perusal, but that interests us still more in turning over the leaves a second and a third time, to catch the touches which we had missed in the first interest of the tale. There is vivacity as well as perfect clearness in the style, pathos that speaks *through* the sense of beauty, and therefore shows no strain or effort in its sentiment, and a depth of insight into all forms of enthusiasm, even when distorted into the foulest cruelty, which

renders the picture of those almost incredible times not only more distinct, but less incredible and less poignantly painful than they are wont to seem. The French Revolution is apt to look to modern readers more like a chapter out of the Apocalypse than out of human history. And Mr. Carlyle, by his wonderful gorgeousness of colouring and cloudiness of outline, has rather strengthened than weakened the impression. The pictures of this story, while they give even a keener sense of the unrighteousness and lust which were at the source of the Revolution, seem to justify it to history better than all Mr. Carlyle's opulence of pictorial insight, by showing how its fires tempered the true steel in all classes of natures, patrician or plebeian, high or low.

From the Spectator.

NERVES AND NERVE.

THE new sixpenny magazine, the *Argosy*, has amongst several other clever papers one of great humour by Mr. Matthew Browne in favour of nerves. This gentleman is much hurt at the ordinary disparagement of nerves. He remarks that while we have all heard of muscular Christians, no one has ever yet heard of nervous Christians, though nerves have certainly much more to do with spiritual emotions than muscles. Nerves even come off badly as compared with adipose tissue. "Prophetic denunciations against such as be fat in Zion are on record; none against such as be nervous. Yet the fat man is tolerated, loved, at worst laughed at, while the nervous man is not only laughed at,—he is disliked." Nevertheless, asks Mr. Browne, "were the Martyrs fat? Is Mr. John Stuart Mill fat? Is Mr. Gladstone fat? No, the nation would not trust its income with a fat man,—it knows better." Certainly Mr. Gladstone is nervous, if not exactly, as we shall see presently, in Mr. Matthew Browne's sense of that term. Mr. Browne goes on to enforce with much humour the shameful libels often published against the nerves even by physicians,—as, for example, by Dr. Trotter, of Bath, whose idea of a nervous person is a person who has "the wind," who suffers from *borb-origmi*, and has other "ignominious symptoms not to be particularized." Mr. Browne's own definition of nervous-

ness appears to be the possession of fine senses, fine perceptions, and fine sensations, especially the former,—and he accuses the human race in general which speaks opprobriously of the nerves, and has no nerves of its own, of being distinguished by three characteristics,—(1) it never knows when a thing is going to happen; (2) it never knows when a thing is happening; (3) it never remembers a thing when it has happened;—from all which characteristics Mr. Matthew Browne deduces with some triumph that it is much better to be nervous than not.

And no doubt if being nervous means having plenty of special and trustworthy reports from the universe of what is going on there, or is likely to go on there, or has gone on there, it is as much better to be nervous than unnervous as it is better to see than to be blind, to hear than to be deaf, to feel than to be destitute of the sense of touch. But how if having nerves involves a special but untrustworthy report of past, present, or future, or even a special but purely fictitious report of the same? If nervousness imply merely a superior system of telegraphic communication with the mind, well and good. But suppose it means a nervous organization about as useful as "the overland telegraph from Galle," and implies the constant receipt of such scraps of information from the external world as this, received on Wednesday:—"Question United States Treaty tim latms Pashiaky worse," or of highly exciting but completely imaginary facts, like that from the Crimea about the Tartar who had ridden seven hundred miles to bring word of the fall of Sebastopol about a year before that event happened. Would the frequent arrival in the mind of intimations of either of these valuable species be an advantage to any one? and yet no one who knows what 'nerves' are, will doubt that they do very frequently involve the receipt by the mind of exceedingly unintelligible and dismal messages, ushered in with great pomp of seeming import, like "tim latms Pashiaky worse;"—or that, more unpleasant and disturbing still, the little mental bell will ring convulsively in the mind of a person with nerves, to call attention to the arrival of a message from the external world which does not arrive at all. The pale imagination watches the bell vibrating convulsively, like bells ringing in an empty house which are pulled by no visible hand,—and nothing (but terror) comes of it. Perhaps Mr. Matthew Browne will maintain that this is not nervousness,—is as little

nervousness as the *borborigmi* attributed to nerves at which he is so justly indignant. But we are afraid he must take the good and the bad of nerves together, and it is unquestionably true that while nerves in good order mean an improved system of telegraphic communication with the universe, nerves in bad order mean many things a good deal worse than no communication at all,—false communications, or ominous announcements of coming communications which do not come. When Mrs. Gump remarked that “fiddlestrings is weakness to excite my nerves this night,” she thought not a person of delicate sensibilities and perceptions, had got hold of the true image to express the pains of nervous liabilities,—tense and agitated fibres vibrating with unintelligible undertones or screams which tell nothing of the hand that impressed them, and often little or nothing of any meaning they were intended to convey. No doubt Mr. Browne will say very properly that disease of a high function must be more dangerous and fatal than disease of a low one, and that if a diseased digestion issues only in *borborigmi* and other ignominious symptoms maliciously ascribed to nerves, diseased nerves must issue in something worse, but that it would be as absurd to argue from *borborigmi* that a digestion is a misfortune, or from undecipherable telegrams that the telegraph is a nuisance, as from evil presentiments, and empty terrors, that nerves are a mistake. Well, that is true, no doubt; but suppose we have nerves altogether healthy, still they will be in the way in two cases,—if the pain and pleasure their use gives is so far in advance of their informing or percipient power as to occupy and chain the mind in the attitude of suffering or enjoyment; or, secondly, if they report more than the mind can grasp and use. A sweet smell, for instance, is more pleasant than instructive, a freezing temperature is more painful than instructive, and if the nerves be of a kind to tremble with such intense enjoyment in the one case and such intense pain in the other as to exclude much use of the perceptive nerves, then nervousness of this kind is undoubtedly—with limited creatures capable of only a certain defined amount of conscious being—a misfortune. Persons who are “all naked feeling and raw life” are like Isaac of York on the dog-irons in Front De Beuf’s dungeon. They receive plenty of reports of a very exciting, but by no means of an instructive kind. Nay, even perceptive as distinguished from sensitive nervousness may be in excess, if it is

too much for the considering and originating power. Suppose a telegraphic centre which receives nothing but true reports, but is so much occupied with receiving them that it has neither time nor power to send back answers to the communicating districts, and you have nearly the state of a nervous organization which receives such a multitude of even true impressions that it cannot react with any power or judgment upon the world. No doubt this is frequently the true condition of the poetic temperament, especially of poets,—who, like Shelley, have sometimes scarcely power even to sift and arrange the delicate impressions they receive, so confusing and overpowering is the throng. There is a description, we think by Mr. Trelawny, of his finding Shelley sitting in a wood, with some scraps of paper filled with half-coherent thoughts and verses, all teeming so fast from his brain that, as Shelley felt, they were a mere anarchy of beautiful impressions, treading as fast on each other’s heels, and causing as many collisions of meaning and feeling as, according to the latest theory of Saturn’s rings, there are among the planetary beads which by their rotation compose those rings.

Now what we think Mr. Matthew Browne has forgotten to point out in his amusing article is, that “nerves” in his sense—the apparatus for receiving delicate impressions and sensations—certainly do not promote but rather diminish *nerve*, the power by which we react upon the world and turn to full account the anarchic assemblage of our impressions. Shelley had no doubt nerve in some things. He was not afraid of dying, for instance, and could lie quite still in a boat in perfect tranquillity in the immediate prospect of drowning, and without being able to swim a stroke. But this was rather deficiency in love of life than the nerve which resists disturbing influences, concentrates all available and serviceable impressions for immediate use, and so organizes the mind for the purposes of life. It is clear that Shelley had exceedingly little of this sort of nerve,—as his wild visions, and almost disturbed reason after such visions, prove. Of all poets whose lives we know Goethe had perhaps the most nerve,—indeed his finest poems bear more trace of nerve, that is, *deliberate* marshalling of his own inward forces to meet external experiences, than of nerves in Mr. Mathew Browne’s sense,—the involuntary reporters of sense. It is curious enough that nerve in our sense can even neutralize and, so to say, absolutely suspend the impressions produced by the nerves as mere special report-

ers. As soldiers in battle lose an arm or a leg without receiving any information of the fact except from the mechanical difficulty of using what is no longer there to be used, so in a hundred operations of ordinary life the tension which a man puts upon his active or intellectual faculties will actually render him almost sensation-proof and perception-proof till the tension is voluntarily relaxed. Indeed many men exhibit nervousness in the ordinary sense only when women, who have no sympathy with this sort of tension, and are scarcely aware when it is going on, break in upon it with little interruptions from practical life, — solicitations to attend to the bills and admire the children, or, it may be, mere indications, as irritating as anything else, that a suspense of attention at a critical point is no effort or annoyance to themselves, by whispered inquiries after a finer kind of darning silk in the very crisis of a discussion, or voluntary exits in the middle of a passage read aloud from a book to win their sympathy. "Nervous" men are frequently men rather of nerve than of nerves, who concentrate their mind strongly on one task at a time, and cannot learn to relax the reins till it is accomplished. But Mr. Matthew Browne is certainly mistaken in supposing that "nerves" are necessarily favourable to "nerve." Women have more nerves than men, so far as a much readier perception of the multiplicity of things happening before their eyes, and imagination of much which does not lay upon except in their own minds, is concerned, — but their nerves usually lead to want of nerve. On the other hand, men like Governor Eyre, with nerve enough for a martyrdom, — the martyrs, by the way, had probably much more concentrative nerve than delicacy of nerves, — cannot have very fine nerves, or he would have died under the suffering of his 700-mile desert walk, could not have endured to let loose the wild Macons even on negroes, and would have been horror-struck instead of gratified with Colonel Hobbs's account of his pleasant ways of investigating guilt by holding a pistol to the head of an informer. In short Mr. Matthew Browne, while a little more than just to nerves, has been decidedly less than just to nerve. The power to react upon life certainly does not vary at all in proportion to the delicacy and variety of the reports received from life. Great literary men may have been usually men of nerves, but the greatest practical men have been men of nerve. The highest nervous constitution is to have a slight preponderance of nerve over

nerve, but to have as much of both as possible. Hence Mr. Matthew Browne has been somewhat unjust to the stupid world he criticizes, by underrating its nerve, which is often very much in excess of that of the nervous class he eulogizes. No doubt it is less credit to have good nerve if you have obtuse nerves, but it is a real misfortune to have power of nerves in great excess over your power of nerve.

ESPARTO GRASS.

THE important position which the lately discovered article of petroleum has rapidly taken in commerce is very interesting in itself, as suggesting how quickly the discovery of any new principle of action would exercise an important influence on the present state of our industry. Another discovery has lately been made, which, though of less importance than that of petroleum, is still so interesting in character, and so useful as regards an important article of manufacture, that we think our readers will be glad to receive the following information on the subject.

We allude to the discovery lately made of the applicability of the *Alocha*, or as it is called in Spain "*esparto*," to the manufacture of paper. Mr. Lloyd, of the Walthamstow Paper Mills, is stated to have had a great share in the merit of this discovery; and Mr. Mark, the British Consul at Malaga, has drawn up an interesting report on the subject, which has lately been made public in the commercial reports.

This grass is the produce of waste lands, — it requires no expense in cultivation and little in collecting. It is best propagated from the roots and not from seed. It is perennial and propagates of itself, and improves by a regular yearly gathering if plucked with sufficient care. Mr. Mark has devoted great care in his endeavours to ascertain the climate and soil which are favourable to the development of the plant; and it appears that the *Alocha* requires a decidedly hot and dry climate, — that it grows equally well in the plains and in the mountains to a moderate elevation, — and that as regards soil it flourishes both in calcareous and argillaceous soils, or when these soils are blended in the form of marl.

The greatest quantity is shipped from the provinces of Almeria and Marcia; but it is found, though in less abundance, in all the

Southern Provinces of Spain. It is also said to be plentiful in some parts of the opposite Coast of Africa, and shipments are made from Oran to England.

Prior to the discovery of its being available for the manufacture of paper the esparto had been used in Spain as fuel, in the manufacture of ropes for mining and rigging, and for making baskets and matting. But the discovery of the valuable properties of the grass has made a complete revolution in the districts where it grows. Fortunes have been realized by individuals who were the proprietors of the land which produces it. The price has more than doubled, and is now estimated by Mr. Mark at £4 2s. per English ton on board. The greater part of the exports have as yet been directed to England, where in the brief space of three or four years the article has become a requisite of the highest importance, 160,000 tons having been, as it is said, imported into England

in that period; and Mr. Mark estimates the present rate of annual export at 50,000 tons.

Mr. Mark anticipates that even at its present enhanced price the Spanish grass will take a place with cotton, hemp, and wool as one of the staple and essential bases of manufacturing industry, and if this anticipation should be realized, in addition to the valuable resource which it seems likely to prove to our paper manufacturers, it will form an important element in trade between this country and Spain, — indeed we already learn that our ship-owners have largely profited by a discovery which has enabled them to find freights for their vessels employed in conveying coals and machinery to the mining districts in Spain, and which had hitherto, in the majority of cases, been under the necessity of returning to England in ballast. — *Economist*, Dec. 30.

"THERE SHALL BE NO MORE SEA."

"THERE shall be no more sea:"
So spake the Prophet of the golden lips,
Whose vision, clear and free,
Saw the far depths of that Apocalypse.

From each cavernous deep,
Where storms come not, and tempest wave is dumb,
The forms of them that sleep
Shall rise undying when the Judge shall come!

And then, its history o'er,
The great wide sea shall flee and pass away,
And many a golden shore,
Long hidden, greet the bright, eternal day.

"No sea!" . . . And will the earth
Lose his loved bride, with all her countless smiles?

Shall that diviner birth
Destroy the beauty of her myriad isles?

Shall that rich voice of praise,
Wide Ocean's anthem echoing to her Lord —
That hymn of ancient days,
A thousand parts all met in sweet accord —

Shall that be heard no more?
Shall all the beauty, all the glory flee?
Shall the new earth's rich store
Lack the bright marvels of th' encircling sea?

No! Far as man may dream
The wondrous glory yet to be reveal'd,
Still on the eye shall gleam
The emerald waters as a crystal field;

Still on the golden isles
The brightness of the Lord of light shall shine,
And still the countless smiles
Illume the face of that clear hyaline.

Only the drear expanse
Of waters barren, stormy, fathomless,

Shall meet no more our glance—
Shall leave the new-born earth our souls to
bless.

No more the treacherous wave
Shall whelm poor wanderers in the homeless
deep—

The dark and lonely grave
Where thousand shipwreck'd souls have slept
their sleep.

No more the billows wild
Shall hurl white breakers on the rock-bound
coast ;

By mightiest spell beguiled,
Slumbers each form of all the monster host.

Leviathan is tamed
Who scorn'd the waters in their pride of
strength ;

And now no more is named
Where once he measured all his monstrous
length.

But still the ear shall greet
The music of the ever-rippling wave,
And where the waters meet,
The crystal tide the palm-girt shore shall lave.

Crown'd high with amaranth grove,
The hills shall rise by man and angels trod ;
The ocean of His love
Shall still make glad the city of our God.

When Eden's bowers were green
We knew not how the four great rivers wound
Those glorious fields between,
Or circling took their wide majestic round

To lands renown'd of old—
Cush, Asshur, Havilah, whence came the
spice,

The onyx, and the gold—
Yet water'd still the groves of Paradise.

We know not how the light
Shall flow when neither sun nor moon shall
shine,

And yet no shade of night
Shall mar the glory of the blaze divine.

We know not how the streams
Of those great rivers shall flow wide and free,
And yet the Prophet's dreams
Proclaim aloud, "There shall be no more sea."

We know not . . . but the veil
Which hides it from our sight shall one day
lift,

And, where in vision pale
As yet the darkness and the storm-clouds drift,

God shall make all things new,
And shoreless sea shall join with sealess shore ;
And cleansed eyes shall view
Might, wisdom, mercy, met for evermore.
— *Good Words.* E. H. F.

CONSIDER.

CONSIDER

The lilies of the field whose bloom is brief :—
We are as they ;
Like them we fade away,
As doth a leaf.

Consider

The sparrows of the air of small account :
Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount,—
He guards us too.

Consider

The lilies that do neither spin nor toil,
Yet are most fair :—
What profits all this care
And all this coil ?

Consider

The birds that have no barn nor harvest-
weeks ;
God gives them food :—
Much more our Father seeks
To do us good.

CHRISTINA G ROSSETTI

— *Macmillan's Magazine.*

TWO PICTURES.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In sky and wave the white clouds swam,
And the blue hills of Nottingham
Through gaps of leafy green
Across the lake were seen,

When, in the shadow of the ash
That dreams its dream in Attitash,
In the warm summer weather,
Two maidens sat together.

They sat and watched in idle mood
The gleam and shade of lake and wood,—
The beach the keen light smote,
The white sail of a boat,—

Swan flocks of lilies shoreward lying,
In sweetness, not in music, dying,—
Hardhack and virgin's-bower,
And white-spiked clethra-flower.

With careless ears they heard the plash
And breezy wash of Attitash,
The wood-bird's plaintive cry,
The locust's sharp reply.

And teased the while with playful hand,
The shaggy dog of Newfoundland,
Who-e uncouth frolic spilled
Their baskets berry-filled.

Then one, the beauty of whose eyes
Was evermore a great surprise,
Tossed back her qucenly head,
And, lightly laughing, said, —

“No bridegroom’s hand be mine to hold
That is not lined with yellow gold;
I tread no cottage-floor;
I own no lover poor.

My love must come on silken wings,
With bridal lights of diamond rings, —
Not foul with kitchen smirch,
With tallow-dip for torch.”

The other, on whose modest head
Was lesser dower of beauty shed,
With look for home hearths meet,
And voice exceeding sweet,

Answered, — “We will not rivals be;
Take thou the gold, leave love to me;
Mine be the cottage small,
And thine the rich man’s hall.

I know, indeed, that wealth is good;
But lowly roof and simple food,
With love that hath no doubt,
Are more than gold without.”

Behind the wild grape’s tangled screen,
Beholding them, himself unseen,
A young man straying near,
The maidens chanced to hear.

He saw the pride of beauty born,
He heard the red lips’ words of scorn;
And, like a silver bell,
That sweet voice answering well.

“Why trust,” he said, “my foolish eyes?
My ear has pierced the fair disguise;
Who seeks my gold, not me,
My bride shall never be.”

The supreme hours unnoted come;
Unfelt the turning tides of doom;

And so the maids laughed on,
Nor dreamed what Fate had done:

Nor knew the step was Destiny’s]
That nestled in the birchen trees,
As, with his life forecast
Anew, the listener past.

Erelong by lake and rivulet side
The summer roses paled and died,
And Autumn’s fingers shed
The maple’s leaves of red.

Through the long gold hazed afternoon,
Alone, but for the diving loon,
The partridge in the brake,
The black duck on the lake,

Beneath the shadow of the ash
Sat man and maid by Attitash;
And earth and air made room
For human hearts to bloom.

Soft spread the carpets of the sod,
And scarlet-oak and golden-rod
With blushes and with smiles
Lit up the forest aisles.

The mellow light the lake aslant,
The pebbled margin’s ripple-chant
Attenuated and low-toned,
The tender mystery owned.

And through the dream the lovers dreamed
Sweet sounds stole in and soft lights streamed;
The sunshine seemed to bless,
The air was a caress.

Not she who lightly scoffed was there,
With jewels in her midnight hair,
Her dark, disdainful eyes,
And proud lips worldly-wise;

But she who could for love dispense
With all its golden accidents,
And trust her heart alone,
Found love and gold her own.

Atlantic Monthly.

From the London Quarterly Review.

Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds.
By C. LESLIE, Esq. and TOM TAYLOR, Esq. 1865.

"EVERYTHING turned out fortunately for Sir Joshua, from the moment of his birth to the hour I saw him laid in the earth. Never was a funeral of ceremony attended with so much sincere concern by all sorts of people. The day was favourable—the order not broken or interrupted in the smallest degree. Your uncle, who was back in the procession, was struck motionless at his entering the great west door. The body was just then entering the choir, and the organ began to open, and the long black train before him produced an astonishing effect on his sensibility, and, considering how dear to him the object of that melancholy pomp had been, everything, I think, was just as our deceased friend would, if living, have wished it to be; for he was, as you know, not altogether indifferent to this kind of observance."

No; for though "the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory,—yet man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave; solemnizing naticities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery even in the infamy of his nature."

Two mighty pens—the one in the hand of Edmund Burke, the other in that of Sir Thomas Browne—here supply a solemn and splendid image, and a profound and most eloquent reflection. Both the image and the reflection naturally awaken a strong curiosity to know the whole story of what we may name *The Fortunate Life*, ended and crowned by those dark honours of the sepulchre which he who received them did not hold to be "supervacuous," in this respect not resembling Horace, between whose character and his there were not a few other points of similarity.

This remarkable career was not without record previous to the publication of these volumes. Malone, Northcote, Allan Cunningham, each have contributed to its illus-

tration; but it has not, till now, obtained a fair and full expression. Malone's memoir was slight; Northcote's "pottering" and illiterate; Allan Cunningham's—in the estimation of Leslie—was malicious and untrue. Nevertheless, Allan Cunningham's "Lives of the British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects," is an entertaining book, giving a lively, and, on the whole, a truthful impression of the men whom he delineates. He was a poet, and had strong and glowing sympathy with the various forms of art. He lived among artists, being for a quarter of a century foreman to Sir Francis Chantrey, to whom he gave many a poetic hint. It was he who suggested the lovely idea of the snowdrop in the hand of the sleeping child in Lichfield Cathedral. He met constantly with men who knew Reynolds. He could have, so far as we know, no special reason for traducing his character. What he asserts is asserted deliberately, and in his short memoir of Reynolds there is a note to the effect that his damaging remarks were made after careful inquiry. It is true that he does not give his authorities. The impression he leaves on the reader's mind is a mixed one. Reynolds is placed before us as a man of high genius and determined purpose; shrewd, philosophic, equable in temper, courtly in manners, making and keeping a large circle of friends among the best classes of his countrymen for rank, learning and ability, among them much beloved, but debarred of court favour by his independence—all which agrees with the record we are about to follow; but he is exhibited as having another and less pleasing side to his character, most easily perceived by his dependants and subordinates, some of whom reported him to be exacting, penurious, and mean. People "spoke of him," says Allan Cunningham, "as they found him." No explicit contradiction or disproof of Cunningham's statements is given by Leslie. The reader is left to infer from the evidence before him of the high excellence of the character of Reynolds—its inconsistency with the charges brought against him. It is not in "The British Painters," however, that we find the following quotation from North-

oote's conversations; but in Leslie's now published memoir. "You describe him," said Northcote, "as I remember Baretto once did Sir Joshua at his own table, saying to him, 'You are extravagant and mean, generous and selfish, envious and candid, proud and humble, a genius and a mere ordinary mortal at the same time.' I may not remember his exact words, but that was their effect. *The fact was, that Sir Joshua was a mixed character, like the rest of the world in that respect; but he knew his own failings, and was on his guard to keep them back as much as possible, though the defects would break out sometimes.*" Would not Thackeray have taken a careful note of *that*?

The volumes before us contain what is likely to be a final and sufficient biography of a man who stands out in the front rank of the history of the last century, and who is a conspicuous figure in the Johnsonian circle. All available documents of importance have been gathered and arranged. The pocket-books of the painter have been placed at the disposal of the writers, together with some hitherto unpublished letters and papers, and there is no remaining rumour of untouched stores of information. Leslie's pen has a quiet and unaffected distinctness which seldom becomes smart or glowing, although, where his knowledge as a painter and observer of aspect and manners is brought into play, we are made to feel its subtle charm.

Mr Taylor has taken up the narrative, left in a very unfinished state at the death of Leslie, and by a process of reticulation and addition has completed and put it together in his "own way." The key to his structural arrangement is found in a passage of his second volume, where he confesses his surprise on discovering the *political* complexity of Reynolds' career. This was a fortunate discovery in more ways than one, for it opens out a mass of material in the shape of historical accompaniments, lying within his own power to execute with spirit, and at the same time wonderfully helps to give importance to the work which, with much steady, zealous, faithful labour, he has completed in two good-sized volumes; probably on the whole more interesting to the general reader than if Leslie had lived to complete them himself. Leslie was, as we all know, an eminent master in the British School, and lived a placid life in the pursuit of his favourite art. We know — although his present coadjutor Mr. Taylor has published what professes to be his "Autobiography" — far too little about him as a

man. An autobiography that refers as seldom as possible to the author and his doings is not the beau-ideal of an autobiography, and this is too much the case with Leslie's. In some gleanings of recollection in the introduction, we learn that he did not choose much to visit with any one who did not care about painting, or did not possess good specimens; as might therefore be expected, those portions of the memoir which were prepared by him are largely professional in material and tone. We are able to trace with great distinctness the double authorship; Mr. Taylor — he hardly needed to have done it — has marked off by square brackets those portions of the work supplied by himself. The alternations of tone are noticeable and pleasant. Leslie, a meek and aged man, plays an air upon his sweet and low-toned German flute, now tolerably long, now shorter. But his younger, heartier, more hirsute companion strikes in suddenly with his *cornet-à-pistons*, wetting his lips and pouring shrill strains from his instrument, while the timid, apologetic German flute fills up the pauses. The performers are admirable friends. The stronger man does not try to outblow or override the venerable companion over whom he holds the office of protector, and he allows him a good share of the pence and praise. The flute dwells doatingly on studio anecdotes, picture criticisms, mild recollections and rectifications, culled from Northcote and other sources. The strain is taken up more briskly by the cornet, and the scene shifts to the theatre, the Parliament, the high seas, the club, the gaming-house, the literary coterie, the battle-field, the current scandal, or riot, or duel. When December comes round, year by year, and the deaf president delivers his indistinct, and, as we are here taught to believe, his illogical "discourse," then the narrator becomes the critic; epitomises and analyses the lecture with independence and good sense, and bows out the year with the list of sitters in the studio of Leicester Square. Mr. Taylor has some good preliminary qualifications for work of this sort. He has studied painting closely as a critic, and to some extent practically as a painter. He spent some time entirely among the *ateliers* of Paris, a student himself. He is a poet. He is a dramatist. He is a scholar, and a man of great general accomplishments. He is both firm and modest in tone, and cautious in statement. Such of his general picture criticism as we are acquainted with is valuable for its thoughtful and conscientious *fairness* and lenity. He has a power of wide appreciation — sel-

dom rises to enthusiasm—does not vituperate, and does not blunder, and writes with a painstaking and quiet vivacity which lights up the page agreeably to the end of the work, leaving finally on the minds of his readers a very full and fair impression of the life and times of his subject.

The lists of sitters, given from the pocket-books, will have great value as a permanent and public record to which owners of pictures by Sir Joshua can appeal for verification, and by which students of art may trace the progress of Reynolds' improvement, from the days when he painted the funny little old children with their dogs and cats, and lapelled waistcoats, and knee-breeches, and cocked hats—his own life and fire struggling with the dullness of the Hudson school—to the days when he triumphantly swept the dark clouds round the head of the sublime portrait of Mrs. Siddons, as the Tragic Muse.

Following the flute and cornet, then, as the shipwrecked mariners followed the "airy music and flying noises in the Enchanted Isle" of Prospero, let us trace out some of the lines of life in this pleasant biography. July 16, 1723, was the birthday of Joshua Reynolds. His father was a clergyman. We have prints of the face of the elder Reynolds from a picture painted by his son; and Leslie, who seems to have been deeply touched by the fact, notices that the costume in that portrait was afterwards adopted in the charming picture of Oliver Goldsmith, whom Reynolds loved: the same flowing philosophic robe that suggested the garden and the porch, the bared neck, the loose, turned-down collar,—the face in the two pictures being also seen at the same angle. The features of the father bear no trace of resemblance to those of the son. He has a handsomer face, but it has not the blunt, half-surly expression of the countenance we know so well as "Sir Joshua."

Joshua was not a "marvellous boy." His father thought him an idle one, as we shall presently see. He attended his father's school, and there laid the foundation of such education as he ever had. How deep that foundation was, we cannot very exactly judge. We hear nothing of Greek, and not a great deal of Latin. He read Ovid more or less in the original, and in after years, when he had lost the Latin epitaph written by Dr. Johnson on Goldsmith, the Doctor thought it possible that Reynolds might recall and re-write it from memory—"Nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum," he writes in 1790 to Sheridan; and with this scanty amount of material the

evidence on that head closes. A good painter of the Reynolds' organization is not the man to become a deep scholar. But he drew in school, if he did not study classics. On one of these school-drawings there is found written by the pater-magister—"Done by Joshua out of pure idleness." At a very early age "the Jesuit's Perspective" fell into his hands, and he studied it with such success that he was able to draw a correct representation of the colonnade beneath the school-house. His first attempt in oil colours was made with a ship-painter's tools and colours in a boat-house, in company with a certain Dick Edgecumbe, of whom we hear more in the course of the narrative.

Jonathan Richardson was born in 1665, and died in 1745. He was a portrait painter, though not of the highest class. But he is best remembered by "An Essay on the whole Art of Criticism as it relates to Painting," and "An Argument in behalf of the Science of a Connoisseur." One or both of these works—which Mr. Wornum says ought to be in every art library—young Reynolds read, and they, he was wont to say, "made him a painter." We cannot accept Reynolds' definition of art-genius as being "great general powers accidentally determined in a particular direction," but such glowing and simple enthusiasm as breathes in the words of Richardson were enough to raise the latent spark of genius into a flame. Thenceforth his bias was made manifest, and the "particular direction" chosen. His father had some views of making him a physician; but seeing his strong bent for painting, he offered no resistance, and with entire sympathy did what he could to forward his tastes and interests. The pupil and son-in-law of Richardson, Hudson, one of the Sir Godfrey school of painters, was then at the head of the British likeness-takers, prosperous and popular, and Joshua was at the age of seventeen, apprenticed to him. The required fee was £120. Of this one-half was borrowed from his sister, Mrs. Palmer. Hudson's pictures were dull, heavy, and formal. The interest of the work was distributed with great impartiality over the cocked hat, ruffles, the broad-sleeved coat, the waistcoat, and the face. While standing before pictures of that school the face cannot well be overlooked, but when away from them the face cannot easily be recalled to memory. We endeavour to remember it, but the broad-sleeved coat, the waistcoat, the ruffles, and the cocked hat, that wearisome black triangle, usually

being carried under the arm, are too much for us. We have to meditate on "the fitness of things" before we are very sure that there *was* a face. And yet, strange to say, the face was not so badly painted. While the conception and relations of such pictures are depressing, the execution is often good. It is a long road which the uneducated young artist has to pass before he can mix oil-colours, and set eye, nose, lip in its place as well as Hudson did; and no doubt young Reynolds, who had all the grammar of his art to learn, looked with deep respect on the pictures, finished and unfinished, which hung round the studio of his new master, and felt the dignity and responsibility of his position when brought into the contact of even a subordinate with the great Sir Robert Walpole, when that statesman came to have his velvet-and-lace coat, his waistcoat, his wig, and his face recorded with an equal, inanimate propriety.

Very slight records exist of the work done and the life lived in Hudson's studio. Reynolds copied the drawings of Guercino with great success, as well as his master's pictures, and probably painted in subordinate parts of the originals. So far as the art of drawing and painting faces is concerned, his opportunities were favourable enough. Beyond this they were barren in the extreme. The young students of our own day can go to the British Museum, the schools at South Kensington, the schools of the Royal Academy, and find plenty of casts from the antique to awaken effort, to cultivate the sense of beauty, and to give knowledge of the structure of the human figure, and the requirements of pure outline. Few such things would ever meet the eye of the pupil of Hudson. It will help us to look with tolerance on the want of substantial knowledge of form, in all but the head, from which Reynolds suffered through life, if we reflect that — from the age of seventeen to twenty, the years when the eye and memory are most keen and strongly alive to impression — he missed entirely that glorious instruction which even the sight of the antique furnishes; and, consequently, that knowledge, the required extent of which is not appreciated by general observers, but which Barry compares to enlarged geographical science. The promontories, hills, and vales of the human face are difficult enough to map out, to say nothing of their relation to expression; but the endless involutions of a human body, in its varying proportions between the Hercules and the Venus — in its

strange changes of contour under muscular action, and especially in that refined superficies of form and colour which overlays the deep life below — constitute materials for a science needing the best years of life for its acquirement. Michael Angelo gained it in perfection; but we are told that he spent twelve years in the close study of anatomy as one of the preliminaries of its attainment. Twelve, twenty, or fifty years, however, without the higher perception of the relation of form to expression and action, would be insufficient.

The wonder is that Reynolds, with such slender opportunities, did so well; nor is it reverent of just for the youthful student, surrounded by "Gladiators" and "Discoboli" from his school-days, to affect contempt for the "drawing" of the great master, who, till he was eight-and-twenty, probably only knew the antique from bad prints, or from a few maimed and yellow marbles, brought over on "the grand tour" by *dilettanti* noblemen. His study of the face must have been profound; and the broad, deep, tender strength with which from an early age he laid in the features in their relative places, with their due retiring subordination, shows how much he gained by being shut up to a narrow circle of observation and study. There is a penalty often to be paid for extended opportunities. Lawrence could praw with immense knowledge and subtle grace; but in his excess of science, we see, perhaps, one of the causes of his inferiority to Reynolds in painting the face. He knew too much for his general powers. Reynolds' general powers always exceeded his knowledge. A fine head by Reynolds gives the impression of its having been painted by a philosopher, which cannot be said of most works from the more perturbed, if more scientific, pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

It is said that Reynolds left Hudson's studio through some mutual misunderstanding. He remained, however, in after life in friendly relations with his old master; and though some slight "tiff" might be the occasion of their parting, the true reason probably was, that having seen how to set the palette and paint the head throughout, from dead colouring to glazing, and longing to infuse life on his own account into heads tolerably well painted, he began to tire of the everlasting round of blue velvet and cocked hat.

Whether he made much way in society during this early London sojourn, we are not informed. He probably, at that time, saw and admired Garrick when he brought

his quick and vivid powers to bear on the dull and stilted forms of theatrical art. An interesting anecdote of the period must not be omitted. At a public auction, where young Reynolds was present, there arose a buzz and a whisper as the distorted form of the poet Pope walked through a yielding crowd, dispensing salutations and shaking hands, and not refusing the hand of the youthful painter, stretched out in an impulse of respectful enthusiasm. This, to readers familiar with the incidents of the life of Reynolds, is sure to recall a similar act of homage paid by Northcote to Sir Joshua, on one of his visits to Devonshire. Northcote touched the skirt of his coat "with much satisfaction," delighted to be so near the man whom he adored as a painter.

In the days when Daguerre was not, an average skill in portraiture was a sure foundation for respectable livelihood, if coupled with moderate diligence, prudence, and manners. Reynolds became for a while a country artist. A delightful little volume of sketches of country artists might be written, after the manner of the shorter lives of Allan Cunningham. Till about the year 1855 there was no mode of livelihood more secure and pleasant than that of the unambitious country portrait-painter of any ability or conduct. Oil pictures of the heads of households were things as necessary to equipment as the sideboard and the sofa. The great blemish on the mass of the tribe who supplied this inevitable demand was, perhaps, an excess of conviviality.* Nothing placed two men, who had dealings with each other in those days, on a more pleasant footing than that of painter and sitter. The sitter was desirous of looking his best in the eyes of the painter, and of giving the best possible impression of his person and character. He was all smiles, all hospitality and concession. The painter wished to see his subject at his ease. It was seldom that the painter had not some other unwonted gift. He sang or fiddled, or was a mimic, or had "a fund of anecdote." His continual and varied intercourse with others gave a charm to his manners, and he became the lion of many a little country circle; but in much danger, if he were not a man of higher tastes, of sinking gradually into the red-nosed lodger at an inn—the hero of a "portrait club;" the painter of signs to clear off scores, and too often sinking under a huge wave of work paid for, but unfinished.

* One of these men (who painted in the Sir William Beechey style, red curtain and ruddy face), when asked at what period of the day he painted best, replied, "I always paint *boldest* after dinner."

ed, accumulated debts, and irresistible habits of intemperance.

Reynolds, judging from his own account of about three years of his young manhood, was in some danger of declining into the free-and-easy habits of his sect. He always lamented his waste of time and opportunity at this period. After the death of his father, in 1746, he took a house at Plymouth Dock, and there lived with his two unmarried sisters till 1749. Some attempts at landscape, belonging to these years, are extant. It was at about this period that he came into contact with another and very important portion of his teaching, the pictures of William Gandy, of Exeter, whose father was a pupil of Vandyke. Solemnity, force, and richness are said to mark many of these pictures; and a traditional saying of Gandy's, to the effect that the texture of oil paintings should resemble that of cream or cheese, weighed on the mind of Reynolds, and influenced him throughout his whole career. If the unlearned reader will look closely into the little picture of "Innocence" in the Vernon Gallery, he will understand what this technical aphorism meant.

It is interesting to observe, so far as prints can give the information, that Reynolds did not take any violent leap out of the Hudsonian position into his own higher walk. He moved upward on safe ground, and in his early portraits we can trace the process of animation and adventure. The shadows deepen, and the lights brighten here and there. The titled dame pushes her stiff shoulder a little further towards action, and sometimes ventures to lay her bent wrist on the waist, angling the elbow with spirit. The light veil begins to flutter; a stray lock is lifted by the breeze. "The dumb dead air," so particularly oppressive in the Hudson portrait, begins to roll and stir, and in due time we have the artist looking at us with an assured inquisitiveness from under his shading hand in the fine portrait which has been placed for us in the National Portrait Gallery. He was early taken under the patronage of Lord Edgumbe, and it was at Lord Edgumbe's house that he met with Commodore Keppel, to whose good offices thus early in life so much of Reynolds' bright fortune is owing. Both were young: Keppel, twenty-four; Reynolds, twenty-six. "The Centurion" lay in the Channel, bound for the coast of Africa. Keppel generously offered to show his young acquaintance something of the world and to take him to Italy; thus a warm friendship commenced

which lasted through life, and was at all periods of great professional advantage to the painter. It also helped, undoubtedly, to give that political complexion to his life which Mr. Taylor has pointed out as being so significant. Life on board a man-of-war for four months, at that stage of a young artist's life, must have been an important fact in his training, and the character of Keppel must have influenced his own. Keppel was of Dutch extraction, well born, and valuing more than many (so says Burke) the advantages of birth; yet he was frank, friendly, and brave. In the Commodore's company he spent a week at Lisbon; saw the great procession and the great bull-fight; saw Cadiz, Gibraltar, Tetuan, Algiers, and at Algiers saw the Dey of Algiers, and witnessed a remarkable interview between that potentate and the bold and calm British officer, when that "beardless boy," as the Dey called him, threatened bombardment. At Minorca, the name of which was in a few years to become the key-note of popular fury, he was entertained so long that he had time to paint almost all the officers of the garrison. He asked but small prices, three guineas a head; and to the rapid production of pictures at this price must be attributed something of the speed and facility for which his pencil was afterwards remarkable. It was at Minorca that he was thrown from his horse, and received that cut on the lip which gives so peculiar a cast to the Reynolds mouth. In course of time he was landed at Leghorn, and entered the region of enchantment to all artists. He was now to see what Richardson had taught him to wonder at, and almost to worship. He hastened onwards to Rome, and another and the most important stage of his education began.

It is a soothing prelude to the marvellously active life of Reynolds, to hear his account of the manner in which those two years were spent in Rome. There is an expression occurring more than once in these memoirs, that shows his development to have been, though cautious and slow at first, by no means accidental. "I considered," says he, "that I had a *great game to play*." He sat down to his great game with eminent deliberation. That he might have time for study, he borrowed money from his married sisters, who seem to have been in good circumstances. He did not seek commissions from the travelling lords who were willing to pay for copies of notable works. He did not copy, during all his stay in Italy, more than a very few of the

great pictures. He did not paint serious portraits. He did, though, what is exceedingly anomalous. He painted two or three of that uninteresting class of pictures, called in those days "*caricaturas*." One of these, representing some noisy funny scene between tutor, lord, courier, and innkeeper, was exhibited not long ago at the British Institution, and showed but a feeble sense of humour, with not much painting power. It had the look of work done to oblige a patron who mistook, as men often do, verbal or historic humour for pictorial. His method was to make small studies and sketches, according to their relation to the governing excellence of the work before him, and plenty of written memoranda and slight pencillings for the purpose of fixing on his memory the great things he might never, and as it proved did never, see again. The years 1750 and 1751 were passed in this way to memorable advantage, and under very favourable conditions. It is pleasant to imagine him during this happy recess, sitting, standing, or lying, "through whole solemn hours," under the awful shades of the Sistine, "capable of the emotions which Michael Angelo intended to excite," or waiting breathless with close investigation before the "*Heliodorus*," or the "*Miracle of Bolsena*," or the "*Disputa*," or that airy Hill of the Muses, till the true light of taste dawned upon him, and he felt himself able to understand what, he confesses with genuine simplicity, he was at first sight unable thoroughly to receive or enjoy. By the way, this would be a good subject for a note to another edition of the "*Modern Painters*,"—"How far was Reynolds right in his first impression of Raphael, and wrong in his second?" Mr. Ruskin's analysis of the cartoon of "*Christ's Charge to Peter*," in the third volume of "*Modern Painters*," may be compared with Reynolds' first and instinctive judgment of the pictures in the Vatican. After Rome he visited Florence, Bologna, and Venice, conceiving too high an opinion of the eclectic schools, but finding what he was best fitted to understand and love in Venice among the works of Titian, Veronese, the Bassani, and Tintoretto.

In 1752, on the 16th of October, Reynolds arrived in London, and laid down the first stake in the great game he proposed to play.

His capital consisted of a body and mind charged to the full with life, health, energy—the grammar of Hudson, the hints of Gandy, the rapid practice of Plymouth and Minorca, the "*grand gusto*" of Rome, the

combinations of Bologna, and the superb ornamentalism of Venice, the experience of a traveller, the rudiments of a scholar, and the capacity of a philosopher. In addition, he had made some mechanical preparations; he had contrived that some prelusive strains of fame should reach the ears of London before he arrived, and he brought with him an Italian "drapery man."

The drapery man was a necessary appendage in every fashionable studio of those days. Unless a little of the manufactory is conjoined with the higher uses of art, fortune cannot be secured, and to our minds it is very observable that position, taken in the social sense, and fortune in the banking sense, were distinct and important parts of the great Reynolds "game." *He meant to have everything the earth could give him, and he got it.* The name of the young Italian was Giuseppe Marchi, and one of his master's earliest doings was a portrait of his pupil in a turban. It is not an astounding picture; and Hudson told him plainly that he did not paint so well as before he went to Italy.

Reynolds did not return to a soil entirely barren of art, though it was barren of all patronage except for portrait painting. In 1750, Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode" was knocked down at a public auction for £110. The frames alone of this series cost him £24, so that for these matchless works he was paid at the rate of less than £15 each. He had shown great ability in portraiture long before this. The portrait of Captain Coram, at Foundling Hospital, is full of life and power, as no doubt was many another from the same hand. He was not fitted, however, either by his skill or manners, to take the place of a popular portrait painter. At this time he had mistaken his way, and was at work on sacred subjects. He had the "Paul before Felix" on his easel. If Paul had been what his accusers said he was, "a pestilent fellow," and Felix a Bow-street magistrate, Hogarth was the man to have given us an immortal work—the real Paul and Felix were above his reach.

Richard Wilson had been a portrait painter, but was now beginning that sorrowful career of landscape—landscape poetic, forlorn and grand—which helped so much to raise our landscape art, and so little to supply his own necessities. A Swiss painter, Liotard, was in possession of the field of portrait just then. He was a *neat* painter, but his neatness could not stand long before the importation of novelty, life and

strength fresh from abroad, and he disappeared.

The first work of the painter which attracted public attention was a vigorous full length of Commodore Keppel, standing on a stormy sea-shore, and with animation giving directions to unseen figures on the beach. The attitude was adapted from a pencil sketch of an antique statue picked up somewhere in his travels, and marks from the first his habit of using the ideas of others whenever he could do so with advantage.

Leslie, in his charming "Handbook for Young Painters," has a remark which will help us to estimate Reynolds all the more accurately. "I have no hesitation," he writes, "in saying, that every artist whose name has lived, owes his immortality more to the excellence of his taste, than to any other single endowment; because it displays all the rest to their fullest advantage, and without it his mind would be imperfectly seen; and if taste be not the highest gift of the painter, it is, I think, the rarest." This rare gift was possessed by Reynolds in an unwonted degree. This and another characteristic, midway between taste and humour—the power to see "the weak side of things"—enabled him to use the inventions of others with consummate judgment. His fine eye and delicate hand, so cool and light, enabled him to give the charm of freshness and naturalness, which prevented the spectator from tracing the origin of his ideas. His mind was appreciative, not inventive. He saw no visions; he dreamed no dreams. But he was alive to the airiest and most subtle charms of the visible. All in his life and thinking was eminently actual and outward. It is where the mind is equally balanced between the visionary spontaneity of imagination, and the quiet, keen perception of outward fact, that the few highest masters of art are manifested,—the Michael Angelo, the Raphael, the Titian, the Shakespeare,—and no man of this class can consent to borrow, though occasionally, as Raphael did, he may condescend to adapt.

His first house was at No. 104, St. Martin's Lane, near the studio of Roubilliac. He removed soon after to No. 5, Great Newport Street, his sister Frances taking the management of his house. The brother and sister were not congenial souls. He was even; she was fretful and full of "megrimms." She painted miniatures, and copied her brother's pictures. "These copies," said her brother, "make other peo-

ple laugh and me cry." After a few years they separated. The principles on which he commenced his life-work are early apparent, and continued ever after to guide him. He had a settled, and indeed an exaggerated, conviction of the importance of labour. Feeling his slowness of invention, he made the best reflection under the circumstances — namely, that great facility often induces haste and carelessness. The tortoise in the actual result of the race of life not seldom distances the hare. He began with the determination to "go to his studio willing or unwilling, morning, noon, and night," a resolve differing from that of Stothard, who walked the streets daily for hours, drinking in health, and catching sudden and fleeting graces from the moving life around him. Reynolds was too much of an in-door artist all his life. He took, however, every pains to learn painting from paintings. He bought what good works of the old masters he could afford to buy; he "even borrowed money for that purpose, believing them to be for a painter the best kind of wealth." He went so far as to tell Northcote, that "for a really fine specimen of Titian he would consent to ruin himself." He died worth eighty thousand pounds in money, and surely if he had only *half* ruined himself, he might have attained his wish. He thought India-stock valuable as well as Titians, and tried to dispose of his Titians before he died.

He made systematic experiments in effect and colour, "leaving out every colour in turn, and showing it that he could do without it." He peered into, and chipped, and filed away and dissolved portions of old paintings to get at the "Venetian secret." In painting his pictures he exhibited, perhaps, his most marked peculiarity of mind, always looking on them "as a whole." It is this breadth of view, this tendency to generalize and mass, this breath of the philosophic spirit which gives so much of the air of greatness to his works.

At first his use of materials was tolerably simple and safe. The aim at brilliance and richness induced him from the first to use fleeting colours if they were splendid in hue. It may be questioned whether he was not misled afterwards by the Gandy theory about cream and cheese. In his more successful efforts after this quality there is a species of charm on close inspection. But not only is it true that at the focal distance mere richness of pigment is lost, but it may also be respectfully denied that human flesh is like "cream or cheese" in texture. It is not like anything which

may not be successfully imitated with such simple media as Gainsborough used. There is a tendency in some artists and connoisseurs to confuse the sweetness of the face with the sweetness of something to eat, and to such eyes the dry and airy world is "embedded and enjellied" in unctuous semi-transparency. One of the cant phrases of this school goes beyond the Gandy idea. It is accounted to be an excellence in a picture that it should look "buttery."

We meet with one excellent resolve in the beginning of his public life, the want of which spoils many a young painter, — to do his best at each succeeding picture whether the subject were attractive or not. Moreover, his "grand tour," his Italian studies, his many qualifications, did not overwhelm his prudence. He began to paint at the very moderate price of five guineas a head.

The political sketches which fill so many pages of the book, interesting and well written as they are, may be passed lightly over; for, except that Reynolds' career was undoubtedly influenced by his early associations with the party in opposition, we meet with no expressions of political sentiment, and only one political act — his voting for Fox — and we have abundant evidence that to him a man's politics were no barrier to intercourse. He was found one day at the table of Wilkes, and the next day he dined with Johnson; and, during the grand and celebrated "Impeachment," we find him on one day sharing the hospitality of Warren Hastings, and the next he has his feet under the table of Burke.

The times of his appearance before the world are not pleasant to read of. "Coarse, rollicking, and hearty" they were; drinking and gambling, and dissolute times in a degree that disgusts, while the narrative of it amuses; days of fearful political corruption, when men would do anything for power, when the paymaster of the forces thought it no shame to pocket the interest of the money in his hands, and when "secret service money" meant money for buying votes for the government. Truly, "the canker of peace" looked festering enough, and there is a sort of pleasure in seeing the wild passion of the upper-class men of those days becoming purged and noble with the bursting out of "the blossom of war with a heart of fire." It seems better that they should die bravely among the thunders of the fleet in Newfoundland mists, or leave their bones in the parched Carnatic, than thrust one another through in the stews of London.

Into the mixed society of this era Reynolds was well prepared to enter. He had, young

as he was, seen much good company. He had firm nerves, a quiet unobtrusive self-reliance, and his speech was considerate and wise. He had none of that moodiness and inequality of temper so often the counterbalance of genius; yet, as we see by many instances, there was, under a calm exterior, a spirit of insatiable curiosity and restless observation. Little disturbed by thronging fancies from within, he was free to fix with more accuracy on impressions from without, and gather them home for his use. People who had no great public events to fill their mouths were talking of "Sir Charles Grandison," "Gray's Elegy," "Peregrine Pickle," and Johnson's Dictionary, and it was not long before he crossed the path of "Usra Major" himself. They were friends at a stroke. They first met at the house of the daughters of Admiral Cotterell. One of the ladies lamented the death of a friend to whom they were under great obligations. "You will," said the penetrating young portrait painter, who had seen the world out of the studio as well as in it, "at least be set free from the burden of obligation." This acute, caustic, and daring saying caught the quick ear of Johnson. It was "of a higher mood" than the common-places of polite society. He went home to sup with Reynolds, and in this way commenced a long friendship, founded in mutual esteem and admiration, between two men as dissimilar in most respects as could well be. Their acquaintance was a fortunate occurrence for both. In Johnson, Reynolds found his most influential teacher; and in Reynolds, Johnson found his tenderest and most considerate friend.

As yet, the star of Burke, who was to rise, according to Macaulay, "in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator ancient or modern," was below the horizon. He was then twenty-three years old, reading for the bar, contributing to papers and periodicals, turning over in his mind the question of the propriety of his emigrating, or the prospect of a consulship, and meditating on "the sublime and beautiful." Goldsmith, at the age of twenty-five, was going northward to study medicine, to learn, as Beauchamp put it afterwards, "to kill those who were not his enemies." Reynolds himself was nearly thirty, well trained, and in the best order for the race of life.

In 1754, there was a great awakening of public interest and excitement. The horizons east and west, in India and America, were troubled, and, says Reynolds' biographer, "few periods of our history were more stir-

ring than the years from 1754 to 1760." To any one interested at once in history and in art, the connection between the public events of the whole period of Reynolds' activity and the shadowy studio in which so many of the remarkable men of the time sat from year to year, would be an exceedingly delightful branch of study, and would help to realize and enkindle his conception of the time. So many engravings exist from the long series of Reynolds' portraits, that a very complete historic collection may be hung in the galleries of the mind from this source alone; and this is, of course, the thread of connection by which the historic and biographic portions of these volumes are bound together. In 1755 we find the painter in fully established business, and are able, from this date, to follow his doings pretty closely by means of those pocket-books which it would be a pleasure to see and handle; filled slowly from day to day, through a course of nearly forty years, with names that create a slight thrill as we read them, and rendered the more racy from a certain want of genius for spelling, which was a small set-off against so many other excellent gifts.

In this first recorded year we have not less than 120 sitters. Two portraits per week (when many of them would be large and some full-length pictures) seems hard work; but we must remember the valuable co-operation of "the drapery man." It was a point with him never to be seen out of his studio in the day-time; perhaps, for him, with his in-doors imagination, the best course. But it would seem as if he were equally careful, except when he received company, never to be found at home after dark. He lived in the age of clubs. He made the club his library and news-room, and had the good sense to choose as companions those who could teach him; men whose business it was to read, think, and write. His close study was of pictures; but he was a shrewd, humorous, and delighted observer of life and manners. He was not a talker, and hated talking artists, but he was a delicate, discriminative, and generous listener. The ear-trumpet is typical. In his power of listening with intelligence lies one of the great secrets of his power of making and keeping such dissimilar friends as Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Wilkes, and a host of others, who, at constant feud with each other, were all agreed in their warm attachment to Reynolds.

He began with an artists' club, and at "Slaughter's Coffee House" met weekly

with his old master, Hudson, with Roubiliac, the sculptor, Gravelot and M'Ardell, the engravers, Hogarth and Frank Hayman, rough and ready. We have now to trace broadly a career of unexampled good fortune, reaching over two-and-twenty years, in which no rival showed his face, and during which he was the lord paramount of portraiture in Britain. Of the 120 names of sitters recorded in the first pocket-book, a fourth are those of people of high title, beside two or three admirals, as many baronets, colonels, and captains. Among the admirals are Lord Anson, then resting from his labours in the dignity of First Lord of the Admiralty, and Boscawen, painted immediately before he set sail for Newfoundland on the breaking out of hostilities with France. There is the name of Lord Ligonier, a French Protestant refugee, who became Generalissimo, one of Marlborough's heroes. He died in 1770, at the age of ninety-two. It is supposed that Reynolds' endeavour to paint the old man's features as they might have appeared years before in the fields of Flanders, led to its being, as it certainly is, poorly painted as to the face. For seven laborious years Reynolds seems to have thrown all his powers into the work of achieving a position. He worked incessantly, and with rapidly developing power. The portrait of Dr. Johnson, which was engraved in Boswell's "Life," where he is sitting in a homely, check-covered chair, by a homely table, into which he is plunging his left fist, or dropping it like a paw, the legs wide apart, the head hung heavily aside, the eyes looking askance for his weighty idea which the charged pen waits to record, was done in 1756, and shows how much life and daring his pencil had by this time acquired.

During that heaving and convulsive year, when war blazed out all over the world, he seems to have worked harder than at any period of his career. Northcote remarks the year 1758 as having been the busiest of all Reynolds' years. He painted in it the surprising number of 150 portraits. William of Culloden, now less favourably known as William of Kloster Seven, is found among this mass of subjects; Lady Coventry, one of the celebrated Miss Gunnings of the year when he returned from Italy, and now dying of consumption; Commodore Edgecumbe, "fresh from the triumphs of Louisbourg;" and Mrs. Horneck, hereafter to be better known as the friend of Goldsmith; have their names on this year's list, and, as showing the martial

spirit of the time, and an admirable type of it, the striking full-length of Sir Francis Deleval as a volunteer, evidently defying the world, by all that is signified between musket-stock and bayonet-point, his hat cocked bravely on his head.

Mrs. Pelham, feeding her chickens, abundantly more charming than if she were sacrificing to the Graces, or wielding the bow of Diana with a three-inch crescent perched on her head-dress, also sat or stood; and the extravagant and lively Kitty Fisher, so often painted by Reynolds, now represented as nursing doves, with a dove-like grace and innocence of look, but belonging to a class of which the dove is not the most appropriate emblem. Many of this class were brought to him from time to time, La Renas and Checcinas, Phrynes and Thaïses, whom he painted for the random gambling lords who imported them. Kitty Fisher is said to have squandered £12,000 in nine months. It was this Cleopatra-like profusion which probably suggested to Reynolds the not unapt rendering of her in the character of the "swarthy queen with bold black eyes," dissolving a pearl in her wine cup.

Seamen lately renowned for gallant actions with French privateers were there; admirals who saw Wolfe land at Quebec, and brought home the news of his death; soldiers came to tell how the day went on the field of Minden, or left his studio to fall amid the smoke of Kempen, or to mix in other onsets in that dreadful, useless struggle for the province of Silesia, "for the sake of which the life-blood of more than a million was poured out like water." "Yellow Jacks" and "Black Dicks," dogged commodores and daring captains; Lord George Sackville and the Colonel Fitzroy who took the disobeyed orders of Prince Ferdinand to Lord George on the field; commanders of secret expeditions; colonels who had stood round George the Second in battle, and one (Colonel Trepauld) who prevented the king's horse from rushing into the French lines; are all found in turns seated in the quite studio chair, with their stories of march and charge and beleaguement by the Rhine, the Weser, or the Elbe.

Country mayors, like Sir William Blackett, whose picture is in the Infirmary at Newcastle-on-Tyne; clerical men and men of learning, such as Dr. Markham, afterwards Archbishop of York; comedians like Harry Woodward, "brisk and breezy;" tragedians like Barry, and one who lived between both comedy and tragedy like Garrick; are succeeded by men

"Wearing a lofty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working full of state and woe,"

like Sir Septimus Robinson, Usher of the Black Rod, whose sittings are "always very early;" and mixed with these "a bevy of fair women richly dressed;" duchess, and marchioness, and countess, and lady; the noble's mistress; the squire's dame and young ones, the father's pride and the mother's joy. Such a bringing together of the image of an age as is only seen in the studio of the fashionable portrait painter.

One of the very memorable portraits of this stage of Reynolds' career is that of Laurence Sterne, the lion of society, whom to meet, "it was needful," says Gray the poet, "to have invitations a fortnight beforehand." On this picture Leslie makes the subtle criticism that he is not simply resting his head on his hand as in thought, but is at the same time propping himself up, as one in feeble health, and that the wig is tilted slightly on the head, giving it the rakish Shandean air which characterises it. The whole picture is individual; the eyes stare and burn impudently close under the square brow; the expression so incongruous with a clerical costume, is that of one who neither fears God nor regards man. This picture was presented to Sterne by Reynolds, and might possibly be a repayment of the most compact and felicitous description of the style of Reynolds which we know. "Reynolds himself, *great and graceful as he paints*, might have painted him as he sat." Sterne tampered with the pencil on his own account, and would know how to value such a gift. The resolute diligence and freedom from all rivalry of these first seven years; the increase of his prices, which had gradually risen from five to twenty-five guineas, while the full length has reached a hundred guineas, had so enlarged his means as to warrant his removal to a larger house at No. 47, Leicester Square. He gave £1,650 for a forty years' lease (which he almost lived to see expired), made additions to the extent of £1,500 more, in the shape of a gallery and studio, and at the early age of thirty-seven set up his carriage — a gorgeous affair indeed — painted as to the panels with the four seasons by Catton, and furnished with footmen in silver lace. This outburst exhausted his savings; but, as his practice was large and his diligence great, he was able soon to replenish his purse, and to lay the foundation of an ample fortune. We find that ere long his yearly income amounted to £6,000.

Here, already remarkable for the snuff

(Hardman's, 37 Strand) and the ear trumpet which single him out to the eye, he was found established at the accession of George the Third.

The Royal Marriage took place in 1761, and one of the best of his allegorical pictures was soon after painted, — that of Lady Elizabeth Keppel, one of the bridesmaids, sister of his early friend the Commodore. She was represented in the character of a votary adorning the altar of Hymen with long wreaths of flowers, and attended by a maiden who is preparing some sort of libation in an urn. The huge Earl of Errol sat about the same time, "a colossus in cloth of gold," whom Horace Walpole compared to "one of the giants in the Guildhall new-gilt."

The spirits sink unaccountably among these allegorical pictures in spite of the classics and the gods. Among his Didos, embracing Cupid, his Hopes and Loves and Graces, it is pleasing to come upon the natural and probable group of Lady Sarah Lennox and Lady Susan Strangways, with the youthful Charles James Fox. One of the ladies leans out of the window, the other raises a dove to her caress, and the young Fox invites them to a rehearsal. The red bricks of Holland House look more real and stimulating than the gloomy mausoleums and prophetic cells in which his unwowed "votaries" are performing their sham sacrifices that make us fawn vehemently and wish they were over. The Earl of Bute in blue velvet and gold, the Princess Augusta, the witty, careless, clever, unprincipled Charles Townshend, the proposer of that memorable Colonial Stamp Act which set a-ringing the ominous muffled bells of Boston (and who made the wicked joke on another sitter, a stout and wealthy heiress, that "her tonnage was equal to her poundage"). Lord Holland, Lord Chief Justice Pratt, afterwards Lord Camden, and closely concerned in the after disputes as to the legality of general warrants; Lord Granby, Master-General of Ordnance, and the subject of one of his most striking whole lengths, Count Lippe Schaumburg, "soldier, statesman, and man of letters," found their way early to the new studio in Leicester Square. The Count's picture is a large full length on a square canvas. He stands, long-faced, long-chinned, dark-eyed, at once pleasant and grim, against a wild sky full of rolling glooms and gleams, and in the shade around him finely disposed emblems of war — mortar, and cannon-wheel, and ball, a charger with ruffled mane below, a banner with dropping fold behind him.

Equally fine is the Vandyke-like portrait of Sir Geoffrey Amherst, in plate armour, his helmet resting on some plan of siege or battle-field.

Hogarth died in 1764, and the Literary Club was formed the same year, meeting till 1775 at the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street. During the summer the ceaseless and ardent toils of Reynolds told upon his health, and he was laid aside for a while by severe illness. All that relates to that glorious circle, gathered round "the brown table" at "the Club," is intensely attractive. It was the intellectual centre of the time. There Johnson ruled, "predominating" like the huge bear over the gate of the Baron of Bradwardine. Our feelings veer like the wind as we look at the bulk and texture of the "literary leviathan," so strangely put together. At one moment the eye moistens in admiration of his nobility and tenderness; at another moment we shrink and collapse as if we had been personally struck down and trampled in unexpected assault.

We see Edmund Burke, who raises our conceptions of the possibilities of human nature, and touches us, like the prelude of an oratorio, with the sense of wonder and expectancy. Burke was a match for Johnson in talk. Reynolds was his match also, but in another way, and the Doctor found and pronounced him "invulnerable." A constant association with every class of men and women; a quick, quiet eye, which could discover the coming storm at a distance; a genial and not easily ruffled temper (to the excellence of which, the most striking if some what strongly pronounced testimony is that of Northcote, that "You might put the *Devil* on Reynolds' back, without putting him in a fidget"); a perception of "the weak side of things," which Goldsmith lacked; and a well-filled purse, carried Reynolds through thirty years of close association with Dr. Johnson with scarcely a ripple of discordance, and it confirms our admiration of the firmness and expansiveness of Reynolds' understanding, that he should cultivate so near an intercourse with one who, beside being purblind, or, perhaps, partly because he was purblind, had not the least sympathy with the painter's pursuits. There are many interesting and graphic notices in these volumes of the doings and sayings of this memorable club, and Mr. Taylor has found such fascination in even its wine accounts, that he gives us the average consumption per man of the port and claret, which were the main beverages.

Reynolds was one of the most regular at-

tendants there, but he by no means confined his attention to this awful centre of intellectual law. He seems to have been as fond of the society of men of fashion as men of literature and art. He was a frequenter of a notorious club composed of "maccaronis" and "bloods," whose chief pursuits were hard drinking, deep gaming, and blasphemous profanity. Here he was distinguished for his ceremonious politeness and his bad whist-playing. Through all his laborious life we see in him nothing of the dreamy, secluded student. When not at his easel he was about among men; beefsteak clubs, scavoivivre clubs, saur-kraut clubs, ladies' clubs, gambling clubs; no clubs came amiss to him where "life" was to be seen. Along with clubs came endless dinner engagements, as various as his portraits; great dukes and lords, bishops and politicians, Wilkes and Johnson, Burke and Warren Hastings, keen-tongued, card-playing Kitty Clive, all these, as well as, or more often than, the artist or connoisseur, were his daily table companions. When dinners were over, then to Vauxhall and Ranelagh, and the Pantheon and Mrs. Corneley's masquerades, to balls and assemblies, to "chaoses," and queer collections of "blues." While Gainsborough, in after years, sat by his lamp at home throwing his exquisite sketches under the table, or Romney, whose "solitude was sublime," brooded in front of his cartoons, Reynolds was still in and out of the congregations of men.

It is this ceaseless energy, this tranquil vivacity, this unappeasable curiosity for the things of the present, that formed a very large element and a very central secret of his great power and influence. He also knew the meaning of the saying of Ulysses—

"To have done is to hang

Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail,
In monumental mockery . . .
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue; if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entered tide, they all rush by
And leave you hindmost."

To complete the image of exuberant life, we must see him occasionally on horseback going across country after the hounds, or in the stable bagging the game, or betting Mr. Parker five guineas that he will hit a mark. Alive, alert, with next to unfailing health and unflagging spirits, we see him gathering more of the materials of a whole success than any man of his time. It

was not in the supreme force of any one gift that we discern the pre-eminence of our Sir Joshua. He aimed at fame, and fortune, and influence, and the enjoyment of the passing hour, and at general culture so far as it could be obtained by a thorough-going man of the world, as he undoubtedly was. He looked after the small things that enhance success. In the poem written by Warton on the Oxford Window, he is desirous to have his name "hitched in," so that the praise may have its full personal force; and he made his sister ride about in his gilded coach, that people might ask, if Northcote does not mislead us, "Whose coach is that?" and that people might answer, "That is the coach of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the eminent portrait painter."

Perhaps the political event in which Reynolds would be most likely to have a strong personal interest was the brief accession to power of the Rockingham administration, in which the Edmund Burke of the club and the Edmund Burke of Reynolds' counsels and affections was "the foremost man." In an age when all good things were bought and sold, the sight of "a ministry who practised no corruption, nor were ever suspected of any, sold no offices, obtained no reversions or pensions, either coming in or going out, for themselves, their families, or their dependants," is soothing and cheering, and sheds a pleasant reflected light on the course of this biography. The splendour was soon eclipsed. In 1782 it gleamed out again like the sun on an October day, but we see the long course of Burke's magnificent life passed in the shade and storm of opposition, to die out under the lurid conflagration, which was mistaken for sunrise, of the French Revolution.

In 1768 Reynolds paid a visit to Paris, setting out on the 9th of September, with Richard Burke, the talkative, light-hearted and random brother of Edmund. They had only two breaks-down in their posting; saw Abbeville, Amiens, St. Just, Chantilly, St. Denis, the galleries, the theatres, Prévile and Molé; lay at Sittingbourne on the return journey; and arrived in London on the 8th of October.

On the 9th of December Reynolds was hailed President of the Royal Academy, which had been formed in his absence, and shortly afterwards he left a sitter for the levée and returned — Sir Joshua Reynolds — to his usual labours. These honours made Johnson break his resolution against wine, and we may fancy the scene at No.

47, when his health was drunk by Burke and the rest of that high company.

The scheme of an Academy of Arts was first originated in 1755, between the artists and the Dilettanti Society. It was placed on its present basis in this year of 1768. It has been frequently, sometimes violently attacked. Leslie in this book enters on an elaborate defence and eulogy of it. His *collaborateur* differs from him; and it is not unfair to refer to the expressed opinions of Mr. Taylor, seeing that they are accessible to all in a blue-book. Mr. Taylor was examined by the royal commission which sat to investigate the constitution of the Academy in 1863. He speaks mildly of the Academy in the Life of Reynolds; but not with much warm approval in the blue-book. The most real ground of assault has not been, however, against the Royal Academy as an academy. It is out of the annual exhibition over which it has the control that so many heart-burnings have chiefly arisen. There is no other arena open to the artist where there is anything like a fair opportunity of being seen by the generality of buyers and patrons; yet it has been thought that the interests of members of the Academy have been too exclusively consulted. They have a right to send a large number of works year by year, and to have these works hung in the best places. If their works were necessarily more excellent than others, this would not be felt to be a grievance. In the early days of the institution its members included every good painter. It is not so now; and while such painters as Holman Hunt, G. F. Watts, Linnell, Rossetti, Madox Brown, W. B. Scott, and others are known not to be members of the Academy, no young painter of ability will be, for the honour's sake, very anxious to add the mystic letters to his name. Still, there is the question of the market. If work is not seen it cannot be bought, and where can it be efficiently seen by the mass of buyers but at the Royal Academy?

To our mind the whole system of temporary exhibition is unpleasant. The crush, the heat, the whirl, the golden flames that blaze round the walls, the mass of incongruous subjects huddled together, unfit the very organs of vision for correct seeing, and the mind for correct judging, and we dream of something more adapted to the wants of both painter and buyer: some long, quiet, accessible, well-known galleries, where, if need be the year round, as the pictures hung at the National Galleries, or in

corridors of South Kensington, the newly-finished work may be put up and removed at pleasure, and where it may be seen without distraction. At present all is bitter contest; contest for admission, contest for proper hanging, contest for public applause. Now and then on the walls of South Kensington, the young painter's Paradise, we see a new picture (how it came there we know not, for the place is like a fairy palace, where unseen fingers work constantly new wonders), such as G. F. Watts' "Sisters." The delight of coming on such work with cool nerves and unthrobbed eyes is extreme.

Concerning the relative value and placing of the paintings in the exhibition of 1863, Mr. Taylor says, "This year the worst pictures in almost every department of art, represented in the Royal Academy, are by Royal Academicians." And again he says, in conclusion, "I doubt whether the Royal Academy exercises an influence for good. The education is most defective, and the exhibition is not such as it ought to be to enhance the character of British art; it popularises it, but it does not raise it."

But whatever the Academy may be now, we have reason to be thankful for what it has done for art in this country. It has called public attention to art. It consolidated and trained the art spirit. It gave us Stothard, and Turner, and Wilkie, and Hilton, and Landseer, and Leslie. And its first president and most splendid name was Sir Joshua Reynolds.

He was now at the summit of fame and influence. He had taken a villa at Richmond, and had joined the life there as in London. He appears at the Richmond Assembly, and Mr. Taylor suggests that he very likely took lessons of Noverre, the great dancing master of the day.

We find the club in 1768 anxious about Goldsmith's new comedy. In the life of Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith stands out for more than a dozen years a conspicuous figure; but under the tempered light of the studio in Leicester Square, we see him in a more favourable aspect, and one more pleasant to our view. He was not laughed at, or cowed, or "knocked down with the butt-end" of an argument there. Reynolds loved him, and painted him with the utmost tenderness of thought. Leslie has given us a fine criticism on this portrait, to which it is worth the reader's while to turn. Reynolds knew from experience that thought and inward power may exist where the faculty of rapid or collected utterance is denied to the tongue, — and the man of

whom Garrick said, that he "wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll," found a shelter in the sympathy of the man he learned to love like a brother. In the dedication to Sir Joshua of "The Deserted Village," Goldsmith wrote, "Setting interest aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made, was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead." Permit me to inscribe this poem to you."

Johnson was subsisting at this time on subscriptions to his Shakespeare, without the fortitude to record either the sums received or the names sent in. His friends were anxious about his honour, and Reynolds offered to assist him with his pen. He helped him also with three contributions to "The Idler."

Reynolds found his pen a more serviceable instrument than his tongue, and did his best to train it. He projected and delivered from time to time a series of Discourses to the students of the Royal Academy. The first of these was given on the 2nd of January, 1769. He was not an orator. His voice was indistinct, his delivery dry and tame, but he was full of the sense of the intellectual importance of the art he professed. He congratulated the students that they had nothing to unlearn, exhorted them to obey rules, to take pains, and to remember that "nothing is denied to well-directed labour," that "labour will improve natural gifts," that "labour will even supply their deficiency," which may be in matters of art abundantly questioned.

It is curious to read the innumerable little episodes of his stirring life: such as his visits to Wilkes when in hiding; his dinners with him when in the King's Bench prison, and the accounts of the changeable society with which his evenings were spent. But we must hasten on.

It is to Northcote that we owe some of the most intimate and trustworthy details of the life of Reynolds. He became a pupil in the house of the painter, and left it after five years' faithful service. He was a man of third-rate ability in the art, but he ardently loved it and most sincerely admired Reynolds. He talked to the end of his days the broad Devonshire dialect which he brought to Leicester Square, and which Reynolds loved to hear. Under Hazlitt's pen in later years he appears a querulous, caustic, sagacious, penurious old man, with hollow and wizard-like eyes. In Leicester Square we see another figure — the busy,

faithful, listening, provincial assistant, forwarding the huge full length, and astounded with mingled vexation and admiration when Sir Joshua enters, and with great strokes of the brush sweeps away into effective generalization the careful work of days, or swoops on one of his pictures done from the tame eagle in the back-yard, to make it a bird of Jove by a few ruffings of the hand of the master. "The Prince of Wales says he knows you; where did you make his acquaintance?" asked Sir Joshua. "The Prince of Wales does *not* know me," answered Northcote, "it is only his *brag*."

In 1772 Reynolds painted Sir Joseph Banks, then newly returned from the expedition to Otaheite for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus. Here, again, the lively curiosity of his nature is displayed. He sought as frequently as he could the society of Banks and Solander, and took the utmost interest in all their discoveries and observations.

It was Reynolds' habit, when not employed with portraits, to paint small fancy pictures, the models for which he found for the most part among the tribe of beggars—old men and children. He had painted the study of a head from a favourite high-featured old man, formerly a pavior, by name George White, now reduced to beggary. This picture was seen by Burke, and others, and pointed out as being an admirable suggestion for the head of Count Ugolino, whose death in the Tower of Hunger forms so horrible an episode in the *Inferno* of Dante. Reynolds had before this entertained the intention of painting a picture from the scene, and he proceeded, on the hint of Burke, to produce what may be called his first historical picture. The design is well known by prints, and has several elements of power. The colour and composition are impressive, but it required greater gifts than Reynolds possessed to reach the tragic height of a subject not very well suited to art. It was while he was engaged on this work that the University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, in companionship with Dr. Beattie, whose portrait he painted soon afterwards in gown and bands, holding his book on Truth, as the Vicar of Wakefield might hold his book on the Whistonian Controversy, while the Angel of Justice or Truth is thrusting down into darkness personifications of Infidelity and Scepticism. The figure of infidelity is made to bear a strong resemblance to Voltaire, while that of scepticism was said to resemble Hume. This treatment of the subject drew forth an

indignant protest from Goldsmith. His objection was that Beattie, as a writer, was so much the inferior of Voltaire. Whether this be a just objection or not, there is surely great oddity in the combination of a matter-of-fact clergyman, with gown and bands and book, and the cloudy allegory in the background. The mixture of real and allegorical figures in Reynolds' picture of "Garriek between Tragedy and Comedy," has been reasonably objected to; but in this case there is more absurdity in the combination, owing to the prosaic literalness of the principal figure.

Sir Joshua's university honours were speedily followed by a civic elevation, which he had long coveted, and now much relished. He is found at Plympton going through the ceremony of being sworn in as mayor of his native town. It is said that he was not without hope of taking his seat in Parliament for the same place; but this never came to pass.

Twenty-two years of unbroken prosperity had passed over him. His honours and emoluments had reached their highest point. He was no longer to remain the unquestioned master of the field of portraiture. Three men of mark began to make themselves felt in the world of art.

The first of these was James Barry, the son of a Cork skipper, now over thirty years old, and recently returned from Rome, where he had been sent by Edmund Burke, whose conduct to him raises Burke in our esteem. Barry was a man of great genius, but of unequal powers—fierce, gloomy, misanthropic, opinionated, sarcastic, and proud, with high views of the functions of art and large powers of invention, but failing in pictorial knowledge and taste. The second was Thomas Gainsborough. For some years past Wilshire's wagon had brought from Bath, where Gainsborough had since 1760 resided, noble landscapes and spirited portraits to the exhibition at Spring Gardens. These pictures secured high recognition in London. The painter of them was only four years younger than Sir Joshua, had studied in early life under Gravelot, the engraver, and Hayman, the painter, had met with good success at Ipswich and Bath as a portrait painter, and now resolved to set up his easel in the metropolis. He rented a part of the Duke of Schomberg's house in Pall Mall, for which he paid £300 a year, and shortly became more popular than Reynolds. The more moderate scale of his prices would no doubt contribute to this result; but he had a facility of pencil, an elegance, originality, and spirit of execution, which made

some of his best portraits equal to some of the best works of Sir Joshua. In addition he had powers which Reynolds had not. Some of his landscapes are among the masterpieces of art; and in certain of his fancy subjects — cottage girls, woodmen, shepherd boys — there is a freshness and poetic power never reached by Reynolds. Yet so overshadowing and deeply rooted was the fame and influence of Reynolds, that it was not till the gathering of the Treasures of Art at Manchester, in 1857, that the full relative value of Gainsborough's works was seen by the British public. Reynolds had a hold on the whole life of his age which Gainsborough never attained. His habits were different from those of Reynolds. Not particularly well educated, he was shy, sensitive, fond of home, fond of music; he mixed little in general society, and never sought the company of the wits, or men of learning. For all that, he stands before us as the more specific type of the man of genius both by gifts and habitudes.

There was another rival in the field, whose natural powers were probably of a higher cast than those of either Reynolds or Gainsborough. George Romney was born in 1734, in Lancashire, and was brought up to his father's trade as a cabinet-maker. He had few educational advantages. He studied portraiture under a country artist, Steele, in Kendal, and for five years practised there with great success. In 1762 he came to London, and began to paint portraits at the price of four guineas, which, by 1793, had risen to thirty-five guineas. From 1773 to 1775 he studied in Italy, and after his return his popularity as a portrait painter, though he did not after 1772 exhibit publicly, was unbounded. Romney was a friend of Flaxman the sculptor, and of Hayley and Cowper, unequally matched poets. His mode of execution was very simple. He was a good colourist, but did not aim at the fulness, richness, and depth of Reynolds. He had amazing power of striking in the forms of his subjects at once, and had altogether more elevation of thought and elasticity of fancy than Reynolds. He never did himself full justice in the walk where his powers were highest; but his "Shakespeare nursed by Tragedy and Comedy," his *Titanias*, and some of the heads for which Lady Hamilton was a frequent model, stand among the very first things in English art, and suggest possibilities far beyond anything he ever had the full opportunity of realizing on canvas. "His heads," says Flaxman, a high authority, "were various. The male were decided and grand, the fe-

male lovely. His figures resembled the antique, the limbs were elegant and finely formed, his drapery well understood; few artists since the fifteenth century have been able to do so much in so many branches."

Reynolds had no longer the monopoly of portraiture, and we find from Northcote that from that time he was not much employed in this way. Henceforth he devoted more attention to fancy subjects; but his fortune was made. He had secured a position in society and among the learned at which his rivals never aimed, and he was upborne to the end of his days at the highest point of reputation in his profession.

Goldsmith died in the year 1774. Johnson was turning his pen to the defence of the government of Lord North, and was writing "Taxation no Tyranny." But the House of Assembly did not believe this; the sharp echo of rifles among the woods of Lexington was heard in England, and then the guns of Bunker's Hill; and the years of the American War passed stormily on, complicated with dangers nearer home. Paul Jones, on the northern coast, and the fleets of France in the south, threatened and alarmed the country. Sir Joshua turned out with Garrick to visit the camps; finding possibly that his sitters were few and his pursuits more solitary. The trial of Keppel and his acquittal, which set the town into a blaze of illumination, and drove the younger Pitt to the breaking of windows in his excitement, drew forth a letter of sympathy from Reynolds to his early friend, not now the young commodore, but the veteran admiral, of whom Burke wrote in after years so feelingly, and whose honest face was elevated to the dignity of innumerable signboards, long since rotted and fallen, while Sir Hugh Palisser was burnt in effigy.

Art, however, even under the frown of threatened invasion, did not stand still. The exhibition was removed from Spring Gardens to Somerset House, where it remained down to our own time. Reynolds painted a not very excellent figure of Theory sitting on a cloud, for the ceiling of the new room. Two of his finest portrait groups, those of the members of the Dilettanti Society, were done in these years; and the designs for the great window of Oxford, afterwards rendered in glass, by Jervas — the *Nativity* in the centre, the *Virtues* in various compartments. Some of the designs for this series have been highly prized, and were sold for large sums after his death. The *Nativity* was bought by the young Duke of Rutland, and was unfortunately burnt with many other fine

works, one of which was a full length of General Oglethorpe, of Savannah, at the great fire at Belvoir Castle. In 1780 he again visited Devonshire. He spent a little time with Keppel at Bagshot, and with Dunning at Spitchwick-on-Dartmoor, while Burke was making an unsuccessful appeal to his Bristol constituency, and awarding unmeasured praise to Dunning. Barry had enshrouded his gloomy head in the Adelphi, which he had engaged to decorate for nothing, living hardly for seven years, and earning a scanty support by etching and engraving by lamplight,—a noble instance of devotion to art. The Adelphi Exhibition was thrown open in 1783, and we find Dr. Johnson present at the private view, and delivering the dictum, "Here we see a grasp of mind that we find nowhere else."

In 1781 Sir Joshua paid that visit to the Low Countries, the result of which appeared in his published notes—a very valuable series of criticisms on individual pictures.

His power had not declined, though he was now sixty years of age. Indeed, the study of the Flemish schools seemed to give new stimulus to his mind and hand, and to the last there was no decline in his power.

We cannot stay to look at Reynolds' political opinions, or at the political changes from this time: the Coalition ministry, the story of "Fox's Martyrs," the general elections, where Mrs. Crewe (whose portrait as St. Geneviève among her sheep is one of Sir Joshua's masterpieces) and the Duchess of Devonshire mingled in the crowd; nor at the passion for ballooning, of which Dr. Johnson grew so, tried of hearing. Over the brave and grand career of Johnson the glooms of the grave were spreading. His health had received severe shocks. Hearing of the death of Allan Ramsay, a good portrait painter, and a learned and accomplished man, all his life a friend both of Johnson and Reynolds, he writes, "Which ever way I look, mortality presents its formidable frown;" and soon the frown darkened over his own head. In patient submission and devout contemplations, fixed on those great truths of Christianity which he thought it almost profanity to defend by argument, his great voice ceased—on Monday, December 13, 1784. "Dr. Johnson died at 7 in the afternoon," is the entry in the pocket-book of Reynolds.

There are other events of much interest in the years that remain, but the bright circle of stars was broken and obscured—Goldsmith, Beauclerk, Garrick, Johnson, were all gone. Sterne had vanished suddenly long before. From the flush and

glare of society he had found his way through the gloom of a parish burying-ground, and the sack of a body-snatcher to the hideous resurrection of a Cambridge dissecting table. Boswell was left lamenting and maudlin; untaught by all his opportunities, and yet engaged on the best biography in the world. "We are not sure," says Macanlay, "that there is in the whole history of the human intellect so strange a phenomenon as this book. Many of the greatest men that ever lived have written biography. Boswell was one of the smallest men that ever lived, and he has beaten them all."

Reynolds was not the man to succumb to the dreary privations of age. As he lost his old friends he did not close up his affections. He had taken the poet Crabbe, in 1783, to supply the void left by the death of Goldsmith; and we find him visiting and holding friendly intercourse with a new race of amateurs and men of fashion, such as Sir George Beaumont and Sir Abraham Hume. To the years between 1784 and 1789, too, belong the largest and most ambitious of his works. The Infant Hercules, painted for the Empress Catherine of Russia, who rewarded him with a letter, a diamond snuff-box, and fifteen hundred pounds, paid to his executors; the Death of Cardinal Beaufort, and Macbeth and the Witches, for the Boydell gallery; the Continnence of Scipio, also purchased by the Empress of Russia; and Cymon and Iphigenia, shown in the International Exhibition of 1862, and one of his finest works. He also did some of his best portraits in these few last years: John Hunter and Joshua Sharp were among the number. Two strokes of palsy had not disabled him either in mind or body. The year 1789, when he was sixty-six years old, found him more passionately in love with his palette and pencils than ever.

Miss Palmer, one of the two nieces who for many years had kept his house, writes in 1787, "He is painting from morning to night, and the truth is, that every picture he does seems better than the former." In power of execution, at any rate, this was true. The wonderful group of "Cherub-heads," in our National Gallery, was painted in 1787, and they are hardly exceeded, if they are exceeded, in magic of touch by any heads that were ever painted.

Till Monday, July 13th, 1789, he worked with untiring vigour. On that day, as he was painting the portrait of Miss Russell, "a mist and darkness" fell over his left eye, "a dim suffusion veiled" it, and from the

same cause as in the case of Milton. *gutta serena*. He paused a moment, gently laid down his pencil and his palette, and resumed them no more.

"The race is over," he writes to Sheridan six months afterwards, "whether it is won or lost." He lived till the 23d of February, 1792. He was often low-spirited, from fear of utter blindness, but this did not come upon him. He rambled to various scenes in quest of change and health. He amused himself for a while with a canary that used to perch on his hand and sing to him, but it proved faithless and flew away. He wandered about Leicester Square after it for hours, but did not find it. Ozias Humphry, the painter, used to drop in and read the paper to him, and he now and then retouched and arranged his pictures, or slowly prepared his final Discourse. This, the fifteenth, was delivered on the 10th of December, 1790:—"Sir Joshua had a crowded audience, and while he was speaking, a sudden crash was heard, and the floor of the room seemed to be giving way. The company rushed towards the door in the utmost alarm and confusion. Sir Joshua was silent, and did not move from his seat, and after some little time the company perceiving that the danger had ceased, most of them resumed their places, and he continued his discourse as calmly as if nothing had occurred. It was afterwards found that one of the beams which supported the floor had given way. Sir Joshua remarked to Northcote, that if the floor had really fallen most of the persons assembled must have been crushed to death, and the arts in this country would have been thrown two hundred years back."

The latter part of this memorable discourse consists of a eulogium on Michael Angelo:—its last passage—"I reflect, not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man, and I should desire that the last words I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of MICHAEL ANGELO."

"As Reynolds descended from the chair, Burke stepped forward, and taking his hand, held it while he addressed him in the words of Milton:—

"The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed
to hear."

"This I heard from Mr. Rogers, who said, 'Nobody but Burke could have done such a thing, without its appearing formal or theat-

rical. But from him it seemed spontaneous and irresistible. Such a tribute from such a man, formed a fitting close for the life's work of Reynolds.'"

The disease of which Sir Joshua died was an affection of the liver, and this led to "a distressing depression of the spirits, which his physicians ascribed to hypochondria." (Boswell in a melancholy letter to his friend Temple, dated November 22, 1791, says: "My spirits have been still more sunk by seeing Sir Joshua Reynolds almost as low as myself. He has for more than two months past had a pain in his blind eye, the effect of which has been to occasion a weakness in the other, and he broods over the dismal apprehension of becoming quite blind. He has been kept so low as to diet, that he is quite relaxed and desponding. He who used to be looked upon as perhaps the most happy man in the world, is now as I tell you.")

Miss Burney, just released from the honours of court life and the talons of Madame Schwellenberg, called to see him. "He wore a bandage over one eye, and the other shaded with a green half-bonnet. He seemed serious even to sadness, though extremely kind. 'I am very glad,' he said, in a meek voice and dejected accent, 'to see you again, and I wish I could see you better, but I have but one eye now and scarcely that.'"

He bore patiently his last affliction, and died as sincerely regretted as any man of his time. While he lay dying, the political horizon was dark and troubled, like one of those wild backgrounds which we see in his portraits of warriors. The first hot blasts of the French Revolution had blown, but he did not live to see the final bursting of the storm. The next morning, in the house where Sir Joshua lay, Edmund Burke wrote the following obituary notice, which we cannot refrain from quoting at length.

"Last night, in the 69th year of his age, died, at his house in Leicester-fields, Sir Joshua Reynolds. His illness was long, but borne with a mild and cheerful fortitude, without the least mixture of anything irritable or querulous, agreeably to the placid and even tenor of his whole life. He had from the beginning of his malady, a distinct view of his dissolution, and he contemplated it with that entire composure, which nothing but the innocence, integrity, and usefulness of his life, and an unaffected submission to the will of Providence could bestow. In this situation he had every consolation from family tenderness, which his own kindness had indeed well deserved.

"Sir Joshua Reynolds was, on very many

accounts, one of the most memorable men of his time. He was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the great masters of the renowned ages. In portrait he went beyond them; for he communicated to that description of the art, in which English artists are the most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity derived from the higher branches, which even those who professed them in a superior manner did not always preserve when they delineated individual nature. His portraits remind the spectator of the invention of history, and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend to it from a higher sphere. His paintings illustrate his lessons, and his lessons seem to be derived from his paintings.

"He possessed the theory as perfectly as the practice of his art. To be such a painter, he was a profound and penetrating philosopher.

"In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candour, never forsook him even on surprise or provocation, nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct or discourse.

"His talents of every kind, powerful from nature, and not meanly cultivated by letters, his social virtues in all the relations and all the habitudes of life, rendered him the centre of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies, which will be dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy; too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere, general and unmixed sorrow.

"HAIL! AND FAREWELL!"

His body lay in state at the Royal Academy, and was followed to the grave by a concourse such as had rarely been seen before on such an occasion. The Dukes of Portland, Dorset, and Leeds, the Marquises of Townshend and Aberdeen, the Earls of Carlisle, Inchiquin, and Upper Ossory, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Elliot, bore his pall; and perhaps in the long list of mourners there has seldom been in a state funeral so many who would really mourn. So lived, so died, so in "this kind of observance," was honoured the first renowned British artist — and one of the great artists of the world — standing in the front rank along with Titian, and Vandyke, and Rembrandt.

The contemplation of Reynolds' portraits is one of the enjoyments of every highly cul-

tivated Englishman. There is in them a calm dignity, a bright life, a bewitching grace.

Mr. Taylor seems to be much impressed with the "momentary" character of Reynolds' portraits. What rapidity of eye, what accuracy of impression, what spirit and sparkle of taste do we see in them. Garrick with his thumbs pressed together, and his conversational pertinence of look. Hunter with his drooping pen and far wandering eye,

"Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone."

Banks with his instinctive restless desire to rise from his chair and explore the earth to its utmost horizons. And this *zest* runs through so many of his portraits. How he got such endless variety is a continual wonder. "Hang it, how *various* he is!" said Gainsborough, as he paced the exhibition rooms. We know of our "portrait of a gentleman;" our corporation pictures; our too dazzling Lord Mayors, before we see them; the hot, encumbered appurtenances, the Boswellian strut. But Reynolds' men, though boiling over with action and motion, never strut. Their legs are not always well drawn, but they do not stand at ridiculous angles. If he stole all these vivacious attitudes, he was at least a most accomplished thief, — "Convey the wise it call." This rapid and commendable taste, this instinctive avoidance of "the weak side of things," this instant power of knowing when the right thing was before him, singles out Reynolds from all others.

See with what light and gallant spirit, yet with how little of the "bounce" of the modern "portrait of a gentleman," the Marquis of Hastings stands with his finger on his chin. See, in one of the ordinary run of his portraits, with what inquisitive ease John Gawler, Esquire, looks out of the kit-cat canvas; with what negligent grace Captain Pownall leans on his anchor-fluke. How elegantly Lady Sondes sits on her garden seat, attractive and not a dowdy in spite of the black and white machinery on her head, that at first glance make us somehow think irresistibly of earthquakes and tornadoes. And what for sumptuous naturalness and winning home-loveliness can exceed the long stately picture of Mrs. Wynne, and the children wrestling in each other's embraces. His intense sense of life broke in among the preposterous costumes of his time. "Never mind," said he, "they have all light and shade." And even with such head-dresses, hat and feather, frizzy locks

and fly-away ribbons, as we see in the portrait of Lady Lade, life triumphs, and constructions, puzzling for their immensity and complexity, are so broken with tender clouds and breezy trees and flitting shades, that all looks agreeable and natural.

The men who are everlastingly playing at backgammon and cards in the French Exhibition, in the restored costumes of the Reynolds period, look dull, and tiresome, and heavy, if better drawn than by Reynolds. But Reynolds does not make them dull and tiresome, and it shows his power. He "always looked on his picture as a whole," — and how wonderful are the occult relations of line, colour, and effect which go to make up a whole picture. There seem to be in them hidden powers that baffle all analysis. It is not mere mass or extent that gives sublimity. Perhaps there is no picture more solemn in general effect than the "Peter Martyr" of Titian; none which, among other elements, gives so impressive a suggestion of forest grandeur; yet it is not accomplished by representing great masses of forest scenery. Let the spectator compare the size of the trees with the size of the figures, and he will find that all the materials of the scene, with the exception of the sky and the piece of distant mountain, might be contained inside a room. The nearest tree is not thicker than the thigh of the assassin, and not more than fourteen feet high. Both trees might any day be passed in a hedgerow, with a sense of their insignificance, and the foreground is not more than ten feet wide. It is the bend, the sway, the subservience, the collocation, the mystery of relation to the human and divine interest of the scene, that makes them what they are. Man, as seen by the painter's eye, is seen in certain compressed conditions. The men we see apart from the framings and contrivances, and limitations of art, are puzzlingly little. Across a street we can just recognise a face and figure. Seen against the great backgrounds of nature, man is nothing. The generalissimo ruling among thunder clouds, and making the mountains bow on the canvas of Reynolds, is a speck out of doors. The greatest battle seen from the hill-brow is but the waving of "thin red lines" in a smoky field. Take the man as he could be made to fit against the cloud or the rock, and his importance dwindles — he has no "relief." There was smoke and roar at Gibraltar; the roar only terrific within a league. No one saw General Elliott's head as we see it in the picture in the National Gallery, standing out, with its triangular obstinate

eyebrows, against the twisting clouds and the down-pointing gun. Man has to dignify himself, and to the great painter who can do it for him as Reynolds could, he will willingly accord "ceremonies of bravery even in the infamy of his nature." This vast desire of man Reynolds was able to gratify. He rendered with equal perception and ease the politician in his robes of office; the mighty noble in velvet and ermine; the wit, with his jest simmering on his features; the student poring over his book, with near and piercing regard, as Baretta and Johnson, or looking afar with contemplative serenity like Zachary Mudge; the country gentleman with his favourite dog, enjoying the repose of a rustic seat in the shade of his ancestral beech-tree, in the grey afternoon, like Sir John Lade; the dilettante fingering his gem or his gem-like glass of wine; the man of pleasure taking it with easy grace; the fashionable beauty pillowed in state, with her grey towers of curl and plaster and plume, or tripping under narrow trees that bend to make her bending more graceful; the actress in tragic state, like Mrs. Yates or Mrs. Siddons; in saucy surprises, like Mrs. Abington; or in the mere lazy luxury of living, like Kitty Fisher, or "my Lady O'Brien;" or, sweetest of all, the little children! It was in these that Reynolds reaches farthest into the heart. We melt before the picture of "Innocence," with her dimpled hands on her bosom. We are hushed before the infant Samuel, who yet is only a modern child, "called of the Lord" — sacred enough as such. There is a throng of these little ones peering at us from canvas and canvas, calling us back to our childhood with winning smiles and wondering eyes. In doing these his power seemed to rise with age. Let any one look well, who has not already often looked, at those cherub heads, all done from little Lady Mary Gordon, and painted not long before "the drop serene" brought him to a final pause: praised by Leslie for its exquisite evanescent touch and pure colour, but rising far beyond all technical grace. If we search anywhere among "the figures of the true" for an illustration of the words, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven," let us see it there. It is as much sermon as art can yield, simply to bring together before the mind's eye this picture and the Kitty Fishers and Nelly O'Briens, and make no further comment.

The greatest of all Reynolds' achievements in portraiture was the portrait of Mrs. Siddons, as Tragedy, on her cloudy throne. In this instance, the strange and

ugly fashion in which the hair at that period was dressed, rather aids than impedes the sentiment. The whole mass moves horrent from the brow as if standing on end; the dark eyebrows rise under it in slight corrugation, and the springs of imagination are moved. "Scaffolds, still sheets of water, divers woes," the collapse of power, the eclipse of nations, terror, and the immensity of human sorrow, pass in twilight procession as we look, and haunt us when we turn away.

On the force, and dignity, and life, and naturalness of his portraits, there was, as his most peculiar distinction, the crown of *grace*. He was, as Ruskin happily calls him, "lily-sceptred." Taken by itself, and apart from science, we might almost say that Raphael himself had no higher sense of grace. We pardon even his incorrectness in the bewitching fluency of this element in his female portraits. It reached to the disposition of a curl and the flow of a fold. That and the sense of life and motion which pervades his pictures carries us away, and does not even suffer us long to weary of his works. And it was just that exquisitely balanced mixture of outward practical sense and spirit, with the amenity of a graceful soul, that made him so beloved in society, so able to please, without flattery or loss of independence. We can see for ourselves the refutation of Allan Cunningham's insinuations; he had no need of the smooth tongue of the courtier to secure his success. He had a happy mixture of wisdom and gentleness —

"Still born to improve us in every part;
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart."

Where Reynolds fell into the unhappy classic vein of his time, it is impossible to relish many of his works; they become oppressive. Compare the dress of Mrs. Braddyl, its lively accidental "set," or the attire of the Ladies Waldegrave, in that lovely group where two are winding silk, and one is embroidering at a real table, with a drawer and a key, and think of their being exchanged for "The Graces adorning a bust of the Duchess as *Magna Mater*" — the Graces with great *têtes* pomatumed and powdered, the Graces in stays, the Graces without hoops, but with dresses lashed about their legs as only the wettest and thinnest muslin could cling in the wildest storms, yet doing it, defiant of law, in the profoundest calm! "What," says Uncle Toby, "has a man who believes in God to do with these things?" Let the Gra-

ces wander in Ionia as Praxiteles saw them, and teach what they could to a world that "by wisdom knew not God." Our great-grandmothers, playing at Graces, and cooking sacrifices to perished divinities, "swearing by the sin of Samaria, and saying, Thy god, O Dan, liveth, and the manner of Beersheba liveth," were too much for even Reynolds to render tolerable to a Christian age. One of the best of these we can examine at our leisure in the National Gallery. Three celebrated beauties are "adorning the altar of Hymen," but, O that they had been winding silk, or shooting at targets, or even, as it is said, one fine lady who sat to him did, "eating beefsteaks and playing at cricket on the Steyne, at Brighton!"

Burke says that Reynolds seemed to descend to portraiture from a higher sphere. It was from the mount of philosophy that he descended, and not from "the highest heaven of invention." There was one thing he had not, — the perception of the unseen, of the something beyond. "Great and graceful as he paints," he is "a man of the earth," seeing, it is true, all that is noblest and best on "this visible diurnal sphere," but never quitting it. In one instance — the portrait of Mrs. Siddons — we just feel the inflation of the balloon. It strains, and rocks, but it does not leave the ground. It was Mrs. Siddons more than Sir Joshua who gave the spiritual element to it. Other men of his time had the gift. Fuseli had it. In spite of Horace Walpole, with his lace ruffles and his two strokes of catalogue-disdain, Fuseli makes us feel the Gothic thrill at ghostly evanescence, the grey gliding mysteries of Hercynian forests, the stalk of mailed phantoms —

"By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore."

If he saw no gods descend from heaven, he saw them in the caverns of Endor "rising out of the earth." If he could not soar and blaze with Uriel, he could sink by thought into the profound of Hades, and see the cloudy gates of Chaos and the pit, and the key that was "forged by no earthly smith." We feel his spell creeping in the roots of the hair. "Nature put him out," but he *saw* what he tried to paint if he could not perfectly paint all that he saw.

And Romney, too, had the great gift. But it was the Greek gift, and not the Scandinavian. He beheld the Oread on her mountain heath, the Naiad by her ferny wells, the wild prevision of Cassandra, the stony horror of *Cedipus* waiting for his

doom. And Gainsborough had it, but it was the true British imagination that possessed him. It was that swelling, glowing, heavenly-solemn faculty, that dwelt in the author of "The Seasons,"

"For ever rising with the rising mind,"

to which the cultured Englishman most readily responds, as he hears the sweep of autumnal gales in his own island, or through glades whose leafage is yellowing to the fall looks westward at his misty sunsets, exalted by the pleasing Miltonic melancholy with which he would "choose to live."

Reynolds had it not. He fished for such ideas as did not walk in the daylight. They never rose spontaneous from the deep, and the genii, caught by guile, sulk and are uneasy on his canvas. There is a touch of the terrible in the picture of Cardinal Beaufort, and we wish the anecdote of the grinning coal-heaver who sat for it had been suppressed. Yet the anecdote only proves that Shakespeare himself in his awfully-minute delineation could not quicken the sterile fancy of Reynolds without the help of the coal-heaver.

In the highest subjects of all, his failure was the most signal. Of the Oxford window, our only intuition is that it is abominable in theory, in conception, in style. The lubberly angel above, the smirking faces below, the rapid rows of Virtues between the mullions, scarcely higher in invention than those blindfold white women with scales, and idiotic Hopes with anchors, which support the dignity of a "Perpetual Grand Master" of the Order of Odd Fellows, on his engraved diploma, — are all bad together. It is a wonder that Reynolds should be so anxious to have his name "hitched in" in connection with so aimless, tasteless, and absurd an attempt. There were ten pictures under the great historic "Infant Hercules," "some better, some worse," he said, and there is something grand about the work, but not enough to kindle the mind. The "Macbeth" was a curious *réchauffé* of Verrio, Michael Angelo, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Many of his purely fancy pictures are charming — his Shepherd Boys, Cupids in Disguise, Muscipulas, Strawberry Girls, Contemplative Boys, Fortune Tellers. Whatever he could reach by vision and taste he could do, but the gates of imagination were closed and sealed to him. It was his calling to pourtray, and the allowance of his gifts was large enough.

The chief praise which Mr. Taylor awards to Reynolds' writings on art is, that "their tendency is upwards." He had a strong conviction of the high claims of art on the

attention of thinking men, and does not so much enforce this as assume it. This is, after all, one of the chief uses of the pen in the region of art. The medium of pictorial art is not words. It would be possible to render the most exact account in words of what a picture ought to be, without having the least perception of what it is, or the least power to judge it aright. The most valuable practical utterances are the simple dicta of great painters as to the relative status and qualities of pictures. The moment verbal analysis is attempted, the utter poverty of language in that sphere is made apparent. The finest criticisms are mere finger-posts to mark the road on which they do not travel. Where a painter takes the pen, however, he is amenable to the pen. Reynolds was a pioneer in the direction of statements on art. The laws which govern art — and here is one of its charms to those who pursue it — are those common to all the great pursuits of life. "So close," writes Erskine, "is the analogy between all the operations of genius, that your Discourse is the best dissertation upon the art of public eloquence that ever was or ever will be written." But, when these laws are discovered and laid down, the materials amongst which they work, the phenomena of aspect, line, form, colour, light, shade, effect, have all to be learnt and understood before a man can become a good critic of painting; and the full meaning of Reynolds' discourses, inaccurate as they may be in some of their reasonings, may be misunderstood if the painter and the literary critic do not intend the same thing. The true painter reasons with his brush, and can afford but little leisure to help forward that correct statement of the functions and laws of art which, in a verbal form, enter little into his meditations, but which yet are so much to be desired as a common platform between the artist and the man of general culture. "The eye has its own poetry," says Sir Charles Eastlake.

Reynolds' methods of painting were chiefly useful to our school in the way of warning. Many of his finest pictures are already blurred and blighted beyond hope of recovery. His aims as to colour and texture were not always satisfactory. He used wax compounds, that now and then go far to suggest Madame Tussaud or Mrs. Jarley, in their confectionary surface. It was his practice, to lay in the likeness, in what is called "dead colour," with little more than black and white: over this, when dry, he passed transparent varnishes and mixtures, charged with the tints required to complete the colour. These colours, — carmines,

lakes, and other vegetable hues, — were often fleeting. They “sparkled and exhaled” under the power of sunshine. Sometimes the varnish would turn brown or green, and ruin the complexion. Sometimes a thick-headed cleaner would fetch it all off, and find the *caput mortuum* below. A still more fatal practice was to lay one coat on another, with materials that had no blood relationship, and then there were constant feuds and insurrections among the pigments, and the picture was rent asunder. “Oh, heavens! Murder! Murder!” says the ranting Haydon, as he spells out the comical occult recipes, partly broken English and partly Italian, in which Sir Joshua recorded these experiments. “Murder! — it would crack under the brush!” His pictures have often a very special charm, arising from what Haydon calls “his glorious gemmy surface.” This was in part owing to the reflex influence of his want of facility. There were ten pictures under “the Infant Hercules,” and many of his best pictures, before he had done with them, had been so loaded with coat on coat of rich pigments, rough and intermingled with all the tints of the palette, that they were ready for the final and magical “surface” that enchanted Haydon. When the full idea was seized, then came the “lily-sceptred” hand, and the light brush in its graceful sweeps catching the upper surfaces of the many-coloured granules, permits the eye to see, through the liberated airy stroke, the sparkle of the buried wealth beneath. Romney struck in his forms with masterly ease at once, even at the first sitting; and if in him we miss this jewelled richness, it is abundantly compensated by the breathing sense of power which plays around his works of imagination.

Reynolds’ personal character is fascinating. If we are to judge of a man’s worth by the rank and style of his friends, what shall we say of the man who secured such invariable and decided testimonials from Samuel Johnson — of him whom the author of the “Vicar of Wakefield” loved like a brother? Let us first read Burke’s eulogies on Dunning and Keppel, and then reflect that Burke, Dunning, and Keppel were among Sir Joshua’s most intimate friends. The terms used by all who knew him in describing his manners are all of one order. Calm, simple, unaffected, placid, genial, gentle, are words of constant occurrence on all sides in any attempt to characterise him.

In his mental organization, the most prominent faculty pointed at by all is the power of generalisation. “To be such a

painter he was a profound and penetrating philosopher.” Mr. Taylor watches closely his habit of “condensing” in conversation. Then came that precious virtue of taste — the guard of his rapid observation and intense sense of character. His surprising *vitality*, which palsy could only threaten, which age could not lower, is to be very especially noticed. It was this that permitted his life, “so full of labour that tongue cannot utter it.” His fruitfulness was not less than *prodigious*.

We may pry too curiously into the *moral* of a life, but no truly thoughtful person can omit all consideration of it from his final judgment. This consideration is especially provoked when the subject of it has been eminently fortunate and happy, and it is invited in the case of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by the generalised conception he entertained of life as a *whole*. Did *all* the elements of calculation enter into his arrangement of “the great game he had to play?” He was convicted of nothing usually accounted a vice. In manners, in temper, he was all that could be wished or expected. He was, — Dr. Johnson said — “invulnerable” as a member of civil society. He had respect for religion, as appears in various incidental ways. We are not informed if he were a church-goer. We are told that he painted on Sunday, and that Johnson urged him to abandon the practice. His sister, Mrs. Palmer, was much concerned, and expostulated with him on the same subject. Johnson exhorted him to read the Bible daily, and to consider his latter end.

It is well that we are not called on to look to the life of a man for a standard of virtue and religion. That is found outside a man. But it is permitted to us, it is enjoined upon us, for *our own* improvement, encouragement, or warning, to judge of a man’s conformity to that standard, and thus know him by his “fruits.” In the case of those individual acts, which do not clearly contradict any known moral or divine law, the moral significance is indeed as hard to ascertain as it would be to pick out and protest against those parts of Reynolds’ pictures which were painted on Sunday. We look with high respect on the religious spirit of Johnson, and we see him occasionally doing pretty much the same things that Reynolds did. At the theatre, the masquerade, at Ranelagh, at Vauxhall, in the company of wits and men of fashion, we find him by the side of Reynolds. We have much information as to the creed and religious habits of Johnson. We have none as to those of Sir Joshua, and we can only *ponder*.

From the Washington Chronicle, 9 Jan.

OUR FATHERS; ON WHICH SIDE?

YESTERDAY was the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, when the flag of our country waved unmolested for the first time since 1861 from the Gulf of Mexico to the falls of Saint Anthony, from Boston to San Francisco, in honor of the victory over British aggression. It is a day now more than ever remembered, because Andrew Jackson, a native of South Carolina, but at the time a citizen of Tennessee, and the general who then led our troops, when subsequently President of the United States, rebuked Calhoun and other secessionists by giving, at a public festival, a sentiment that has become the watchword of loyalty, "THE UNION, IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED;" and which epitomizes the views of a native of North Carolina, also a citizen of Tennessee, and now the President of the United States, Andrew Johnson.

To thoughtful patriots and statesmen, now that the laws of the land have been maintained by the force of arms, and the smoke of horrid civil war is fast disappearing, it is interesting to inquire what would have been the opinions of Washington and others of our fathers relative to the great rebellion had they lived.

We can only ascertain this by examining the sentiments advanced by them when they were busy actors in public affairs. History records how Washington stirred up the bitterest opposition of "States rights" men in Virginia and North Carolina by advocating a more perfect union than that under the Articles of the Confederation, and that he was cursed because he acted as president of the convention that framed the Constitution.

A brother of Judge Iredell, of the Supreme Court of the United States, writes on May 12, 1788, from Edenton, North Carolina: "Mr. Allen this morning read to me part of a letter he received from a gentleman of his acquaintance, who mentions a conversation he had with General Parsons, the substance of which was that General Washington was a damned rascal and traitor to his country for putting his hand to such an infamous paper as the new Constitution."

Washington, from the day of the adoption of the Constitution by the people of the United States, never had a doubt as to the propriety of coercing those who would defy its provisions. The prompt measures against the insurgents of Pennsylvania convinced every mind that he knew the rights of the

General Government, and dared to maintain them.

Virginia, under the leadership of Jefferson and other minds, did not cordially sustain the measures of his administration, but he was not swerved thereby, and he knew no Government superior to the United States. He felt that, although the theory of secession was advocated by some great and honest men, that nevertheless, if it ever became the belief of the masses, it would lead the nation to the brink of destruction. This theory, at the breaking out of the rebellion, was no new thing. Henry Lee, the "Light Horse Harry" of the Revolution, and subsequently Governor of Virginia, writes, on January 12, 1795, from Richmond to a friend, in these words:

"The impressions which many artful, designing individuals have made by their representations on the minds of the people of this State could readily be removed, were they not confirmed in a manner by the part which Mr. Madison takes.

"The virtue and ability of this gentleman deservedly give to him the confidence of his countrymen; and, with respect to political affairs, this confidence derives additional influence from the zeal and decision with which he supported the adoption of the Constitution.

"It is not possible to suppose so good and so enlightened a citizen could be brought to act with the known enemies of the Constitution as to its administration without positive and ample cause, therefore they credit the aspersions with which the measures of Government are charged; and, crediting the allegations, it is not surprising they should act with jealousy, distrust, and occasional enmity toward Government.

"*Better would it have been for the harmony and happiness of the United States if Mr. Madison, governed as he is at present, had originally been an opposer of the Constitution.*

"I had reckoned on very auspicious effects to the general good from the wise and vigorous measures adopted by the President in *crushing the late wicked insurrection*. *** Truth must at last prevail, and the enlightened freemen of America, though slow to discover the real views of the different parties, will in time perceive with accuracy the distinction which marks them, and will be sure to encircle, with their best affections, the steady and determined friends to order and good government.

"In Kentucky the people are beginning to act after some years' credulous submission, and from the last account from that quar-

tér, the friends to law and the Constitution, as administered, begin to lead in public councils. So it must be here and with you in a few years."

Could there possibly be a wider contrast than the above manly letter, and the sentimental effusion of his son, Robert Lee, the military leader of the slaveholders' rebellion, written to his sister on April 20, 1861, of which the following is a portion :

"The whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia after a long struggle has been drawn, and though *I recognize no necessity for this state of things*, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for the redress of real or supposed grievances, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take arms *against my native State*. With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home."

We return from this digression to the sentiments of the Fathers. The very year of Washington's death the Virginia malcontents loudly grumbled, and then marked out the pathway for Calhoun of the past, and Davis and his followers of the present generation.

The eloquent jurist, Davie, an officer of the Revolution, then a framer of the Constitution, and later in life an ambassador to France, wrote on June 17, 1799 :

"Virginia is the only State of which I despair. My opinions, collected from some gentlemen who have been lately travelling in that State, and others who were at the Petersburg races, present a melancholy picture of that country. These gentlemen returned with a firm conviction that the leaders were determined upon the overthrow of the General Government, and if no other measure would affect it, *they would risk it upon the chance of war*.

"I understand that some of them talk of '*seceding from the Union*;' while others boldly asserted the policy and practicability of '*severing the Union*,' *alleging that Pennsylvania will join them ; that Maryland will be compelled to change her politics with her situation ; that the submission and assistance of North Carolina was counted on as a matter of course, and that the two Southern States would follow.* * * *

"The death of Patrick Henry at this critical period is much to be lamented. Had he lived, I am persuaded he would have convinced the people of Virginia that it was the conduct of the Legislature, not any change in his opinions, that was the

proper subject of regret, and over which the patriot would wish to drop a tear that might blot out its memory for ever. Thus the Jacobins affect now to treat his last political opinions."

Why add more? Sufficient has been quoted to show that Washington, Henry Lee, John Marshall, and Patrick Henry believed that allegiance to the United States was supreme, and that incipient treason was prevalent.

But some one may ask, while it may be true that they were in favor of strongly supporting the Government, would they have sympathized with the distinctive act of our late President, the emancipation of slaves in the rebellious States?

We think that to this measure they would have given a cordial support. They knew full well that slavery was an incubus on their prosperity; that it made many improvident negroes and more poor whites, and a few pampered and bloated men, falsely styled aristocrats. They felt the more speedily the system was abrogated the better for all concerned. Hence, to put an end to the slave trade, and at the same time accommodate the prejudices of South Carolina and Georgia, it was provided in the Constitution that slave importations should cease after twenty years.

Mason, the distinguished ancestor of the degenerate descendant, and notorious associate of Slidell in a late rebel embassy at Paris, in his objections to the Constitution of the United States, published in 1787, complained that "the general Legislature is restrained from prohibiting the further importation of slaves for twenty odd years, though such importations render the United States *weaker, more vulnerable, and less capable of defence*."

Washington not only specially enjoined in his will that all of his slaves should be free, but while living was always ready to aid in effort for their emancipation. Coke, a graduate of Oxford, a doctor of civil law, a presbyter of the Church of England, the associate of Wesley, and first bishop in the United States, thus describes a visit to Mount Vernon in 1785 :

"He received us very politely and was very open to access. He is quite our plain country gentleman. After dinner we desired a private interview, and opened to him the grand business on which we came, presenting to him our petition for the emancipation of the negroes, and entreating his signature if the eminence of his situation did not render it inexpedient.

"He informed us that he was of *our senti-*

ments, and had signified his thoughts on the subject to most of the great men of the State; that he did not see it proper to sign the petition, but if the Assembly took it into consideration would signify his sentiments to the Assembly by letter."

With such opinions, who can doubt that our Fathers, who framed the Constitution, would have been willing not only to fight treason hand to hand, but also to kill slavery for the sake of preserving the Union? If the views of the early patriots of the South had not been carefully concealed, or artfully distorted by ambitious partisan leaders, the world would never have witnessed the terrible delusion which has brought sorrow and crying and penury into so many households.

Believing that they erred from the good old ways of our Fathers, that they were suffering from political insanity, we wrestled with the insurgents as a man with a maniacal brother. The nation did not in Pharisaic pride gloat over their defeat. The words of one, formerly the wife of the owner of a South Carolina slave plantation—a woman who had there learned that slavery was an accursed thing—expressed the feelings of the army and citizens of the United States:

Not with *Te Deums* loud and wild hosannas

Greet we the awful victory we have won!

But with our arms reversed and lowered banners

We stand—our work is done.

Bleeding and writhing underneath our sword

Prostrate our brethren lie—Thy fallen foe
Struck down by Thee, through us, avenging

Lord—

By Thy dread hand laid low.

For our own guilt have we been doomed to
smite

These our own kindred, Thy great laws de-
fying;

These our own flesh and blood, who did unite
In one thing only with us, bravely dying.

Dying, how bravely, yet how bitterly!

Not for the better side, but for the worse;

Blindly and madly striving against Thee

For the bad cause, where Thou hast set Thy
course.

At whose defeat we may not raise our voice,

Save in the deep thanksgiving of our prayers.

"Lord, we have fought the fight!" but to re-
joice

Is ours no more than theirs.

Believing that the mass of the Southern people are now penitent, we continue to bear the palms of victory wrapped in olive

leaves; and we are ready in every fair, and regular, and constitutional method to admit them to the privileges purchased by the blood, toil, and treasure of our common ancestors. We hope the day is not far distant when the representatives of the South, recognising the sentiment of the Declaration of Independence, that "all men are free and equal," shall be clothed in their right minds, and sit in Congress with those from the East, and West, and North; when they shall adopt the memorable language of the martyr for the Union, whom they have already learned to honor and will yet learn to love:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace."

From the Spectator.

WOMEN'S TACT.

THE reappearance of *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures* in an edition *de luxe*, with embossed binding, and tinted paper, and illustrations by Mr. Charles Keene, is a curious literary incident. Messrs. Bradbury and Evans seldom make mistakes in their estimate of popular taste, or we should have argued *à priori* that such a book was certain not to sell. Unmarried men would not buy it, as having small interest for them, and married men would feel a delicate hesitation lest its purchase should be taken as a gentle reproof to their wives. *A priori* arguments about literature, however, are of very little value, and as a fact, the lectures are among the very few fugitive papers in *Punch* which have lived for many years. They were published so long ago that few people under thirty-five have seen them, but the tradition of their humour lingers, and will secure their success even in this luxurious form. Women will purchase them as well as men, and the fact that they will, that they can enjoy the humour without feeling it a reproach, explains much of their popularity. Every woman thinks she has tact, and sees, what men often do not, that Mrs. Caudle's defect was not temper, or meanness, or jealousy, or any one of the bad qualities which Mr. Jerrold made so broadly comic, but simply want of tact. Mrs. Caudle is in the right nine times out of

ten. It is a great deal better for a decent tradesman to avoid card clubs, and little extravagancies, and flirtations, and over much brandy and water, nor is it very unreasonable to warn him not to neglect wealthy relatives, or to ask him not to forget the children's need of a trip to the sea. That is all Mrs. Caudle does, and women who read it think they could do it all, and yet avoid making themselves as ludicrous as Mr. Jerrold's heroine. She nagged, and nagging is universally useful only with maids. She lost her temper occasionally, and the "suffering-angel dodge" is a very much more effective as well as Christian resource. She chose her time badly, and a very little watchfulness will always prevent that mistake, while she was oh! so vulgar. Her absurdity lay in her want of tact, and how easy, think her feminine readers, to display tact! Is it? That is precisely the point upon which we are not clear. Men, and particularly authors, are very fond of conceding tact to women, and almost all women claim it for themselves, till between the consensus and the assumption a very doubtful assertion has become almost an established fact. Half womankind are doubtful of their ability to govern, but no woman at heart disbelieves her ability to "manage," to rule husbands, and children, and servants, without recourse to authority or lapse into fretful bickering. Sometimes the belief is well founded. In the cases where an able woman marries an able husband it is almost always so, for they choose separate domains, and little frictions can be avoided by that self-restraint which is not strictly tact, but has all its value. In cases where the husband knows his inferiority, or thinks he knows it — a wonderfully common alternative, though repudiated by both sexes — the conviction is also well founded. There is but one authority in the end, and the consciousness that there is but one gives the woman the calm which is the very essence of tact. But apart from those two cases, in each of which the woman is assumed to be able, we question whether the palm of tact belongs to the weaker sex. Average women are quicker to perceive than men, but the quickness is compensated by many disadvantages fatal to the development of tact. Few women, especially in England, are quite as good-tempered as men. They are constitutionally more irritable, lead unhealthier lives, and from a paucity of interests exaggerate more the importance of domestic topics. The loss of an umbrella, about which Mrs. Caudle in one lecture makes such a fuss, really seem-

ed to her something, whereas her husband had his ledger to think of, could even suggest the new purchase which his wife so indignantly repudiates as unheard-of extravagance. The little meannesses of women which men so dislike — though without them every house would be an annexe to the Bankruptcy Court — all spring from a want of perspective very injurious to tact. Women are not really mean, but the household allowance is to them the income, and they think on a false scale. The little thing is treated in such a large way, so often, and at such length, that the man is irritated by the visible disproportion. He will stand being told that he has acted "so like a man" in losing his umbrella, or playing whist a little too high, or taking a second tumbler, and will think the implied rebuke has its justification, but a whole lecture irritates. Men rarely make this mistake, their habitual blunder being to undertone everything, to make too light of Julia's new frock, and Johnnie's symptoms of measles, and the way they waste things down stairs. That is aggravating enough, and shows want of tact on their part also, but it is easier to bear than household exaggeration. For the same reason, too, they seldom lose temper so quickly, the thing not seeming important enough to be out of temper about. Women, again, watch more closely than men, and watching can speak better, hit the sore places when they want to hit them much harder, and they place less restraint on their power. There are men with this dangerous faculty in perfection, nervous men, sympathetic men, who know exactly what each word will do, but then they are seldom cruel, still seldomer forget the unwritten code which among men, but not among women, saves repartee from degenerating into insult, and the majority cannot hit at all. They laugh at their wives' ignorance, who at heart are a little proud to be ignorant compared with them, or accuse them of jealousy, which unless very bitterly done is but a rough caress, or say they are mean, which good women who never think themselves mean enough receive almost as praise. Then men never by any chance try to play suffering angels, the one device which strikes almost all women as so clever, and the use of which of itself proves their deficiency in tact. It yields victory sometimes, but then every such victory is a victory of injustice, and makes the husband think of Mrs. Caudle and nerves him to ultimate rebellion. Somebody, we suppose Mr. Shirley Brooks, has shown that very well in *Punch*, in the more refined series of

Caudle lectures called the "Naggletons." Mrs. Naggleton hits very hard with her tongue, but Mr. Naggleton, who oddly enough is made, by an unconscious exercise of dramatic power, a real rather than a typical "character" — can hit back, and does not mind, and only gets into a rage when his wife resigns herself to her fate. All men get into rages when their womenkind resign themselves, and the fact that women nevertheless continue to resign themselves seems to us to suggest at least a doubt of their superior tact.

The main doubt, however, is this. Almost all women think it indispensable, nay more, even morally right, nay more, an absolute Christian duty, to "manage" the men about them. Sometimes, though very rarely, husband and wife arrive at a real comprehension of each other, which makes all efforts at "management" superfluous, and occasionally, though much more rarely, a mother contrives by aid of her mysterious instinct the necessary *rapprochement* with her son on most of the relations of life. Not all, for no mother on earth ever escaped the delusion that her son needed "management" about his love affairs and his relations to womenkind generally. Left to himself, without gentle pulls at the curb, and touches of the reins and chirrupings, he would, the mother thinks, be sure to do something silly. But with these exceptions, there is probably in the United Kingdom no woman who in some capacity or other, as wife, or daughter, or betrothed, or housekeeper, or friend, or servant, is not trying consciously to manage some one man. Sometimes the management is very slight and addressed to trivialities, but more frequently it is elaborate, and touches every affair of every day. Many women have a definite theory that in small things men are fools, that to yield or even to compromise on such a point as the arrangement of a party or the distribution of new furniture is simply to allow the male person to do something silly, or extravagant, or in bad taste. There never was a great female artist, but there also was never a wife who did not believe she had a better eye for colour than her husband. Out of the studio Rubens' wife would have laughed to herself at his choice of hangings for her dais. Many more really desire, very reasonably, to have in the little things of life the "way" which is refused in greater things, and think "management" the easiest way to obtain it. But the main cause of all this waste of power is a want of comprehension, leading to a deficiency of tact. Average women very often

indeed do not comprehend average men. You will see a couple live together for thirty years, and the wife during all that time never comprehend why her husband does this or that, why he wants cards, why he likes that oppressive friend, what is his inducement to occasional whimsies, why he cannot, as Mrs. Caudle puts it, be content "with his comfortable fireside," why, above all, he things the little Evangelicalisms or Puseyisms which seem to her almost divine so very mean and petty. Why is he, for example, so impatient under that sweet vicar, who seems to her to be uttering such melodious truth? It is not one woman in a hundred who can comprehend a theological proposition — just ask a knot of she-curates what they *mean* by baptismal regeneration or prevenient grace — but in the English middle class there is scarcely a woman who does not accuse her husband, who has probably worked out his theology as thoroughly as his politics, of thoughtlessness or inconsiderateness as to religious observance. No woman, for example, has the faintest notion of Scriptural teaching about oaths, or can comprehend why her husband pshawes when she tells him it is a crime to damn some stupid blunderer. Thousands of married women really *think* that the club is a device for getting away from them. Thousands more, particularly of women brought up without fathers or brothers, fail all their lives to catch the special points in the idiosyncrasy of the men they love, on which if they want happiness they must be tolerant, rage against petty habits such as smoking, fret at small lawlessnesses such as late hours, and think in their hearts that safety for both depends on their own shrewd tact and gentle management. They think it by some strange faculty peculiar to themselves, even while they think the victim all the while first of his sex, defer to him, and love him hard. The woman who will implicitly trust her husband in a bold stroke for fortune or ruin will watch, and plan, and wheedle, and pout to avoid his giving a guinea too much for a toy she deems a caprice. When she is a lady, she cautions, and plans, and hints, when a Mrs. Caudle, she lectures, and in either case shows deplorable want of tact. For men, in all else thicker-witted than women, are in this keener of appreciation, and perceive and resent "management" as they do not resent counsel. Let any woman who doubts it mark how her husband receives an unpleasing remark from a friend and from herself, and then cogitate whether his reasonableness in one case and unreasonableness in the other might not be due to tact.

Suppose Mr. Prettyman had wished to advise Caudle not to bail a friend, he would have done it in five "chaffy" words; Mrs. Caudle does it in a lecture; but which is the more effective, the more full of tact?

From Macmillan's Magazine.

NATURE AND PRAYER.

BY THE REV. J. LEWELYN DAVIES.

THE prayer appointed for use in our churches with reference to the cattle plague and the cholera, appears to have fallen upon a susceptible state of the public mind like a spark upon tinder. It is evident that many thoughtful persons have been much exercised in mind by questions relating to prayer. Not unwilling to pray, they have shrunk from praying blindly. They have wished to feel assured that they could pray reasonably, and without stultifying convictions upon which a main part of their life is built up. Old difficulties and perplexities about prayer have revived, and have assumed what has appeared for the time a more formidable aspect. And whilst these anxieties have been stirring in the minds of the thoughtful, that portion of the religious world which is not troubled by doubts has been disposed to *push* the use of prayer with a certain importunity, and in a spirit of latent, if not professed, antagonism. There are always people ready to seize with eagerness what they regard as an opportunity "to rebuke the infidel notions of the day." Most likely a strong and early pressure was brought to bear upon the Archbishop and the Ministry to induce them to appoint a public prayer against the cattle plague. "What are the clergy and the authorities doing," I was asked, "that we have no prayer issued for deliverance from the cattle plague?" I expressed a doubt whether the calamity had reached a magnitude which called for so special an act. "Oh, but," the answer was, "it is so important to take these things in time!" The appointment of a prayer which was to be looked to as a kind of a mechanical prophylactic did not seem to me a thing much to be desired; and probably a similar distaste was similarly excited in others. When the prayer came, it certainly was not peculiarly felicitous, but it was not unlike other prayers of the same kind. It was welcome, I fully believe, to a large number of pious persons, who had been very much alarmed by the reports of the

disease, and who thought it right that we should publicly deprecate the terrible visitation which had begun to afflict us. But, on the other hand, it excited an almost angry outburst of protest and criticism. Fault was found with details of the prayer, in a tone which shewed plainly that those who found it disliked the whole before they quarrelled with the parts. Then followed reflection and questioning. "If this prayer is wrong, what kind of prayer is right?" Objections have been gravely and even reverently raised; attempts have been made to meet those objections. Laymen have come forward to say that, while they felt that some ordinary kinds of prayer could not be defended in the face of science, and must be abandoned, they yet could not consent to give up prayer altogether. Reasons have been given for discriminating between one kind of prayer and another; and it has also been seen, as is common in similar cases, that those who have given up certain beliefs in deference to argument, think they have thereby purchased right to live unmolested by argument in what they retain.

Every one is aware of the ground upon which prayer is commonly objected to at the present time. The *uniformity of nature*, it is said, makes it impossible that any prayers having for their object a variation in the course of nature should be effectual. The laws of nature, according to all true observation, are constant. There is no greater or less in the matter. To ask that a single drop of rain may fall, is as contradictory to science as to ask that the law of gravitation may be suspended. Prayer, therefore, having reference to anything which comes within the domain of natural laws, is forbidden by modern science.

It would be the rashness of mere ignorance and folly to enter the lists against science, or against that principle of the uniformity of nature which is at once the foundation and the crowning discovery of science. Science has been so victorious of late years, and has been adding so constantly to the strength of its main positions, that it is scarcely safe to doubt anything which is affirmed by cautious and scientific men as a fact within their own domain. But when, from the proper and recognised conclusions of science, inferences are drawn which affect the spiritual life, and threaten destruction to what we have been accustomed to regard as most precious, it cannot be complained of if we scrutinize those inferences carefully. If there is a region of genuine mystery, into which the science of

phenomena is pushing forward its methods too confidently, it may be forced to retire, not indeed by spiritual intimidation, but by the opposition of realities to which it is self-compelled to pay respect.

Now the affirmation of the uniformity of nature, when pressed *logically* against the utility of prayer, seems to me either to prove too much or to prove nothing. We may be permitted to ask this question, Does the *constancy of the laws of nature* imply that the *course of nature is absolutely fixed*, or not?

It is surely conceivable that the negative answer might be given to this question. For the experience of every hour, of every minute, seems to show, that the *actual course of nature* may be altered without the slightest interference with any *law of nature*. Shall I blow out the candle before me, or not? It seems to me that I may do it or refrain from doing it as I please. In either case, no law of nature is violated. In either case, interminable consequences follow my choice. The whole course of nature will be different if I do it from what it would be if I did not do it. The voyage of discovery of Christopher Columbus was at one time apparently within the domain of human choice. He might *not* have sailed; he *did* sail; and what prodigious results have followed, in the ordinary course of nature, as we say, from his enterprise! If this variableness of the course of nature be admitted, it is clear that the constancy of natural laws interposes no obstacle to an efficacy of prayer without limit. There may be other reasons why human prayer should not avail to change the course of nature, but the absolute inviolability of law will not be a reason. For, in the first place, prayer may be conceived as taking effect *through human wills*. In a vast proportion of cases, the objects for which we have prayed might be accomplished through human agency. The cattle plague might be neutralized by the discovery of a remedy, by the adoption of hitherto neglected sanitary precautions, and by other means which ingenuity might imagine as operating through the minds of men. If any persons have a conviction that our praying could not lead to any quickening of human intelligence, or to any invigoration of human effort, they would hardly express that conviction by saying that the laws of external nature are too constant to allow it. With regard to all that may be done through human volition, the existence of fixed laws of nature is manifestly no hindrance to its being done.

The interference of mind and will with the course of nature is no doubt more intel-

ligible to us as taking place through human action, than if we transcend human action. But we are now speaking of possibility, in a strict logical sense. And, although we are entirely ignorant *how* the Creator can change the course of nature otherwise than through man, it seems clearly unreasonable to affirm that such other interference is impossible, because we know nothing about it. If there are invisible beings in the universe, why should they not have some power of acting upon the course of nature? So far as analogy is any guide, the fact that we, by our volitions, can alter the course of things without violating laws, would suggest a presumption that the same thing can be done in other ways of which science simply knows nothing, and about which imagination cannot with much advantage exercise its power of conjecture. It is conceivable therefore that prayer relating to definite physical ends *might* be answered, without the appearance of the slightest departure from the ordinary course of nature.

If, then, the constancy of natural laws be so interpreted as to admit of indefinite variations, through free volition, of the course of nature, that constancy proves nothing against prayer.

If, however, it be interpreted to mean that by the operation of cause and effect the course of nature is so fixed that no change in accordance with human thought or desire can possibly take place in it, the argument proves too much. If the tremendous doctrine of necessity be called in at all, it is unscientific to apply it partially. If in the face of a fixed and necessary course of things prayer becomes an absurdity, how much else becomes absurd also! Everything properly human ceases to be rational, till we are reduced to the deadeast fatalism. If a philosopher says to me, "How can you think that by your prayers you can divert universal nature from its preordained course?" I think I reply rationally by asking, "How can I suppose that by any *acts* of mine, any more than by any prayers, I can alter the unalterable?" If the assertion, "It is of no use to *pray* against the cattle-disease or the cholera," be based upon the fact that effect follows cause with unvarying uniformity, the same reason would lead us on to the further assertion, "It is of no use to *do* anything against the cattle-disease or the cholera."

Let us consider what will have to be given up, if prayer for physical benefits be condemned on the ground of the uniformity of nature. Prayer for spiritual blessings can hardly be retained. Are not spiritual

things mixed up inextricably with physical? Spirit acts upon outward things; outward things act upon the spirit. Fever is raging in a swampy district. The owner, feeling it to be his duty to try and subdue it, and learning that he might probably do so by draining it, cuts a drain. The place becomes wholesome. Then the moral tone of the population also rises. The children become brighter, more intelligent, more moral. A great spiritual gain is secured, by the enlightenment of one man acting through a physical improvement. Can it be said that visible things are subject to law, spiritual things to no law? Neither the philosopher nor the Christian could acquiesce for a moment in such a distinction. If, then, a mother is forbidden, by reason, to pray for the restoration to health of her child, can she reasonably pray that it may grow up wise and virtuous? Again, thanksgiving appears to be correlative to prayer. If we are to regard everything that happens as fixed by a predetermined order, we shall be bound to repress all special promptings to gratitude. There may remain perhaps a certain sense of admiration of the course of things as a whole, — modified, one would expect, by a good deal of dissatisfaction, — but what we commonly mean by thanksgiving must disappear. Again, deliberate effort to accomplish any end is stultified. If a man were betrayed into it by the singular instinct which haunts us, the recollection of the true philosophy would make him smile at himself as a fool. And lastly, he would learn to be ashamed of desire and hope. Only those who have not been taught the unalterableness of the course of things can be weak enough to indulge a wish or a hope concerning the future. What will be will be: and there is an end of it. Motives, aims, hopes, may be included as blind instincts in the great scheme, but they cannot be properly rational; they cannot justify themselves to the enlightened understanding. They must share the fate of prayer. They are instinctive — so is prayer. Prayer is not rational — no more are they.

It would seem, then, that the unalterableness of nature, if it is allowed to condemn prayer, must go on to extinguish everything that we call human. And this argument, if it is sound, would no doubt be generally accepted as a *reductio ad absurdum*, conclusive for refutation. A *reductio ad absurdum*, however, is always more annoying to an opponent, than really satisfying or instructive. It ought hardly to be used except where strict logic is professed on the other

side. That is so in the present case. And we might desire to meet as summarily as possible an assumption which holds up to contempt a large part of all the utterances which human souls in their earnestness and their anguish have offered up, and still offer up, at that Throne of Grace before which they have been invited to prostrate themselves. But the most important bearing of this argument is that it leads us to lay stress upon the affinity between *Prayer* and rational *Desire*.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed." All Christians have been ready to accept this as a principle of devotion. But may we not find, in the definition, that prayer is desire looking upwards, a useful guide as to the conditions of reasonable prayer? If desire, by looking upwards, becomes prayer, then we have a real basis for prayer before we come to consider its efficacy. We have it even before we have provided ourselves with any solution of the mystery of God's providence. What we do require, as an antecedent condition of prayer, is the confession of a living God, whose creatures we are, and in whose presence we stand. Then the simple affection of desire for this or that, by being the affection of a man who remembers God, and knows his relation of dependence and subjection to God, grows into a prayer. A man who desires, in his true consciousness as a creature and child of God, also prays. Supposing this ideal condition to be realized, whatever modifies the desire will modify the prayer; and whatever modifies the prayer will modify the desire.

This view of the nature of prayer would have two important negative effects: — 1. It shuts out the use of prayer as a kind of spiritual machinery. The plausible representations of what has been gained by praying, which are often made use of to stimulate the devotions of religious persons, have a tendency to become thoroughly offensive to a reverent mind. We cannot pray rightly, if we resort to prayer simply as an expedient for obtaining what we want. 2. It protests against the divorce of prayer from exertion. Instead of being a substitute for effort, or a supplement to it, prayer is seen to be a kind of natural breath of effort. And the man whose energies are most simply roused in pursuit of any object, will be the man to pray most earnestly.

But how does this view, that prayer is the Godward aspect of desire, bear upon the question, What boons may we reasonably ask for from God? It suggests, I think, the following principles.

1. We cannot reasonably either desire or ask for anything, except subordinately to the greater desire that God's will, and not ours, may be done. We are sometimes afraid, I suspect, that the full statement of this principle may damp the ardour of prayer. We apprehend the easy objection, "What is the sense of asking God to do His own will?" But let us bear in mind that the same principle applies to wishing. Can I deliberately desire that God should give up His will for mine? Suppose I earnestly desire, — say that my church should be crowded by reverent and teachable hearers. And suppose a Divine voice to ask, "Do you wish this, whether it be in accordance with my will or not?" How monstrous and shocking an idea it would be that I could wish it apart from its being God's will! There is no difference, then, in this respect between praying and wishing. Eager importunate entreaties and desires will no doubt be checked by the habitual consciousness of the perfection and power of the Divine will. So far as reasoning goes, we might probably expect that such a consciousness would tend to the extinction of desire and prayer altogether. But experience seems to prove that a constant remembrance and worship of God's will does *not* quench desire, but rather keeps it alive. Whatever be the effect of it, we must take the consequences without reservation. If we can only say other prayers heartily on condition of *not* saying always, "Thy will be done," we must keep to this prayer and give up the rest. On this point no doubt or compromise can be admissible.

2. A second principle will be, that we should yield without resistance to the instinct of *modesty* in making particular requests. It is here that our increased knowledge of the laws of nature and the interdependence of all phenomena should tell upon us. Occurrences which primitive ignorance never dreamed of as being other than partial and limited, are known to us as having the widest bearings and connections. To wish that this or that phenomenon should occur to suit our convenience, when we know that it must have other and far more important consequences than those which concern us, would seem ridiculously arrogant. We ought not to shut our eyes to the influence which this consideration may exert upon the character of our prayers. That influence will vary with the knowledge and with the habit of mind of different persons, and is sure to be increasingly great. But, whilst our prayers go hand in hand with our wishes, I think we need not

fear for our prayers. We must be content to trust our human nature in the hands of its Maker. If it be His will that we should arrive in a state in which desires for particular things have become extinct, it is not for us to try to arrest our progress towards that state. But, on this point, it would be rash to speak confidently as to the future. At the present time, I imagine it cannot be doubted that cultivated minds, and especially those which are familiar with the study of the complicated and orderly processes of nature, instinctively shrink from allowing themselves in deliberate desires for external occurrences, which are not within the apparent scope of human effort. There is indeed a less scrupulous kind of feeling, somewhat different from desire, of which the natural expression is, "I should be glad if such or such a thing were to happen." Of this I am not speaking as being co-ordinate with prayer, but of that which would lead a man to say, "I long for this or that to come to pass." A philosopher's desires of this nature (though I believe he will not be without them), will certainly be different from a child's; and it seems reasonable to apply to the growth thus to be observed the words of St. Paul, "When I was a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

3. Besides this growth in what I have called *modesty* — the philosopher's modesty in the presence of the outward world — there is another kind of growth, more properly belonging to the Christian, which will tend towards the same result: I mean the increasing *spirituality* which should characterize our desires and our prayers. Every one would concur in the statement, that, as a Christian advances in godliness, his mind will be set less on outward things, and more on the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. In all records of the aspirations of devout men, we observe that their genuine longings have been spiritual, and that physical good things have seemed hardly worthy of their prayers. And this answers to the teaching of our Lord — as in the Sermon on the Mount, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you;" and "If ye, being evil, give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give the *Holy Spirit* to them that ask Him!"

It is not enough to say that the spiritual Christian will not pray earnestly for temporal good things *for himself*, but will think more of being enlightened, purified, and brought into fellowship with God. His feel-

ing will be similar when he thinks of those in whom he is interested. For them, also, he will not be careful to ask physical blessings; he will most earnestly desire their spiritual good. Nor will the case be different when it is a community — a Church or a nation — which prays, and not an individual. In proportion as we know what is best, and understand the dependence of inferior blessings upon the higher gifts of spiritual life, we shall pray that light may be given us, and righteousness, and mutual harmony, and self-control, and power to aid other nations and Churches, more earnestly and with more satisfaction than we shall pray for an abundant harvest or for a new development of trade.

It doubtless has occurred to the recollection of the reader that, in thus exalting spiritual objects as the proper objects of our prayers, we are but following the example which our Saviour expressly gave us to follow, when He said, "After this manner pray ye," and then recited the prayer in which we ask the Heavenly Father of all to cause His name to be hallowed, His kingdom to come, and His will to be done, before we speak of ourselves at all; and then only pray that our daily bread may be given us — this bread itself including unquestionably spiritual food — and pass on to petitions for forgiveness and for deliverance from the dominion of the evil one.

If our prayers be in their nature strictly co-ordinate with our desires, and if both our prayers and our desires should be governed by these principles, — that in all we wish for or ask we should be careful (1) to cherish a willing submission to the Divine will, (2) to bear in mind our own insignificance in relation to the natural order, and (3) to lift up our aspirations to spiritual objects, it will assuredly follow that petitions for physical objects of desire will become less and less acceptable to us, and will tend to disappear from our habitual prayers. Our feeling about them will probably be that they belong to an early stage of spiritual and intellectual growth, in which they are natural and wholesome; but that they are scarcely suitable to adult age. But we shall continue to pay deference to instincts and necessities of nature; and, when the pressure of suffering and alarm extorts a longing and an appeal, we shall not pronounce in the name of either reason or religion that the appeal shall not take form in words of prayer addressed to the Father or the Saviour. If we are to cry out at all, it is in every way best that we should cry to God. An earthly parent might desire that the wishes and

requests of his little child should gradually be disciplined by knowledge; but he would not repulse the child, and bid him carry elsewhere than to him his childish petitions. Unless our relation to God in heaven be altogether a fiction and a delusion, it is impossible that He should not desire that our deepest feelings should be turned in trust towards Him. And, to those who contend that laws of nature make such appeals unreasonable, we have a right to say, "You, who tell a mother that it is useless for her to pray for the recovery of her sick child, tell her also that the longing she cannot suppress is an illogical anomaly: you, who say that a nation, in the agony of a struggle, should not ask God to bless its arms, say also that all the yearning sentiment which is roused into life by the struggle is futile and irrational."

It is right to state plainly the conclusion, from which some perhaps might shrink, but which seems to follow from the above considerations, that the *forms* which prayer may take, as they must be unimportant in the eyes of God, are also comparatively of little importance for us. The *spirit* of prayer is that which is really acceptable to God, and therefore really efficacious. That spirit may find expression only in unspoken groanings. It may address petitions to God as unreasonably as when a child asks for the moon. "We know not what we should pray for as we ought." But the prayer will be weighed and estimated, not by its form, but by its essence. There is some danger, let it be admitted, in what may be called the laxity of such a view concerning the utterances of prayer. But we cannot avoid danger, though we may in some degree guard against it. And, in the deeper matters of faith and worship, the true view generally seems to be that which is not unreasonably suspected of being dangerous.

And, though it is right to speak decidedly of the *comparative* unimportance of forms of prayer, it does not by any means follow that they are entirely unimportant; still less that we can dispense with them. It should be regarded as a solemn duty — and it is one which easily commends itself to the conscience and the judgment — to throw the spirit of supplication into the most rational forms which our knowledge enables us to create. It is surely a mistake to force ourselves to pray for things which do not impress us as fit objects of deliberate desire. Liberty in this respect should be allowed to individual consciences; and at the same time it might be hoped that tolerance, a reverent tolerance unmixed with contempt,

should be shown by more cultivated and philosophical minds towards the humbler prayers of the more ignorant.

For they who recognise in any degree the nature and relation of man as a son of God can scarcely fail to admit, that it is well for a man to bring *all* his thoughts, whatever they are, into the presence of his unseen Father. It is better, a thousand times better, that he should put the most foolish and irrational desires into prayer, than that he should throw himself into the same desires without remembering God. Not that no praying can be bad. Prayer may be bad, it can hardly be good, when it is addressed to a capricious being, to a tyrant who may be coaxed or soothed or bribed, in order to obtain some private advantage. And there is room for earnest thought and endeavour in the effort to keep the image of the Fatherly will of God pure and clear before the mind. But, if it be remembered who and what God is, then, I think, it may be said without limit, it is good for a man to bring all his desires to God and to turn them into prayers, that God Himself may teach him what desires are worthy of a child of His, and from what he needs to be purged.

After all, I may seem to have evaded the question as to the *efficacy* of prayer. Can we expect that God will do what we ask any the more for our asking? Are we ready to bring this question to the practical test of experiment? I confess to a shrinking from such an inquiry, as from one which it is neither reverent nor useful to prosecute. But that this feeling may not be reasonably attributed to the consciousness of a bad case, we are bound to try to justify it. Let due consideration, then, be given to the fact, that prayer, when it comes to be regarded as *efficacious* — that is, as a machinery for securing results — is beginning to pass into a hurtful and irreverent superstition. No doubt we here confront a paradox. We are taught to believe in the efficacy of prayer; we may be satisfied that prayers have brought down definite blessings from heaven: but, the moment we begin to act in a business-like manner upon a theory of the efficacy of prayer, we cease to pray acceptably. This, let it be borne in mind, is not a mere makeshift of an argument, introduced to cover a weak point; it is a first principle in the doctrine of prayer. If, therefore, specific fulfilments were fixedly or even abundantly assigned to human prayers, a great evil would almost inevitably be created. Prayer would cease to be, in the deepest and truest sense, the prayer of faith, and would become the prayer of cal-

culatation; and the spirit of it would evaporate. I should be sorry to say that no good is done by appeals to instances of prayers answered by direct gifts; we have some such appeals in Scripture. But I think a reverent mind must experience some shock to its delicacy from a contact with such appeals; I can almost imagine that it would rather hear nothing of such answers. It scarcely raises our idea of the character of God, to be told that He has caused some little thing to come to pass just because So-and-so asked Him. What we want to feel assured of is, that God *hears* our prayers; that if we pour out our hearts before Him in childlike hope, He is pleased, and helps forward the cause into which we have thrown our sympathies. In this way, we may thankfully believe that our prayers are always efficacious. And, inasmuch as very little matters enter into the scheme of God's Providence, and are to be deemed worthy of the Infinite Being because He is infinite, we may also venture to take comfort from any incidents which come to us like signs that God has heard us, and to read answers to our prayers in the most ordinary occurrences of life.

POSTSCRIPT. — The following sentences occur at the end of an essay by Professor Tyndall, on the Constitution of the Universe, in the *Fortnightly Review* for December 1st, which has appeared since the above pages were written: — "Prayer, while it is thus impotent in external nature, may react with beneficent power upon the human mind. That prayer produces its effect, benign or otherwise, upon him who prays, is not only as indubitable as the law of conservation itself, but it will probably be found to illustrate that law in its ultimate expansions. And if our spiritual authorities could only devise a form in which the heart might express itself without putting the intellect to shame, they might utilise a power which they now waste, and make prayer, instead of a butt to the scorner, the potent inner supplement of noble outward life." This unspeakable gain, then, which we should all alike desire, is made dependent by Professor Tyndall upon the devising of some new form of prayer, — whether by our spiritual authorities or by others would not, I presume, be of any consequence. I wish he had given us at least some hint which might help us to conceive what the nature of such prayer, satisfying both to the heart and the intellect, would be. It seems natural to suppose that he had in his mind some idea, — if only a vague, undefined idea, — of a pos-

sible prayer. But, as his words now stand, he ascribes an extremely high value to prayer, condemns the prayers hitherto devised, and gives no help towards discovering the right kind of prayer. If he is satisfied with any, existing type — say with that of the Lord's Prayer, which has been largely imitated in the Christian Church — it would have been more natural to ask our spiritual authorities to abstain from devising new forms, than to represent so vast a good as depending upon their power to devise another form. And the whole passage suggests a doubt whether "the man of science" would consider a prayer for moral or spiritual good consistent with science. Mr. Tyndall does not contrast "external nature" with the realm of the spirit. He knows that the two cannot be severed: indeed, he intimates that the reflex effect of prayer upon the mind — as spiritual a process as we can imagine — will probably be found to illustrate that law of the conservation of energy which makes prayer impotent in external nature; and therefore it is clear that he would include spiritual relations within "the economy of nature."

I gladly recognise however that Professor Tyndall does not teach that we must pray *for the sake of the benefit we derive from the act of praying*. He would admit, I am sure, that the only prayer which can possibly produce a "benign" effect upon him who prays is the lifting of a voice "as unto *One that hears*." He desiderates a genuine prayer, but one that will not aim at affecting the course of nature.

The question I would again ask is this: Whether, in using the unchangeable economy of nature to condemn prayers for physical objects, philosophers are not really assuming a system of fatalism, and binding down the free action of spirit under a fixed mechanical necessity? If this is so, the controversy might as well ascend at once from the discussion of forms of prayer to a still higher region.

From Good Words.

MY DERVISH LIFE.

IN the evening of the 27th March, 1863, my noble patron, the Turkish ambassador in Teheran, received me at his table for the last time before my departure. It was said (but this, of course, was only to frighten and dissuade me from my adventurous

scheme) that I was, on this occasion, for the last time in my life to partake of European fare, served up in European fashion. The elegant dining-room at the hotel of the Embassy was brilliantly illuminated, the best dishes were placed before the guests, the best wines were passed round; they wanted, in short, to send me forth on my arduous journey haunted by recollections of European comforts. My friends sought all that evening to trace in my features some traitorous indications of the excitement within. They were, however, greatly out in their anticipations. In a state of ecstatic enjoyment I lay buried in my silk-velvet arm-chair.

Twenty-four hours afterwards, in the evening of the 28th March, I was in the middle of my mendicant associates, on my journey to Sari. We had taken refuge in a half-ruined mud hut, named Dagarn. The rain fell in torrents. Tolerably well soaked, we hastened, all of us, to shelter ourselves under the dry roof. The space was small, and it was my destiny this very first evening to find myself in the closest contact with my travelling companions, whose tattered clothes, giving out at no time any very fragrant odours, in their present wet condition emitted a vaporous steam really curious to observe! It was not, then, surprising under such circumstances, that I had little desire to assail the large wooden dish from which the famished Hadjis extracted and devoured their supper, splashing about as they did so with their hands in the common receptacle. Besides, I was at the moment less tormented by the pangs of hunger than exhausted with fatigue and uneasy in my wet dress of rags, to which habit had not yet made me familiar. Huddled together in a ball on the ground, I sought to abandon myself to sleep; but sleep in such confined space was impossible. Now I felt my neighbour's hand, now his head, whirled over me; at another time it was the foot of a *vis-à-vis* which was extended to scratch me behind my ear. With the patience of a Job I had to defend myself against all these offices of questionable amiability. I might even then have contrived to snatch some moments of slumber, had it not been for the snoring dialogue kept up by the Tartars, and more especially for the loud cries of suffering that a Persian mule-driver, afflicted with rheumatism, emitted in his agony.

Finding all attempts to close my eyes fruitless, I extricated myself from the midst of the heap of human beings spread around

in chaotic confusion, and set myself upon my legs. The rain continued to fall, and looking out into the deep and troubled obscurity I thought of where I had been twenty-four hours previously, and of the sumptuous parting entertainment at the splendid hotel of the Turkish Embassy. All seemed to me like a dramatic representation of the "King and the Beggar," in which I was myself playing the principal part. The sentiment of reality produced, however, upon me not so bitter an impression, for was I not master of the position? was I not he who had worked this sudden metamorphosis? had not I myself imposed my fate upon myself?

The task of conquering my own feelings, however hard, did not occupy me more than a few days. With respect to externals, I soon made myself familiar with all the attributes, movable and immovable, of the state of Dervish — its filth and other etceteras. The best garment that I had brought with me from Teheran, I presented as a gift to a poor infirm sick Hadji, and this act of beneficence won me the hearts of all. My new uniform consisted of a felt jacket, worn by me without any shirt, close to my skin, and a Djubbe (upper garment)* tied round my loins by a cord. I had enveloped my feet in rags, and covered my head with an immense turban; the latter served me as a parasol by day, and as a bolster by night. Like the rest of the Hadjis, I slung around me a sack by way of cartouche-box, containing a voluminous Koran; and then contemplating myself thus accoutred for grand parade, I felt authorized to cry out proudly, "Verily, I am a beggar born."

The external, the material part of my "disguise," was easy. The moral, the inner part, presented more difficulty than I had contemplated. For many a long year I had had occasion to study the contrast between European and Asiatic modes of existence; the critical position in which I was forced me to be on my guard, and yet I could not help committing many gross blunders. It is not merely in language, features, and dress that essential differences exist between the two races. We Europeans eat, drink, sleep, sit, and stand otherwise than the Orientals, — nay, I might even say, we laugh, cry, and wink differently. These are little points, evident at once to the senses, and still difficult enough of imitation: and yet what is the difficulty of sur-

mounting them, in comparison with the trouble that it costs to metamorphose sentiments and feelings! One is always more excited and observant, and more disposed to play the critic, during journeys than on other occasions of everyday life; it requires an unspeakable effort for an European to conceal the curiosity, wonder, and other emotions which the contemplation of the all-indifferent, the energiless Oriental excites in his mind. The object, however, of the journey of my friends was to reach their homes; my object was simply the journey itself. The peculiarity of my character interested them only in the first moment of approach, theirs on the other hand was an object of continual study to me; certainly the idea never could have occurred to any one amongst them, that my mind was employed upon a twofold task, even when we were jesting and chattering in the most familiar terms of companionship.

Any one who has the smallest practical or theoretical experience of the East will understand how hard it is to adapt oneself to these remarkable idiosyncrasies. The happy result that attended my "disguise" may appear surprising, but still not a subject of extraordinary astonishment, when I lay before the reader the key to the secret in the following observations.

First. Only one of my travelling companions had ever seen Europe or had to do with Europeans: this was Hadji Bilal, who may perhaps have known a few Greeks or Armenians passing for French. Even Stambul, and the mode of living amongst the Stambuli, were but imperfectly known to them. My transgressions against custom and usage did not pass unobserved, but met with the ready excuse: "Stambul kaidesi sundeik iken." "It is the custom at Constantinople." They regarded, therefore, the particular offence as a mere solecism.

Secondly. The consciousness of the imminent danger that threatened me when once beyond the circle of my companions, disposed me to make the greatest sacrifices. I soon was aware of the high value of their friendship, and did everything I could to win it. In spite of my admitted superiority to them from being a Mollah, no one in the Karavan, in purse, clothes, or food, was poorer or worse off than myself. I submitted to all, and was ever ready to render a service or do an obliging act; and as they really all were at bottom straightforward and honest men, I saw at once that they

* This is called Hirkal Dervishan: even the richest Dervishes are bound to wear it over their clothes, in however good a state these may be.

would not fail to protect their friend and fellow-traveller, who was a universal favourite.

Thirdly. And this perhaps may be regarded as the main cause: my poverty and my bodily infirmity beyond dispute were my principal safeguards. Amongst the Turkomans, and especially in Etnek, the Hadjis not being in much respect, I ran considerable risk; but at the current market rate for slaves of inferior class, I was hardly worth more than three ducats—not so valuable, in fact, as a stout ass. I could only be used by private individuals to turn a millstone or take charge of camels: trivial services these, hardly on the one side worth the cost of my maintenance, and on the other not possessing sufficient force of attraction to tempt the superstitious Nomad to commit a sin. Again, in Bokhara the emptiness of my purse was of more help to me than all the learning of Islamism. My character of Mollah and Devotee made me certainly safe from any public attack, but had I been in the possession of visible property, it would not have secured me from the underhand proceedings of secret enemies. Strangers in Bokhara, objects of suspicion, have in other cases excited cupidity by being known to be possessors of money and other articles of value; whereas I was not only a beggar, but an urgent one, from whose importunities all men carefully sought to escape.

Such were the causes which prevented my disguise from having any evil consequences, and made it happily contribute to the ends I had in view. But every one will understand that whilst I was actually occupied with my journey, I was only half conscious of the efficacy of these causes, and so could not place any entire confidence in them. Habit too enables us to endure a life subject even to constant perils: still it is remarkable how long and violent the struggle is which the soul, in its recklessness and its callousness, maintains with the hope of an existence beyond this world. To guard against every event, it was long before I ventured to make a hearty meal at my supper: for I dreaded lest an overloaded stomach should lead to dreams, and dreams to the utterance of foreign European phrases. I laughed at my pusillanimity, and blamed myself, but still I persisted, particularly in the first months, in my ceaseless measures of precaution.

What pain these phantom terrors occasioned me! how they persecuted me, when I sat alone in the immense desert away from

the Karavan devouring my unleavened bread, mixed with ashes and charcoal, and washed down with a few mouthfuls of foul-smelling water,—a refreshment that those thoughts would not even allow me to partake of in repose! “All slumber, no eye beholds thee,” I said to myself. Yet no: the hills of sand in the distance seemed to me to be spies on the watch to catch me omitting the Bismillah, or breaking or eating my bread in other than right Mohammedan fashion.

Often did it happen, and the remark applies particularly to Khiva, that when I was lying all alone in the dark and closed tent, the cry to prayers reached my ears, and made me spring hurriedly up from my couch, and apply myself to the fatiguing operation of the thirteen Rikaat (genuflexions). At the sixth, seventh, eighth, I said to myself, “Surely it is enough, for no eye beholds thee.” Not at all, for I could not divest myself of the idea that prying eyes were regarding me through the crevices, and so I continued until I had conscientiously completed the prescribed number.

Perhaps the expression, “measures of precaution,” may be regarded as inappropriate, and my whole proceedings be ascribed to want of courage. Now I will not deny that, seeing with what suspicion I was at first regarded, and in how wild and anarchical a state Central Asia was, I did not feel in any great spirits for my adventure. But this discouragement did not extend beyond the first month of my disguise. In the others, from the moment when I had turned my back upon Bokhara, I was really metamorphosed into a poverty-stricken Dervish, who, as he himself gradually forgot the assumed part that he was playing, ceased to excite suspicion in the minds of others. When I now, in the centre of European civilisation, reflect upon my position at that time, I cannot refrain from laughing at what habit and necessity were capable of making of me in so short a time. That life of Dervish began even to have charms, it procured me many a moment of great enjoyment. Without feeling any especial aptitude to play the part of the Russian Count who, weary of a life spent in saloons, retreated to one of the valleys of Cashmere, I felt often an inner sensation of satisfaction as I warmed myself to my heart's content in some ruin or other sequestered spot by the temperate beams of the autumn sun. And then it is beyond expression sweet to know that one can, without money, position, or business—and yet free from all care, agitation, and exciting

impulse — rock oneself to repose in the soft cradle of Oriental indifference and tranquillity!

Of course for us Europeans such enjoyment must be of brief duration; for let but our thoughts flee away towards that remote West that is ever active and ever moving, and the great contrast of the two presents itself to us in the clearest light. European enterprise and Oriental repose are the two problems that occupy the mind: need we do more than glance at those ruins lying everywhere scattered in the East, to see on which side is the true philosophy? Here everything tends to destruction and slavery; there, to prosperity and world-wide dominion!

But these enjoyments of the "state of Dervish" were in my case prevented, by my strong European temperament, from being more than short-lived and transitory. My disguise, however, furnished me with another of a far more elevated description — the enjoyment, I mean, derived by me from being able, as an accomplished Dervish, to hold free and unconstrained intercourse with those strange nations. Was it an innate talent, or a particular predilection for the status, which enabled me soon to outstrip in *Fakirship* even my preceptor in the art? I know not. When in the cities or amongst the Nomads I undertook the part of levying contributions, my friends felt at once assured that I would return with my bags well crammed. Of the tribes of Central Asia the Ozbegs, from their straightforward and honest natures, possess hearts most accessible and most easily won. At one house in the vicinity of Khiva, where I spent several days, they tried even forcibly to detain me; nay, even to marry me — at least, the head of the family, representing his daughter, had already made me a declaration of love. The honest, unsuspicious people saw, as they thought, in me a poor Garib (stranger) whom his passion (arman) impelled forth into the wide world, and so they took a real interest in my fortunes. In their opinion the travelling Dervish is a sort of wandering Jew in miniature, in whose ear some spirit abiding within keeps whispering those ominous words, "On, on!" and who can never rest until he has reached the goal prescribed by fate.

This childish simplicity, these characters

and manners, which have remained in stereotype there for so many years, one might even say for thousands, have left upon my soul ineffaceable impressions. After being with the Nomads some hours, they often began to converse with me in the most confidential tone of the rearing of cattle or some other subject of domestic economy. A husband would speak of the peculiar qualities that distinguished one of his horses, of the sons of the famous chieftain N. N., of the failure of a predatory expedition undertaken by this or that tribe, &c. The wife would question me whether in my country this year the Rugar (a sort of red root) had a similarly pale colour, whether the camel's hair was there as bad, and so on. How little likely such people were to have any notion of the meaning of an academical mission the reader must easily see, and will as easily divine what was the nature of my answers to each particular question!

However incredible the avowal may appear, I will nevertheless make it openly, that the very extraordinary condition in which I found myself during my time of disguise was far from being attended by as much hardship and fatigue as many Europeans may fancy. At this moment, it is true, I find my health somewhat impaired, and my former acquaintances do not affect to conceal from me that I seem grown much older; but during the journey itself I did not experience the slightest sensation of exhaustion or uneasiness, excepting of course when I was suffering from the torments of thirst. Was it the continued state of excitement that lightened the burden which I had to endure; or was it the ever-fresh, free air of the desert that imparted a giant energy to my stomach, enabling it to assimilate and digest such dough kneaded with sand and ashes as even my camel found too bad to touch? This still remains a riddle to me.

Certain, however, it is, that at this moment, in the midst of the civilised life of Europe, I seem somewhat to miss those active movements of body and soul; and who knows if I shall not in my later years dwell often upon that time when, although covered with rags and having no roof to cover me, I tramped sturdily and of good heart through the steppes of Central Asia!

ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.

From Good Words.

ON THE ENFORCED PAUSES OF LIFE.

It seems that in old Scandinavia there were trolls, or lubber dwarfs, who were always busy; who *never* knew what it was to repose. A country fellow — as I remember the story, which I quote upon the strength of a child's recollection — employed one of these trolls to assist him in stealing a quantity of wheat from another countryman's barn. "Take a little more, Mr. Troll, take a little more," says the thief, "by-and-by you shall have some rest." So the troll takes a little more, saying, however, "Rest, rest! What is rest?" Off they go, the pair of them, carrying heavy loads of the stolen goods. When they are at a safe distance from the scene of their theft, they sit down for a rest. "Oh," says the troll, "if I had only known how good rest is, I would have brought away the entire barn!"

Most of us know how good rest is, and are ready enough to take it, though not always when we need it: on the other hand, it is sometimes forced upon us in a way that teaches more than one lesson. We find, in the compelled pauses of our lives, that the world can do without us, and that it is a good thing to be occasionally cut off from it. How nice it is to *let* alone; how nice to *be* let alone!

Nearly all forms of travelling give us some degree of this kind of feeling. Not, of course, riding in an omnibus, for there is no telling whom you may meet in it; but in some degree riding in a cab, and in a considerable degree, riding on the railway for any distance. In a cab you may lean back so that nobody can see you; and you may shut your eyes upon the hard faces, and squalid dresses, and filthy gutters, and frowzy corners of the streets. Nobody is likely to stop the carriage, — and nobody can stop a train! So that, unless you have unpleasant fellow-travellers, you are comfortably shut up from the rest of the world, with a delicious sensation that there is no drawbridge. It is an old remark that, from a similar point of view, a sea-voyage is delightful. Nobody can knock at the door. If you are ill, nobody can look in, to condole; and how delightful *that* is sometimes — to escape being reminded that you are not well! On the other hand, you have your own delicious incapacities. You cannot knock at anybody else's door. If something nasty occurs to you, you cannot write it, and post it to a friend — who would be vexed by it. A masterly inactivity is forced

upon you. Your whole being lies fallow. Ceasing to plague and to be plagued; knowing that the great world gets on without your fretting and fuming about it; and yet retaining a keen sense of your own vitality, — oh, it must be a pleasant situation. A keen sense of your own vitality you *must* have, for the mind puts forth an immense fresh elasticity of power in the presence of vast suggestive spaces, and magnificent sights and sounds, such as are round it on the great deep: and yet there is rest, and a triumphant immunity.

The forced repose which accompanies very severe illness, or confinement to the house on a wet day, or the recovery from a swoon, brings with it something of the same soothing effect. In the midst of a heavy personal trouble, or a serious enterprise, which seems to demand the most strenuous effort on your own part, you are suddenly stricken with illness. The oars drop from your hands, and the boat — does it stop? No, thank God, it pulls through, it gets safely past the rapids, and you have to reflect, amid the fretfulness of returning health, what a useless, unimportant fellow you are. Or again. For days past you have been earnestly working your affairs up to a certain point for a certain day, "sharp." Perhaps you have even fixed the hour at which a particular iron shall be hot, and shall be struck by your energetic hand. On that day it comes on to rain, thunder, and lighten so furiously that all the world stays indoors, and you, not being quite well, feel that you must. The next day, you go out with the intention of taking up the broken thread and working it into your scheme, but find that the course of events has superseded your ingenious activity, and your efforts are not required. Not unfrequently the new turn which things have taken is felicitous, but let it be clearly understood that this does not condemn your activity, or show that it could have been spared. It may not *appear* to have any connection with the result, but you and I do not know quite everything, and there may be a real though invisible connection between things the most remote.

Taking care not to draw the false moral from anything of this kind that happens in our lives, we may yet draw the right one. How much have we all suffered, as some French epigrammatist says, in rhyme, from evils that never occurred! How exaggerated are some of our strivings! Napoleon, as we have all read, used to leave his letters unopened for days, and then find with cynical joy, on breaking their seals at last, that

the majority had answered themselves. Of course this might and would happen in more ways than one. For instance, the poor sick man's letter, begging the loan of a sovereign to buy food with, has clearly answered itself, if at the end of a week you find the sick man is dead and are quite sure the widow will not come to ask you for a sovereign towards the funeral expenses. But, in the majority of the instances in which the letters no longer want answering, it is pretty certainly because the writers were over-urgent about things which have arranged themselves without interference. The fact is, we get upon inclined planes in our little affairs, and become heated with the "wind of our own speed," and then of course we exaggerate the consequence of our own efforts, and of what others can do for us. But we must not allow this sort of reflection upon life to suggest the foolish and wicked paradox that indifference stands as good a chance as energy. Nobody who loves the truth ever pushes this suggestion beyond a joke. Drunkards and fools do escape strange pitfalls, and do fall into the laps of easy fortunes: but the very surprise the thing occasions is enough to indicate its place in the classification of events.

Scarcely anything in life is so sweet to me as the repose of Sunday — the soothing suggestions of its devouter offices, its silence, its calm, its immunities. Defoe, when he was in difficulties, was called the Sunday gentleman, because he only went abroad upon the day on which bailiffs had no power; but others, not in difficulties, may be permitted to rejoice in the certainty of being let alone on Sundays. For my part, I have never, since I can recollect at all, awoke on a Sunday morning without a sense of triumph in the quiet hours that were before me. Sunday was always the day on which I rose early, in order to have as much as possible of its peace and sweetness. It is still the same with me. No postman comes to-day, with his double knock. No butcher rings the bell for orders. No carts go clattering through the streets. Even the doctor seems to find less to do. And now, in these soft, unfretted moments, causes of irritation seem less than they did yesterday; we pause upon the momentous step: the bent bow of half-angry energy is relaxed: the mist of passion has time to thin away a little: we come to the end of the gentle day with a pang, and go to bed with a regretful thought that to-morrow is Monday. I say *we*, feeling sure that my own experience cannot be solitary — but it is mine, and much more keenly mine than the pen can

tell you. The influence of an enforced pause in clearing the mind may be great. How often does it happen that we fail to see because we look too hard. We *look at the picture*, or the landscape; we attack it, so to speak, with our eyes; and we miss the beauty of it. But another day, when we are a little relaxed in our will, the landscape or the picture is permitted to look at us, and the calm receptivity of a languor, enforced it may be by illness, takes in the loveliness we missed when we were at pains to see.

These things are commonplaces of human experience, and to speak of them is not to teach, but to recite what is known. Not less familiar, and not less interesting as a topic of meditation, is the importance of placing a solid block of oblivion, if possible, between any great shock of pain or disappointment, and our next effort. True or not, that is a good story which relates how some one, suddenly overthrown and baffled in his career, told his valet to give him forty drops of laudanum, and let him sleep till he awoke of his own accord. That sounds very like suicide; but the truth is, if short enforced pauses could always be secured, the temptation to suicide would be removed. Believe it who please, I do not believe that the science of anesthetics is even in its infancy, as yet. Not opium nor chloroform, not poppies nor mandragora, not drowsy syrups; but something, something has yet to be won from the secrets of the borderland upon which Psychology and Physiology knock their heads together in the twilight. It is, doubtless, a most shy and recondite something. The mesmerist, the hypnotist, and the magician have not hit it. Nor did that celebrated gentleman, an Indian officer I think, who had acquired the knack of stopping the beating of his own heart, and at last performed the experiment once too often. But when, upon my pronouncing the exquisite word *anodyne*, some rude fellow speaks of ether on lump-sugar, or an opium pill, I own I feel a little insulted. I did once begin a recipe — *Take equal quantities of rippling water, true love, falling rose-leaves, firm faith, sweet music, swan's down* — ah! I shall never finish it till some enforced pause in my affairs gives me the requisite leisure. But that so beautiful a word as *anodyne* must have an equivalent in fact and nature, is so highly probable that one cannot easily relinquish all hope of finding it. Can it lie concealed in the crypt which hides the squared circle, the philosopher's stone, and the elixir of life? There *was* a charm — but Merlin told it to Vivien in

Broceliande! There *was* a charm — but it was a charm to waken, and not to soothe; so she awoke, and went across the hills with him, leaving the story of her slumber to fascinate the sweet poet: —

“ Well, were it not a pleasant thing
To fall asleep with all one's friends;
To pass with all our social ties
To silence from the paths of men;
And every hundred years to rise,
And leave the world, and sleep again,
To sleep thro' terms of mighty wars,
And wake on science grown to more,
On secrets of the brain, the stars,
As wild as aught of fairy lore;
And all that else the years will show,
The Poet-forms of stronger hours,
The vast Republics that may grow,
The Federations and the Powers; . . .
So sleeping, so aroused from sleep
Thro' sunny decades new and strange,
Or gay quinquennials, we would reap
The flower and quintessence of change.”

There is a too-daring luxury in all this! There is an excess of certainty about it; and yet a terror of uncertainty. As for me, I should never sleep if I knew I was wound up, like an alarm, to wake at a given time. On the other hand, there might be a mistake: the prince might never find his way to the palace. No: my anodyne must be something far simpler. It must be uncertain in the duration of its effects, but it must not last longer than while one might stay in an easy-chair, or in bed, with decency, and without exciting the coroner to hold an inquest. As for sleeping a century, or five centuries — a “gay quinquenniad” — it seems absurd to go to bed for that: one ought to have a proper vault in a cemetery. Let us, as Sydney Smith said, take short views. Nathaniel Hawthorne maintained that what the world at present needed was a nap; and that moderate expression just hits off the purpose for which I want somebody to discover an anodyne. In the meanwhile, I am not always thankful to those who, in their anxiety to “save time,” are skilful in shortening the enforced pauses of life. I am by no means always desirous to make a journey short; on the contrary, I often wish it to last as long as possible; and as for Sunday — if anybody could succeed in turning the one which will dawn to-morrow into a sabbatic year, I should thank him with every pulse of my being.

From the Examiner.

English Travellers and Italian Brigands. A Narrative of Capture and Captivity. By W. J. C. Moens. In two vols. Hurst and Blackett.

MR. MOENS tells, in this book, of his life among the brigands in the mountains near Salerno, as their prisoner until the payment of the heavy ransom asked for himself and his friend, Mr. Aynsley. The captors having abated of their first demands, the ransom finally paid, in equal shares by himself and Mr. Aynsley, was 5100*l*. Mr. Aynsley, as everybody knows, was the one released to find the gold, for payment of which to the banditti, Mr. Moens was retained as hostage. Here then is a man with a good story to tell. It does not follow as a common law of nature that he happens to know how to tell it; but for the comfort of all who would like to make an honest story about robbers, full of adventure, recent and quite true, part of their Christmas reading, be it known that Mr. Moens does know how to tell his tale. He tells it faithfully and simply.

His preface wins the reader by a reality of tone free from all *fanfaronnade* of the bookmaker. He disclaims literary pretensions of every sort, only he has something to tell, and has endeavoured, he says, to tell it “as simply as possible.” But he has also friends to thank for sympathy and aid, and these he thanks in his preface genially, adding naturally: “When I calmly reflect upon the truly noble and unselfish acts that have been done in my behalf by so many persons, I feel inclined to rejoice in my past sufferings and misfortunes.” The sufferings were at the time often sore and perilous, but Mr. Moens tells his story without any feeble self-commiseration. His account has the fulness necessary to the giving of a true impression, but there is not a line in the book of fine writing. He has something to say, and says it without waste of energy upon digression into irrelevant facts or far-fetched ideas; and that is the only way to make a good book, whether one do, or whether one don't, lay claim to special literary skill.

Mr. Moens is joined in the telling of his story by the wife, who in her suspense during his days of peril, shared his suffering, and was at the centre of the efforts made for his release.

First, then, it is Mrs. Moens, who tells in a chapter or two how their Italian travel was begun in Sicily. She records what she had heard in Palermo, of the audacity of the Sicilian Banditti, and tells how on the very day after their trip to Monte Pellegrino, a Sicilian gentleman driving with a friend on the same road, was carried off by brigands. From Palermo the travellers went to Messina, Mr. Moens amusing himself with photographing. While they were at Messina there was an eruption of Etna, and Mr. Moens becomes now the diarist of two ascents of Etna. On the second ascent while taking, from Monte Crisimo, an old crater, some photographic views of the two craters that were belching steam and smoke, Mr. and Mrs. Moens were accosted by Sicilian bandits. Seven or eight of them armed with guns, says Mr. Moens, "came and stood close behind me as I had my head under the black cloth, while developing the view of the lava I had just taken; and I do not think a photograph was ever taken under more disturbing influences." However, they preferred learning the travellers' route, and catching them when they had more profitable luggage than a photographic box. Warned next day of the ambush prepared for them, Mr. and Mrs. Moens changed their route, carefully concealing until the last moment the fact that they designed to do so.

Now it is Mr. Moens who tells how they went to Catania, and thence by steamer to Syracuse, where they first met the Rev. J.C. Murray Aynsley and his wife. From Syracuse, by the weekly boat, Mr. and Mrs. Moens and Mr. and Mrs. Aynsley went together to Girgenti. Soon afterwards they left Sicily for Naples, and thence on the 14th of May went by rail to Salerno, for a visit to the ruins of Pæstum, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Aynsley being still in their company. It was between Salerno and Pæstum in a carriage with three horses and jingling bells, and on a road traversed daily by parties visiting the temples, that Mr. Moens and Mr. Aynsley fell among brigands. Two Italian gentlemen had been captured on the same road only a week before, and on the way to Pæstum some Italian soldiers, without giving any warning of a special danger, joined the carriage and rode by its side. One of the soldiers remained with them during the day while Mr. Moens amused himself in taking photographs of the temples. The carriage came, nearly two hours later than it had been ordered, to take the party back to Salerno, and by that time the soldiers were all gone. So they drove homeward, jesting about brigands, and af-

fecting terror at all gloomy corners of the road till they were weary of the subject. Then Mrs. Moens, who is journalist here, fell asleep, and was roused by Mrs. Aynsley's exclamation, "Here really are the brigands at last!" A band of thirty of them pointing their guns, were closing round the carriage from the fields on both sides of the road. They required the two gentlemen in the carriage to come down, and when they had done so gathered about them and marched off with them. Then we read of the anguish of the wives. The brigands had promised to restore their husbands to them in a quarter of an hour. Sometimes, having extorted promises of money, they had liberated captives. The carriage remained on the spot. At the end of a quarter of an hour, there came up a troop of thirty mounted soldiers, to whom the forlorn wives cried, "The Brigands have taken our husbands!" Having learnt which way to go, the soldiers galloped off in hot pursuit. Time passed and the ladies took refuge in a room over the stables of a wretched house, from the curious crowd of excited peasantry; among whom was the village doctor — true Galen of Italy — vehement in his desire that they should let him bleed them.

The diary of Mr. Moens is continued then to the deadly disappointment of seeing Mr. Aynsley return unaccompanied. What story he had to tell is told in the first pages of the diary of Mr. Moens, which now follows, and which begins the very interesting tale of life among Italian banditti. The captain of the band was Gaetano Manzo, and it was not till next day, when he had marched his prisoners, with two others caught in the fields almost at the same time, far from the place of their capture that there was a council held upon the subject of ransom. Says Mr. Moens —

When we heard the sum demanded, we looked at each other with horror — 100,000 ducats, equal to 17,000*l.* After a few minutes' conversation with Sentonio, a tall clumsy ruffian with black eyes, hair, and beard, Manzo reduced it to 50,000 ducats, or 8,500*l.* This sum, we said, was ridiculous, out of the question; but we were told, in spite of our protestations to the contrary, that we had 2,000,000 ducats each, and that we were great lords. We declared it was no use to trust to our wives to raise the money, as they did not speak the language, and that there were few English people at Naples, and no one would trust them as foreigners.

They then agreed to let one of us go for the money, and wanted us to decide which it should be; but we, knowing that whichever offered himself would be kept back, were silent. At last

we proposed to draw lots, so I took a small twig and broke it in two pieces, a short and a long piece, and we arranged that the holder of the short one was to remain with the band, and the holder of the longer piece was to go and get the money for both. I took the pieces of wood, and holding out my hand before me, I said to Mr. Aynsley, "Draw." He drew one, and left the other (which was the shorter of the two) in my hand. I must confess I felt as if I had been drawing for my life, and I had lost.

I had to make up my mind to my fate at once. Mr. Aynsley told me he did not know whether he could pay so much. I told him that I could, and that I would advance his half for him till arrangements could be made. I told him to apply to a friend whom I named, a member of the Stock Exchange, for 2,500*l.*, which I had left in his hands. I gave him other little directions, and told him to do all he could for my wife, placing her under his care. Our conversation was interrupted by the captain being called by the sentinel to come and look at about 100 soldiers walking along the road below. After a few minutes Mr. Aynsley and two men, to whom the letters of Luzzo and the other captive were given, were hurried away, Mr. Aynsley having to write to Luzzo's house.

I was put under the charge of four or five men, and ordered off to the rear. I turned round and saw Mr. Aynsley and his two guides walking down the hill. It was a trying moment. I was now driven on at a fast pace, and in a minute heard the report of a gun, the bullet whizzing over my head. This was from the soldiers whom Mr. Aynsley met almost immediately after leaving us. The brigands answered this, and there was a brisk fire. I tried to go off to the right, thinking an escape possible, but was turned immediately; my foot slipped, and I fell down some depth, for the mountain was very steep, and all the stones loose. I was very much shaken, and I thought my arm was broken. I could hardly move it, but I was made to get up, and to the cry "*Corre, corre,*" on we went.

The hill was very high, the base of it covered with fir-trees. I looked up, and saw the rest of the band lining the top of the hill in skirmishing order, firing as fast as they could. The shots of the soldiers now came rattling round us as we passed from bush to bush one by one; and for a quarter of an hour we had to run the gauntlet. At last we got to the bottom of the mountain, where we found a rushing torrent ten yards wide; the fire was too hot for hesitation, so one by one the brigands waded over. I had to follow; on I went, the water up to my waist, rushing, foaming over the stones, and the bullets splashing into it on all sides of me. I do believe the soldiers took special aim at me, the tallest of the party. My death would no doubt have saved them considerable trouble. Had it not been for my stick, I should have been carried away by the force of the stream; as it was, I had to cross in an oblique direction, landing on the other side only two yards above a waterfall of some height. The brigand who followed me was washed down, and went head over heels

over the fall, but he was not much hurt, and scrambled out below. The others passed over safely, and we hurried up the steep ascent over the other side for some considerable distance till we were concealed among the trees, and safe from the fire of the troops. I thanked God for my escape from my rescuers, and felt anything but charitably disposed towards their rulers, who ought years ago to have cleared their country from these ruffians, instead of leaving them alone till they carried off an Englishman.

We rested among the trees until nightfall. At sunset we saw about two hundred soldiers in a body ascending the opposite bank by a path from the stream. They cheered as they marched along. I turned to the brigands and said, "You have lost some comrades." They did not choose to admit this. After dark some more shots were heard, and the band was surprised again. The other prisoners managed to escape — lucky fellows — they were but small fry, and were forgotten in the excitement of the fight; but the greatest care was taken of me. I was never allowed a chance for a moment.

We shall not spoil the interest of the book by telling the adventures and experiences it relates so well. One illustration we may give of the degree of hardship endured.

The first week we were supplied at intervals of two or three days with a small quantity of meat half cooked. I came in for the under-done portions, for nothing an Italian dislikes so much as crudely cooked meat. No bread was procurable, with the exception of a very small piece of rye bread. This tasted to me most delicious, for with the exception of two mouthfuls of maize bread, we had had none for a fortnight. There was great grumbling at the diet, for we only had enough just to keep us from starving. I thought that here I might manage to wash a little, and commenced by taking off my boots in order to begin with my feet. I had washed one and was doing the same to the other, when that wretched Scope rushed at me and began hitting me with a stick he picked up, because I did not immediately put my sock on to my wet foot. I did not pay the slightest attention to him, and wiped my foot dry, and then put on my sock and boot, he continuing to strike me all the time. I told him that it did not hurt me, and I supposed it amused him (remembering an anecdote told once by a noble earl in the House of Lords with excellent effect), and I recommended him to take care what he did or I should complain to the captain. The others took my part, and though he did not repeat the offence he often threatened me, and I really was frequently in fear of my life by reason of his brutal disposition. One blow raised the skin on my forefinger, and I suppose the stick must have been in contact with some decayed matter. The wound became troublesome, and did not heal for three weeks, when I got some bread and made a poultice for it. The captain did not return at the end of the week, as he had promised; all the money was

gone, and no food came for three days. I was so hungry that I begged for some of the raw fat, three weeks old, that they had kept for the purpose of greasing their boots! This I forced down my throat, after masticating for a quarter-of-an-hour, but at the end of that time it was just as clammy as at first. I three times ate a little of this fearfully rancid stuff. At last one night, half a sheep was sent up to me, which four of the men took down again to cook, for Pavone, who stopped with me, would not have a fire made where we were. The greedy wretches cooked and ate nearly all of it, putting a quantity away in their pockets, and brought up a little to Pavone, but only gave to me a scraped legbone which Scope threw in my face, hurting me a good deal, it was perfectly raw, and had but very few signs of meat about it. I gnawed at this in the dark like a dog, eating as much of the sinewy appendages as I could manage to find and to bite; I then put it by also after the manner of dogs, till the morning, being too famished to lose so precious a morsel; but that dear brute Scope seeing it, took it away to see if he could make anything of it, though he had plenty of meat in his pocket, and finding nothing on it threw it at my head again. Not a morsel would the others give me; for two more days I had to go without food, or to take the raw and stinking fat again! Each day I had been getting weaker, and weaker, till at last my voice failed me, and I could only speak in the lowest whisper, as at last I lay stretched on the ground praying for death. On the morning of the 30th July Malone and Vicenzio were sent to get food at all hazards, for they saw I was in a bad state, and they all (particularly Pavone) were getting very queer for want of something to eat, but no one was so ill as I was. At about ten o'clock we heard a low whistle above us, and I saw Antonio coming down with something in his handkerchief slung on his gun. When he came to where Pavone was sitting he turned two loaves and a number of pears out of his pocket. I was so excited at the sight of this that I burst into tears at the goodness of God in sending food when I had quite given up hopes of life. I was too weak to go to the bread, and Antonio brought me three pears. I tried to say "pane," but I could not manage it, so pointed at the bread, which they gave me immediately; and by eating a small quantity at a time I soon felt better, and by the evening recovered my voice.

And here is an account of the passing of the prisoner out of the hands of his captors:

Though I had been promised that the guides would come at daybreak to take me away, five, six, seven o'clock came without their appearance, and I was in despair. Guange and Caltane were with me, the former asking me not to speak of him at Naples, for he was well known there. I told him he need not fear my saying anything that would hurt him, for the authorities knew much more of him than I did, as I

did not know whether he was called by a nickname or not.

All at once, at about half-past seven, to my intense joy, Tedesco, Visconti's old shepherd, walked up from the place where Manzo and the others were. He was so pleased to see me that he would kiss me, and I had not the heart to refuse him. My first question was to inquire all about my wife, and I was deeply thankful to learn that she was quite well and had escaped all malaria fever, which is so prevalent in Naples in summer. He told me that he had been hunting everywhere for the band since the night of Sunday, the 20th, when the 3,000*l.* were paid. He had a companion to help him to carry the money, which weighed nearly forty pounds, and was as much as they could carry up the mountains; and that it was a most dangerous task, although they had been promised the protection of both the Italian and English Governments. They had run the greatest danger from the troops, who would certainly, he said, have shot them had they caught them carrying money to the brigands. He told me that he was worn out with the fatigue and hunger he had undergone during the last six days, not having slept once in a house all that time; and that he would have given up the search for the band had he not fallen in with them this morning, though he had vowed not to return without me. Last night he had slept on the other side of the mountain opposite us, not having the slightest idea that we were so close to him.

He now went back to Manzo, and sent an old woman, who proved to be Manzo's mother, to me; she had brought a small loaf of white bread and a little omelette for me, which luxuries seemed to be most delicious after the coarse fare I had been subjected to lately. It seemed very curious seeing any one in woman's dress, to which I had been a stranger for so long a time.

When the old lady went away, Manzo came to me, and sitting down, asked me what I should say to the Prefect when he questioned me about his band. I told him that I should tell him that he and his band of about thirty men had been a match for an army of 10,000 men, and that he had proved himself the cleverer of the two. This pleased him immensely, and he quite rubbed his hands with glee, and immediately gave me two rings, which I put on my fingers in brigand fashion. Contrary to his usual practice, he did not caution me against telling about the band and their proceedings, which greatly surprised me, for the Viscontis had been cautioned and threatened in the most violent manner should they say a word.

He now returned to his men, and I heard the chinking sound of their counting money, which I suppose was the sum he was to receive, which I heard mentioned the day before. At about eleven o'clock Manzo asked me if I should like to go; so I threw away all the warm clothing I had been carrying about with me so long, tied up in a handkerchief, and which had served me as a pillow at night since the 19th June. In

answer to my inquiries, Manzo informed me that he was well satisfied with the amount we had paid him. My macintosh coat I put in my pocket, and refusing the proffered kisses, shook hands all around with them, they parting with me in the most friendly way possible. Generoso added another to my stock of rings, making the number five. I recommended Manzo, for the future, not to take foreigners, but to confine his attention to his own countrymen, which would prove far better for him; for when a foreigner was taken it was in all the papers in the world and it compelled the Government to send so many soldiers that the brigands had very little chance of escaping capture.

I now stepped forward, accompanied by Tedesco and the mother of Manzo, all the brigands wishing me a pleasant journey, waving their arms to me while in sight. They were soon lost to view in the wood, and I walked on a free man, having been a captive in their hands 102 days, all which time I never entered any description of house, sleeping always in the open air on the hard ground!

It was one of those fearfully hot days, when, in a southern clime, everything looks copper-coloured, and when the slightest motion requires great exertion; but we had a long journey before us, and it was desirable to get to Giffone before dark, so on we went in the broiling sun. I felt this very much, for when I was with the band I had never walked once in the sun. Walking in the daytime was only attempted when in a dense forest, where it was impossible for the rays of the sun to penetrate. Up hill and down dale we walked; it seemed so curious to be able to walk in so open a manner, and from habit I kept looking round to see if any one were watching our motions. Tedesco gave me a piece of chocolate, which my late brother captive, Visconti, had kindly sent to me. He had often done so before, but the brigands had always eaten it, and never told me anything about it. Shirts, too, were sent up two or three times; but these in the same way had never reached me, but were worn by the lucky men who fell in with the guides.

I was in a desperate plight as regards dress; and though I cared little about my appearance when in the woods, I did not quite like showing myself at Giffone. I had, however, to put on a good face, and make the best of it. My trousers were all in tatters from catching in the brambles and bushes, and hanging in ribbons at the feet. My coat was covered with the fat and grease of the meat that I had had to carry in the pocket; and all the lining of the skirts was torn to shreds; while constantly sleeping and lying on the dirty ground had quite changed the original colour and pattern of the cloth. My wide-awake was dirty and torn. My shirt I had worn day and night since the 19th June; and my boots were all broken, and many of the seams unstitched. I am quite certain that none of my friends would have been able to recognize me; but I

cheered myself [with the news that a large warm bath would be ready for me on my appearance at Signor Visconti's house, where my friends had sent everything that I might require in the shape of dress.

It is almost unnecessary to describe the state of my body. I was covered with sores from the effect of the vermin, through the brigands having steadily refused to allow me to remove my clothing for washing purposes, and never allowing me to stop at a stream, for fear of the troops coming upon us before I could rearrange my dress.

From the Saturday Review.

ALPINE TRAVELLING IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

NOTHING is more common in the upper valley of the Rhone than to pick up English money of all dates. It is, indeed, not English money alone that is picked up, as no country supplies a richer field for the numismatist who is curious in the coinage of any European country. The reason is plain; the Simplon was one main road for pilgrims going to Rome, and, as usual, they left coins of their several ages and countries on the way. Now in these days we look upon the passage of the Alps as quite a holiday business; we climb over them or drive over them; we expect soon to be whirled through them by an express train. It was not so in past times. Doubtless the business was then a much more serious one. That there was no passable road could be no matter of just complaint, when there was probably nothing that we should call a passable road between any two towns of England, France, or Germany. But, whether just ground of complaint or not, certainly the lack of roads must have made all travelling a more formidable business than it is now, and must have made Alpine travelling the most formidable of all. But this is not all. The taste for such travelling had not arisen; nobody crossed or climbed the Alps for pleasure; those who did it, did it as a hard necessity; the affairs of their nation or their community, or the welfare of their own souls, led them to the effort, but, as far as any pleasure was concerned, they would much rather have stayed at home. Here lies the main difference between modern and mediæval travelling; the one is a matter of pleasure, the other was a matter of business. The nations of Europe had, in those days, in one way less,

and in another more, intercourse with one another than they have now. Setting aside mercantile travellers in both periods, there can be no doubt that the number of persons who travelled then because they had real business to travel about was much larger than it is now. Diplomacy then required much more moving about than it does now. Much that can be done now by a single messenger carrying a bag by railway, sometimes even by a single flash of the telegraph wires, then involved tedious journeys to and fro on the part of diplomatic agents themselves. Kings too, at least in England and Germany, never stayed long in one place, and ambassadors had sometimes to hunt them from one corner of their kingdoms to another. Again, when the King of England was sovereign of nearly half France, when the King of Germany was also Roman Emperor, a vast deal of going to and fro followed between people who, though in a manner fellow-subjects, were not, any the more for that, fellow-countrymen. But the main causes for going about in those days arose out of the ecclesiastical condition of the times. The doctrine of pilgrimages did a great deal. The belief that it was a good work to go to Jerusalem or Rome or Canterbury or Compostella took a great many people to all those places who now would not travel at all, and caused a great many others to travel, as a matter of the gravest business, who would now travel only as a matter of amusement. But even more was done by the dependence of all the churchmen of Western Europe on the See of Rome. It was the policy of the Popes to draw the ecclesiastics of all nations as much as possible to the common centre. Archbishops, for instance, were made to go in person to receive the pallium. All sorts of suits and appeals came before the Pope and the Papal Courts, and involved a prodigious amount of going to and fro. The great principle of Papal government — one perhaps not peculiar to Papal Government — seems to have been to be always inquiring into everything and never to settle anything. The unlucky disputants had to send deputies after deputies, the Popes themselves sent legates after legates, till half Europe had been traversed a score of times in some dispute between this and that monastery, or between this Bishop and his Chapter. When we remember how the the ecclesiastical corporations of those days were always quarrelling, and how every quarrel involved running backwards and forwards from Rome to Scotland or Norway or Portugal, we shall easily see that the amount of

travelling with real business in view was incomparably greater than it is now. The men sent on such errands were very often shrewd and observant persons who made the most of their opportunity. They did not travel, as men do now, for amusement or because it was the fashion; they did not travel, as men did in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with the set purpose of improving and enlarging their minds; but there can be no doubt that their minds were greatly enlarged and improved by the process. It was then impossible to scamper through a country, and the very tediousness of the journey rendered it more profitable. The churchmen of Western Europe formed one great brotherhood, and the English monk or canon who had business at Rome was entertained by, or fell in with, numbers of his brethren in France, Burgundy, and Lombardy. The most intelligent classes in each country were brought far more into contact with one another than they are now; and the common use of the Latin language made them hardly strangers to one another. There was more mutual ignorance among the mass of each nation than there is now; but there was far more mutual knowledge among those who mainly engrossed the learning and transacted the public business of the age.

But of pure taste for the picturesque, at any rate of taste for mountain scenery, we find not a trace. Indeed this whole class of feeling is very modern. Lord Macaulay has some remarks upon the subject which are true as far as they go, but which do not touch the root of the matter. He graphically contrasts the horror with which people looked at the Scotch mountains a hundred and fifty years back, and the delight with which people look at them now. People could not admire them as long as, besides the risk of breaking one's neck, there was the further risk of being robbed and murdered by Highland marauders. No doubt this is perfectly true as regards a large class. But it is not the whole truth. First of all, there is now, and there was not then, a class to whom the risk of a broken neck is positively attractive, and whom the risk, in some parts of the world, of being robbed and murdered, does not wholly deter. Secondly, in cases where mountain scenery could always be admired without danger, people used not to care about it, and now they do. Save when the French armies were there in 1798, there has not been for ages any risk of being robbed or murdered on the Minster Terrace at Bern. People of all classes and all nations stand there and ad-

mire the Alps. But the old Bernese patricians did not care to look at them. They made their windows look into the street, and turned the less honourable parts of their houses towards the Jungfrau and her companions.

Alpine travelling then, in old times, was in no way a pleasure, but pre-eminently a toil. A mountain was a thing which it took a great deal of trouble to get up and down, and where, when you had got to the top, you were frightfully cold. One need not pick out an exceptional case like the terrible passage of Mount Cenis over the snow of January by the Emperor Henry the Fourth, his Queen, and her new-born child. He would be a hardy mountaineer even now who would undertake such a journey, unless a soul or an Empire were at stake. Take more ordinary cases. In 959, Ælfsige, Archbishop of Canterbury, set out for Rome to seek for his pallium. Our best historian tells us, in a matter-of-fact way, that he died of the ice and snow among the Alps. There is some American story in which "another Judge has been lost by bees" is recorded as the most commonplace event in the world. Perhaps in the tenth century, "another Bishop has been lost in the snow" struck people as not a whit more wonderful. To be sure, later and more romantic writers make a miracle of it. The Archbishop had trodden irreverently on the tomb of a tainted predecessor; so his feet got so cold that nothing could warm them except being plunged into the bowels of newly-slain horses, and even that could not save him. But let us take the feelings of an Alpine traveller in the twelfth century as recorded by himself. John of Bremble, Monk of Christ Church, a clever man of business, a shrewd observer, and a humorous describer, goes to Rome, and that not once or twice merely, in the course of the interminable quarrel between Archbishop Baldwin and his monks about the foundation of the College at Hackington. Brother John writes to the Subprior, and sets forth how he felt at the top of "Mons Jovis" or the Great Saint Bernard. He looked up indeed to the heavens of the mountains, and looked down on the hell of the valleys, and so far felt himself nearer heaven, and thought that his prayers were more sure to be heard. But let no one fancy that Brother John looked on the mountains as heavenly, or like heaven, in any sense but that of physical elevation. Not at all; when he begins to pray, he uses the exactly opposite comparison. He prays that he may be restored to his brethren that

he may warn them never to come to this place of torment. "For I may well," he goes on, "call it a place of torment, where the marble of ice makes a pavement of the stony earth, where you cannot plant your foot firmly, where you cannot set it down at all without danger, and in a wonderful way, you cannot stand on the slippery surface, and you fall down on certain death if you slip." John of Bremble, though an Alpine traveller, had certainly no claim to a place among the members of the Alpine club. He was a man of business, going across the Alps on business, and, even on Mons Jovis, he wanted to write home to his brethren at Canterbury. So he put his hand in his bag to take out his inkstand; but his ink was all frozen, and his hand was too benumbed to write. His beard was thick with ice; his very breath was turned into ice as it came out of his mouth. So he got away from the place of torment as fast as he could, and his spirits seem not to have come back to him till, after going, as he says, through a thousand deaths, he found himself at Rome.

Now it must in fairness be added that John of Bremble's journey, like the Emperor Henry's, was made in the winter; but there is surely here enough to show that he would not have greatly enjoyed an Alpine ascent, even in the midst of summer. But then Kings of the Romans and Monks of Christ Church, travelling with serious objects in view, could not choose their time like holiday travellers, and had to cross in winter or summer as might happen. Frederick Barbarossa crossed, in quite another part, and in an opposite direction from either Henry or John of Bremble, in the beginning of September, on his return from his coronation at Rome. In this case Lord Macaulay's view is fully realized. We do not know what Frederick or his historian Bishop Otto might have thought of the Alps if they could have contemplated them in safety; they clearly looked on them with simple horror when they were set upon by robbers or patriots, as we please to call them, in a narrow pass not far from Verona. The mountains are to Otto in such a case something very dreadful indeed. We hear of the "*fauces montium, saxumque fortissimum prope in declivo rupis inaccessibilem servans viam*;" of a "*rupes, eminentia sua terribilis, et fragosis locis saxorumque asperitate quasi inaccessibilis*." The same rock again is held to be "*cunctis mortalibus impermeabilis, solis avibus pervia*" — "*tanta fuit saxi eminentia, tanta fuit hispidæ rupis scabrosa malitia*." No doubt all this

was very awkward when military operations had to be carried on in such places, and when Caesar and his fortunes depended on the result of those operations. Bishop Otto does not seem, like Brother John, even to have felt for his inkstand; the Alps were to him simply a place from which it was a great matter to get away alive.

Yet these men were the very opposite to stupid or unobservant. The wideness and keenness of Otto's view of things is wonderful in his age, and would be honourable in any age. And, if any man ever went through the world with his eyes wide open, it was John of Bremble. He may be said to be the hero of Mr. Stubbs's second volume of documents of the reign of Richard the First. He is one of those writers who, by their fierce denunciations of the iniquities of the Roman Court, make us sometimes wonder that the Reformation did not come sooner. As with every other honest Englishman or German, as with St. Thomas of Canterbury among the foremost, the name of Roman is, as in the days of Liudprand, a synonym for everything that was bad. Exeter Hall itself might learn new flowers of anti-Papal rhetoric from many a devout monk or priest of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. But the truth is that this vehemence of language proves nothing, or rather it proves the intense faith with which they believed in the ideal Papal supremacy. They took the divine authority of the See of Rome so thoroughly for granted, it so little occurred to them that it was a thing which could possibly be spoken against, that

any amount of reviling of the concrete Pope, and still more of his concrete ministers, in no way affected their devotion to the ideal Papacy. It is the old story of Papirius offering Jupiter the cup of mulled wine; irreverence, whether in a Papirius, a John of Bremble, or a Spurgeon, by no means implying unbelief, but rather the most undoubting faith. They are all so sure of their position that they may take liberties. For it is not only with the Pope that John of Bremble takes liberties. He was undoubtedly a devout man, but he jokes on the subject of his very prayers, and brings in a Scriptural allusion on a very solemn subject in a way which many people would now think highly irreverent. He did not really think that he was nearer heaven, or that his prayers were more likely to be heard, on the top of the Great St. Bernard than on the level ground of Canterbury. Our modern notion is to treat religion and all that concerns it with a kind of distant respect. To a mediæval monk religion and all that concerned it were his profession, the daily business of his life, something that was anything but distant to him. If a good man, he believed fervently and practised conscientiously; but his religious belief and religious practice had nothing mysterious about them; they were everyday matters of which he was always thinking and talking, and on which he could therefore venture a joke without danger to his soul's health or the possibility of scandal among his brethren.

LITTLE FEET.

LITTLE feet, so glad and gay,
Making music all the day;
Tripping merrily along,
Filling all my heart with song;
Well I love your music sweet;
Patter, patter, little feet.

Sometimes anxious, I would know
Just what way these feet must go;
Praying oft that all be fair,
No thorns, no roughness anywhere;
That flow'rs may spring their steps to greet
Patter, patter, little feet.

But then I think that some have trod
Through thorns and briars the nearer God;
Though weak in faith, still I would dare
To offer up the earnest prayer
That CHRIST would choose whate'er is meet;
Patter, patter, little feet.

I press them in my hands to-night,
And kiss them with a new delight,
Believing that where'er they go,
My tender LORD will lead them so,
They'll walk, at length, the golden street,
Patter, patter, little feet.

ROCHESTER, Nov. 12, 1865. *Rural New-Yorker.*

From the Churchman's Family Magazine.

MR. AND MISS SEWELL.

AUTHORS OF HAWKESTONE, MARY HERBERT, ETC.

THOROUGHLY to appreciate the influence which has been exercised upon religious creeds by works of fiction, it is necessary to go back about one quarter of a century, when a party was flourishing in the Church of England peculiarly adapted to receive aid from the hands of the imagination. We mean the Anglo-Catholic party; which, based on a solid substratum of historical truth in the teaching of men of sense and learning, was nothing more than a society for the promotion of classical *tableaux vivants* and ecclesiastical masquerades among empty-headed young vicars and sentimental or designing young ladies. The whole of this section — the dressy section of the High Church party, as it may be called — dwelt with fervour upon the piety and poetry of the middle ages; and filled their minds with images of knightly saints and holy abbots; of consecrated maids and pale young priests; of picturesque monasteries, deep hidden among woods and waters, and wave-washed convents, on the rocks "of Holy Isle or Lindisfarne." As auxiliaries to this wing of the Anglican host, uprose on every side a multitude of ecclesiastical novels: like the minstrels, the jugglers, and the fortune-tellers, who followed in the wake of a great feudal army. Foremost among the writers whose amusing and interesting stories were dedicated to the surplice and the altar, were the lady and gentleman whose name stands at the head of this article. But before we proceed to give an account of their contributions to the cause, we may be permitted to pay a passing tribute to the genius of that celebrated man the Rev. William Sewell, formerly senior Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford, subsequently the Principal of Radley College, an institution which he himself founded, and now, with blighted hopes and broken fortunes, gazing sadly upon the wreck of that noble vessel, of whose crew he was so zealous a member.

We remember Mr. Sewell well. Twenty years ago he occupied as influential a position in the University of Oxford as any man then living. He was senior Tutor and virtually Dictator of one of its largest colleges. His undoubted eloquence, his unerring logic, which *would* not be denied, and his general intellectual powers, more than justified the admiration entertained for him by a host of undergraduate disciples. His conciliating manners, when he chose to assume them; his native humour, which was

considerable; and a reputation for austerity, which was never proved to be groundless, added greatly to the strength of his position, and caused certain minor deficiencies in both his scholarship and his judgment to be generally overlooked. In philosophy he was a staunch Platonist, and from his favourite author had derived, not only the foundations of his own religious creed, but even a manner of speaking, and, we might almost add, a peculiar intonation, which all who knew him must remember. When he laid his hand upon the shoulder of some favourite pupil, and spoke to him in that appealing and persuasive voice which he could command at will, none who heard him could fail to be reminded of the well-known *ἀλλ' ὁ φίλος Πλάτων* in which Socrates so often addresses his disciple in the dialogue "De Republica." In theology, Mr. Sewell was the champion — perhaps the greatest champion it has ever had — of that *via media*, the history whereof has lately been written by Dr. Newman. Far more than either Pusey, or Palmer, or Wilberforce, or Keble, or Williams, did Sewell for the cause he loved. But it was no use. The stone was doomed to be rolled down the hill again, as often as it was rolled up. The Anglican idea, after struggling manfully to take root in this inclement climate, confessed itself a practical failure. The fact is, it was too true to work. There was not sufficient alloy in it to make it a current sovereign. It was so narrow a path that only ecclesiastical bricklayers could walk along it without becoming giddy. And it has now given place to a debased but more useful working form of High Churchism, which it is greatly to its credit to have made possible, and to have prepared men's minds for accepting. It was, however, at the moment when this *via media* seemed upon the point of triumphing, that Mr. Sewell did that which alone entitles him to a place in this article — he wrote the novel of "Hawkestone."

This work was published anonymously; and it is a curious circumstance — curious, at least, when we think of this gentleman as he now is — that it was generally attributed to Mr. Gladstone. Those were the days when "Gladstone upon Church and State" was still a text-book with the High Church Tory party; and it is, therefore, not surprising that a tale which represented their ideal both in religion and in politics should have been assigned to its author. However, the supposition was an error; and the truth gradually becoming known, added greatly, of course, to Mr. Sewell's reputation among all those persons whose views

coincided with his hero's—the pattern Christian gentleman whom “Ernest Villiers” was intended to represent.

If “Hawkestone” was unduly admired at the time as a perfect exposition of the Anglican theory, and of the duties of laymen towards the Church, it has been unduly neglected since, regarded purely as a work of fiction. The plot, indeed, is too intricate, and too imperfectly worked out, to be entitled to the highest praise. But in the course of the story occur passages of as brilliant writing, and scenes of as strong dramatic interest, as are to be found in the best contemporary novelists. The hero is a young English gentleman, heir to an entailed estate, who at the opening of the novel is residing in Italy in close attendance upon his invalid father; General Villiers, a man of irritable and despotic temperament, who tries his son's patience to the utmost. While in this situation, young Villiers falls in love with, and privately marries, the daughter of an Italian market-gardener, who is made a reduced nobleman to accommodate the fastidiousness of Villiers, who could never have cast eyes of affection upon any one but a born lady. It so happened that before Villiers became acquainted with her, she had been beloved by his father's valet, an Englishman, but a Jesuit spy of the worst stamp, who, rendered furious by the loss, swears the most deadly vengeance against his master's son, which he is occupied in carrying out to the last day of his life. He begins well by spiriting away Villiers' infant child, after his mother had died of a decline, and thereby throwing the unfortunate widower into a violent fever, which brought him to the brink of the grave. On his recovery he returned to England, and his father, who had been dead some time, having disinherited him, he took service in the army. But this episode of his life is very briefly hurried over. The disinheriting turns out to be illusory; and the second act of the drama finds Villiers seated on his ancestral acres at Hawkestone Priory.

During Villiers' sojourn in Italy, he had been exposed to all the artifices which the Roman Church knows how to employ for the sake of gaining converts. But he had stood firm against them all, and was only the more penetrated with a profound sense of the dishonesty and wickedness which Popery in its worst forms encourages and uses. At the same time, there is a certain Lady Eleanor, a beautiful cousin, residing not far from Hawkestone, and still a member of the Roman Church, between whom and Villiers some love passages would seem to have

passed, before he fell in with the fair Pauline, and who, now that the latter is dead, appears to be in a fair way of resuming her sway over his heart. She, however, will not marry a heretic, nor be a Romanist. It is on Villiers' supposed attachment to her, that the emissaries of the Church of Rome still rely for effecting his conversation.

The town of Hawkestone is described as a prosperous manufacturing place, in which all things most hateful to the Anglo-Catholic and Tory mind, do flourish and abound: Dissent, Evangelicism, Romanism, commercial speculation, radicalism, Peelite conservatism, and Mechanics' Institutes. Nor far from the town lies “the Forest,” formerly what the name implies, but now given up to iron-foundries and other works; inhabited by a race of men little better than savages, churchless, gulleys, and lawless. Such is the neighbourhood which Villiers is to reform and regenerate. All these elements of evil are sketched by Mr. Sewell with a master's hand. His sarcasms upon popular Protestantism are perhaps too bitter. His invectives against the Church of Rome are perhaps too violent. But it is impossible to deny the wit, the power, and the general fidelity of the whole picture. The rector of Hawkestone is a paralytic. The curate is a Low Churchman, one Bentley, a well meaning but weak man, who is the innocent cause of Villiers becoming mixed up with an outbreak in the forest aforesaid, where he is besieged by a furious mob for five hours, and is ultimately rescued by a troop of dragons, just as the floor of the room in which the little garrison is assembled is burning under their feet. The whole of this scene—the events in the forest which led to it; the meetings of the rioters; the attack and defence of the inn; and the escape from fire which concludes it—are, we make bold to say, equal to anything of the kind in the English language. We are sure our readers will thank us for giving them a few extracts in confirmation of this eulogy. We are to suppose the mob—not indeed a mere mob, but to some extent drilled and disciplined—drawn up in front of the hotel and demanding the surrender of certain obnoxious persons sheltered within it. Villiers has spoken to them, at first with some little effect, but finally to bring upon himself only a tempest of stones and hisses.

“‘Now then,’ he said to Brown, ‘all of you to your posts!’ He drew his head within the window, closed down the sash, and begged Be-

van to put up the mattresses against it again, so as to leave a space from which, with his own pistols, he could command the entrance. It was the only window in the house where this was possible. 'Now go to the side walls. Charge the men to keep their fire as I have ordered, and on no account to fire promiscuously, where they may hurt women or children. Ask Mrs. Bonnor to come to me: it will initiate her in her duties to put a little lint on this hurt, which is a mere trifle.' It was done chiefly to relieve her mind by giving her some occupation; and the poor woman was aroused from the stupor of terror into which she had fallen, and began to bustle about, with Mary, for lint and rags, pleased with the thought of being useful, and relieved from much of her apprehension for the future by finding that the wound was of so little moment. Meanwhile, the firing of the pistol was the signal for the first attack. Twelve huge savage foundrymen, each wielding an enormous crowbar, with which they break open their furnaces, detached themselves from the front of the mob, and advanced to the door. Two blows were levelled on it, but failed to demolish it, but as the third man was poising his bar, and levelling against the lock, eight tongues of flame leaped out of the side walls, amidst a volume of smoke and discharge of musketry. The smoke cleared off. Six of the ringleaders were dead upon the ground: two others had been wounded; and amidst a yell, partly of terror and surprise, and partly of fury, the whole mass of assailants had recoiled, and left the space in front of the inn quite clear.

"I will make one more effort," said Villiers, gazing from the window on the sad sight beneath him. 'They have obeyed me well — have singled out the ringleaders, and marked them. It may be that Heaven will still touch their hearts, and we may be spared more of this frightful bloodshed.' He threw up the window again, and endeavoured to make himself heard. But the moment he appeared the uproar became terrific; several shots were fired at him, amidst a volley of stones; and Bevan dragged him back into the room.

"It is hopeless," he said. 'When blood has once been shed, a mob becomes a monster of ferocity. The battle must be fought out. Bear me witness that I have done all in my power to spare life.'

"He had no time, however, to say more. The assailants had consulted together, and gathering themselves in a dense column, they rushed, with a hideous cry, up to the front of the house. Once more the fire from the flanking walls opened upon them, and every shot told. Villiers himself, from his post at the window, fixed upon the most conspicuous of the assailants, and his aim rarely missed. From the attics the boys hurled down their paving-stones upon a mass of heads on which every missile did execution. The women themselves, kindled with the excitement, now joined in the defence; and arming themselves with kettles of boiling water, and pails of scalding liquor from

the brewhouse, poured them upon the eyes and faces of the pitmen, till they shrieked with agony. Body after body fell, and was trampled on by the advancing column, who, untouched as yet by the fire of the musketry, were not aware of the danger of approaching till they were close to the house, and there, excluded from retreat, aimed their ineffectual blows at the doors and windows, and then sank and were trodden down in a mass of carnage. Pressed and jammed together, they were unable to use their arms or to receive orders. In vain Wheeler, and others in command, endeavoured to make the advancing body recede, that there might be scope for a more regular attack. Everything was confusion and uproar; howlings of the wounded and dying; shriekings and horrible imprecations, as the torrents of boiling stuff were poured suddenly on their upturned faces; blasphemous outcries, which none but demons would have uttered; and rising above all, threats of the most horrible vengeance against Villiers, and all around him. At last their efforts succeeded. The panels of the door were smashed to atoms; the windows, the shutters, framework — all were demolished. A breach, it seemed, was made into the house; but to the disappointment of the attackers, both the passage and the rooms had been so filled with mattresses, drawers, and chests, and light chairs piled up to the ceiling, over which it was impossible to climb, that they were as far removed from their object as at first. Wheeler himself, furious when he found himself thus baffled, at last succeeded in forcing his men back from an unavailing attempt, in which life after life was sacrificed without their being able to touch the defenders of the little fortress. Once more the mass recoiled; the space before the house was cleared; and as Villiers looked down upon it again, now piled with corpses and heaps of mutilated and wounded bodies, groaning with pain, the clock struck four. Two hours were past of the four on which he had calculated to hold out. There was a pause — a silence as awful as the dead, breathless calm between the bursts of a hurricane. And Villiers sank into a chair, and burst into a flood of tears."

After the rioters have drawn off, Villiers and his party are left in the upper rooms of the burning house, from which there is no escape but by the windows, and there is nobody to set up a ladder for them.

"A few minutes more must bring the troops to them, but the delay of a minute might be fatal, and it might be some time before they could be discerned; and Villiers rose to go to another window, and endeavour to enlarge the opening to give more air. As he looked out from it he observed the leaden cistern. It was a considerable distance beneath him; but he resolved to venture. The cords of the bed were taken out, knots were tied in them, one end was made fast round a bedstead, and in the midst of the inexpressible anxiety of all who gathered to watch

his descent, he climbed through the window and slid down the rope. It swung fearfully as it received the weight; but he had been accustomed in youth to gymnastic exercises, and, setting his feet against the wall, he contrived to land himself safely on the brickwork edge of the cistern. But his foot had no sooner touched it than he endeavoured to spring up again, and hold by the rope. His ankle had touched the brick, and was blistered with the heat, for the store of wood and coal which were deposited in the place underneath had been set fire to, and had acted as a furnace. He clung to the rope with all his strength, as it swung backwards and forwards violently over the cistern; and as his eyes turned down they saw a sight enough to appal the stoutest heart, for the bottom over which he was swinging was full of melted lead. Even now his presence of mind did not forsake him. As the rope swung over the edge he arrested it with his foot, landed on the narrow brink, all but lost his balance, and fell backwards into the cistern; but with a desperate plunge he recovered himself, and the next moment threw himself on the ground. He fell upon his face, half-stunned, shattered and bruised, but with his senses still awake. As he rose upon his feet, he heard the dragoons galloping into the street, and a shout from the window over his head told him there was not a moment to lose. In an instant he was in front of the house. Some dragoons had dismounted. Together they rushed into the yard, and the ladder was raised to the window from which he had himself descended; it was the only one accessible. He would himself have mounted, but was conscious that his wounded arm and bruised frame rendered him less serviceable than others. The sergeant, therefore, ascended the ladder. The women were placed on it and reached the ground safely. Bonsor and Brown were preparing to lower Bentley from the window next, but just then a part of the floor began to give way. Bentley entreated them to save themselves; he was prepared for his fate. He would wait till the last. He entreated them not to think of him: and had nearly persuaded them to let the boys escape next, when, from the corner of the room in which he had been crouching, Wheeler sprang forward and thrust them aside. He leaped upon the window like a maniac escaped from his keeper. A prospect of saving his life was once more opened, and he threw himself upon the ladder — his foot missed — he strove to recover himself, but in vain. He tottered — staggered — clung to it, but in vain; and Villiers saw him fall headlong into the cistern. There was a cry such as no one then present had ever heard before — one of such unutterable horror that for years afterwards Villiers would wake up in the night, as he fancied he heard it in his dreams, and the cold sweat would stand upon his forehead. Villiers sprang upon the ladder. The miserable being had fallen upon his hands and knees in the pool of molten lead! He saw Villiers, and shrieked to him to save him. He called him by his name; but it was hopeless. He offered

worlds to save him! 'Take me out! take me out! It is a hell. I will tell all; I can tell you all. Oh, Mr. Villiers, help me! I can tell you what you would give worlds to know. I have seen your papers; I know where your child is. Help me, help me!' And as Villiers, struck to the heart, was almost plunging in to rescue him, the poor wretch fell upon his face. It was all over. Bentley, Brown, all of them, descended the ladder. They were saved — saved as by a miracle. They gathered round Villiers, who had saved them; but he had fallen against a wall like one petrified. 'I have seen your papers.' 'I know where your child is.' The words rang in his ears — 'I know where your child is.' Once more he sprang upon the ladder, in the vain thought that all might not be lost; but he was dragged back by Brown and Bevan. There was a crash — a shock — the roof fell in — and all was over.

"I always thought," said Bonsor to his wife the next day, 'that that leaden cistern had been built for some purpose.'"

After these specimens the reader, we should think, will agree with us that Mr. Sewell's powers as a "sensational" writer have hardly met with due recognition.

Villiers now settles down at Hawkestone, intent only on the discharge of the duties which belong to him as the chief landed proprietor of the neighborhood. To elevate the condition of the poor, to extirpate Dissent and Popery, and to exhibit "the true image of the Church in all its beauty to the poor as well as to the rich, not only by an individual, but by a body," are his three objects. And to this end he restores to the church whatever lands his ancestors had received out of her spoils at the Reformation, and builds near Hawkestone an institution which is neither a monastery, nor a college, nor an hospital, but partakes of the character of all three, where a small body of clergy reside permanently, conducting daily choral service in the adjoining village, and of course in the college itself, and doing all which the circumstances of modern life permit of to realize the ideal of Laud, and to make the Anglican theory a reality. His efforts in this direction are crowned with success. All opposition gradually dies away before his perseverance, and he is left at the end in the full enjoyment of all that satisfaction which is due to disinterested virtue, and sacrifices founded upon principle. He has, however, one more severe trial to undergo before he is finally at rest. The Jesuit valet, Pearce, who was, of course, at the bottom of all the Hawkestone riots, has brought up Villiers' son a rank Papist, and ready brawler and rioter. In a fresh outbreak, he is wounded and taken prisoner by Villiers

himself, and is left lying in the county gaol under sentence of death. Just at such an hour in the morning as he calculates will make it impossible for Villiers to reach the county town in time to see his son alive, Pearce, a prisoner at the Beguinage, reveals the secret to Villiers, who reaches the fatal spot — too late indeed to have stayed the execution, but to find that his son has taken poison, and that, though not dead, he is too ill to be hanged. Some affecting scenes follow between father and son, who, however, dies ultimately in a state of penitence, while a most horrible fate has overtaken Pearce, the villain of the story, who, in trying to escape from his confinement through an underground passage, is devoured by a tribe of rats.

The reader may now form some idea of the kind of frame in which Mr. Sewell's controversial work is set — a frame more valuable than the picture. Not but that the controversial writing in "Hawkestone" is extremely able; but the writer was in our eyes defending an untenable position. Villiers' arguments with Macarthy, the priest, at Rome, and his subsequent conversation with clergymen in England, bring out in the clearest and most advantageous light in which they are capable of being placed, the salient points of the Anglo-Catholic scheme, as revived by Newman, Keble, and Faber. But the book was so unswervingly and mercilessly just to the follies, weaknesses, and crimes of all parties alike that it made enemies in every direction. Of course the Evangelicals and the Romanists winced beneath the lash that was applied to them. But the High Churchmen also felt that Mr. Sewell was too hard on the amiable extravagances and youthful indiscretions of the weaker brethren; and on the whole, we should say that the great mass of his readers, if convinced by his reasoning, were repelled by his severity. In truth, as we have already said, Anglicanism "pure and simple" is a hard saying. Bearing all the odium of being Popish, without the compensating attractions of costume, candles, and genuflections; sacrificing much for the real liberty of the Church and for individual freedom, yet for ever being taunted as the sworn foe of both; devoid of the popular charms of either Popery or Dissent, it had from the first a desperate fight to maintain single-handed against a multiplicity of foes, till at last it was compelled, as it were, tacitly to make terms, to abate somewhat of its pretensions, and to admit within its pale men by no means warm sympathizers with the hopes of its first founders. "Hawkestone" was a

great blow struck upon the losing side; but on the whole the losing side it was. And if we commend the polemical portion of it to our readers at the present day, it is because they may therein study for themselves more agreeably than in any other work with which we are acquainted, exactly what it was that the men of 1833 proposed to themselves to accomplish, may see it set before them in a living dramatic shape, and carry away an impression of it not likely to be forgotten hereafter.

Miss Sewell's novels were not, as may be supposed, of so directly controversial a nature as her brother's. They sought rather to insinuate than to inculcate what were called Church principles; and we use the word insinuate not in any offensive sense, but simply to denote the indirect as distinguished from the direct method of instruction. In "Amy Herbert," in "Gertrude," in the "Experience of Life," and in most of her other well-known tales, the authoress always takes care that the exemplary heroine shall be a sound Church-woman, and shall at proper intervals throw out hints of the comfort and support which she derives from the Church services. But beyond this she does not generally go, though there is one exception, to be noticed hereafter, in which she does plunge into the thick of the controversy. Generally her advocacy is negative, rather than positive. Her characters, when in trouble, do not console themselves, as Low Church people would do. Their talk is not so much of faith, of election, and reprobation, as of high principle, of duty, and of the blessings which are in store for those people who use "the appointed means of grace," who seek for no irregular spiritual gratifications, but are contented to bathe in the waters which Providence has clearly designed for them — the Established Church, to wit, of England and Ireland. The sin of presumption is the deadliest sin of all in Miss Sewell's catalogue.

Her stories enjoyed at one time a very extensive popularity; and, as tales for "young people," are, without doubt, highly to be commended, irrespective of their religious bias. They show great knowledge of life, and more knowledge of human nature than is to be found in "Hawkestone." They do not as a rule rest on artfully-constructed plots or ingenious problems of psychology. Such would, in fact, be somewhat inconsistent with her main object; but they narrate, in a simple and engaging style, the fortunes of some ordinary people, of whom

a few are good, a few bad, and the rest indifferent, alternating between the other two extremes according to the preponderating influence of the moment. They are not works of profound wisdom or sagacity; they have none of the humour of Mr. Sewell, nor do they display any of that intellectual power which is possessed by several of our leading lady novelists. But they are thoroughly lady-like, refined, and pure; books, in a word, of which it may be said, with absolute truth, that if it is unlikely they should do any good, it is impossible they should do any harm. They are stories which the youth of both sexes, between sixteen and three-and-twenty, might be much better employed in reading than in imbibing the depraved atmosphere which surrounds "Lady Audley's Secret," "Guy Livingstone," and "Recommended to Mercy."

Of their effect, from an ecclesiastical point of view, we should say that it was widespread and lasting, if it did not cut so deep as "Hawkestone." Miss Sewell, we should say, exercised a sounder "moral influence" than her brother, and thereby strengthened and steadied the theological ideas which she hatched in her readers' minds. Mr. Sewell was all history, philosophy, and logic. A resident fellow and tutor to the age of fifty, he broke down upon domestic life. Here his sister went ahead. She could bring to bear upon her favourite religious notions all the subtle influence which emanates from well-drawn pictures of home life, from love, courtship, marriage, and the daily joys and sorrows of a household. There are certain medicines which are efficacious in proportion to the thoroughness with which they can be got to amalgamate with our ordinary food, and it is the same with political or religious "views." Get them inextricably associated with persons and scenes which have warmly affected the imagination, and dwell agreeably on the memory, and the battle is more than half won. Scott, it is said, made many more Tories than either Pitt, or Alison, or Eldon, or the "Quarterly Review," or the "John Bull." And novels undoubtedly will make more converts to particular kinds of opinions than set essays. But then they must be novels. And herein is Miss Sewell's special excellence; in her tales the story is never overlaid by the purpose. They are novels: whereas in "Hawkestone" the good that would be done to the High Church cause would be rather in spite of than because of the fiction. In spite, also, of the splendid writing that we have quoted and referred to, Mr. Sewell

hardly interests us in his characters as human beings. We can hardly fancy any young man wishing to be a High Churchman because Villiers was a High Churchman; but we can fancy young ladies wishing to think as Amy Herbert and Gertrude thought, simply for the sake of being like them. So that, although Miss Sewell did not, with the exception presently to be noticed, lead her readers into the controversy between Dissent, Anglicanism, and Popery, she yet contrived to leave a well-marked impression on their minds that the Church was the right thing, and that all people who were "nice" were Church people.

"Margaret Percival" is the exception to which we have referred. The heroine of this story is represented under the influence of temptations which would try the strongest natures. She contracts a warm attachment for a young lady who had married an Italian nobleman, and on his death had returned to her native country, and settled on the estates which she possessed near Margaret's home. She is, of course, a Roman Catholic, and is accompanied by the regular Roman Catholic confessor of this school of fiction—learned, devout, zealous, sincere, and in a general way high-minded, but where the interests of his Church are at stake, unscrupulous. Father Andrea and the Countess Novara between them shake to its foundations Margaret's allegiance to her own Church. The society of the Countess becomes in time her sole pleasure, and her only refuge from the petty cares and troubles of a somewhat uncomfortable home. The Church of England is not represented to advantage in the parish of Dering; and the one frail tie which still holds Margaret within her pale is the respect with which she looks up to Mr. Sutherland, her uncle, an English Churchman of the model Anglican type. He it is who at last determines her wavering footsteps in the right course, and gives to his own creed a logical and a moral triumph over its rival. Margaret is convinced by his reasoning that Romanism in England is schismatic, and is likewise brought to see that she herself has been guilty of that dreadful sin of "presumption."

The arguments by which the various participators in the controversy sustain their parts are the same as in the pages of "Hawkestone." The following extract will convey a fair idea to our readers of Miss Sewell's mode of viewing the Romish method of proselytism:—

"Italy was now become a familiar land to

Margaret, and by degrees she learnt to regard it in the same light with the Countess, not merely as the focal centre of historical associations, but as the seal and fountain-head of Christianity; for if it were enjoyment to enter into the Countess's feelings when she spoke of human acts and institutions, still more delightful was it to share the spirit of her devotion when she spoke of the Romish Church. Upon that subject, above all others, Beatrice loved to expatiate, yet not without prudence and forethought. She did not enter into argument, but she took pains to open Margaret's eyes to many of the exaggerations which hitherto had warped her judgment when thinking of Romanists. Instructed by Father Andrea, the Countess was careful to set forth the theory rather than the practice of her Church, and this in its mildest form. Margaret learned that indulgences were a remission of temporal canonical punishments, and supposing this to mean simply the remission of ecclesiastical penances, she inquired no further. Nothing was said to her of such inscriptions as that in the church of 'S. Pietro in Carcere,' at Rome, which grants every day to each one who shall visit it one thousand two hundred years of indulgence, doubled on Sundays and festivals, and moreover every day the remission of the third part of sins. She was taught to regard the titles of 'Ark of the Covenant,' 'Gate of Heaven,' 'Refuge of Sinners,' by which the blessed Virgin is addressed by Romanists, as founded entirely on the worship of Him who condescended to be born of a woman; and she did not seek to know whether such titles were sanctioned by the Primitive Church, and whether they do not presuppose a knowledge — only to be obtained by revelation — of what the present state of the mother of our Lord now is, together with her possession of that attribute of omnipresence which shall enable her to hear the prayers of all at all times. So again Margaret was informed that the Romish Church was infallible; but she did not ask that which nobody has yet been able to determine, where the infallibility lay. She heard it asserted that the early heresies were denounced by the Catholic Church, without pausing to doubt whether Catholic and Roman Catholic were synonymous terms, or whether the Bishop of Rome was at that time the head of the Christian Church. She heard the Council of Trent placed on the same footing with the first General Councils, and it did not enter into her head to study its constitution, or to question how it could be a general council when so large a portion of the Christian world as the Greek Church was excluded from it. She was told that Romanism was identically the same with primitive Christianity, and knowing little of either she took the assertion for granted; while at the same time she was unconsciously guilty of the gross unfairness of judging Rome by her theory, the English Church by her practice."

It would be a departure from the precise object of these articles were we to take up these several positions one by one, and examine them in detail. But we may express an opinion on the fairness and practical utility of this general estimate of Romish controversy. There is no doubt that the oversight described in the last of this long list of charges is one of which many persons in the English Church are guilty, while in the same frame of mind as was Margaret Percival. They judge the Roman Church by its theory, and the English Church by its practice. And more than this, they will not believe facts unfavourable to Romish practice, however public and notorious. Mr. Sewell himself has not exaggerated this foolish incredulity. "No," said Pearce, "this would not do in England. But they may do what they like in Ireland. People here believe nothing they hear of it." "No," replied O'Fogarty, "I heard some one in Oxford mention this very fact in the set with whom I was staying, and they turned up their noses, and declared that it was false; it must be false though the reporter saw it with his own eyes." Every delinquency and short-coming of the Anglican Church is seized upon by minds in this diseased state, and greedily accepted as evidence against her catholicity. Every apparent excess, extravagance, or imposition of the Romish Church is either explained away, or remonstrants are told that there is a good explanation and justification of it if we only knew what it was. To contend with reasoning of this kind is like fighting with the wind. Such persons have for the time being made up their minds; and all are foregone conclusions with them. They have determined to take the word of Roman Catholic clergymen for whatever seems objectionable in their system, and to reject the word of Anglican clergymen for whatever seems objectionable in theirs. Still of course it is only fair to them to ask by what means they have brought themselves or been brought into this state of mind. And we do not think it is always done by the means here described by Miss Sewell. That many of the dogmas and assumptions of the Romish Church may be thus glossed over, or misrepresented, to the ears of willing hearers, we readily allow; but something more than this is needed in many cases to create the willingness. There are persons with stronger minds than Margaret's, who tell you that they acknowledge what is bad in Rome, and appreciate what is good in England. But they regard the

latter somewhat in the same light as that in which the Thirteenth Article regards "works done before justification." The errors of Rome are the exceptional frailties of a person in a state of grace. The virtues of Anglicanism are the sour and unprofitable fruits of an unregenerate nature. In other words, they contend that the Church of Rome has about her all the marks of a true church; and that such a church, though she may be mistaken as to means, can never go wrong as to ends; that the Church of England, on the other hand, has not these marks; and, consequently, that it is safer to err with the former than to be right on any special point with the latter. The depository of truth in the world must, they argue, have authority to proclaim and protect that truth. Any other supposition is repugnant to common sense. The Church of Rome has that authority. The Church of England has not. If she ever had it, she has now lost it. Consequently they are compelled on this *à priori* ground alone to accept Rome, and to swallow at one comprehensive gulp whatever may be wrapped up within the ample theory of development. There can, we fear, be little doubt that recent events within the English Church have terribly strengthened their position. The best mode of assailing it is to point out first that in spite of the want of discipline, and the silence of authority within the Anglican pale at present, no Catholic doctrine has yet been *lost*; no essential article of faith, or even practice, been dropped out of her creeds or formularies; and, to urge in the second place, that half a century or so is nothing in the life of the Church; that it is a short time even as a period of trial and purgation; and that if we can be satisfied on other grounds of the integrity of the Anglican title, we ought not to believe on this alone, that she has been permitted to lapse irrevocably out of the Catholic system. To the particular state of mind on which these topics are intended to operate, neither Miss Sewell nor her brother have addressed themselves. In their day, no doubt, the difficulty was one of a different kind. The movement of 1833 had created a taste for greater splendour of ceremonial, a thirst for greater formal demonstrations of ecclesiastical power and prerogative — had, in a word, kindled the *imaginings* of the rising generation of Church people. Rome took advantage of that state of mind then, as she takes advantage of the dissatisfaction felt with the helpless state of the English Church now. But of course the

two kinds of danger arising from these two different sources must be met by two distinct modes of treatment. What we had to fear then was a vague and roving sentimentalism which affected great numbers of the young, but which was in itself a comparatively mild complaint, and under judicious treatment did not often end fatally. What we have to fear now is a prejudice which has its roots in the reason; a disease which drives its fangs into the logical powers, and which as it comes home only to fewer and older persons, is deeper and deadlier in proportion. "Hawkestone" and "Margaret Percival" are as powerless over this disorder as magnesia is to cure the cholera. But we cannot blame their authors for not providing medicines for a future and as yet unforeseen development of the Romish fever, besides devising remedies for that which raged before their eyes.

The change which has come about in the relative positions of Rome and England since 1840, is, indeed, extremely curious and interesting. We do not participate the absurd expectations entertained by Rome herself of the work that she is to accomplish in England. But we fear that, just at the present moment, she is in a better position than she was twenty years ago. The causes of the change are some of them obvious, and some only to be seen upon reflection. Among the first is, of course, the temporary weakness inflicted on the Church of England by the loss of so many able men as accompanied Newman in his secession. A still more influential one is the knowledge which Rome in turn derived from her converts; a knowledge we mean of England and the English character which she never possessed before. She has turned this knowledge to marvellously good account. She now keeps much more in the background than she used to do the more offensive elements of her system. She consults to some extent the simplicity and severity of English taste. She has been warned of the acuteness of English common sense, and has renounced, in great measure, that palaver of liberalism which once used to render her so hateful. These are two of the causes to which Rome is indebted for the more favourable position which she now occupies. A third, and more deeply cutting one than either, lies in the extraordinary and rapid evolutions of English theology within the same period of time. Shut our eyes to the fact as we will, the tendency of these movements has been to mark men off more and more into two distinct camps, with a natural tendency on

both sides to espouse the extreme view. There is the side of authority and the side of freedom. The first feeling itself driven more and more every day to look out for some visible depository of the trust committed to the Church, some rock amid the waters on which it may repose with safety; the other losing faith every moment in all theological dogmatism, and all ecclesiastical government, and drifting rapidly to the conclusion that the gospel is nothing more than a slight improvement on the "Ethics," and that Christianity was not so much a revelation as the infusion into the world of what is called "a better spirit." People are growing impatient of compromise, and of that view of things according to which the greater the compromise the greater the truth. Men's passions are embittered, and the exhortations of Anglicanism are now as powerless to restrain them as were those of Latinus to restrain his countrymen from war.

"Major martis jam apparet imago."

And in this situation of affairs Rome has a great advantage. We cannot pursue the subject at present. It is sufficient for us to have sketched the gulf that intervenes between the ecclesiastical "situation" in the days of "Hawkestone," and that which exists now.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ABIGAIL.

CHAPTER I.

THE MURDERER.

THE distinction of the Howes' drawing-room was its old fashioned rosiness: wreaths of rose-buds, with a border of tiny roseleaves on a white ground for the paper on the walls; little groups of roses in imitation moss for the design of the carpet; rose-coloured damask, and rosewood furniture, and dried rose leaves in pink china bowls on the card-tables.

A drawing-room where 'I'd be a butterfly' might have been sung appropriately, as like our grand-mother's pretty hacknied idea of a rose bower as possible.

There was a little reflection of the rosiness, full-blown and of the cabbage-rose variety (but the rose by the name of cabbage does not fail to smell sweet, in fact

smells sweetest of all), on Mrs. Howe's matron cheeks; and the olive moire gown which she wore on the occasion of a dinner-party, given by the first attorney in Ashley to a newly-married couple, stood for the green leaves.

There was no rosiness about Mr. Howe, displayed on the hearth-rug — like the carpet, a mass of roses — composing his mind to his fate as host, except that he was just the bald, bent-headed, pale-complexioned business man in irreproachable black broadcloth, watered silk vest, neat pearl pin, and large white cornelian seal at his watch-guard, to own a rosy drawing-room.

The girl in the black lace dress, one of those happy dresses which have a simple, graceful character in all ranks, with the little refined, intelligent face, delicate nostrils, sensitive mouth, fine low brow, and brightly bronzed hair (the one thing bright about her), a more refined and intelligent than blooming face, was also the girl, by several steps more advanced in cultivation than her father and mother, likely to be the daughter of a rosy drawing-room.

One might as soon have expected to find a grave in a flower-garden as the trace of a tragedy on the stage of the rosy drawing-room, among the *dramatis persone* of a harmless, respectable family group. But there are social tragedies performed in honest circles, from the queen's court to the cook's kitchen. A poor little woman's happiness had been murdered in the rosy drawing-room as certainly as ever hapless elderly gentleman was knocked on the head in a railway carriage. More than that, the breathless corpse was buried in the familiar haunt; and the three persons present were treating what was no secret according to their natural instinct. Mrs. Howe was covering the grave and pretending it had never been, as a daisy will perk up its head on the turf by a path no longer trodden, and a kettle sing by a hearth when other songs are silent. Mr. Howe, whom Mrs. Howe had lived with in the nearest relation for five-and-twenty years, and knew no better at the end of them than to declare of him that Mr. Howe, like all other married, middle-aged men of business, had not a particle of sentiment (it is to be conjectured that Mrs. Howe associated sentiment with down on the upper lip, fancy straw hats, shooting and yachting jackets, and mutinous assertions of 'I won't go home till morning'), planted his square-toed, glossy black feet, doggedly on the trampled down, withered spot. He had never praised his daughter to her face in

his life, hardly ever behind her back; but he had rated his girl so highly in the shrine of his thoughts, that he would have had it an honour for the first man in the country to win her regard. He would have had her stand so far above every man that she should have shown favour to none except upon a humble and assiduous suit. He had been in his gruffness silently, austere, chivalrous on the points of women and love affairs; and he had not wished his only child, for whom he had provided, and who was the light of his eyes, married away from him. But the customs of society and women were against him. Now he stood there prepared to shake the hand, and share his bread and salt with the man who had wronged him in the tenderest quarter, and not with any feeling of forgiveness, but in self-defence and to prevent scandal, like the coarse handling of a wound. He had never mentioned the subject to his daughter, hardly ever to his wife, to his mind there was degradation in the idea; but as he stood there in his plain quiet pride and bitterness, he whom Mrs. Howe would no more have suspected of match-making than the judge on the circuit, or the bishop come for a confirmation, he was turning over impatiently in his thoughts whether there was any young fellow about Ashley who had ever shown incipient symptoms of admiration for Abigail, which might be fostered and developed, if the young fellow were only manly and upright, though his wordly position was but tolerable, into a grand passion and a declaration of marriage. A speedy marriage with a man who would love and cherish her, was the thing the most to be desired for Abigail and them all, and he had lived long enough to welcome it.

For Abigail Howe, the girl in the black lace dress, with the little refined face, she sat and listened to her mother remarking how well she was looking, and running over the names of the young people who were expected along with the married couples, and foretelling how much they would enjoy themselves, ignored the grave which concerned her so nearly, but sat and looked at it nevertheless, with a keen intensity of vision, like an additional sense, while she was professing to draw on her gloves; and at the same time felt inconsistently as if the corpse that grave contained were again led out alive to be shot and stabbed.

The first ring at the door-bell brought not the Bingham from the Hanger, Humphrey used to be first, but Humphrey Bing-

ham's partner in the factory. Tom Prior was a man thirty-three years by the register, but much younger-looking, the son of an old confidential clerk of the Bingham, with a great, honest admiration for Humphrey. He had frank and genial qualities of his own when he was quite at his ease; but he was seldom at his ease in company, otherwise he was a quiet gentlemanlike fellow where his shyness did not get the better of him, and he made a desperate, unsuccessful, unbecoming effort to conceal it by being noisy, doing his mind an injustice as he habitually did his body, tall and swinging, by dressing half in a shabby, half in an *outré* fashion, and by wearing a tremendous black beard and whiskers—one of these hairy adornments being more than sufficient for his dark, thin, persistently boyish face, with its gentle mouth and pair of earnest, eager eyes. After paying his respects incoherently to Mr. and Mrs. Howe, Tom Prior drifted rather wildly towards Abigail and settled beside her, giving her the trouble of making conversation for him, while she saw him already putting forth his restless, uncanonical hand and disarranging the dahlias and ferns she had grouped in the flower-glass. He answered her in monosyllables, till all at once he dashed into extravagant encomiums on Mrs. Humphrey Bingham, and called on Abigail to second his admiration and confirm his opinion that Mrs. Humphrey was the very wife for Humphrey, worthy of Humphrey, and Humphrey worthy of her.

Abigail did not attribute her companion's talk to malice; she was aware, with all Ashley, that Tom Prior was the greatest blunderer as well as the cleverest fellow in the town; extraordinarily obtuse on some points, exceedingly simple on others, liable to obstinate delusions and odd vagaries. She did not take it ill in Tom Prior that he should thus taunt her. She knew that he saw nothing wrong that Humphrey did, that Tom was content to be the working partner in the factory, and had a genuine pride in the country-gentleman pursuits and accomplishments which came as naturally to Humphrey Bingham, as if he had been born to them. 'Have you seen Humphrey's bay horse, Miss Howe?' Tom used to ask, breathlessly, before Humphrey had a wife to be praised; 'well, did you ever see such an animal? Steps as high as my head, and Humphrey manages it as if it were a donkey.' Abigail was not angry; she answered Tom in a soft, gracious manner, which brought a dusky flush into all that was seen of Tom's cheek, caused him to

champ the ends of his whiskers and beard fiercely, sent his wistful eyes to the toes of his worn boots, that had a trick of protruding in an ungainly manner from his dress trousers. These trousers, with his coat, had been so ingeniously ill-folded, they were creased from wrist to heel; he might have been sleeping in them for a week; they might as well have been out at the elbows and frayed at the feet, for any effect, either of a fine income or a careful toilette, they were calculated to produce on the public. At last Tom brought the conversation to an abrupt full stop as impulsive-ly as he had begun it.

The next ring ushered in the three Miss Mainwarings — old friends of Mrs. Howe's — ladies of a certain, or rather an uncertain, age, — who had been kind to Abigail from childhood, and were without reservation excellent women, for it was not their fault that the established costume of the day would not suffer them to cover their poor, bald, and grey heads decently, and that their single state and narrow income forced them to have many masculine cares and small worries, and shut them out from wide interests, bright, breezy, crowded prospects in life; so that their voices had now a sharp, now a thin tone, and their chat was of Ashley — mostly what could be seen of it from the Miss Mainwarings' windows, — dribbles of chronicles local and domestic, such as that Mrs. Leech's sister had arrived by the train that afternoon after all, and not put off her visit another week as Mrs. Leech had feared; and it was to be apprehended old Mr. Reeve's cough was worse, for his little boy was heard ringing Dr. Lewis's surgery-bell as early as seven o'clock that morning. Blameless, contented woman! yet it recurred to Abigail's mind with invincible repugnance that one of the Miss Mainwarings was said to have met with a 'disappointment' in her youth; and leaping to a conclusion, Abigail speculated in the intervals of her halting conversation with Tom Prior, whether she too would draw down and drag in her upper lip, or put up her handkerchief to her mouth every time that she laughed to hide her two false teeth, like Miss Bella Mainwaring; or stiffen her front fingers past the second joints with the hereditary rings of the Mainwarings, and feel as confident that they compensated for, and cast a distinguished lustre over, a second-rate, ill-made, drab poplin gown, as Miss Mainwaring.

The Miss Mainwarings were followed in quick succession by Mr. and Mrs. Porteous — a rich, retired couple, who had come to

Ashley Lodge, and grumbled loudly because they had more money than they could spend and no children to spend it. Little Mrs. Dudgeon and her husband, who occupied Ashley Cottage until old Mr. Dudgeon should die and vacate the Bank House, and groaned deeply because they had not enough money to live upon and no end of children to make away with it, but did not think of presenting any of the olive-branches to the Porteouses, as the world sardonically suggested. Mr. Bellairs, the scrupulous vicar, thin-lipped, weak-eyed, white-cyclashed — so engrossed with the anise and cumin of minor forms and creeds that it was morally impossible, reckoning by the average age of man, and not by the centuries of the patriarchs, that he could, in the course of one life, arrive at the weightier matters of the law. Mrs. Vallance, the rich widow without an encumbrance, whom everybody in Ashley barefacedly and unblushingly courted by a kind of superstitious idolatry, expecting no gain from her spare cash (and these most attentive who needed her money least), since she was neither hospitable, handsome, witty, nor amiable, but oppressively pompous and dreadfully slow both in body and mind. The two Lewis girls, Abigail's companions, whose father, the old plodding doctor, was called to the country as usual.

Abigail felt most uncomfortable with respect to the Mainwarings and the Lewises. When Miss Margery Mainwaring, the fat sympathetic sister of the spinsters, sat close to Mrs. Howe and whispered confidentially to her, glancing significantly at Abigail, how could Abigail tell that Miss Margery was only observing that dear Abigail was looking lovely to-night — that black lace dress never got a bit worse, and hinting, with preventive caution, that Mr. Tom Prior seemed much struck by her; he would not get up from his seat by the young lady of the house; he had not offered to relinquish his chair to any of them, and if Mr. and Mrs. Howe did not approve of attentions in that quarter — though Miss Margery was disposed to regard Mr. Tom with favour as a very fair rising fish, particularly now that other fish were out of the sea — the present was the time to nip them in the bud. Abigail was terrified lest Miss Margery should be taking advantage of old friendship to presume to pity her and dare to abuse him with, 'How well she is keeping up, poor dear!' and, 'I wonder what the fellow will think?'

Then the Lewises were in reality principally taken up with the bride — what she would wear; it was said she had brought

over the most *recherché* gowns from Paris, but perhaps she would think them too good for an Ashley dinner; whether she would be frank and good-natured as well as beautiful, and a fortune, and have people at the Hanger, and chaperon Ashley girls occasionally to assize balls and breakfasts? If Abigail had been able to call all her wits about her, she might have judged that the story of Humphrey Bingham and Abigail Howe was already out of date to girls who had their own destinies to settle, and their own fortunes hanging in the balance. If they had been jilted they would either have refused to meet the jilter, fallen ill and had the diversion of being ordered away from Ashley for change of air and scene, or they would have paraded their carelessness and made a dead set with their hearts on the rebound, as indeed they were doing without their hearts having been bent, at Humphrey Bingham's partner. But though Tom Prior was unheroically fond of being made up to, drawn out, met half way, it saved him such laborious exertion and agonies of nervousness, and was in danger of being boisterous with accommodating girls in Swiss bodices and Jenny Lind curls, like the Lewises, he did not respond to their advances to-night, but hung back, and, as the Miss Mainwarings expressed it, would not give up his seat by the young lady of the house, and his opportunity, if Mr. Howe did not name another man, of taking her down to dinner.

If Abigail, for her self-respect, had but been able to forget how the Lewises had been given to teasing her about Humphrey Bingham — to coming in with intelligence that they had met Humphrey Bingham with his skates over his shoulder, or his cricket-bat in his hand, and he had stopped them to inquire whether there would be any ladies on the pond or in the field, and they had replied they were going to Church-street and they would speak of it to Miss Howe, and he had charged them to do so, and he would be on the look-out to take them on the ice or into the Gate, — sure that the news would be acceptable, and it had been acceptable. Abigail had been angry at first, and she had never felt inclined to tell the Lewises her secrets, but she had ended by liking nothing better than such idle, half-jesting communications. She had been so foolishly fond of Humphrey Bingham that the mere sound of his name, and she could detect it across the hum of a crowded room, had been welcome; it had been pleasant, however idiotically pleasant — pleasanter than anything would ever be

in the world again, — to hear Criss or Sophy Lewis so much as wind up their rambling descriptions of places they had been at with, 'and your friend Humphrey Bingham was there.' And in the end it would have been a blessing if Abigail's memory had been as short as Humphrey's and the Lewises.

At last came the carriage from the Hanger, and the couple were half-way up the staircase, while Criss Lewis was commenting that new masters — or mistresses in this case — made new laws; Tom Prior was springing up to do honour to Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Bingham, as if their host and hostess were not sufficient; Mr. and Mrs. Howe were coming forward — Mr. Howe ceremoniously, Mrs. Howe really cordially — she could not be anything but cordial, as the cabbage-rose could not do anything but smell sweet; and Abigail was rising, with her head swimming, her hands growing cold as ice, her very lips feeling cold as they whitened. But it was a wise, stanch head, which she must hold high and carry bravely, though the Spartan boy's wolf was in her woman's breast, under the folds of the black lace; and there were two mocking voices, one at each ear, telling her in different tones, 'Oh fie, Abigail, to fear to meet a married man!' and 'he never said in so many words, "Abigail, will you be my wife?"'

Humphrey, with his wife on his arm, unchanged, only blushing a little as he caught Abigail's eye; big, broad-shouldered Humphrey, who made Tom Prior look like a lath beside him; Humphrey, with his masses of tawny hair and beard, sunlit like Abigail's, which had set the fashion to Tom Prior, but which caused Tom's facial forest to look grim by comparison — a great blue-eyed fellow with a presence full of strength, frankness, and kindness, and the inconsiderateness of a child, owning plenty of sense and an intellect not without a heavy trenchant power, but reflection, talent, and penetration, except by instinct, null. There was the murderer with his murder sitting lightly upon him, as may be the case with most murderers, remorse being probably a popular fiction like poetic justice; and certainly if no evil intent could bring down the accusation against him to manslaughter, Humphrey was entitled to the commutation. It was trying — the first shaking hands with Abigail Howe: when the last time he had clasped the cold fingers he had detained them in his broad palm, in that rosy drawing-room too, under the impression that he would hold them thus, figuratively, through

life, and he was sure Abigail had known what was in his mind. But if so, why had she not done anything to detain him? A straw would have kept him by her side then, a word caused him to commit himself; or why had she not gone on that visit he had wished her to pay to the Southcotes—friends of both of them—when he would have joined her, and almost to a certainty declared himself, beyond recall, before following his mother and sisters into Green-shire? Instead of that she allowed him to go away among influences confessedly hostile to her, well aware all the time that he was an easy-going fellow, who would do anything for peace: some women were so cold and prudish, and they must take the consequences. Then he met Alice, his beautiful high-spirited Alice, who made no bones of bringing him to her feet, and there was the end of it. He supposed most men found it awkward to meet some girls after their marriages; for his part there were other girls in different parts of the country he would not care to see, for an interval, any more than Abigail Howe; though he was thankful there was no one else who could somehow cut him up in the middle of his happiness, and cost him a horrid disagreeable incomprehensible feeling as if he regretted what he had done, and yearned for something different, when he had been very proud and glad to win Alice, and she suited him perfectly, enabled him to quit the Factory any day too, and go in for no end of improvements on the dear old Hanger. He was a fool for his pains. Abigail Howe was far too strait-laced, too delicate-minded, too good and guileless, poor soul, to waste regrets upon a married man; she had never cared much for him, or she might have had him, that was the fact; he was willing to acknowledge it, mortifying as it was to his vanity. She had been too good for him—not that Alice was not good, but Alice's goodness was more like his own, more in the way of the world.

There was Humphrey's manly, comely figure and face lighting up Abigail's eyes, and his ringing voice making music in her ears, as they had ever done; and Abigail's crown of sorrow was that they could not darken to her gaze and make discord of sound, or cause her to hate him. For what? There had been no deliberate treachery. It had been in the essence of Humphrey's constitution to be light and fickle, to forget and amuse himself, to desert and replace her by another. He was the same Humphrey whom Abigail had all along known and loved; it was her own fault if she had loved

him, being unworthy; and how could she begin hating him now simply because the defects of his character had been directed against her and had reduced her to despair? In place of hating him, it gave her exquisite pain, as a consideration by itself, that Humphrey should be vexed and abashed to come to Church-street, that he should keep away from her, dislike to encounter her; that he should begin to hate her, when she would do anything in the world at this moment to spare him pain, to save his little finger from aching.

Neither could one little ceremony, however sacred or fatal, reverse the tide in which her nature had been flowing for many months, and efface all accumulated influences and associations. He would have been Humphrey Bingham to Abigail all the same though he had become Turk, and been privileged to appear with a hundred wives—the man Abigail had thought of and dreamt of, and been foolishly glad to meet with, and foolishly sad to part from, during two of her twenty years of life. There was Humphrey, and there on his strong caressing arm was the woman who had supplanted Abigail, she who filled the proud and happy place from which Abigail was shut out, to continue the much-thought-of daughter in the dull, stifling house in Church-street, and grow in time old, narrow, and loveless, a great deal worse than the Miss Mainwarings—for there were three of them.

Mrs. Humphrey had thought it worth while to dress well. She wore a pink silk trimmed with black velvet, and a set of topazes on her neck and arms. The soft pink, so much more delicate than the rosiness of Mrs. Howe's drawing-room, and the black velvet, became her beauty admirably. She was a beautiful woman of one and twenty, with the silkiest black hair, large, well-opened, dark-grey eyes, and a rich creamy white and pure pale pink complexion. She had a tall, elegant figure, rounded and undulating in its slenderness, and was a handsome creature, even to the daintiest tapering hands and most arched and fairy feet. She was lively; the waiting company could hear her voice chattering and laughing with Humphrey before the door was opened, and she soon showed a habit of arching and depressing her somewhat marked black brows, and shrugging her sloping shoulders, which the Ashley people in their primitiveness called French-looking. But there was no affectation about her; there might be a little air of self-satisfaction, an anticipation of the sensation she would create when she entered the room, as if she claimed it as a right—

nothing more. She was very self-possessed for so young a married woman, more so than Humphrey for a married man—but then there were drawbacks where Humphrey was concerned.—and very affable for a beauty, an heiress, and well born as she was wealthy. There was no haughtiness about Mrs. Humphrey, and she intended to make herself agreeable: perhaps the intention was a shade too apparent, but that was an amiable weakness; and all the eyes upon her noted that she was particularly friendly to her husband's partner, Tom Prior, as he made reverent salaams to her, and betrayed an ardent desire to kiss the ground she and Humphrey trod upon. In short young Mrs. Humphrey Bingham came, saw, and conquered the little circle she chose, like an acute young woman, to conquer. Abigail Howe was ready to gratify Tom Prior by assenting with quiet conviction to his fervent and exulting protestations that Mrs. Humphrey, take her all in all, was the most charming woman he had ever come across, and Mrs. Humphrey was Humphrey's.

Mrs. Humphrey had no objection to being Humphrey's. In her conversation—and she talked a great deal in return for Mr. Howe's polite monosyllables on the one side of her, and Miss Mainwaring's little speeches on the beauty of the neighbourhood, the convenience of the markets, and Dr. Lewis's disinclination to be questioned about his patients, on the other—there were incessant allusions to Humphrey, or “my husband,” or the Hanger. She appealed more than once to Humphrey as to an authority at her command. “Humphrey, please tell Mr. Howe how they dredge for oysters on the French coast.” “Humphrey, you remember the name of the gentleman connected with Ashley, who crossed the Simpson along with us?” Abigail had it dinned into her ears that Humphrey belonged to another; but it was the strangest of all to hear the favoured stranger alluding to persons and things about Ashley of which Humphrey had told her, and making garbled statements of the events of the past year which Abigail knew a thousand times better than she knew them. “That Aberwich road where Mr. Bingham met his fall following the hounds.” Pooh! it was not the Aberwich but the Haverton road which it had turned Abigail sick to pass weeks after the accident. “The week my sister Millicent spent at the Hanger last winter,”—when it was not Humphrey's sister Millicent, but Fanny, who had stayed ten days at Bachelor's Hall, as Humphrey had called it, and begged Abigail to keep her company

part of the time, and professed to like Abigail very much as her friend, though she opposed her with all her might when there was a chance of Abigail being her sister. Not that she and the women of the family were in any way dependent on Humphrey, but because the match with Abigail Howe was not one projected by Humphrey's sisters, Fanny and Co., and because he might do a great deal better—and he had done a great deal better they would reflect triumphantly. Abigail wondered with a vague wonder whether she would thus have publicly asserted her possession of Humphrey, and if by any chance she could have as glibly mangled similar carelessly picked-up details.

There were two particulars Abigail discovered of Mrs. Humphrey before the company rose from the dinner table. First, that the young wife had a great deal to say which was not very much worth hearing, unless because it was the generally inoffensive and occasionally airy gossip of a pretty, pleasant, cultivated woman; and second, that although her dialect was refined and her articulation correct, there was something slightly harsh in the tones of her voice, bass like a man's, which might form a good second in a song, but were a little startling and not without a strain of coarseness in the beautiful, elegant young woman, who was so insensible to her own gifts except as means to an end, yet who enjoyed with a keen appreciation being a bride,—Humphrey Bingham, the handsome, hearty young squire of the Hanger's envied bride.

As the dinner wore on, the constraint of the principal persons in the party lessened. Even Abigail felt as if she had grown accustomed to the scene, as if it were not only a necessity, but the natural order of things, that she should be sitting there answering intelligibly, now and then to Tom Prior's eccentric spurts of conversation on factories, Shakspeare, fieldfares; attending as far as she could manage to the entertainment of the guests; venturing a smiling word up the table to draw Miss Bella Mainwaring and the scrupulous curate into a nearer approach to social intercourse; gently arousing Tom Prior to the knowledge that he was turning his back on Sophy Lewis, pouting and eating her pheasant behind that section of him, sufficient to throw her into the shade.

Abigail felt that she ought to be flattered when Mrs. Humphrey selected her as her companion in the drawing-room and poured into Abigail's ears all her good-humoured,

well-pleased, half-girlish, half-womanly stories. If Abigail was not angry with Humphrey, far less was she angry with Mrs. Humphrey. She had even a pitiful sense of Mrs. Humphrey's ignorance of the pain she was inflicting, at the very moment that Abigail was experiencing that there are worse deaths than those of shooting and stabbing, namely, those of being pricked and probed by inches, or tickled into convulsions, as Mrs. Humphrey ran on about her home at the Hanger, with which Abigail's imagination was familiar as with Paradise, the gate of which was shut on the first woman. — (But she had a great compensation, Adam went out with Eve).

Mrs. Humphrey questioned Abigail about the capabilities of Ashley for gaiety, and then followed rapidly, "Humphrey told me he gave a ball last year. Oh, you must have been at it; tell me all about it."

What a vivid comprehension Abigail had of the impossibility of the request and of the astounding endless information she would have had to give! It was then she had been staying with Fanny Bingham, to help her with the preparations; and Humphrey, too, had helped so zealously, that Fanny was constantly scolding him away from departments in which he could have had no experience, and where his presence could be of no possible use. Even after the company were ready to assemble, he would not let the ladies away to dress, or get up himself from what Fanny described as a gipsy tea in the library, until she employed sisterly diligence on him; and after that he came and knocked at Abigail's door with her bouquet. (Was it wrong for her to keep some of the American primroses pressed and dried yet?)

"It was a very successful ball," Abigail answered, discreetly; "Miss Pierrepont was the beauty."

"And Humphrey danced a great deal with her? I know he has a weakness for beauties," exclaimed Mrs. Humphrey, with a little conscious laugh. "He was always admiring the pretty women we met; but I would not pay him the compliment of being jealous."

No, Humphrey had not shown his weakness on the night in question. In spite of his duties as a host, he had danced oftenest with a girl who was better than a beauty to those who could read her little delicate face, but who was not an acknowledged beauty amongst girls.

Mrs. Humphrey's chat went off upon her wedding tour in foreign countries, which Abigail had craved to visit when her heart

was a living, craving heart, of which Humphrey had told her much; for he had been fond of making rushes to the Continent as Tom Prior had afforded him the leisure to do. How familiar the name sounded! — the Louvre, Versailles, Straburg, the Drachenfels, the Castle of Heidelberg, Lausanne, Geneva. How familiar, yet with what an altered signification, since Humphrey had spoken of them with a decided implication that they would one day visit them together! Never, now, never!

Mrs. Humphrey travelled back — with words in which there was a weary murmur of other times — not so distant in space, but so wide apart in sensation, arrived at length at the great event of her life, her wedding, and was proceeding on more and more dangerous ground, with Abigail quite incapable of stopping her, when Humphrey and the other gentlemen came into the drawing-room. Even the most independent young wives of the most gallant husbands look a little put out when they are caught in their favourite narrative within three months of the event. It was an unspeakable relief to Abigail when Mrs. Humphrey said hastily, "I'll tell you it all another time, Miss Howe," blushed, and was actually silent for three minutes, turning over a book of engravings.

Humphrey had got up his spirits. It is only the first step which pains, and to him the first step was taken. All the torments of reminiscences were done and over for him, when they commenced afresh, with redoubled force, for Abigail. For it was in the rosy drawing-room — when the rosiest now so artificial seemed natural, but was neither of earth nor sky, and certainly not of the mock-pastoral sort, as displayed in antiquated upholstery (there was as great a difference between the two as that between fading roses fresh with dew, and unfading roses sticky with gum) — he spent most time when he was courting her. There he had leant against the work-table, and looked at her making believe to work for an hour at a time. Some of the books were on the tray which he had so often turned over as an excuse to detain him a little longer; but Humphrey was not a book-man, and had doubtless forgotten their names and covers. Among the flowers in the stand was the very wavy-leaved fern he had sought and brought for her all the way from the Irish lakes. What a happy evening that had been, when he had gone straight to Church-street, brown and travel-soiled, in place of going home to the Hanger; and the two had planted the fern, and he had stayed to

supper and returned to his own house and his house-keeper, after his three weeks' absence, at twelve o'clock at night! Well, the poor wavy-leaved fern was not to blame, and Abigail had never found it in her heart to cast it from her stand. Mrs. Humphrey had everything: might not Abigail have a fern and a few withered primroses?

But Humphrey remembered none of these things. He was frank and accessible by nature; and, a rolling stone going about the world, he was constantly making friends and constantly making use of their friendship. Good-hearted as Humphrey was, perhaps the bloom of his heart had been rubbed off in the friction of many slight ties—perhaps it had never really had any bloom so fine as to be rubbed off. Without doubt he had passed through a crowd of impressions. The only perfectly fresh ones which he had received since he grew up first, and which were inevitably of greater depth and importance than any he had received for a long time, had been made between that date and the last year.

So there Humphrey was addressing Abigail and his wife in the same breath, forbidding Mrs. Humphrey to sing any more because her chest had not been strong since she caught a bad cold at Munich. 'You know, Alice, I can't have you ill again.' 'Nonsense, Humphrey,' Alice protested, in comical indignation, 'it was the merest touch of bronchitis; why, auntie herself would not have been frightened. Could you have guessed that a great big fellow like him would have got nervous, and plagued three people, himself, the doctor, and me, for six coughs?'

Humphrey was too much of a gentleman and a man of sense to make a fool of himself and his wife, and affront the company by a display of matrimonial felicity. But straws show how the wind blows, and he showed his feelings naturally to demonstrativeness. It might have been patent to the most indifferent observer that Mrs. Humphrey's fortune had been the least of her attractions in her husband's eyes. He was both proud and fond of his wife, and triumphant in his success. Abigail, who said to herself she had a hundred ears and eyes to-night, noticed that he applied with his eyes to his wife some of the songs which Tom Prior insisted on Abigail singing, standing by her and neglecting to turn over the pages of her music, while Humphrey lounged against the piano, his side to Abigail, his face to his wife. Mrs. Humphrey put a stop to the proceedings by instituting a par-

allel between herself and Abigail. She took up the sheets of music.

'My name begins with A too, Miss Howe, and I write it short also, "A. Bingham," as Humphrey writes "H. Bingham." I don't see why I should be at the trouble of writing "Alice," when he does not put "Humphrey," although he says it as if the A stood for Alick or Antony, and I were his brother; and he scolded me before we were married for not signing my full name at the end of my notes—do you remember Humphrey? I see you write "A. Howe" in the same way.'

Not in the same way. Alice and Abigail were very different names (to Abigail it seemed the difference was significant), and she had learned to make Abigail A., not in merry mischief or to copy a cherished example, not even to save trouble, but when as a foolish girl she had been a little ashamed of David's wife's name, appropriated by Mrs. Masham and the entire class of waiting-maids. She felt as if her very name had been against her, yet it had not sounded amiss—not in its Americanism when Humphrey had audaciously shortened it to Miss Abby, and she had fancied it would have a redeeming glory as A. Bingham. Alice had robbed her of her very name.

The last glimpse Abigail had of Humphrey was bending forward to the laughing face, so lovely in its scarlet hood, while he wrapped Mrs. Humphrey in her rugs as the carriage drove off and disappeared in the dusky darkness of the September night. Paradise vanished with them to Abigail. The Miss Mainwarings walked home under the wing of Tom Prior, their little maid walking demurely behind them. The Lewises pulled each an arm of their patient father,—turned up from his last country call. Mrs. Vallance deliberately composed her share of the one solemn sentence she was to exchange with the Vicar in two streets' length. Mrs. Porteous and Mrs. Dudgeon strove in vain to enlighten darkened minds (each working on her friend's husband) on the respective burdens of childless ease and many-childed struggles, and entered the lodge and the cottage, Mrs. Porteous to discover that the evening post had brought her the overwhelming disappointment of an apology from the friends whose visit she had counted on for helping her and Porteous to get rid of the burden of their autumn; and little Mrs. Dudgeon, that her absence had put the head sheaf on her stack of worries—so disproportioned to the size of the woman; since her fourth boy, Alger-

non, had taken the liberty of falling down a flight of stairs, and little Charlotte had been so lost to propriety as to swallow a pin.

Abigail's strength failed her in an instant, and she crept with slow, lagging steps, without saying a word, to her room for the night. - The terrible ordeal of forming the target to be shot at by the flights of arrows of common curiosity, commiseration, and a little contempt, and the silent, single, more deadly darts of retrospection, longing, despair, was over. But Abigail had lived long enough to know that the worst was to come. Woman's griefs are like ghosts, which wait for the dark night or the grey morning to troop round her soul. They drove Abigail from her sleepless pillow, compelled her to pace up and down restlessly but stealthily, for fear of disturbing her father and mother, first huddling on her dressing-gown and slippers, because she must not on any account be ill at this period of her life, and then, 'walking up and pacing down,' living all the purgatory of the evening over again with a tenfold life. She, the pure, tender girl, reproaching herself, hating herself because of her human nature, praying to God to forgive her, rocking herself wearily, wringing her hands in anguish, writhing with shame, crying dumbly, 'Oh! Humphrey, Humphrey; neither in this world, nor beyond the stars. Given up by you, of your own free will, another woman your love, your wife; and I loved and love you, Humphrey,—how much—your mother, who hated me without a cause, might, no other woman, not the happy woman you love, could fathom.'

And Humphrey was sleeping the sound sleep of health, content, and an easy conscience.

While Tom Prior was walking up and down before his lodging door, puffing smoke into the early morning air, recklessly risking his character as an unexceptionable young man, by staying abroad till his footsteps might be heard contemporaneously with the cock-crow, restless like Abigail Howe, but restless not with misery but bliss, such as had not yet exalted and humbled his fervid soul.

CHAPTER II.

THE VICTIM BROUGHT TO LIFE AGAIN.

THE rosy drawing-room was rosier than ever on a long day in June; but the tables and chairs were literally loaded with drapers' parcels, milliners' band-boxes, ornamental pieces of china, and small pieces of

silver plate, with bits of strings entangling the hands and feet everywhere. Abigail Howe stood in the centre in profound calculation, with long streamers of white ribbon on one arm, and her hands full of little sprigs of artificial flowers, white flowers, jessamine. Her dress was in contrast to her occupation. She wore a faded muslin gown, two summers old, ready to be laid aside, like the worn-out garments of her maiden life, and her bronzed hair tucked tightly out of the way, back from her little thin face, as if she had dressed it in the pre-occupation of much to do, with no thought but to dispose of it so as to lighten the temples and give the least trouble to preserve the glory in order. But she did not fail to have the lace at her throat gathered together by a little cluster of leaves in dead and glittering gold, and to wear on one of her fingers a changing coloured opal ring, both indicating the taste of a man whose untutored artistic fancy went beyond his means; and his appreciation of the money value of ornaments.

Mrs. Howe entered the room, her bluff, cabbage-rose face beaming with delight; and though it was evening, a white apron over her gown, white cuffs drawn up to her elbows, and the strings of her cap pinned carefully over her shoulders, to hang behind her. She never trusted any one but herself with her jellies, and this was an epoch for the most anxious experiments with her confectionery.

'My love, I have been making a trial of a few of these moulds, as there must be some additions to the dinner to-morrow, on your aunts' and uncles' account at any rate. I think, let cook say what she will about pyramids being newer, I prefer my old turtle-dove. She has come out to the life, only her beak broken, which will never be observed, and I am just going to supply the cloves for eyes. I declare, when the jelly shakes, you would think she was shaking her wings to rise and fly off.'

'I don't think that would be a desirable effect, mamma.'

'No. But you will know better what the weight of jellies is on one's mind, when you come to give your first dinner. To be sure you will have me to apply to for many a long year, I hope; and I dare say you will take in a jobbing cook, as so many of the young housekeepers do now. But I trust you will never put your dinners into the hands of the hotel-keepers, or confectioners—such disgracefully extravagant, lazy, and indifferent behaviour, I could never countenance it, Abigail.'

'I wish you would wait, till I give a dinner, mamma.'

'Of course you will give dinners, child. Where would be the use of your best dinner china, if you did not give dinners? I warrant he will care for such things, then; all married men do.'

'I must have faith in my good stars that he will not.'

'And if he do not care for dinners, which is not to be thought of, you will put your pride in them.'

'My pride in dinners!' ejaculated the bride, in half-amused incredulity.

'You might put your pride in worse. You will not go gadding about to dancing parties and picnics after you are a married woman. Not that you ever were a gadder,' taking back her words penitently, 'but as good and quiet a girl as ever I saw. But where would your bit of pleasure be then, Abigail?'

'I am sure I don't know,' answered Abigail in a staid, tired tone.

'Don't stay any longer poking about here, my pet,' her mother enjoined her hastily. 'Brides should leave all trouble to ordinary mortals; it is not lucky to do otherwise. Go and be happy and admired and adored while your day lasts. He will be here presently, I suppose, and you will be too late to dress for him. We are going to have an early tea in the dining-room to-night, that Sarah may clear out this room, the last tea papa and you and I will take together, before your uncles and aunts arrive. There, I ought not to have said that, to tempt you to break down.'

However, Abigail did not break down. She merely said, with a wistfulness which took away the ungraciousness of the words, 'Then I wish he would keep away when it is to be our last tea. He would have done it, if I had only asked him.'

'No, we could not expect that,' Mrs. Howe warned her daughter. 'Were you looking out for him?'

'No. I never look out for him,' confessed Abigail, candidly, 'because he comes at all times; so that looking out for him would be no sinecure. And I am dressed already if you please, mamma. I am not going to do any more in the way of dressing to-night.'

'It is not as I please,' hesitated Mrs. Howe, a troubled expression stealing over the bright roundness of her face, 'but as he pleases.'

'Oh, I need not dress for him,' Abigail assured her mother, with a little nervous laugh, the first she had given. 'I am certain he never sees what I wear; I might put a helmet on my head, like Minerva, or

a coal-scuttle, it would be all the same to him if it were I who wore it. Queer, is it not, mamma?'

An event was about to happen in the domestic economy of the Howes which was sufficient to overturn even the simpering, decorous, rosy affectation of the drawing-room. Abigail Howe was to be married in a few days to Tom Prior. Everything in the household was exceedingly uncomfortable, and everybody much put about; but from Mr. Howe, to the under kitchen-maid, who was given to pounding sand to apply to her floors and tables at all hours, as an apothecary's boy pounds his drugs, and was hurt in her feelings (as an apothecary's boy rarely is) when she was stopped and taken away to less serious and urgent occupations; everybody was mild and complacent in the chaos, under the reflected honour of a marriage in the family.

The gain to Mr. Howe was very small and entirely honorary, and counterbalanced by the loss of his only child, the paying down of half of her portion (with the precaution of setting it on herself), the liberal furnishing of his grateful son-in-law's house — the old house in Mill-street which the elder Bingham had occupied in the good old days of cotton-spinning before they grew grand and went out to the Hanger. The old house had always been thought a good family house, though it was venerable and shady, and stood alone in its grade in old-fashioned dignity and usefulness near its factory; and it was, as Mr. Howe was furnishing it, a handsome house for a young couple, the head of whom was only the junior partner in the factory.

Mr. Howe gave his full consent to the marriage; and Mrs. Howe, kind woman, was infinitely more elated than the bride herself at having her daughter married as she deserved to be before the Lewises, and not long after Mrs. Leech's sister — that lady had come to Ashley for a fortnight's visit and snapped up the scrupulous Vicar, who either laid aside his scruples under the pressure of circumstances, or found he had so much to do in controlling the outer courts of men's consciences, that he was obliged to slur over the important step, to himself, of his own marriage. But Mrs. Howe did not blame Mr. Bellairs, it was Mrs. Leech's sister whom she, generally the most indulgent of women, could not forgive for being so grasping. As if marrying men were as abundant as acorns in an oak coppice at Ashley, and Mrs. Leech's sister had not come from a large town where she might have had a choice of men ten years young-

er and alittle better off than the Vicar; but she had a mind, like the old Romans, to abandon the palaces of Rome for the huts of Britain out of sheer fickleness and love of conquest. Mrs. Howe went so far as to liken the benighted Vicar — benighted where the interests of his parish were concerned — to the ewe lamb, and Mrs. Leech's sister to the rich man of the same parable. And the aggressor would repent at leisure and be punished for her unprincipled poaching in her neighbours' preserves. Mrs. Howe reflected with acrimony, not that she had ever entertained an idea of the Vicar for Abigail, but she was a true Ashley woman, and Mrs. Leech's sister, an interloper, had no business to marry Mrs. Howe's Vicar.

Of course Abigail's marriage would have been a far more splendid affair had Humphrey Bingham been the bridegroom, and the Hanger the bride's destination, as Mrs. Howe had once had good reason to expect; but it was a wise fisher's adage 'better small fish than none;' and a girl was so liable to go off in her looks and in the public estimation after she had been jilted as poor Abigail had been by that half-innocent, spoilt scamp, Humphrey Bingham; though Mrs. Howe dared not make the most distant allusion to the fact, not even to Mr. Howe, so that the other partner (Mrs. Howe always called Tom Prior 'the other partner' now, as if there was equality between the two, though Tom Prior would have been the last man to acknowledge such a thing) coming on promptly was a stroke of compensation and good fortune of which Abigail was well worthy. And Mr. Prior was passionately in love with Abigail — there was no mistake there; and Abigail had uniformly expressed a great esteem for Mr. Prior, and insisted that he would get on in the world, sly puss! Then there was the great pleasure of having her daughter settled near her. Altogether Mrs. Howe was very happy herself, and convinced that the young couple had a fair prospect of happiness.

Abigail was very still about her marriage. She knew she was not over wise, though she had been counted a clever girl, nor over strong, though she had a woman's power of endurance. She had longed for any change after the violence of the blow she had received had subsided into a dull ache, any interlude on the monotony of a life which was crushed and deprived of colour and fragrance; something different from the small gaieties of Ashley, over which, whenever they were of a lively description, the Bingham's of the Hanger presided. She had felt her wounded pride soothed by Tom Prior's

blind passion; she thought it was blind in Tom. She would rather he had not been Humphrey's partner, but Humphrey was nothing to her except in the past, and he would be less than nothing when she was Tom Prior's wife; neither need she see any more of him in Tom Prior's house than in her father's: the men met when Humphrey went to the factory, in their counting-house, their wives would be at the head of very different establishments.

Humphrey had sent his partner's bride a goodly wedding gift (the silver tea vase on which Mrs. Howe set such store), but he was not to be at the wedding — he and his wife were up in London.

It might be weak in Abigail, but marrying Tom Prior seemed less hard than being a lonely old woman like the Miss Mainwings, or sought after for her poor little fortune like Mrs. Vallance. These terminations might be far in the distance; but the principal chapter of her life written, read, and closed, it seemed to Abigail as if the rest of the volume must be compressed into small bulk and speedy accomplishment. It was like a certain chapter in Genesis, in which the old man Jacob sums up his life to his favourite son into the two events — God met him at Bethel; and he buried Rachel on the way to Bethlehem. Abigail had buried her Rachel; and the rest, be it short or long, would be easily summed up and was at hand. Her father and mother were pleased, and she thought she could make Tom Prior happy.

To do Abigail justice, her greatest doubt had been for Tom's sake. But he was an unexact, single-hearted, generous fellow, who regarded her with romantic devotion, and was enchanted at her accepting the offer of his life. Poor Tom! but she really liked him. She had always liked his clever impulsive sayings and doings, though she had laughed at their drollness; and since they were engaged, she had been more interested and amused by him than ever — it was something now to be interested and amused.

At the same time Abigail had a strong suspicion that she had always looked forward to being married and having a home of her own, and receiving her father and mother there as honoured guests, without continuing in leading-strings to them to ripe middle age. And so far she had not been wrong to look forward to the white *moiré* and floating lace of her marriage dress, and the twenty or thirty guinea shawl in her *trousseau* to be worn on occasions for the rest of her life — such a shawl as few girls, however well off, wear. It was not the dress or

shawl, but what they represented, that Abigail cared for. She would have minded little though the *moiré* had been muslin, and the shawl dwindled to plaid; but she wanted to gather the blossoms and fruit of a complete life, to claim the spotless robe of her virgin innocence, and the matronly dignity of a man's honour and happiness, and a family's well-being in her trusted and safe keeping.

Abigail did not question herself whether it was right or wrong to stretch out her hand to what was left her of these gifts, and whether she was not more grasping than Mrs. Leech's sister. The question was a hard one, but may resolve itself into the problem — Abigail had been badly hurt, and all who loved her suffered from her hurt. How many had a right to suffer, and was she at liberty to give the right to any one who begged and pleaded for it?

Abigail had tried to say to Tom Prior, 'Tom, do you know I once cared for Humphrey Bingham when I had reason to think Humphrey cared for me?'

And Tom had stopped her with the eager assurance, 'Yes, dear, and it was natural — he is a fine fellow, Humphrey. It was very natural in Humphrey; but then his mother and sisters came over him; he was always a great family man, with all his spirit; and their groundless opposition would have been disagreeable for you: besides, he was too generous to take everything. You care for me a little, and trust me — it is better as it is, Abigail, a world better for me.'

There was a confusion in Tom's mind whether he seriously believed that Humphrey had resigned Abigail with an ulterior view to his — Tom's — benefit, at least he managed to preserve his allegiance both to his mistress and his friend, because it would have been great pain, in some respects hardly possible, to him to give either up. He continued to combine the contradictory dogmas, that Abigail was perfect, and that Humphrey had not sinned beyond forgiveness.

The man who paid his visits so pertinaciously, and would not have heeded though his mistress had hid her head in a coal-scuttle, came this evening, and laughed with almost childish glee at the disorder of the house, laid himself out to bestow excellent advice in the arrangements for the collation and the packing; to Mrs. Howe's mingled edification and scandal, lifted some of the heavy articles of furniture with his own hands, and took down and re-hung the Howes' family pictures to make room for the large photograph of Abigail, which she

was to leave a shadow on the wall, above her empty place, as the house's daughter, doing it with a hundred times the neatness of an upholsterer's man, Abigail smiling quietly at him the while. He was entitled to rest and be thankful, and be waited on afterwards; but he scarcely took time to drink tea, though he could have come triumphantly through the ordeal of sceptical matrons. He only failed on one point, he let his cups be cold. He would toss off as many as Mrs. Howe could conscientiously fill out; more, indeed, for she had held back the last till she had made a little deprecating, defensive speech.

'I am afraid, Mr Prior, it is a little pale in the colour, not quite so good as the first. The — ahem — third rarely is.'

But Tom put aside the objection in the politest, best-tempered manner.

'Don't speak of it, Mrs. Howe,' and plunged afresh into the milk-and-water stream, and into the conversation, while Mrs. Howe folded her hands behind the teapot, and assured herself, 'What a treasure that man is! what will he not be content with on a washing-day, — boiled rice and cold pie (now Humphrey Bingham was nice in his eating); but Tom Prior will spoil Abigail, that is certain.'

Tom was speaking of the Scotch Highlands, which Abigail and he were to see during their fortnight's holiday, dwelling with boyish spirit on the northern routes, the unpronounceable Gaelic names, the purple mountains to be climbed, the golden oat-fields to be strolled through, the blue lochs to be rowed upon, his keen face flushed, his very hands full of action, until the details were rich and luminous with a young fellow's genius, and his gladness.

Mr. Howe, under his stoical bearing, was impressed and a little uneasy.

'He is wonderful, after all, that lad Prior — I hope he is not going to turn out anything miraculous — an inventor, an author in the bud, with an awful development before him. No, he is crazed, as happy as a king. I wish he would take his happiness quietly, though. Does the young fool never think no one ever married his first desperate fancy before, and never repented it when he did?'

However, Mr. Howe did not glance at the sweet cabbage-rose, Mrs. Howe, as if she had been his first fancy, at the same time he had never repented his choice.

But the women were touched without reservation by Tom's happiness — all good women are touched by the sight of great happiness, and the happiness of a bride-

groom is a special compliment to themselves. Mrs. Howe and Abigail could have petted Tom Prior with all the experimental dainties of the marriage collation, if he had cared for them, or patted him on the back and stroked his messed mass of sombre hair, through which he thrust whole hands and did not draw single fingers, after the careful, elaborate fashion of the 'Roman generalissimo and emperor Cæsar,' if it had been permissible to do so. As it was, they were flatteringly and sympathetically affected by his eloquence; and laughed and prattled, even Abigail, however much of her heart was reduced to ashes. Tom's inspired speech kindled some sparks on the cold altar; and the briefest sojourn in the Scotch Highlands had been a favourite vision with Abigail as a girl, when many a time she had exhausted all her girlish weapons on her father to procure its realization. Even Mrs. Howe wished she could have laid aside thirty years of her life, with their corresponding weight and stiffness, and run away to scramble among scenes of which she had read in her youth, when Ashley had heard of the poems of Mr. Scott, and the novels of the Great Unknown.

If Tom were to write his business letters at all that night (Tom, like all fellows fertile in resource, was desultory in his habits) he must go. He lingered to the last, alone with Abigail, after the two had subsided into stillness in the twilight of the long June day, as if they also felt that 'rest is sweet' at the very height of their jubilee.

Abigail had been carried away in spirit by her willing bridegroom, but now she was relapsing into the dreaminess of the last week — not the sunny mist of the most ordinary young bride, loving and loved, who is standing with her foot on so radiant a threshold that she looks round amazed and uncertain, to ask can the old world of sin and sorrow go on creaking and groaning in its old irreparable ruts, when she is to be married to her lover in three days? but the bewildered breaking up of apathy, the smarting of old wounds, the tardy gathering of clouds of doubt and dismay.

Tom Prior spoke at that moment with the pathetic mingling of humility and vanity which is so intensely human. He had asked no profession of regard from her before, he had been satisfied with her simple 'yes' to the generous ardour of his wooing, her simplest declaration of good-will. His eyes had sparkled and his heart had leaped on the faintest suspicion that she admired him, and was drawn to him. But now, on the spur of the moment, impelled by an irre-

sistible longing, he put it to her, 'You like me better than you liked him, fine fellow as he is, now, to-night, Abigail?'

Abigail shrank back, and her voice was low and trembled when she answered him.

'I was never going to be married to him in three days, Tom. He never stood with his arm round me as you are standing. He once clasped me in his arms, when we neither of us thought what he was about, but it was only for a moment, never again. I am to be your wife in three days, by my own free will, with — yes — with all my heart. But I warn you, Tom, I don't think I have so much heart as you have. The only thing that frightens me about you, sir, is your big, noble, warm heart, which I don't half deserve.' She cried for a moment on his breast, after she had been laughing just before. 'Of course I could never feel in the same way to Humphrey Bingham that I feel to my dear, good, clever lover and bridegroom, Tom.'

Such was the gentle answer for which the manly, gentle fellow was grateful; but was he satisfied? He had the unerring intuition of love, could he be satisfied?

CHAPTER III.

'TEN YEARS AFTER.'

IN Tom Prior's drawing-room, surrounded by the modern chaste elegance of white watered walls, ebony-wood, and sea-green damask, like a marine cave than a rose bower, Mrs. Prior, a ten years' old wife, sat in a low chair reading by the fire, which competed successfully with the April sunshine and spring wind without.

Her hankering after matronly shawls had been rewarded, or punished, by having a shawl to wear for a perpetuity — at her hearth as well as in the streets or on the roads round Ashley. Mrs. Prior was an invalid, and was enveloped in a soft, warm shawl, — white, from a lurking, lingering, womanly inclination to what was most becoming. Her face had still the nameless sweetness and charm which remains in some faces when the beauty of form and colour is gone or going; but it was a worn, slightly pinched face for a woman of thirty, and the effect was increased by the old bright adornment of her hair being put quite away under a half handkerchief of lace, as if the hands were too weary to dress it and had done with the vanities of life. Something curious and subtle might be written on the connexion between the health and sickness of a woman's mind and her treatment of what St. Paul calls her

glory. It was not as a mere phrase that the maidens of old tragic ballads so often sang —

Nae mair I'll kaim my yellow hair.

About Mrs. Prior's invalidism her native town of Ashley was comfortably agreed. Mrs. Prior had sunk into a poor, selfish, sickly creature. Tom Prior was a lost man; a poor young-looking — in spite of his grey hairs — slim fellow, who slaved for his family, put a good face on his fate before the world, always assuring his acquaintances that Mrs. Prior was getting stronger, walked to and from the factory with his great boys hanging upon him as if he were the mother, while the mother dawdled and nursed herself at home with her two idle and spoiled servants, when everybody knew that Tom Prior could not afford to keep even two servants. And it might be all very well for Humphrey Bingham to speak of the Factory as a bagatelle, and to propose throwing it up, but badly paying as it was it must be a matter of life and death to Tom Prior, who was too manly to live dependent on his wife's small fortune, and who had nothing else between him and a manager's situation, or a situation of any kind, which he might have to go abroad to seek.

At the same time the Ashley public was in a great hurry to kill off Mrs. Prior, and had even appointed her successor. Not a second wife with a great deal more money or a great deal more energy, — but Mrs. Prior's mother, Mrs. Howe, whose husband was dead, and who had already removed with all the rosiness she could carry with her from Church-street, to a small snug house nearer her daughter, and who was so much attached, not only to her two grandchildren, but to Tom Prior — more like his own mother than his mother-in-law — a cheerful, hale old lady who would count it no sacrifice to keep her son-in-law's house, and then her independent income would be a windfall to poor Tom Prior.

Tom Prior had never contemplated the advantages of his wife's death, neither was there any reason why Mrs. Tom should die just yet, except her general air of fading and wearing away. Nevertheless, the Ashley public showed sound judgment, as it generally did when it was not dealing with the numerous cases of exceptions, in drawing the conclusion that though there was no violent disorder there must be great poverty of system in the young woman who caught every influenza which passed over the place,

and had soon to shut herself up for the depth of winter and the sharpness of spring, and adopted shawls and caps like a grandmother (grandmothers had a vast deal more spirit), and that the poverty tended as surely, though it might be more gradually, to decay.

Without being troubled either by Ashley's verdict on her character or its future arrangements for her family, Abigail stayed by the fire and read, worked, and thought. She was reading one of those excellent brooding classifying books, slightly unwholesome, on silver hairs and evening clouds — more acceptable than invigorating to their subjects, and whose estimation of middle life in women is singularly opposed to the rich fruitfulness and mellow brilliance of autumn in the natural world. They are addressed for the most part to single women, but some married women appropriate them. She was working at an embroidery of a jacket for herself, now that Jack and Joe were too big for tunics, and she was feeling an old woman, — twice as old as Mrs. Howe, and that might be the reason age, which sat so lightly on grandma, depressed her daughter. She was thinking of the journey into Lancashire which Tom had left her that morning to take. He had parted from her in the most off-hand manner; he was engrossed with the new machinery he desired to introduce into the Factory; he was more and more wedded to his trade: worldliness must be inseparable from elderly married Englishmen, when it had so crept and encroached on Tom that he was the most zealous business man in Ashley. She was thinking of the boys; and glancing round, she saw for the first time they had left a litter of chips of wood and bits of string (what did boys always find to do with string?), since morning, on the carpet, and rung for Dorothy — Dorothy taking her own time to answer the bell, to remove it. Since Jack and Joe had gone to the grammar-school they had grown rough and rude; and though they came to her yet with all their grievances, they seemed to consider, justly, their enjoyments out of her way. They carried the eager chronicles of their games and exploits to their harassed, busy father; and she knew that this would increase year by year till she should sit apart from her sons, unless God sent them suffering and weakness, which, might He in his mercy forbid! It was altogether natural, innocent, inevitable that they should go amongst boys and grow like boys, but she could have wished they had continued longer babies. They were so much her own then, and such pretty,

attractive little darlings. Their walks, their frocks, their diet, their play, had been such thorough occupations. She had been happier and busier then, and not so often ailing. But, of course, their babyhood could not last for ever — their progress could not be delayed; she was not so miserable a mother as to have sought it really, though the lads now belonged so much more to their papa and the Rector, to cook and Dorothy for the nursery dinners and the toilette, and in the last instance also to the best Ashley tutor. But if the boys had been girls their influence and companionship would have endured a lifetime. Mrs. Humphrey Bingham had girls as well as boys — a wise, arch little woman, who already sat with precocious demureness and restrained vivacity by her mother in the carriage, tripped out with messages to shops, delivering them far more intelligently than the footman, and would soon save her mother a wonderful proportion of the burden of a great house and the entertainment of guests — though a great house and guests were no burden to Mrs. Humphrey. And there was another little girl at the Hanger, one of those gentle, guileless, fair little children, likest angels, who would long follow her mother's footsteps, look up to her, lean upon her, with a faith and devotion which create what they believe in.

Abigail read, worked, and thought, and occasionally coughed, so that had Tom Prior been as sensitive as Humphrey Bingham to a cough, and had he not been accustomed to the sound, that cough, unformed as it was yet, would have spoilt his ease.

Abigail was surprised to hear Mr. Prior's knock at the door, followed by his voice in the hall, when he had left her in the morning with the intention of taking the down train to Lancashire. There was no need for her rising and going to the door to investigate the reason of his return, when she had an incipient cold on her, by a succession of premonitory shivers, one of her very bad colds, probably bronchitis or pleurisy. Some trifle might have made him change his mind and come back; he was always forgetful and slightly Bohemian in his ways, though a steady, hard-working fellow after his kind. Presently, he turned the door-handle and looked in without entering immediately.

'Please, Tom, come in at once, and don't keep me in the draught,' said Abigail plaintively. 'I have been sneezing all the morning.'

Tom came in directly, and shut the door.

'I did not feel very well myself, Abigail. As you are sneezing perhaps the weather has something to do with it,' he added, with

an involuntary shiver; 'but I thought I had better put off the journey for a day. You see there is very little the matter with me, for I have walked back and carried my bag from the station.'

Abigail got up instantly, it was strange news to hear Tom Prior say he did not feel very well, and there he was white and weary, through his screen of hair, leaning against the door. She had no reason to suppose there was anything far wrong with him, though he tacitly admitted that he was not fit for business, and allowed her to send for Dr. Winkworth to put him to rights, while he was explaining away his illness, as if he were apologising for disturbing her with it; but it struck her curiously that she would repent all her life the small matter of how she had received him.

Before night Tom Prior lay flushed, panting, and rambling in his talk, in a high fever.

Abigail, in her thirty years of life, had never nursed a patient in serious illness; it happens so with some women. Her boys had been healthy, her father had died just after the younger child was born, and his case had been such as to preclude the alternations of hope and fear. Mr. Howe had been struck down speechless, and after a few hours' struggle against the deadly torpor, he had been mercifully spared farther suffering. Abigail might be thankful that her husband's illness was of a different character; but as she sat and gazed in blank consternation at the active, independent figure suddenly stopped in its activity and laid down in the humiliation of helplessness, and heard first with the pang, which the pang of no other calamity but that of death itself can surpass, the reasonable voice unreasonably disclosing to the idlest ears its jealously-guarded secrets, she did not know how to be thankful for anything.

Mrs. Howe arrived, hurrying to be of use, and to ascertain the extent of the evil. She was taken aback by the spectacle she met, and as Tom was dozing and did not see her, the tears poured down her cheeks.

'Poor fellow, he has worked so hard and been so worried. I would give every shilling I have in the world to relieve him and see him well again. Yes, Abigail, your Tom has been a good son to me.'

'What did you mean, mamma, about Tom having been worried, and about giving every shilling you had in the world to relieve him?' Abigail roused herself and questioned her mother in the course of the long night. 'I had my own pocket-money, and the supplies for the house never failed; he

was always ready with them. What did you mean ?

Mrs. Howe only comprehended in part, and wanted to repair what she considered her mistake. When Abigail was likely to have an anxious time with her husband's illness was not the season to fret her with worldly cares.

'Oh, my dear,' I meant nothing particular, except that no doubt poor Tom has business trials like other men, which men like our Tom bear on their own broad backs—not that his back was ever very broad, poor fellow—and don't shift on their wives' weak shoulders, especially if they are ailing shoulders.'

'Do they not ? Is that right ?' inquired Abigail, with sharp pain, awakened out of a dream.

'Oh, my dear, don't distress yourself. I did not mean that he had run into debt, nothing of the kind. I never heard of such a thing.'

'Never mind, mamma ; I have more to distress myself about.'

Abigail had got the sum of the information she had expected, and it served to make her husband's unconscious speech plain to her. He spoke incessantly of his business, working away at his accounts, going over and over again the accustomed ground in the Factory with an earnestness and eagerness which contrasted broadly with his incapacity and inertness. His raving was as pure as the prattle of a child, he never said a word which could hurt a human being except when he broke her heart by running up accounts, comparing invoices, weighing bales, examining frames, arranging that a place should be kept for an old woman who had been a worker in her young days ; and Bill Cobb should have his full wages, a man's child must be buried ; the scapegrace was in real trouble this time, well, it might sober him. Sometimes he referred to his father's experience in the office, and established a hereditary connexion with the Factory. He said it all in a matter of fact, cheerful voice, only waxing hoarse and husky with much speaking and failing strength. He never alluded to disappointment or anxiety, smothering and strangling them to the last. He had his work to do, and he did it, lying there, as busily as ever he had done it in the counting-house or the Factory. If he were to die, Abigail would say of him, he had died as truly at his post as a sailor at the helm, or a soldier on the breach. For sitting there, watching Tom Prior's looks and words, the knowledge came irresistibly to Abigail, that they contained

the reflection of a devoted career, the essence of manliness. He did not say one directly religious word, though Abigail knew him to be a reverent, believing man ; but the whole tenor of his business talk was religious, the evidence of a life spent in aiming at duty, a commentary on the text, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.'

Tom Prior was not always unconscious, he would recognise Abigail, Mrs. Howe, the nurse provided for him. On these occasions he announced he was better, they were only making a fuss about him ; were they looking after the children ? bid Abigail lie down. Bad as it was to hear this when he was no better, and Abigail could no more have rested than she could have danced, it was not so bad as to have him toiling manfully and self-forgetfully on his sick-bed, perhaps death-bed. The very little boys felt this ; and Joe confided to his mother, with a girl's burst of tears which smeared his bold, chubby face almost as black as his hands, he wished papa would only cry, oh dear, and say he could not bear it, and roar as he and Jack did when they had chilblains and nurse put the bottle on them, or they had gum-boil, and not go on working for them and the Factory people when he was lying so sick in bed. Could mamma not stop him, and tell him that Jack and Joe had made up their minds to spend all the Saturday afternoon in the Factory, and were prepared to help the manager to pay the hands if he would allow them ?

'We must let papa alone just now, my dears ; he cannot bear to be meddled with.' Abigail tried to comfort the children and herself. 'When he is well again, as Jack and Joe pray to God to make him, we will do all we can to get papa to let us share his work.'

Dr. Winkworth, and the other doctors who saw Tom at the worst—and were the signal to Ashley that poor Tom Prior, with his wife and young family, was dangerously ill, and to the Miss Mainwaring's to send her little maid to the back area gate, with their compliments, and please how was Mr. Prior ? twice a day—were hopeful of his recovery, though the symptoms were formidable. But Dr. Winkworth, not like cautious old Dr. Lewis, but an uncompromising man, told all whom it might concern, flatly, 'Mr. Prior has not been using himself well ; he has been overdoing himself, and he has not been taking sufficient rest and refreshment ; the consequence is, he has made our office ten times more difficult and doubtful.'

Abigail looked back, that aching looking back, to ascertain all the recklessness of which he and she had been guilty. Tom had been absorbed in business, she had known that, but she had always thought it the love of business which comes to a man with years, when he has done with the fancies and follies of youth; and some envy of Humphrey Bingham's prosperity, with the fact that it rendered Humphrey more of a sleeping partner. Lately Tom had gone to the office after dinner, thus certainly curtailing his rest and refreshment, and sometimes worked by himself far on into the night. When he was very busy he did not come home to dinner, near as his house was, but had a sandwich sent to the office. Abigail had never prevented it. If Tom chose to give himself up to business it was his own affair. She had never dreamt of injury to his health, certainly (as if she held a monopoly of illness). Mrs. Howe had occasionally remonstrated, but Abigail had joined Tom in saying the remonstrance was stuff, and laughing at it.

Very likely, though Abigail had resisted Tom's malpractices, Tom, with his horror of milkops, and his doggedness where his own ease and comfort were concerned, would have resisted and overcome her; but Abigail had not resisted him, she had aided and abetted him in his great carelessness. Abigail had not had any conception of such sudden and terrible disorder of functions and faculties as had punished Tom for his ignorance and imprudence, well-informed, sensible fellow as he was. Her own illnesses had all consisted of weakness and irritation of the chest, prostrating and ominous in their way, but so bearable, above all to a retiring, languid woman, that now and then, when she was taking herself to task, she had accused herself of making pets of her illnesses. Now she witnessed in grief and terror an illness which struck root and branch, and clutched its victim — the head of the family, its natural star and crown — of whom no prophet had foreboded the remote decay far less of the crashing fall.

'If Tom die, I have helped to dig the grave of the only man who would have killed himself, and who has killed himself for me,' Abigail told herself in her despair, dealing to herself the hard lines that noble natures take as their portion, when their eyes are opened and they have come to their right minds.

At last the fever slackened and the disorder yielded. Dr. Winkworth pronounced that Mr. Prior had turned over a new leaf, and he expected would be sensible when he awoke next morning.

'But you must be very careful, Mrs. Prior; you are not to expect that he is to come out of this attack a strong man, and you are not to encourage him to make exertions. He will begin to worry about his business presently — men are bad patients in that respect. If you can tell him anything that will set his mind at ease, do so; but nothing that can vex him. Say that I distinctly forbid that.' And the Doctor, exceedingly shrewd in his physical line, walked off with as silly a speech, morally, as if he had forbidden the tides to obey the moon; but as he observed to himself shortly, 'It is not my business but hers to find a way to keep her husband quiet.'

Abigail stood and looked at her husband before he awoke next morning. The little solid flesh he had possessed had melted away like the wax of the figures which witches placed before slow fires. All his tangled hair and growth of beard, fast growing grey, could not conceal the hollows in his face. But Abigail for the first time in her life thought Tom Prior very handsome — all coarseness refined away from the haggard face, a certain sternness lent by its sparseness to its pleasantness, but the most manly, the truest of faces.

'What holes papa has got in his cheeks,' remarked a boy with something like awe, stealing on tiptoe into the room after his mother.

'Papa had always holes in his cheeks, boy, only they used to look more like dimples,' his mamma explained softly. 'We must make them look like dimples again.'

She went and chatted cheerfully to the boys when Mrs. Howe had gone to sit with Mr. Prior. The boys had taken to their mother since they were scared by the atmosphere of pain and fear in the house; and now that she made them parties to her reviving hopes, and was merry with them, they were enchanted with her as a new acquisition, and were loth to part from her.

'Don't go, mamma; it is so nice to hear you laugh — almost as jolly as having papa downstairs again. Why do you laugh so seldom?'

'You don't know what you are saying, child. I laugh as often as my neighbours — my grown-up neighbours, I mean. I must go now; don't detain me, you two rogues, I am going out. I have not been out since poor papa was ill.'

They were so perverse, they wanted to walk with her, though a fortnight ago they would have resented it as an approach to the insult of walking with their nurse.

'This is a wonderful accession of gallantry. I see if I am not to pestered by the

attentions of two young men, I must exert a little lawful authority. So off with you to school, Jack and Joe, and be sure you take a message from me to the Rector, that I hope the usher canes you when you are late.'

Mrs. Howe was delighted that Abigail should think of breathing the fresh air, and quite certain she could keep Mr. Prior from fretting while his wife was out.

'But though Tom is amazingly better, don't stay away long, dear, on your own account, for this is a most deceitful day; there is a great deal of May sun, but the wind is right in the east, and you know this is the time of the year when you are particularly liable to your influenzas.'

Abigail smiled and sighed, and begged her mother not to weary for her. But she did not say she was going to stay away two or three hours at the shortest computation. She was going to take a drive of six miles and back. She was going to hire a Cab from the Royal Hotel, and drive to the Hanger to see Humphrey Bingham. He had sent regularly, and had even come personally to the house more than once to inquire for his partner, but he had never asked to go up to Tom; kind-hearted as Humphrey was, he was not fond of witnessing scenes of distress, and the feeling was growing upon him; but his old mistress was going out to the Hanger to see him.

Abigail had been very seldom, and for mere short ceremonious visits, at the Hanger since Humphrey's marriage and her own; so that in thinking of it at any time, and seeing it again now, her mind recurred to the time when she had known it best — the days she had spent there with Fanny Bingham, in the year when she had regarded it as her future home. It was what its name implied, a prettily-situated country-house, on the slope of a wooded hill now green and fragrant in early summer. Humphrey had added to it; until what with its colonnade, which carried off the monotony of the long line of the billiard-room; what with its clock-tower, which contained only a smoking-room, it was an imposing mansion: it was in keeping with Humphrey's fortune, which had increased, as wealth begets wealth, by the death of Mrs. Humphrey's sister and coheir, and by a rich old uncle of Humphrey's appointing Humphrey his chief heir and residuary legatee.

Abigail thought less of the extensive building than of the hyacinths which made the sides of the avenue blue, the crimson tassels which tipped the feathery foliage of the larch, the chorus of birds' songs almost overpowering her with their gaiety and sweetness, after the old shady house in Mill-

street, to which children would only return for meals and bed if they had their will; and Tom's dark sick-room, with its smell of vinegar and its muffled foot-falls.

The servant who opened the door was not an Ashley man, and did not know Mrs. Prior, so that when she asked to speak with Mr. Bingham he showed her into the library, which his master used as a business room, and told her that the family were at luncheon in the dining-room, but as soon as they had finished he would tell the Squire. The library was the room in which Humphrey, his sister, and the young lady staying in the house had taken the gipsy tea on the night of the ball; but what was of more consequence now, it formed a suit with the dining-room, and there was a door between them standing a little ajar, so that Abigail sitting down in the first study chair, had but to turn her head to catch a glimpse of the party at luncheon and hear as much of their conversation as she cared to listen to, while they were too well employed, and making too much noise with plates, glasses, and conversation to notice her entrance.

They were a large party, including not only Humphrey, his wife, and their elder children, with their governess, but a specimen of the constant succession of visitors who stayed with the Bingham when they were at the Hanger.

The Binghams had been absorbed into the county set, for which their means and manners had qualified them. But Ashley people blamed Mrs. Humphrey for Humphrey's desertion of the town. Affable as she had shown herself on her introduction to it, she found no difficulty in giving up her Ashley acquaintances when it suited her, not with offensive slights and cuts, but with sufficient decision. Mrs. Humphrey was so led by the gentry that she assumed their very failings. She had an eye-glass fixed to the end of her driving-whip, like Lady Metcalfe, though Mrs. Humphrey's short-sightedness had not been heard of at an earlier date; and, as the Miss Mainwaring observed, while old age did not come alone, nobody sported it, at the end of a driving-whip, and it was absurd to mention old age in the same breath with a young creature like Mrs. Humphrey, notwithstanding Mrs. Humphrey's memory had failed her where the Miss Mainwaring were concerned. Mrs. Humphrey made greater concessions to rank than losing her full power of vision, — she dropped her girlish, well-bred periods of speech, and adopted whatever expressions were slangy and horsey, though her ears had not been early trained to the language of blacklegs and grooms,

like those of poor Lady Antonia Vesey. The Vicar had spoken to Mr. Bingham on the racket which was suffered at the Hanger on Sundays, yet Mrs. Bingham, in place of being educated in a foreign convent like the young countess at Oakdale, was brought up by an aunt who was Low Church and Evangelical.

There was a report that Humphrey would stand for the county at the end of the present session; when it was expected that the old member would retire; and it was understood Mrs. Humphrey was so zealous for her husband's election that the motive would induce her, if anything could, to renew her connection, with Ashley, though no doubt on a different footing. But Mrs. Humphrey was a good wife to Humphrey Bingham in her own way, and though she did not remain at home from the county races to nurse her children through measles, saying audaciously that she had no fear of them — she was sure they had inherited good constitutions and would recover splendidly, she did remain at home and nurse Humphrey affectionately when he stood hours with wet feet duck shooting, and had an aggravated quinsy afterwards.

Some excursion for which there was little time was in prospect for the family and the visitors at the Hanger, and the ladies were luncheon without ceremony in their spring bonnets and hats, while the gentlemen attended to them with the little stir and glee of a cause for despatch, and a whet for wit as well as appetite.

Mrs. Humphrey was conspicuous among her children and her guests — a beautiful woman still, her tall slender figure grown a little too large, and her delicate complexion lost; perhaps her deep voice not sounding softer and lower, and with not more repose though with more style in her gestures; but a handsome, brilliant matron, on whom Humphrey had never ceased to cast his eye in admiration and fondness as she sat opposite him, the ample folds of her cashmere falling about her fine shoulders and bust, a youthful — not too youthful — looking — velvet hat, with its curling white feather turned up above her plump, bonnie, blithe face.

Humphrey's back — and it had grown a very broad back — was towards Abigail, but she could hear the old ringing familiar tones of his voice rising over and giving cheer to every other.

'No, no, Eddy, lobster salad is not for a puss like you.'

'Just one bit, papa.'

'Let it be but one then, you little gourmand.'

Abigail could fancy the group: Hum-

phrey's far-forward, arch, demure little daughter — dark-haired, like her mother — perched on one side of him, and on the other his fair daughter, with a dash of her father's tawiness, which insured a balsam complexion and sapphire eyes. Humphrey named the little girls *Rouge et Noir* teasingly, and then consoled them by bidding them fly and find their hats, and he would beg Miss Bertram to grant them a half-holiday, and mamma to stuff them under the seats of the wagonette. But what would become of Humpty Dumpty, the last baby brother, in their absence? Was he to sit on a wall till they all returned, and if he got a great fall should they bargain that he was to break no bones?

'Now get along Humphrey, and don't chaff the children when you know that they don't understand it. You'll have Minnie crying and not able to say whether she will go or stay, if she thinks baby is to come to grief in her absence, though, indeed, there is no occasion for the little girls going with us; they will be too late for the school-room tea, and Miss Bertram, now that she is out of the room, don't like kicking her heels, though I never mind it. It is high time you were up in town sitting in Parliament, or anywhere else, and not spoiling your family here.'

'Are you to keep up two establishments, Bingham?' asked one of the men — the poor representative of one of King Charles's baronets.

'Two or three or half-a-dozen, Sir Charles, if Mrs. Bingham is to go to Brighton in autumn, Paris or Vienna in winter, and Rome in spring, as she obligingly suggests.'

'Of course I shall,' Mrs. Humphrey affirmed lightly and coolly. 'All the world goes to grass sometime or other.'

'I think I had better try coining the blessed coin of the realm here at the Hanger, rather than the used-up device of spinning cotton over at Ashley.'

'I think that big boy of mine had better look after the traps,' Mrs. Humphrey appealed to the company generally; she did not encourage allusions to the Factory, though she had the nous to see that Humphrey's *nonchalance* on his origin spared him a few aristocratic sneers.

Abigail had been obliged to overhear these scraps of the conversation and to wait in patience till the party rose from the table, and then she could distinguish the sound of the carriages coming round to the door and taking the place of her cab; the very horses throwing up their heads at their hack brother and his hired vehicle.

At last Humphrey was told that some person wanted him in the library, and remained behind, after the rest of the compa-

ny had trooped to the front door; even then, when he had taken some steps towards the library, he stopped and turned back to speak to the servant who was preparing to clear the table.

'Tell cook her hunter's stew to-day was a masterpiece. It is one of her best dishes. She may send up more of it for breakfast to-morrow.' No need to tell whence Miss Edith got her gourmand propensities.

At last Humphrey came into the library, filling up the doorway, for his stately figure was becoming portly. He was still what in the west of Scotland is emphatically termed 'a braw man.' But a certain unwieldiness was creeping over him, and his face was considerably fuller and redder than when it smiled brightly on Abigail that far a way night of the ball. It was the effect which even gentlemanlike and respectable self-indulgence, including the pursuit of field sports, will produce on a man; and the portliness and floridness were not unbecoming in their present stage, though they foreshadowed heavier and coarser traits.

The contrast between Humphrey Bingham and his partner's wife, the delicate pinched woman, in the winter gown and jacket of grey woollen stuff and the Ashley every-day bonnet of black chip, was striking — but not so extreme as the difference between Humphrey and the wan, hollow-checked, silver-headed man at home, working, in dreams, of whom Abigail thought intently, as she gazed into Humphrey Bingham's face.

He was so much surprised that he said her maiden name out loud, 'Abigail Howe!' but he recovered himself immediately, and shook hands with a cordial running fire.

"How do you do, Mrs. Prior? Glad to see you, trust Prior is no worse; shall fetch back Alice — come into the dining-room, Have some luncheon, a glass of wine at least. Why did they show you in here?" When he found that Abigail would not have Mrs. Bingham recalled, or consent to eat and drink, his good nature helped her instantly. He assured her his going with the others was of no consequence. He was to ride, and he could easily make up to them; if she would permit him to send to the party to set out without him he should be at her service. He sent his request, made Abigail sit down again, and took a seat opposite her. 'You are sure Prior is no worse?'

'Oh no, he is a great deal better; the Doctor is very well pleased with him this morning, if he can keep him from meddling with business. That is what I came here to speak to you about.'

'Does Prior know you are here?' asked

Humphrey, with an inadvertent dryness getting into his voice. 'Odd enough,' he thought, clasping his knee, 'if Prior try to come over me with his wife. By-the-by, how faded the poor little woman is: I am shocked to see her.'

'No, he was asleep when I left. It was entirely my own idea.'

'You do me honour, Mrs. Prior,' declared Humphrey, with his old gallantry. 'May I ask, have you heard that I propose, I think' — he hesitated slightly, and played with the tassel of the bell rope, though he felt he must plunge into his communication, 'to give up the Factory, as I have not time to look near it, and it is too much for Mr. Prior.'

'I do not think so,' interposed Abigail eagerly. 'I am sure his heart is in it; if you had only listened to him for the last fortnight, you would think so too.'

'It is not worth his pains,' protested Humphrey, abruptly dropping the tassel; 'he is wasting his time and my means — along with his own, of course.'

'I am aware he has very little of his own,' said Abigail, in her quiet ingenuous voice. 'But as far as I could follow him, he wishes to try an improvement on the machinery, which would insure the work being more quickly and cheaply done.'

'Not to any extent,' exclaimed Humphrey, impatiently. Then he checked himself, and took the trouble to explain to her gravely, 'I repeat I believe it would only be the waste of more time and means; but of course you ought not to speak of it to him at present. I thought it right to anticipate any proposal you might make, and it can be broken to him by degrees when he is stronger.'

Abigail's heart sank. The Factory had waned into an irksome trifle to Humphrey Bingham, while it had waxed into a matter of life and death to Tom Prior. But she would not be balked of her proposal, the drift of which was beyond Humphrey Bingham's liveliest imagination, though he had a guess that women were, at once, the meanest, and the most generous of created beings.

'Mr. Bingham, when you say the improvement expected from the new machinery would not be to any extent, you mean relatively in connection with the cost and your income, don't you?'

'I admit that I do, Mrs. Prior. It might pay Prior, but only in a small way, and I really consider that he might do better. Pray remember I do not reflect on him in the least,' he added, kindly. 'I should know Tom Prior, old Tom; and I say a more honourable, devoted mechanical genius, if he had the tools to work with, does not exist.'

'I am sure you are right.' Abigail set her seal to the statement, never thinking of deprecating a compliment. 'And he has been brought up a manufacturer, as the Ashley people have been brought up to the Factory. No doubt they could get other work, or go elsewhere for work, and it would be kinder to let them do so, hard as it would be for them at first, than to keep on the Factory if it could not be made to pay. I understand all that, but Tom does not think it cannot pay. Will you tell me, Mr. Bingham, what the improvement would cost?'

'Certainly. To introduce the change properly, which would be the only chance, might cost five or six thousand pounds. But you do not think I would grudge the sum if I saw my way clearly?' he asked, patting his hands into his pockets, unable to help appearing nettled.

'No,' answered Abigail slowly, as if she were reflecting. 'Papa left me four thousand pounds; will you take that as Tom's share? You know business so much better than I, you will be able to tell exactly what I have only a vague notion of—I mean that though I have not the money entirely my own disposal, I believe I can borrow upon it or sell my life rent in it, you know.'

He was leaning back in his chair more astonished than when he had seen her there first.

'Borrow upon your fortune! sell your life-rent in it! What are you thinking of, Abigail? Excuse me, but you are speaking arrant treason—shocking nonsense,' he repeated, with his eyes still opened wide but a smile playing about his mouth. 'Your fortune is the only thing you have to depend upon should the firm be dissolved to-morrow, and Prior not get into another, or be able to procure a subordinate situation. If he were so left to himself as to consent to so rash and reckless a venture, it could not be allowed for a moment in your interest and that of your children.'

'If Tom had the money of his own, do you think he would not risk it?'

'I cannot say that he would not, because the man is possessed by the spirit of improvement; but that would alter the case entirely.'

'I do not think so. Supposing I had happened to have no money, and he were spending all our worldly goods, would it not have come to much the same thing? for what is mine is Tom's, to use according to his judgment, whether you and he think so or no. I desire you to take the money, Mr. Bingham,' she urged, with a dawning of indignation.

'I will not, Mrs. Prior. I beg your par-

don, I could not without his knowledge or consent: there would be neither law nor honesty in the proceeding.' He had risen and was walking up and down the room. He stopped and looked at the thin, pleading, passionate face. 'But at least you are a good wife to him.'

'No,' denied Abigail, with the tears for the first time starting to her eyes. 'That is not it, but he is my dear husband.'

Humphrey stood gazing upon her, and twirling his watch-guard. She had a very sweet face, though she was not by a long chalk so handsome a woman as Alice; but he did not wonder now at her old attraction for him. Would Alice have done as much for him—Alice, who set so much store on her dignities, and required so many indulgences as her right? Stuff! was he, so well off, jealous lest poor Tom Prior could command more loyal duty, purer affection? Alice had suited him perfectly, made him an excellent wife, and she had never been tried, as he should be thankful. But he would try Tom Prior's wife, Abigail Howe, a grain more, and see if the additional straw would break the camel's back, though he had always known her as an unworldly, enthusiastic woman.

'But, Mrs. Prior, supposing the improvement on the looms should fail, and you have no warrant against it, what would you do then?' And he glanced his eyes involuntarily round the library, with its marble busts, carved oak, and calf-skin, which he was sensible were more in Tom Prior's and Abigail's way than in his and Alice's, but which more than any room in the house indicated the power and the refinement of the affluence of the owners.

'I cannot tell; but we would still have Tom to work for us, as I dared not think we would a week ago,' Abigail maintained, with undaunted courage. 'Mamma would do what she could for us, and take us in, till we were established elsewhere.'

'Mrs. Prior, I see you have made up your mind,' broke in Humphrey, afraid to trust himself to hear anything further; 'you are a dear, good little soul, the most regular brick. You have fairly conquered me. We will say no more about business just now, if you please. Only mind, I authorize the new machinery; you may tell Prior so whenever you like; and who knows, it may be a spoke in my wheel if I try for the county? At least many a smaller cotton spinner and calico printer than Cobden and Bright has sat under the roof of St. Stephen's.'

Tom was well enough to begin and groan over his business.

'If Bingham would look in and let me say a word to him on a change in the looms.'

'Humphrey Bingham has been here often,' said Abigail, in an undertone. 'I saw him yesterday, and by-the-by, Tom, he desired me to tell you he agrees to the improvements you wish.'

Tom drew a long sigh of relief, turned to the wall, and pulled up the bed-clothes to shade his face; perhaps he was overcome at the gaining of his desire. Another chance in the world, for he was weak, poor fellow; perhaps he wanted to thank his Maker for His boundless goodness. When he spoke again, it was to say gently,

'My dear, if you had known what it was to me to hear that word, you would have spoken it at once. Humphrey was always a noble fellow, and see how he has got on. He has prospered as he deserves. I hope I shall be permitted to make this up to him.'

Abigail pondered if Tom, lying there wasted and low, with much upon his mind, drudgery and anxiety before him yet, and a weak pining wife all these years, could think he had got what he had deserved; but she offered no remark, and the next speech of Tom's was in a very cheeful key.

'I should not wonder though you got your green-houses after all, Abigail,' he said, looking up brightly.

'Mrs. Prior,' said Dr. Winkworth, bluntly, turning from his patient to his patient's wife, 'you are in for one of your chest colds; I have been expecting it for some time, and now you are loaded with it. How could you be so imprudent as to sit in a draught yesterday?'

Abigail rebutted the attack with a twinkle in her eyes.

'I assure you, Doctor, I did not sit much on anything. I was out: I was busy yesterday, and I am not going to have a cold; do not say so.'

'I think Mrs. Prior is looking very well,' asserted Tom, from where he was laid on his back, manfully standing up with weak but willing valour for his wife. 'To my mind, nursing a sick man does very well with her.'

'Once on a time, Tom, for a change. After all your bullying of me, it is a treat to have you in my power,' answered Abigail, with a fall in her voice. Abigail had nursed her husband unweariedly, indefatigably, with stores of tenderness, which had not till now been set free in the bosom of the daughter, wife, and mother. What had become of her bronchitis, pleurisy? Vanished in smoke. Not that Abigail was a monomaniac, though something of a val-etudinarian. Most people have seen or

heard of the effects of a shock on an invalid: how such a one will rise from a sofa or even a sick bed, and minister to the strong man or woman who has taken her place, to be ministered to instead of to minister; perform the most trying duties; keep the most exhausting watch, while the world looks out for the break-down of the forced strength, till it is compelled to cry 'A miracle!' Sometimes it is great Death which is the shock, and the sufferer who was mourned over as bereft, indeed, when the friend on whom he or she leant, is removed, is restored to life and the world by the stroke — having only one regret — the eyes which would have shone brightest to witness the resuscitation are closed in this world. But what if spirit eyes beam from the stars on the last Lazarus. 'His ways are not as our ways.'

Abigail cast disgrace on Dr. Winkworth, after all his attention to her husband, by not taking his cold; and the strenuous exertions she employed against it, were hardly fair play. She snuffed camphor, she painted herself like a red Indian with iodine, she gargled, she steamed, she had recourse to hot water, she had recourse to cold, she turned out, to the delight of her little boys, in masquerade, and they found mamma made a very pretty guy with a coal-scuttle of an old opera-hood on her head, and a royal fur tippet, like that of the King Edwards', round her shoulders. And when she did not take her cold, Abigail smiled and sighed again.

When Tom was able to go to the Factory again, he came home and took to studying, why his wife gave him so many nervous, furtive, inquisitive glances, whether they were all on account of his health, or had any other origin. It was a luxury for him to study Abigail in a new light.

Notwithstanding her nervousness, her late fatigue and arrested cold, and the important circumstance that, she was a woman over thirty, Abigail was looking prettier than she had done since she was a girl of nineteen, and Humphrey Bingham was in love with her. Tom fancied her ten times prettier than he had ever seen her. It might be because in laying aside the last alternative of the opera-hood and the fur tippet, she had taken the opportunity of discarding her shawl and lace cap along with them, and appeared in her fresh summer gown, with her pulled-out bronze hair. It might be because she had made a great escape, and a new spring was given to her life. Jack and Joe had told their father that first when he had been ill, mamma had been miserable, and then when he grew

better she had grown funny, and she had promised to continue funny if they would be good boys, and not tease papa to draw for them, and go down on all fours to be the umpire in their games of marbles—instead mamma had cut out in paper, girls' things—but such jolly rows of dolls dancing arm-in-arm, and flowers in flower-pots.

Abigail had become more interested in housekeeping since she was under the necessity of exerting herself, and walked about cogitating profoundly, with keys in her hands, or sat dipping into housekeeping manuals and cookery-books, in place of wise discussions on silver hairs and evening clouds. With the extravagance and impetuosity of woman, she had tied round her still slim waist a bran new black silk apron, as if there lurked sovereign virtue in that terribly democratical, determinedly middle-class, and unflinchingly practical piece of wearing apparel. It amused Tom immensely, to an extent no superior person could conceive, to note these innocent preparations.

At last Abigail stepped up to him one evening, when he was standing idle by the window, and impressed upon him solemnly that she believed it was true what Ashley said about the housemaid Dorothy, she was getting spoilt with too little work, and Dorothy's mistress had come to the conclusion she ought to part with her domestic.

'But I thought you had a liking, for Dorothy, Abigail,' remonstrated Tom, checking an inclination to cry out, 'You little humbug!'

Abigail was taken aback, and smitten in her conscience. Yes, of course she had a liking for Dorothy, who was an honest, warm-hearted girl, though a little wilful, and had been very attentive and concerned when her master was lying ill. She had cried and declared he had never spoken a rough word to her, and however engrossed, he had always found time for a smile, and a 'Is that you, Dorothy?' when he met her abroad.

'Ah, Tom, you did not know how much you were thought of,' in parentheses.

But it was a losing of Dorothy to keep her there and not give her work to do. There was not sufficient work since the boys were all day at school, and Mrs. Prior was so well she meant to take more management of the house. There was no one like the lady of the house in looking after it: she was persuaded that it would be good for her now that she was strong enough for it. There was a young sister of Dorothy's, who could come and help when they waited, and for the doing up

of the boys' clothes. Would he not believe her? Abigail at last besought Tom, getting desperate at the stony look of his face, while he resorted to the old dangerous habit of tugging whiskers, ragged, and as if sprinkled with ashes. She could do like other women with an experienced servant, and a little assistance now and then. Poor Mrs. Leech had to do with less since she had lost poor Captain Leech; so had the new curate's young wife; and she was more highly connected than Abigail: would he not listen to reason?

'No, I won't,' Tom declined stoutly. 'I never heard a more preposterous proposal in my life. It may do for poor Mrs. Leech, who cannot help herself; or the curate's wife, with love in a cottage for the honeymoon; but you have not lost your husband, though you have been near to it, and we are an old married couple, with two great boys. I tell you I will not hear another word of it. I never fancied you penurious before, but this is positively mean. Why, I have a great liking for Dorothy, who, young as she is, has made a good nurse to the boys; but I never thought of displaying it by turning the girl off. You goose! you goose! there is no call for curtailing our extensive establishment and starving ourselves—that would be the next precious move: women have no medium. Your poor little fortune has not been made away with, as you proposed (I heard all about it from Humphrey). Humphrey Bingham advances the money; he can very well afford to do it, and the venture will pay him more or less. He said his eldest boy flattered himself he would die a field-marshal; but, for aught Humphrey himself knew, clothing, not killing the enemy, might be the thing before Wakefield or little Humphrey were ready to leave Rugby, and either of them might have a greater mania for usefulness than ever their father had. Lord Rivers' eldest son was to head a steam-baking company: it seemed the entire population were like to be poisoned by a combination of the bakers, poor fellows, to buy up stufed flour, and be excused from kneading.'

Tom was speaking for speaking's sake, for he was agitated, and he hated to show it; but he had taken her two hands, and was squeezing them tight.

Abigail was agitated also.

'You are not angry with me for interfering, Tom?'

Now, however Abigail had erred; she had not been meddlesome or domineering: so Tom protested her self-condemned whisper was 'the most unkindest cut of all.'

'I am thinking of the first Abigail, who rode out on her ass to meet King David among the palm-trees, with the loaves and the bunches of raisins; but she was in terror of her life; and bound for the captivity of her second husband,—was not that it? My wife, the simpleton, made a present of all she had, like the widow's mite, to a ten years old husband, whom she is not soon to get rid of. We will want your poor little fortune yet, never fear, dear. There is the interest to Humphrey—we must and shall pay that, and the education of the lads—we will have no stinting there—eh? Angry because my wife was good and romantic!' Tom was playing all manner of wild pranks; the fever might have returned and gone to his brain, stroking the bronze hair, even the flap of an apron, blessing his wife.

Yet Abigail felt a spasm of disappointment and a little sense of failure. She was an unworldly enthusiastic woman. Ten years and more before, the moral back-bone of her innocent, happy, hopeful, girlish nature sustained a horrible injury, and although it had been set with splints very soon—perhaps too soon afterwards—it had never recovered its vitality and elasticity until Tom Prior's illness and Tom Prior's wife's knowledge of his silent, self-ignoring cares and toils. To bring back Abigail, like Eurydice, from the brink of Hades, Tom had to play Orpheus and go down himself, without grudging, among the shades. And it was the sound of Tom's footsteps in her life which Abigail dreaded to lose if there were no change in her habits—no obligation on her to do her duty. To be no poorer, but with the prospect of becoming gradually richer, yet never so rich as to compass change of scene, travel, intellectual and cultivated society like the Bingham—Abigail dreaded the old humdrum, moping, sickly feeling would steal over her again and she would not have the strength to resist it.

Abigail was still struggling with the sense of discouragement and with the conviction that she was an ungrateful woman, next day, after Tom had gone to the Factory, when she was roused by her mother nodding joyously to her as she rang the door bell.

'My dear, I cannot stop a moment; I met Mr. Prior at the end of the street looking so much improved since Wednesday; but I took the precaution of hoping he was able to go back and forwards and eat a good dinner after it. "Come and see, grandmamma; we have not dined together since I was on beef tea, and now I eat beef like a grazer, and trot on my beat like a postman." Of course I am delighted to come; I only looked in to tell you I had

sent in a pair of spring chickens with asparagus, and a cut of salmon and oysters for the occasion. And I am going home to get my best cap: yes, Abigail, it is a great occasion, the celebration of your dear husband's recovery—twenty times greater than a christening dinner. By the by, Abigail, I passed Jack on the way, and he ran up and whispered to me that he was dux again. Mamma knew, but it was a secret not to be told to papa till he was head of his form for a week. What a scholar the boy is going to turn out! I told him I was proud of him, and gave him a sixpence on the spot. You need not laugh and shake your head, Abigail,—you have two very fine boys, and they have grown quite manly since their papa's illness.'

'I hope, mamma, their manliness will last, and help to keep their hands clean, and their jackets whole (though I sadly fear it will have the opposite result), and that it will progress till they take wives to themselves and daughters to me, and save me further responsibility in their training.'

'Time enough, girl; you will not like to see the day when other women come between you and your boys; the thought of that always reconciled me to my only child being a daughter. But dear! dear! Jack and Joe's marriages are a long look forward, and in the meantime you are well off with your boys and your husband restored to you. And as to another ten years, though I may not live to see it, there will be plenty of women to envy you. Three gentlemen to wait on one lady, and two of them fine, strapping, smart young fellows, as I know my grandsons will be. What a cheerful house they will keep for you! how much they will make of you! Why, Abigail, if you don't take care you will be as full of humours as an heiress with a score of suitors.'

Abigail laughed at her merry old mother, but the light words penetrated to her heart. She was well off—she knew it now; she would not change grey Tom and the rough boys for all the florid Humphrey Bingham and caressing girls in the world.

It was fitter, too, that Tom should go on and win the battle for himself, having the credit and the reward, and only giving Abigail her share. It was far kinder to Humphrey, to let him be generous to his old friend, and retain the consciousness as a cool green spot in the blaze of unmingled prosperity, which is apt to scorch and harden God's garden of man's soul, till it is an arid wilderness. For her she had found that 'He maketh Him families like a flock. He maketh the barren woman to keep house and to be a joyful mother of children.'

From the British Quarterly Review.

THE PENINSULA OF SINAI; NOTES OF TRAVEL THEREIN.

THESE notes of our journey through the Peninsula of Sinai will be better understood by a brief preliminary indication of its general features.

Among the most remarkable of the physical phenomena of our globe are the vast wastes upon its surface,—its extensive tracts of water, steppes, wilderness, desert, and mountain,—not only unreclaimed for habitable uses, but for the most part unclaimable. These are in perfect harmony with the grand economy of nature,—whereby the balance of natural forces is preserved, and the fruitfulness, beauty, and utility of the earth, as a whole, are maintained, but in themselves these are very remarkable. A reference to the map will show that the desert region of which the Peninsula of Sinai forms a part, extends from Cape Blanco on the north-west coast of Africa, to beyond the Indus in Central Asia;—a distance of 5,600 miles—a ‘vast sea of sand,’ as Herodotus calls it;—a desert belt of varying depth, beginning with the Great Sahara, which stretches right across Northern Africa, and is separated from the desert of Suez only by the narrow valley of the Nile. That again is separated by the Gulf of Suez from the broad plateau of Arabia, and the desert of Syria, which extend as far as the Persian Gulf and the rivers of Mesopotamia. Then come the vast wastes of Persia, as far as the Indus, beyond which is the desert of Mooltan;—a huge zone of desert links, vast, sterile, and burning, strung together by diamond rivers or emerald valleys, and hung, as it were, round the neck of the globe. Of this huge chain the little Peninsula of Sinai is nearly the central pendant. It is formed by the bifurcation of the northern end of the Red Sea; the eastern gulf running up to ‘Akabah—the Ezion-geber of Scripture,—its depression being continued in the deep desert valley of ‘Arabah to the Dead Sea, and thence up the valley of the Jordan to the Lebanon; the western gulf terminating just above Suez. Roughly speaking, a line drawn from ‘Akabah to Suez would

form the base, about 130 miles long, of a scalene triangle, the Suez Gulf forming the longest side. North of the line so drawn, the desert extends to the Mediterranean Sea; westward to the Pelusiatic branch of the Nile; and eastward as far as the Persian Gulf; wrapping itself round the mountainous slip of Palestine, this same desert waste stretches away to the north nearly to the Black Sea; and to the north-east as far as Bagdad, Mosul, and the Armenian mountains.

The centre of the Peninsula itself consists of an elevated plateau or table land—the well-known *et-Tih*, or desert of ‘the Wanderings’—a name traditionally derived, probably, from the wanderings of the Israelites 3,000 years ago. This desert plateau, which begins with the shore of the Mediterranean and extends about half-way down the Peninsula, gradually rises, until, at its southern boundary, it attains an elevation of nearly 4,000 feet above the sea. This makes the desert itself pleasant and breezy,—so far, that is, as such an elevation can attemper the fierce heat of an Arabian sun, reflected from an arid and gravelly soil.

This plateau is thrust like a tongue into the peninsula; its boundary is an almost perpendicular mountain wall, averaging between 3,000 and 4,000 feet in height, and extending from nearly opposite Suez to ‘Akabah. On the Suez side it runs parallel with the sea for about sixty miles, at a distance of about fifteen miles from the margin of the latter; then it trends away to the east in a rough kind of semicircle, making way for the highland district of Sinai,—the vast mountain ranges of the *Tûr*. Mountain ranges, property so called, vary in height and outline; but this huge wall, which is simply the precipitous termination of the desert plateau, is nearly uniform in its level; it varies only with the undulating surface of the desert. The mountains of Moab, on the east of the Jordan, form a similar mountain wall, seen from every part of Palestine. As the traveller to Sinai leaves Suez, he traverses the low belt of desert between the plateau and the sea, having the latter on his right hand at an average distance of four or five miles; and on his left this magnificent

wall of limestone, with its magical colours varying with the course of the sun and the condition of the atmosphere, from the dull grey of the morning to the brilliant white of mid-day, and the dolphin hues of evening. Thus far the range is called Jebel er-Râhah, or 'mountain of rest'; — a name singularly corresponding with that of the opposite headland on the Egyptian side — the Jebel 'Atâkah, or 'mountain of deliverance.' Approaching the plateau from Sinai, on the south, it still towers and glitters from every point of elevation — a magnificent and precipitous, almost a perpendicular fortification, to be scaled by only one or two passes. This part of the wall of the plateau bears the same name as the desert — the Jebel et-Tîh, or 'mountain of wandering.' Along the base of it, from 'Akabah nearly to the Gulf of Suez — a distance of perhaps seventy or eighty miles — lies a broad belt of sand, dividing the desert plateau from the mountains of Sinai. This plain of sand is called the 'Debbit-er-Ramleh,' or 'sandy plain,' to indicate its peculiar character. It is almost the only sandy district of that part of Arabia. In the greater part of it the sand is deep, and fatiguing to traverse. We were about four hours in crossing it.

It is a popular misconception that the surface of the desert is sand. Save the 'Debbit-er-Ramleh,' and a little in the Wâdy Ghûrîndel, probably brought from the former by easterly winds, we encountered no sand. The general surface of the desert is hard and gravelly; it consists of broad rolling plains, broken by limestone rocks and mountain ranges upheaved therefrom, which, worn by centuries of storm and heat, are often very fantastic in their forms. I do not remember any spot in our path across the great desert whence several of these low mountain ranges cannot be seen. Deep fissures, also, occur in the desert; it is 'a land of deserts and of pits,' as well as 'a land of drought, and of the shadow of death; a land that no man passed through, and where no man dwelt.' Some of these pits are singularly formed, and are very extensive; they resemble a series of vast chalk pits. Others are simple crevasses, and form natural receptacles for water, of which they furnish a permanent and precious supply. In one extensive system of fissures, just on the edge of the desert plateau, we had a refreshing bath.

Separated from the great plateau by the Debbit-er-Ramleh is the grand tumultuous mountain system of Sinai, — the mountains of Tûr, as they are collectively called, Tûr being the Arabic word for mountain;

whence the adjective Towâra, as applied to the Arabs of the district. This is a high-land region of great magnificence and intricacy, rising to a maximum height of 9,300 feet. On the north-west, the mountains are limestone and sandstone; Mount Serbâl, and the mountains south of it are red and grey granite.

This ganglion of mountains again is surrounded by a coast margin of level gravelly ground, called El-Kâ'a, 'the plain,' except at the extreme southern point, where the mountain mass projects a tongue of granite into the sea; and on the east, where, towards 'Akabah, it terminates in cliffs overhanging the sea.

This cluster of mountains, of which Sinai is nearly the centre, is intersected by deep tortuous valleys, and by narrow and rugged passes. Its three principal peaks are Serbâl (6,759 feet) on the north-west; St. Katherine (8,705 feet) in the centre; and Um Shômer (9,300 feet) in the south-east. The Sinai mountains can scarcely be said to form a system. There are no regular ranges, as in the Alps, or in the Highlands of Scotland: all is intricate, tumultuous confusion, as if a vast molten explosion had suddenly congealed in the upper air. 'It is,' says Sir Frederick Henniker,* as if Arabia Petræa were an ocean of lava, which, whilst its waves were running mountains high, had suddenly stood still.

Unlike other mountainous countries, the district of Sinai is utterly barren and desolate. The Alps and the Highlands are clothed with pine forests, and their intersecting valleys are carpeted with greenest grass: but no tree grows upon the granite sides of Sinai; no verdure of any kind relieves their desolateness. A few odoriferous herbs, and here and there a stunted shrub, are found in their recesses; but neither tree nor grass, nor any green herb, appears to the eye: the valleys are simply torrent beds, wreathed with drifts of sand, and strewn with huge boulders, through which, for a few days in the year, the deluge of rain, falling upon the mountains, rushes with a depth and a force that are irresistible and almost incredible. The mountains are Alps without verdure; the valleys are rivers without water. There are but few of the springs that commonly abound in mountain regions, and give rise to great rivers. Hence the desolation of Sinai. In Wâdy Feirân, where there is a spring of water tolerably affluent, there is a luxuriant vegetation. But what the scenery of Sinai lacks in verdure is almost

* Quoted by Stanley, 'Sinai and Palestine,' p. 12.

compensated by the gorgeous colours of its mountains. It is almost impossible to conceive, and it is difficult to exaggerate, the magnificence and variety of colouring, in both the limestone and sandstone mountains of the north, and the granite mountains of the south. The sandstone deepens into the rich glowing red which gives its name to the similar formation of Edom; and where it is not a gorgeous green, the granite vies with it, and in the ever-changing light they present infinite varieties of tint and combination. The same effect is never produced twice. Nothing can be more magical than these effects of colouring. We shall often be constrained to speak of them in their local peculiarities. They far surpass the wondrous hues with which the setting sun suffuses the *Aiguille Rouge*, while the mystic shadows are climbing, and just before they enwrap the summit of the 'great white throne:' they are more gorgeous even than the marvellous 'after-glow' which we so often saw in Egypt.

The lack of geographical magnitude in the Peninsula of Sinai is more than compensated by its geographical position, and its unique associations. In the old world, its position was at the junction of the two great continents of civilization, and closely adjacent to the cradles of the world's chief religions. Indeed, each religion in its turn seems to have regarded Sinai as its holy place. There are reasons for thinking that before the time of Moses Serbâl was a shrine of Egyptian pilgrimage. To the Jew it was associated with the most awful and sacred events of his religious history. The footmark of Mahomet's camel upon Jebel Mousa is still pointed out, as a tradition of the prophet's association with it; while it has ever been a chief resort of Christian Eremites. And yet the moral influence of these traditions is so utterly lost, that, perhaps, no people upon the face of the earth are more destitute of all that constitutes a religion than the Towâra Arabs.

But although Sinai has always lain, and still lies, beside the gateway of nations, it has never been their path. No city has ever stood within its boundaries. No port has ever given commercial life to its shores. Migratory Bedouins, scattered hermits, and passing pilgrims have, from the days of the Amalekites, been its only inhabitants; the little ecclesiastical city of Paran being scarcely an exception, inasmuch as it was only, for a while, a larger aggregate of pilgrims and hermits.

The entire history of the Peninsula is restricted to the eighteen months during which the Israelites sojourned in it. It has formed no nation; it has had no government; it has witnessed no events that the historian might record. In all other countries that have won a record in the annals of the world there has been, first, a local history, generally springing out of legend and myth, and recording invasion, conflict, and conquest—one nation superseding or intermingling with another, until national character is formed and national history achieved. Not so with the Peninsula of Sinai: it has no aborigines; it is identified with no race; it has no autochthonous history; it owes all its renown to the transient passage through it of a foreign people, and the remarkable events that befel them therein. Before their advent, we know only, that it was possessed by the wandering descendants of Esau; and since their advent, we know only, that it is possessed by the wandering descendants of Ishmael. Its history is a great darkness, upon which only the light of the pillar of fire and of the lightnings of Sinai have broken in. But these were so vivid and Divine, that they have filled the world with their awful glory; and Sinai has become one of the world's most sacred places. With the Jew it divides religious reverence with Jerusalem—with the Mahomedan, with Mecca—with the Christian, with Bethlehem. There is, perhaps, no place that gathers so many various sanctities, that inspires so much reverent awe, the associations of which are so thrilling, the power of which is so subduing. In part, this probably arises from the fact that its sacred associations have been preserved so inviolate. Its desert barrenness, its mountain ruggedness, have restricted human habitation to the tent of the Bedouin or the cell of the hermit. It has thus been preserved sacred to the associations of the law-giving. In Jerusalem, the hurrying, irreverent foot of generations of crowded city life, interrupted only by the devastations of war and the solitude caused by exile, have almost obliterated the sacred footsteps of Him who once trod its ways. The debris of its ancient buildings lie twenty feet thick beneath its modern streets. Even Gethsemane has been desecrated into a trim and gravelled garden, with gaudy flowers in partitioned beds, and fancy palings around its venerable olives; the whole enclosed by a lofty wall, within which the cottage of the custodian is built, and at the doorway of which you pay for admission;—a place over which irreverent crowds

are irreverently shown. The loneliness that sustains hallowed association; the venerable antiquity that no modern touch profanes, that only hushed and trembling feet approach, are utterly wanting. The Mount of Olives, again, whose paths remain as when trod by

"Those blessed feet
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross,"

is the suburb of a great city, and is daily trodden by hundreds of thoughtless wayfarers. Not so the valleys and mountains of Sinai: rarely is it visited and the traveller conscious of other presence beside his own, save a few monks and servants of the convent, occasional pilgrims, whose reverence is attested by their arduous pilgrimage, and perchance a few Bedouins pasturing their flocks. The holy mount has ever been a desert solitude. It has suffered no effacing power of later events, or of a numerous population. Like a great cathedral in the heart of a city, it has stood sequestered from the world. Its awful peaks are solitary, solemn, and unchanged; they are as when the foot of Jehovah trod them, as when the lightnings of Jehovah enwrapped them, as when the awful trumpet reverberated from summit to summit, and the still more awful thunder made them tremble to their base. Cities change; mountains remain the same. It is, therefore, with a feeling of undisturbed and indescribable awe, that the pilgrim first beholds these solemn peaks, and climbs to their summit. It needs but little imagination to make him feel as if the Divine footstep were still upon them, as if the awful voice that the people could not 'hear any more' were latent in the atmosphere. And yet no solitary ruin remains to help the imagination of the traveller; no record save the mysterious inscriptions here and there upon the rocks—which only fanaticism can associate with the law-giving; no monument save the unchanged and silent face of nature, which, in every feature and with startling minuteness, testifies to the local truthfulness of the historian.

Such is the district traversed by the writer and his friends in March 1865. The preparations for our journey were made in Cairo, and occupied several days. First, a dragoman had to be chosen out of some six or seven, who gave us no peace until our choice was made. They beset our going out and our coming in; we passed them when we went to our bedrooms at night, and

found them at our doors when we rose in the morning. Our choice fell upon Hassan Ismael, a Nubian, from Assouân. He was about fifty years of age, and black as a coal; but with a shrewd, good-tempered face, which his character did not belie. He had been a dragoman for upwards of twenty years, and had accumulated considerable property. Although unable to read, he had given his two sons a good education in the school of the American mission, and had himself picked up a considerable amount of miscellaneous information from gentlemen with whom he had travelled. He was tolerably well acquainted with the history of Egypt, and with the general state of things in Europe. Although a Mussulman, he was liberal in his conceptions. He had a great reverence for Isa (Jesus), and even avowed his belief, which, he said, he had heard an Imaum avow from the pulpit, that, one day, Christianity would be the religion of the world. He was inquisitive after knowledge, sensible in judgment, and shrewd in observation. 'You cannot,' said he one day, 'expect all Arabs to be good; angels is seldom.'

Hassan had been strongly recommended to us; and his sensible, business-like way of negotiation predisposed us in his favour. 'Fight,' said he, 'for your bargain, and be good friends ever afterwards.' We had no cause to repent our choice. Hassan served us faithfully and honorably, and provided for us carefully and liberally. Fiery in temper, rapid and vehement in expression, he was also experienced and wise. He managed his Arabs admirably, and proved himself equal to every emergency. At the expiry of our sixty days' contract with him, we parted with, I believe, mutual esteem and regret.

Our contract with Hassan was duly executed at the English consulate. In consideration of a fixed sum *per diem*, he was to conduct us, as we might direct, from Cairo to Sinai, and through the great desert to Palestine and Syria. He was to provide everything necessary for the journey—camels, horses, tents, bedding, provisions, and servants. He was to pay all bakshish, provide local guides where necessary, and whenever we chose to sleep in convents, or stay at hotels, where such were available, he was to pay the bill. Indeed, so far as the necessary expenses of travel were concerned, we needed no money until our contract expired.

Hassan's first concern was to covenant with a Sheikh of the Towâra Arabs, through whose district we were to pass. They oc-

cupy the peninsula of Sinai south of the Jebel Tih; and are said to number between five and six thousand. Sheikhs of the desert always hover about Cairo in the travelling season. Hassan, therefore, had no difficulty: he engaged Sheikh Taima, who undertook to provide twenty-one camels, with sufficient attendants, to take us to Sinai, and thence to Khan Nûkhl, — half-way between Sinai and Hebron, beyond which he had no power to take us. The contract is for so much each camel, *per diem*, the men being thrown into the bargain. Each Sheikh is the patriarchal head of his family. Taima's family consisted of about eighty persons, including sons and daughters, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, nephews, nieces, grandchildren, &c. It is not always easy to ascertain the numbers of a family. 'How many children have you?' I asked of an Arab. 'Four, and two girls,' was the reply. Taima was between fifty and sixty years of age, — a simple, unsophisticated, faithful fellow, with a good-natured countenance, always cheerful, willing, and polite; full of solicitude for our safety and comfort, occasionally keeping watch all night round our tents. He was somewhat buckish, occasionally coming out in a sheep-skin, and sandals roughly made of the skin of a fish. He was a true gentleman, and, no doubt, could boast a pedigree beside which that of the Percys is but of yesterday. His saliam was very emphatic and graceful. His son Salama accompanied him, — a bright, laughing boy of fifteen or sixteen, with handsome features, a clear olive complexion, brilliant dark eyes, and a set of teeth that any dentist's door might envy. Taima had also an Abyssinian slave, named Abdallah, intensely black, the blackness being peculiarly lustrous, like velvet, or the bloom of a damson. His mouth was prodigious, and its tusky, disparted teeth unpleasantly suggestive of those of an alligator, of which, as he was in a perpetual grin, we had the full benefit. He was, indeed, the merriest of the party, although any of us might have purchased him for £15 or £20. He was, moreover, a very clever fellow; besides being the best shot of the party, he was an accomplished botanist, and generally well informed.

The camels belonged to different members of Taima's clan, and were accompanied by their owners, — ten genuine Bedouins, sons of the desert, scarcely civilized; all, however, courteous, some of them handsome, and with a natural grace of figure and movement that would not have discredited 'the first gentleman in Europe.'

It was an unfailing interest, out of the recesses of our tents, to watch their movements as they sat around their camp-fire, or stood and gesticulated in animated conversation.

The great weakness of the Arab is tobacco. We, generally, in the morning gave them a supply for the day: they were just like children, always on the look-out for what we might give them, — thankful even for a few crumbs of biscuit or fragments of orange. The difficulty about the supply of the Israelites in the desert is greatly diminished on seeing upon how little an Arab and his camel can live.

Taima did not always maintain his authority. His men would sometimes struggle with him very irreverently. Hassan, too, would settle a dispute by seizing the first huge stick that he could lay hands upon, and thrashing away right and left, — Taima coming in for a full share of the blows. This, indeed, is so much a matter of course, that it is resented no more than a sharp word is with us. Happily we never had occasion to use our sticks, although it was repeatedly urged upon us as the only way of managing Arabs. May not this Oriental readiness to administer blows be the special reason of the Apostle's injunction, so strange and superfluous to our Western notions, that 'a bishop should be no striker'?

The personal staff of Hassan consisted of a cook, — a dreamy, introspective man, with eyes like half-opened oysters, but a capital *artiste*; and of two servants to attend upon us, — 'Abishai, a Coptic Christian, who was graduating as a dragoman, and Ibrahim, who, Mahometan though he was, got to our canteen and made himself drunk, stole a pair of boots, and had to be ignominiously dismissed at Jerusalem.

We were thus wholly free from responsibility. Hassan was primarily responsible for both our lives and our property. If he failed in any part of his contract, he might be taken before the first pasha we reached: Taima was responsible to him; and through Taima, his whole tribe. If, through them, harm happened to any of us, he would be seized and imprisoned the first town he entered. If any article were lost, he must make it good or find the thief; the Sheikh alone is responsible for the members of his tribe. Thus, an English traveller to whom Hassan was dragoman the previous year, was robbed of his revolver at Shiloh, by a fellow who, in the same place, hung about us for some time. Complaint was made to the Pasha Nablûs, who immediately paid the trav-

eller the estimated value of his pistol, arrested the Sheikh of the village, and imprisoned him, until a fine which he levied upon the inhabitants was paid. It was for the Sheikh to discover and punish the individual offender. This is no doubt a rough kind of justice, but it is the only justice possible among the Bedouins. It has the merit of being very simple and very effective. In most parts of the desert a traveller is as safe from personal injury, and much more safe in his property, than in Cheapside. So far as we had experience of the Towāra Arabs, they are scrupulously honest. If any trifling article was dropped or left behind in the tents, it was invariably brought to us, generally before we had missed it. It is said, that if a camel laden with goods should fall in the desert, its owner may draw a circle round it, and leave it in perfect security, even for days, while he fetches another.

For the sake of such as may be curious about tent life in the desert, I may say that it is very enjoyable. An hour's rest for lunch, in the middle of the day, enabled the camels to reach the camping-ground before us, so that we commonly found our canvas city built. This consisted of two large tents for ourselves, and a third for Hassan and the servants. Culinary rites were performed in the open air by the side of the latter, at a portable stove sheltered from the wind, if there was any, by a bit of canvas. Three or four fowls — on Sundays a turkey — were generally being prepared for sacrifice when we arrived. The camels were permitted, for awhile, to roam in search of the prickly ghurkud. At dark they were picketed close by; their drivers sleeping between their legs. Our chief inconvenience arose from their inconceivable and incessant chattering, sometimes squabbling, which was often prolonged far into the night; and from the guttural grumbling of the camels. Of our twenty-one camels — our party being large — twelve or thirteen were baggage camels, carrying, besides our portmanteaus, almost all conceivable things; — coops of live poultry, casks of water, butchers' meat — always mutton; — cooking necessities, crockery, glasses, &c., — ingeniously packed in two large canteen chests; tents, bedsteads and bedding, camp-stools, and mental wash-basins — all spontaneously provided by Hassan. Nothing was wanting. Our tents were comfortably carpeted; small iron bedsteads, with new bedding, three in each tent, were, with our portmanteaus, arranged around the sides. One table for dinner was adjusted against the tent-pole; another for washing was ad-

justed outside the door of each tent. We were astonished to find our table laid with home neatness and comfort, — a white tablecloth and napkins, always scrupulously clean; glass, plate, salts, &c. The dinner generally consisted of five courses, viz., soup, mutton, fowls — on Sundays, turkey — fritters or puddings, mishmash or prunes, cheese, with a dessert of dried fruits, oranges, and preserves; the liquid accompaniment being bitter beer, sherry, and, when it was necessary to neutralize the active qualities of doubtful water, cognac. A fragrant cup of *café noir*, and, about an hour after, a delicious cup of tea — provision for which should always be made in England — followed by a *tchibouk*, crowned the whole. Indeed, Hassan's care and experience omitted nothing. The only defect of our *cuisine* was its necessary monotony, mutton and fowls alternating with fowls and mutton. On the whole, the fare of the desert was not to be complained of — it was far in advance of manna and quails.

Reading, journal-writing, or flower-pressing occupied us until about ten o'clock, and then to bed; taking care to tuck in warmly, for nights in the desert are cold, often intensely so. By five in the morning we are shivering at our tent-door, under an *al fresco* sponge, making the most of a regulation supply of water. Then breakfast — coffee or tea, with three or four hot dishes of some kind or other, eggs, and jam or marmalade; by seven, or half-past, our city of the desert has disappeared, and we are patiently doing our two and a half miles an hour. About twelve o'clock we lunch, either upon the burning sand under our umbrellas, or, if we can find one, 'under the shadow of a great rock;' — cold meat, hard-boiled eggs, bread, biscuit and cheese, an orange each, and a few dates or figs; water limited, and often doubtful, — a curious leathery concoction, out of a kind of leathern boot, called a 'zemzemia,' — generally, therefore, adulterated with a little brandy: only a desert traveller can appreciate the blessing of pure water.

Travellers to Sinai commonly cross in boats from Suez to the 'Ayūn Mousa,' a distance of six or seven miles; the camels being sent round by the head of the gulf. We determined to accompany our camels, that we might get a better conception of the formation of the gulf: this was a day's journey of about seven hours. We left our hotel, however, on the preceding evening, that we might inaugurate the tent life of the next sixty days by an experimental encampment a mile or two in the desert. It

was a new and a strange sensation, when the early sunset permitted the night rapidly and silently to gather round us, and when the silvery light of the young moon had dimly lit up the solitary scene, and when, after infinite bustle and chattering on the part of the Arabs, our tent lights were extinguished. So truly and utterly was it desert; Suez might have been a hundred miles away. Our sense of solitude was disturbed only by another encampment of travellers at a short distance from us. I walked a little way from the tents. The Jebel 'Atakah was dimly seen in the distance; the undulating waves of the desert rolled away on every side. In this sky the fiery pillar shone — these sands reflected it — these mountains were lit up by it. Over this ground the terrified Israelites crowded onwards, as they discovered the pursuing Egyptians in the distance. Over this ground the vengeful chariots and horsemen of Pharaoh eagerly rushed, until arrested by the mysterious pillar of cloud. Now these look like common spots and things: they give no sign, they bear no impress of the stupendous miracle; and yet they saw it. One feels as if one fain would question them, or find some memorial inscribed upon them; but they are silent as the sphinx, barren as the commonest part of the earth's surface. The night was intensely cold, although we lunched the next day with the thermometer at 110° under the shade of our umbrellas; even when all our wraps were utilized, we could scarcely obtain adequate warmth. Our Arabs slept comfortably enough among the legs of their camels; neither the drenching dew nor the piercing cold, apparently, affecting these children of the sun. The novelty of our circumstances, and the excitement of so many strange thoughts, rendered sleep impossible.

Our experience of camel-riding was new, and I dare say we were awkward enough. It is very monotonous, but otherwise not very disagreeable; the slow swinging motion being soothing rather than otherwise: relief is obtained by the various postures possible to the rider, who may sit in every conceivable way upon the platform which his wraps make, upon the singular frame of a camel's saddle; progress is very slow, averaging two and a half miles an hour.

I am not enamoured of the camel. It is doubtless one of the most useful of animals; but it is one of the most uninteresting and repulsive, — its odour is not pleasant, — it does not keep clean teeth, — its lustreless eye and heavy eyelid are expressive of

stupidity rather than of sagacity, — its pyramidal lip either hangs down in sullenness or is uplifted in menacing anger; the ignoble dissatisfied motion of its ungainly head, its unintelligent melancholy face, the dull obstinacy of its disposition, deprive it of all claims to be a favourite among domesticated animals. It is, among them, a dull plodding slave. The interest that we Occidentals feel in it is that which as post-diluvians we feel in a megatherium: it is the type of another world than ours, — the world of the sun, of primeval antiquity, of romance. It has but little of the patience ordinarily attributed to it. It is stupid rather than patient. It manifests no appreciation of kindness; it has no home affections; it is dissatisfied, cantankerous, repulsive. Its only manifestations of sagacity are discontent when it is loaded, and obstinate refusal to go further when it thinks it has gone far enough. As compared with the quick sensibilities, the intelligent attachment, and the agile beauty of the horse, it is not to be named, even in the estimation of the Arab. It is the pariah of the brute world — fit only to carry burdens and eat ghurkud, and to pace the arid desert at the speed of two and a half miles an hour.

At length we were fairly started, and soon reached the banks of the ancient canal, upon one of which we had to travel northwards for a mile or two, in order to find a passage across the salt marsh which they inclosed. Salt is collected here in considerable quantities. We then crossed the imaginary line which divides Europe from Asia, with the feeling that we had left behind us all the Christianity of the West; a civilization too that was older than Greece, or Rome, or Nineveh; and that we were now in the early footsteps of a dispensation that preceded Christ. Then, turning southwards, we fell into one of the great highways of the desert — the caravan route from Cairo to Tûr, marked by from twenty to twenty-five parallel camel tracks, stretching away, like the lines of a railway, over the undulating desert, when not obliterated by sand-storms. Even were there no such tracks, bleached skeletons of camels occur often enough to suffice for waymarks. We observed here some fine effects of mirage. Suez suddenly assumed the appearance of a vast fortified town, with castellated walls and frowning bastions, having ships in its harbours and roads. Frequently, in after days, like fantastic tricks were played with our deluded vision; blue lakes and shady groves were its most frequent illusions. We began, after a while, to realize the weary

monotony of an ever-receding horizon, disappointing our hope of our resting-place, or of some 'shadow of a great rock' that might be a brief protection from the vertical torrent of the sun's fierce rays: but the crown of one swelling eminence only brought into view another; it was unchanging, continuous, endless desert, more vividly impressive, more physically distressing, than on any subsequent day. At length we saw a distant speck of verdure, and after a little while joyfully encamped near the Ayûn Mousa—the Rosherville of Suez. There, about two miles from the sea, are nine brackish fountains, most of them mere holes in the sand; one, however, is a regularly built fountain of ancient masonry. The Arab tradition is, that the Israelites here wanting water, Moses furnished them with a supply by striking the ground with his rod. These wells give life to a little bit of the barren waste, which breaks out in a few palm, and pomegranate, and tamarisk trees, with an undergrowth of shrubs, and vegetables, and flowers. The bud of a monthly rose was offered me as the choicest production of the gardens; it had a pleasant association of home. The whole is contained in two or three enclosures or gardens, in which are rude huts for their keepers. Hither picnic parties come from Suez and Cairo. His Excellency Sir Henry Bulwer had been there but two or three days before.

We were now beyond all doubt on the track of the Israelites. Here, probably, where the shore forms a gentle bay, the desert sons of Ishmael were startled by the strange advent of the descendants of Isaac, and by their exultant song of triumph awakening echoes never awakened before—even those that slumbered in the distant sides of Er-Râhah. Here, probably, for days and weeks, strange spoil would be gathered upon the shell-strewn shore. Near the Ayûn Mousa we kept our first desert Sabbath,—a grateful rest, and a tent service, in which, while our friends at home were gathering around the Lord's table, we held holy communion with them. We sang the hymn, 'Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah,' then strolled along the beach and sat upon the rocks for an hour or two, quietly musing amid these scenes of strange experience and wondrous association. Again the almost sudden darkness fell. It was the Sabbath evening; and, in the translucent atmosphere, the moon and stars seemed to hang down like lamps from the lofty roof of God's great temple; clearly defined as if seen through a telescope, they

shone with a brilliancy of which, before visiting the East, we had scarcely conceived.

For two days we traversed the desert of Shur,—the border strip between the mountains and the sea. Passing Ain Howarah and the Wady Ghûrindel—the Marah and Elim of the Exodus—on the third day we entered the highland district of Sinai by a narrow gorge formed by spurs from the Jebel Râhah meeting the Jebel Hûmmâm. Turning suddenly to the right, we descended the valley Tayibeh, or 'the bewildering,' to the sea. This is a perfect labyrinth of grotesque and towering mountain forms—gloomy, desolate, and magnificent, as if scorched and twisted in some great conflagration, which had left upon them the marks of its blended smoke and flame; wonderful amphitheatres, terraces, pyramids, fortifications, castles, columns, quarries, indeed almost every conceivable form and freak of nature, presented themselves in most rapid succession, each at the moment photographing itself upon the memory,—a picture to be distinctly reproduced, when, even in old age, these glorious days of travel are recalled; and yet so intruding upon and effacing each other, that they leave but a confused recollection of a grand pageant of nature. Beneath our feet, ploughed up into channels, heaved into sandbanks, and strewn with huge boulders, bearing everywhere the marks of terrific winter torrents, was a glittering surface of whitish mud baked by the sun, so as to be impervious to the foot of the camel; and reflecting a glare and a heat that were almost intolerable, even when our eyes were protected by coloured spectacles, and we were elevated upon the backs of our camels. Above our heads was a cloudless translucent sky of the deepest purest blue, 'as the body of heaven in its clearness.'

At the foot of this pass is 'the encampment by the sea' where, the provisions brought from Egypt being exhausted, manna and quails were first given to the Israelites.

Then across the rocky headland of Zalimah and the plain of Mûrkah, until we re-enter the mountains by the rocky gorge of the Wady Shellâl, 'the valley of cataracts;' which after two hours terminates in a fine amphitheatre, over the ridge of which—the 'Nûkb-el-Bûdrah,' 'the pass of the sword's point'—the path lies. A rugged camel track made by Major Macdonald makes somewhat easier, what, for thirty centuries, must have been an arduous scramble up a precipitous bank of *débris*.

We felt the greatest difficulty in conceiv-

ing of a mixed host, like that of the Israelites, crossing such a pass as this. It is more probable that they entered the Wādy Feirān by another and much easier route. Dean Stanley suggests two alternatives — 'They may have gone, according to the route of the older travellers, — Shaw, Pococke, and the Prefect of the Franciscan Convent, to Tūr, and thence by the Wādy Hebrān and the Nūkb Hāwy to Jebel Mousa; or they may have gone according to the route of all recent travellers, by the Wādy Shellāl, the Nūkb Būdrāh, and the Wādys Mokatteb, Feirān, and Es-Sheikh, to the same point. The former route is improbable, both because of its detour, and also because the Wādy Hebrān is said to be, and the Nūkb Hāwy certainly is, as difficult, if not more difficult, than any pass on the route of the Wādy Feirān.*

On this it may be remarked — First, that the route by the Wādy Hebrān would not necessarily involve the difficult pass of the Nūkb Hāwy: the people might still have gone round by the Wādy Es-Sheikh. And next, that another alternative is possible. From their encampment at Mūrakah they may have proceeded along the shore until they came to a valley leading into the Wādy Feirān at its junction with the Wādy Mokatteb, thus avoiding the difficult pass of Būdrāh. This was not our route, but we were informed by the Rev. W. Gell, who had just examined it, that it was broad and easy, offering no impediments whatever to the passage of a great multitude. On this supposition, there would be no physical difficulty in the entire route from Suez to Sinai, except the rocky headland of Zaltimah, which no one would affirm to be either insuperable or serious.

There was but a slight descent from the top of the pass of Būdrāh, but the region was a strange one; utterly stern and desolate, it had neither vegetation nor sign of human presence; it was a defile of calcined rocks and huge boulders, burnt and contracted like scoria, with grey molten heaps as of boiling mud, as if it were the *débris* of a cyclopean iron foundry, or the huge crater of an extinct volcano. The very surface of the ground seemed cindery, as if from subterranean fires. It was a scene of vast and utter desolation, such as the plain of Sodom may have been before the Dead Sea covered the charred ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah. In the larger mountains, the dip and colouring of some of the strata were very remarkable; it was as if huge masses had been ex-

ploded upwards, forming peaks and crags of the most daring forms, — ribbed, black, grey, and red, and of almost perpendicular strata. We felt it a relief from its stifling, oven-like heat when, after a weary search, we found the shadow of a rock under which we might rest.

We then descended rapidly. Our direct route lay through the Wādy Mokatteb; but we wished to visit the Wādy Megārah, or 'Valley of the Cave,' which, through a sublime gorge, opens out on the left.

For nearly twenty years Major Macdonald has resided in this valley, working its famous turquoise mines. Its magnificent sandstone peaks rise to a great height on either hand. Among these we wound for about half an hour before we reached Major Macdonald's hermitage. Bright cultured vegetation, and cattle feeding thereon, gladdened our eyes; for by artificial irrigation, especially by the construction of ample cisterns, Major Macdonald, on a small scale, has demonstrated how 'the wilderness might be turned into a fruitful field.'

Some of his people had announced to him the approach of travellers; and, in old patriarchal fashion, he had begun to make hospitable preparations for our reception by killing, not 'a kid of the goats,' but a young capricorn, that he might regale us with mountain venison. He came a little way to meet us, and received us very heartily. His dwelling is a kind of rough highland shieling, a Robinson Crusoe structure, two sides of the apartment in which we dined being formed by the bare rock; thick rough walls constituted the other two, through which small apertures admitted the dim light. Various trunks and boxes containing stores were arranged round the room. The rest of the establishment consisted of a kitchen, and a couple of tents for the accommodation of passing travellers, a little garden, kennels for dogs and pens for goats. All supplies have to be fetched from Suez, four days distant, where also is the nearest post-office. Major Macdonald's Sheikh was just starting with the letter-bag, of which we were glad to avail ourselves. The Major was just recovering from a fever, in which he had been his own doctor, and during which he must have been very lonesome indeed. No wonder that a fit of nostalgia had come upon him, and that he avowed his intention of returning to England. He has acquired great influence over the Arabs, and has secured their warm attachment. He has no civilized neighbours, yet is he a highly educated, intelligent, and most hospitable British gentleman.

* 'Sinai and Palestine,' p. 38.

Laborde is the first traveller whose visit to the Wady Megârah is recorded. He and almost all travellers speak of its copper mines. Mr. Bonar goes so far as to say that he picked up here some specimens of copper ore. Major Macdonald distinctly affirms that, although copper may be found in the peninsula, — and indications of old copper mines are found near Sûrâbit-el-Khârdim — there is none in the Wady Megârah. The mines produce only turquoise, and are now, according to Major Macdonald, the only turquoise mines, that are wrought, in the world.

Some of the excavations from which the Wady derives its name are very extensive, and very ancient. Among the specimens of turquoise which Major Macdonald showed us, was one, polished, as large as a pigeon's egg — which, had the colour been good, would have been among turquoises what the Koh-i-noor is among diamonds.

Unable, from the effects of his illness, to accompany us himself, Major Macdonald kindly sent his cavass to show us the inscriptions near the mines, said to be antecedent to the time of Moses. We clambered a considerable height up the side of the northern mountain, until we came to the entrance of the principal cavern, which some of our party explored. It is a vast excavation, the roof of which is supported by a series of pillars. The chief inscriptions are near the entrance of this cavern: they consist of hieroglyphics, monograms and sentences, — some in Cufic, some in Greek characters, and of roughly drawn figures and cartoons, apparently relating to mining operations; most of which have been copied and published in Europe. Mr. Bartlett gives drawings and descriptions of three of the principal. According to Lepsius, the hieroglyphics belong to the period of the earliest Egyptian monuments, and represent the triumphs of Pharaoh over his enemies. One of the cartouches is said to be that of Cheops, the builder of the Great Pyramid, 200 years before Abraham.

One reason assigned by Major Macdonald, why the Israelites were not likely to have come by the Nûkb Bûdrah, seemed to have in it some force — viz., that a strong Egyptian guard was always stationed near the mines. Moses, who was minutely familiar with the district, would hardly, therefore, have exposed the Israelites to their possible attack. This reasoning would have almost equal force, applied to the route from the sea to the entrance of the Wady Fôirân, above suggested.

Resisting Major Macdonald's hospitable

importunities to remain the night, we started by moonlight for our encampment in the Wady Mokatteb, two hours distant. The ride was very grand, almost solemn in its natural magnificence, its dim solitude, and its manifold associations; its excitement being heightened by just a *souppçon* of peril from marauding Arabs, of whose camp-fires we occasionally got a glimpse. We reached our encampment in safety, however, where we found our servants wondering what had become of us.

In the morning we retraced our steps some way in order to examine the inscriptions which we had passed without recognition in the dim moonlight. The Wady Mokatteb, or 'Written Valley,' is the chief locality of the Sinaitic inscriptions; they occur in great numbers on the sandstone cliffs, and at no great height. The sides of the valley are low, broken, and irregular, having a background of granite peaks. Many of the cliffs have fallen, and the inscriptions are found upon their fragments. In some parts of the valley, the rocks are thickly covered with them; in others, they occur more scantily. The number of the whole is not so great as we had anticipated. Lord Lindsay and Dr. Robinson speak of 'thousands;' Lepsius of 'immense numbers.' Dean Stanley says that they exist 'at the most by hundreds or fifties.' Our observations confirm the lower estimate. They are almost all written upon the surface of the soft sandstone: very few are found upon the harder granite, and these are but slightly scratched.

These remarkable inscriptions are found in various parts of the Sinaitic peninsula, chiefly about Mount Serbâl, and extend eastwards as far as Petra; they are found on Serbâl itself, but not on Jebel Mousa. They were first mentioned by Cosmas Indicopleustes, who visited Sinai in A. D. 518, who speaks of them as being then ancient. Pococke gave specimens of them. Niebuhr visited the peninsula for the special purpose of examining them, but by the mistake of his guide was taken to Sûrâbit-el-Khârdim. Subsequent travellers have copied and published the principal of them, especially Burckhardt in 1816, Gray in 1820, and Lepsius in 1845. They consist of inscriptions in the Sinaitic character, with some few in Arabic, Greek, and Latin; rude drawings of animals of all kinds, chiefly asses, horses, dogs, and ibexes, many of them in such grotesque forms as to render it impossible that they could have had any serious meaning; crosses of all kinds, chiefly + and



standing usually at the beginning of

inscriptions. Scarcely any of them require either ladder or scaffolding of any kind; the highest might have been written, as Dean Stanley suggests, by one man standing upon the shoulders of another.

Various theories of their origin and character have been propounded. Cosmas and his fellow-travellers affirmed that they were Hebrew in character, and origin. Professor Beer thought them the passing records of Christian pilgrims;—this is also the opinion of Lepsius. Professor Tuch thinks them the work of Pagans, either pilgrims or residents. Ritter connects them with the idolatrous worship of the Amalekites. Mr. Forster has labored very hard to prove them contemporary records of the Israelites. Dean Stanley, mainly from the occurrence of the numerous crosses, can 'hardly imagine a doubt that they are the work for the most part of Christians, whether travellers or pilgrims.' Chevalier Bunsen thinks that they are of mixed origin,—Pagan, Jewish, and Christian,—which is probably nearest the truth. In 1839, Dr. Beer of Leipzig constructed an alphabet for the interpretation of the Sinaitic character, which is given by Bunsen in his *Table of Semitic Alphabets*,* and with such success that Professor Tuch could not alter a single letter. He tested the inscriptions on the assumption that the alphabet would resemble the Phœnician, and that the language would be a dialect of the Arabic; and everywhere he found good Arabic, and good sense. After his death, Professor Tuch applied it to above two hundred additional inscriptions, and with equal success. The results of their investigation are—that the dialect is Arabic, with some peculiarities of form; that the inscriptions are Pagan, with some Christian intermixed; that they are the work of pilgrims, and consist chiefly of the greetings and names of travellers.

Leaving the Wady Mokatteb, we entered the Wady Feirân just where it opens westward to the sea. At this point we again struck the route of the Israelites. The entrance to the Wady Feirân is guarded by a singular sandstone cliff, shaped like a huge fortification, round the eastern side of which we wound. The valley is the most fertile, and next to the Wady Sheikh the most extensive, in the peninsula; we were about eight hours in traversing the first section of it. Like all the larger valleys of Sinai, it is very picturesque and grand. The section of it north of Parân is utterly sterile and desolate:

* *Philosophy of History*, vol. i., p. 255.

dark mountains, on either side, of splintered granite and gneiss, deeply veined with porphyry, as if some Plutonic caldron had boiled over; and so linking the valley as to form long reaches, or inland lakes,—of course waterless, stern, torrid, and impressive in their molten sublimity. Unlike other mountainous countries, the bottoms of the Sinaitic valleys are flat, forming an angle with the sides, like that of water: they are alluvial deposits; that of the Wady Feirân is roughly corrugated by fierce torrents, and occasionally dotted with boulders. Our ride through the endless twistings of this waterless river was hot and wearying, almost distressing: the sun poured down his perpendicular streams of fire, fiercely radiated from the iron granite of the mountains, and the glassy sand of the valley; every breath of cooling breeze was inexorably shut out. The water in our zemzemias was of a very doubtful character, but this did not prevent our having frequent recourse to them.

Here, if Feirân be Rephidim, the poor panting Israelites might well murmur for water: our realization of their distress was very vivid. It is no presumption against this identification that, four or five hours farther on in the valley, abundant water flows through luxuriant groves of palm-trees.

We looked out very eagerly for the palm groves of Feirân. Our hope was long deferred, as one after another only the monotonous links of the huge granite chain presented themselves. At length we came in sight of the little village of Huseiyeh, to which some of our Arabs belonged. The people greeted us kindly, and gave us handfuls of the Liliputian apples of the Nûbk tree, which, to our parched and thirsty palates, were very grateful. The 'black tents of Kedar' now dotted the sides of the valley; we had exchanged the solitude and sterility of the desert for the fertile habitations of men. Half an hour later we reached our encampment at the entrance of the palm grove of Feirân; this extends two or three miles up the valley, and consists of an extensive plantation of three or four thousand palm trees, together with tamarisks, acacias, and other shrubs. It is the 'Bedouin Paradise.' No wonder that the old Amalekites tried to defend it. Its fertility is caused by a stream of water, some three or four feet broad, which flows from a perennial spring at the upper end of the valley, and after traversing the entire length of the grove is lost in a cleft of the rock a short distance below Huseiyeh.

After some days' experience of the desert, where a muddy sandpool and the stunted ghurkud were unusual luxuries, the verdant grass beneath our feet, the thick shrubbery of tamarisk and broom around our tents, the feathery palm gracefully waving some fifty or sixty feet above our heads, and, above all, the gentle music of the bubbling brook at our tent door, grateful as the voice of home, were very delicious. Life was everywhere luxuriant and beautiful. Amid her countless nooks and varieties of beauty, the earth has none perhaps more fascinating and fanciful than this. It is a wilderness of tropical fertility, sequestered by rich and lofty mountains of granite; a Happy Valley, where Rasselas might have hoped for unsophisticated and virtuous dwellers, hardly to be found, however, in the squalid huts and semi-savagery of the Bedouins. To us, it was a place of delicious repose, long and pleasantly to be remembered.

Two other parties of travellers were already encamped in the palm grove. The flickering light of the camp-fires reflected from Oriental foliage, with groups of Arabs and camels reposing round them, and thrown into strong relief; the bright moon calmly shining above; the gurgling brook serenading us with its home music; the grand ranges of mountain on either side, crowned on the western side by the awful domes of Serbâl, which almost overhang the valley, made the scene one of the most impressive and memorable of our journey. Nor were we without Arab music. The minstrel of the grove serenaded us with a most melancholy love ditty, sung to the accompaniment of a still more melancholy violin, of the rudest and most primitive construction.

We did not get much sleep, one noise or another disturbing us all the night. Notwithstanding this, before the morning, a hyæna from Mount Serbâl made free with the foal of a camel three days old, the bereaved mother of which carried me the next day.

At this junction of the sterile and fertile parts of the valley, there are two lateral valleys opening out of it like the transepts of a cathedral, each forming a *cul-de-sac*: that to the west, the Wâdy 'Aleiyat, is a wild picturesque glen, two or three miles in length, blocked up by the vast mass of Serbâl; it is utterly sterile, and is little more than the rugged bed of mountain torrents. That to the east is shorter; it is simply a deep amphitheatre of mountains, a bellying out of the side of the valley. By

the conjunction of these four valleys, an extensive plain is formed, in the centre of which there is a low broken hill, some sixty or seventy feet in height, called the hill Hêrêrât. Upon this hill, according to the tradition, Moses stood while the battle of Rephidim raged around it. Certainly no place could more perfectly correspond to the circumstances of the history. The Amalekites would naturally wish to defend their fertile vale against the invasion of a host like that of Israel. Concealing themselves, therefore, as they easily might, in the sides of the mountains, and behind the hill Hêrêrât, they permitted the Israelites to advance to the centre of the plain, and then, bursting forth from their ambush, attacked them both in front and rear. In this way Moses would be able to ascend the 'little hill,' as in the original it is emphatically called (הַרְרֵרֶאֱת), and thus he would command the entire field of battle. Here then we may picture to ourselves the wondrous rod uplifted, — *bâton* serving as a standard to Joshua's army, and also a mute appeal to the God of battles; as the arms of the venerable law-giver grow weary, they are upheld by Aaron and Hur, and at length are supported by two stones for pillows. And from morning till evening, according to the firmness of the uplifted rod, the impetuous tide of battle swayed, swelling and breaking, and angrily dashing against the rocky pedestal upon which the sublime figure of Moses stood. After the victory the same rocky eminence would doubtless be an altar in the midst of this grand temple of nature, upon which sacrifices of thanksgiving would be offered in sight of all the people. It is now covered with the ruins of the ancient church and episcopal palace of Feirân, while round its base are ruins of the old ecclesiastical city, — houses, chapels, and tombs. The mountains all round are honeycombed to the very summit with hermits' cells, and tombs.

P and F being cognate and interchangeable letters, Feirân and Parân are identical words. Feirân is the Phara of Ptolemy, from which in his day the entire district was called the Pharanitic Peninsula. It is most probably also the Parân of Scripture history and poetry, the El Parân to which Chedorlaomer and his allies chased 'the Hiorites of Mount Seir,' the 'Mount Parân' from which 'the Holy One came.' In this place Christian altars were once erected, and Christian worship was offered. These mountain echoes, that once reiterated the terrible sounds of battle, also responded to the voice of Christian song. These dark

and comfortless cells were once filled with living men, and witnessed all the strange tragedy of anchorite life,—the struggle of human passion, the fervour of wrestling prayer, the unutterable desolateness of human solitariness, the weary weakness of sickness, the dark solitude of death. These hoary walls once felt the touch of human hands, and were sanctified by the holy worship of human hearts. Here lived Theodosius, the Monothelite Bishop of Feirân, who was excommunicated for his heresy. Here, too, the Tyrians once traded: so that all the interests of human life, all the play of human passion, were once vital here. Now all is solitary and desolate; a few Bedouins wander about the place by day, the jackal and the hyæna roam over it at night.

Mount Serbâl is seen from Feirân in all its magnificence. It rises from its base in five great sections, blended together like the clustered columns of a cathedral: some one has happily compared it to a cluster of inverted stalactites, distinguished, but not parted, by deep ravines. The ascent is commonly made from Feirân; it is arduous, but not otherwise difficult. It occupies about four hours. Dean Stanley describes the view from the summit as very magnificent.

A most interesting and important question respects the identity of Serbâl with the mountain of the law-giving. This is very strenuously and elaborately maintained by Lepsius, Mr. Bartlett, Dr. Stewart, and others. Burckhardt, Dean Stanley, Dr. Wilson, and most modern travellers, more successfully contend for the modern Sinai. The Jewish traditions are in favor of Sinai, and we can hardly conceive of these as doubtful. The early Christian traditions of the time of Eusebius and Jerome down to Justinian are in favour of Serbâl. On the other hand, the church of Justinian was built at the foot of Jebel Mousa with the concurrence of the whole Christian world. Even the monks of Serbâl never thought of disputing the claims of Sinai; and these have been admitted by almost all later writers. The inscriptions which are found upon Serbâl, even to its summit, are adduced in its favour; but there is no proof that these are Israelitish in their origin: their strange character is presumption to the contrary. It is, moreover, almost impossible to conceive of the Israelites gravely any inscription upon the holy and awful mount of God; besides, there are inscriptions almost all over the peninsula. Josephus (*Ant.* iii. c. 5, § 1) speaks

of Sinai as 'the highest of all the mountains that are in that country;' but this is quite in accordance with his exaggerating habit: it is more applicable to Jebel Mousa than it is to Serbâl, but is literally true of neither. Importance has been attached to the fact that the episcopal city of Parân existed prior to the time of Justinian; but this proves, not that Serbâl was Sinai, but only that the Wâdy Feirân was the most fertile spot in the neighbourhood of Sinai. Serbâl was undoubtedly a sacred mountain, and a place of religious pilgrimage, even prior to the Exodus. Its name points to the worship of the Phœnician Baal.

Further, it is clear from the narrative of Scripture, and is also implied by Josephus, that Rephidim was some distance from Sinai,—certainly one day's march, probably more. Feirân is as near to Serbâl as the people could come, while it is at the least sixteen or eighteen hours distant from the modern Horeb. It is further urged that the plain Er Râhah, at the foot of Horeb, and the Wâdys round the modern Sinai, are destitute of vegetation, and of the means of supporting a great multitude; and that Moses, who intimately knew the whole district, would naturally select for the place of their prolonged encampment the Wâdy Feirân, which abounds in luxuriant vegetation. To this it may be replied, that while Sinai is not so fertile as Feirân, it is by no means without vegetation and water; that after the victory at Rephidim, the resources of Feirân would be available for the people encamped on Er Râhah, and that, in all his movements, Moses was manifestly under the explicit guidance of Jehovah, and was not left to the simple dictates of his own unassisted judgment. If the history be true at all, the question can hardly be argued on the ground of mere natural probabilities. We are necessarily restricted to such intimations as are furnished by the sacred narrative. The place of the law-giving would doubtless be determined by a comparison of various considerations.

It is conclusive against the claim of Serbâl, that there is no open space near its base where a host like that of Israel could encamp before the mount, and whence its summit could be seen. From the palm grove of Feirân, the nearest possible camping-place, the actual base of the mountain cannot be seen at all. A turn of the Wâdy 'Aleiyat at its entrance completely intercepts it, and, according to Dr. Stewart, it is five miles distant. The Wâdy 'Aleiyat itself is a narrow ravine, little more than

a rocky watercourse; it affords no convenience for the encampment of a multitude of people, and no possibility of their retiring afar off, according to the narrative, and at the same time maintaining their connection with the mountain. On the other hand, all the required conditions are fulfilled at Sinai with almost startling exactness.

Our way now lay up the Wady Feirân, and through the entire length of the palm grove, which extends for about three miles, the regal palm gradually giving place to the tamarisk and to the broom.

This fairy grove was thickly peopled with the rude huts and the tents of the Bedouins, their flocks herding near them, and their children — innocent of even a palm leaf, and brown as a chestnut, half curious, half fearful — venturing to the side of the path, or hiding behind the foliage, to get a furtive glimpse of our white faces and wide-awakes, as we passed. We were the strange objects there. The valley is richer as we ascend. A considerable accumulation of soil is fertilized by the living stream that runs through it; and even corn is grown in it; but lower down, around Parân, the conflicting torrents are too violent to permit such accumulation, — all *débris* from the mountains is entirely swept away. Dr. Lepsius speaks of the traces of an ancient lake in the higher part of the valley: these we did not see; but if his observation be accurate, it is important, as indicating the former fertility of it. Lakes in similar positions are frequent enough in Switzerland, and in the mountain districts of Wales and Yorkshire.

At the head of the Wady Feirân the valley is divided into two branches. The one bending to the east is the Wady Es-Sheikh, the most extensive of the valleys of Sinai. From the head of the Wady Feirân, forming nearly a semicircle, it leads by a broad and easy way to the very foot of Horeb: this, doubtless, would be the route taken by the host of Israel. The valley bending to the west is the Wady Solâf; it is a continuation of the same sweep, but is less circular than the Wady Sheikh; bending round more abruptly, it forms, as it were, the flat side of a circle, which it would complete by opening into the Wady Sheikh near its termination at Horeb, did it not cease by running up into a kind of mountain ravine. The two valleys thus form a kind of irregular circle or ellipse, enclosing a plateau of low hills.

Leaving the Wady Feirân, we turned a little way down the Wady Sheikh, and then turning suddenly to the right struck

across the rocky plateau, in a direct line to Horeb. We had thus to cross, first the Wady Solâf on the other side of the plateau, and then a grand range of mountains on the farther side of it, which stands like a vast cathedral screen before the inner sanctuary of Sinai. From the plateau this outer range of mountains is seen to great advantage, and over the lower parts of it glimpses of the summits of the inner mountains are obtained, among them of that of Jebel Mousa. On the right we had very fine distant views of the crown of Serbâl, always grand and imposing, from whatever point it is seen.

The vegetation of the Wady Feirân had given place to the rough sterile desert surface with which we had become familiar. The descent from the plateau into the desolate bed of the Wady Solâf was rough and steep; the valley itself seemed a region of slimepits and limekilns. It contains numerous graves, more numerous than are easily accounted for in such a place. Dr. Stewart * says that he saw here traces of a ruined town, of which this may have been the necropolis.

The pass across this mountain breastwork of Sinai is the Nukb Hawy, or 'Windsaddle,' the most arduous and most magnificent in the peninsula. A rough camel track has been made among the huge boulders and *débris* of fallen granite, probably by the monks, to facilitate communication between Sinai and Feirân. If, as some suppose, this was the directer route to Sinai, taken by Moses and the elders, their way must have been rough indeed. Doubtless Moses had been long familiar with it.

We were about three hours in crossing, our camels laboriously following us. In some respects it is the grandest mountain pass that I have seen. It has no single spot of overpowering sublimity like some of the passes of the Alps, but it has a sustained magnificence of its own, for which it would be difficult to find a parallel. The path skirts no fathomless abyss, the traveller hangs over no toppling precipices; throughout, his way lies along the saddle of the mountain, and on a level with what in the rainy season must be a terrific torrent, but which now, owing to the long drought, is but a trickling and intermittent stream. The sublimity is above rather than below: wonderful granite peaks, rent, rugged and time-worn; piled-up granite masses, disintegrated, perilously balanced, and grotesque beyond all description, rise a thousand feet on either side, sometimes overhanging

* 'The Tent and the Khan,' p. 121.

and threatening an imminent repetition of the stony avalanche which has filled the bed of the stream with Titanic boulders, and inextricable *débris*. Among these the pathway winds and climbs as best it can. Here and there a stunted palm tree, or a diminutive acacia, relieves the stony desolateness. An occasional spring refreshes the hot and weary traveller, and preserves the little rill from annihilation. A new plant or flower, or a curious fossil may occasionally be picked up, and a few mysterious inscriptions may be seen. Throughout its length of six or seven miles it is a scene of vast and wild desolation, utterly inconceivable by those who have not seen it, utterly indescribable by those who have.

A short distance beyond the summit of the pass the peaks of Sinai rise into view. We had long been looking for them, with an intensity of feeling that imposed silence upon us all, and that deepened into awe, when we really saw the mountain that God had touched, and from which He had spoken. Photographs had made me acquainted with the face of Horeb, and I at once recognized its pillared peaks with an almost startling familiarity.

We descended from Nûkb Hâwy upon a large plain, which gradually opened before us. It is about two miles in length, and three quarters of a mile in average width. It is grandly framed in lofty mountains; the range which we had just crossed formed its northern end, receding a little, so as to form a large space at its north-north-west corner. Its western side is the Jebel Ghûshah; its eastern the Jebel Fureîa, a mountain plateau lying in the angle formed by the plain and the Wâdy Sheikh; the edge next the plain extending to the point is called the Jebel Sena, probably a tradition of the old name Sinai. The southern end of the plain is formed by the almost perpendicular cliffs of Râs Sûfsâfeh, the Horeb of Scripture, extending right across it, and rising from it to the height of 1500 feet. About the middle of the plain is a watershed, one part of it sloping gently down to the north, the other to the south or south-east. This is the plain Er-Râhah, 'the plain of rest.' And the first view of it strongly excited the feeling that Dr. Robinson describes. We could none of us resist the conviction, that here, sequestered from the world, and as in the mighty nave of a cathedral, — 'a temple not made with hands,' — the host of Israel stood before God, the awful pile of Horeb being the altar upon which the Divine glory rested. Of course this was matter of mere impres-

sion, but we could not resist it. Our previous reading had led us to the conclusion, and our observation confirmed it; for nothing can be more perfect than the correspondence between the place and the history. The summit of Horeb can be seen from every part of the plain, so that the cloud which rested upon it would be visible to all the people. At the south-east corner is the broad opening of Wâdy Sheikh, from which also Horeb is visible; we may imagine it, therefore, also covered with the tents of Israel.

The mountain mass of Sinai, of which Râs Sûfsâfeh is only the northern end, corresponds in shape and area to the plain Er-Râhah. Roughly speaking, it is rectangular, its southern end being a little the broader, and having its corners rounded. It is about the same average width as the plain, and perhaps a little longer. It stands a little more to the west, so that the boundary lines of the mountain are not exactly a continuation of the boundary lines of the plain. Thus, on the eastern side of the mountain, the opening of the narrow Wâdy Deir, also called the Wâdy Shu'eib, or Valley of Jethro, in which the Convent of St. Katherine stands, is included within the southern end of the plain, from which the path to the convent leads in a straight line. A similar valley, the Wâdy Lejâ, — a tradition, possibly, of Jethro's daughter, — forms the western boundary of Sinai. This is entered from Er-Râhah by turning a little to the right. The Wâdy Lejâ divides the isolated mass of Sinai from the irregular and more lofty range of Jebel Katherine — Jebel Katherine itself being to the south-west of Sinai. In the Wâdy Lejâ the Convent of El-Arba'in stands, whose gardens of fruit-trees and cypresses relieve the desolateness of the scene and mourn over it. At the southern end of Sinai these two side valleys are connected by a broad, irregular, and rugged valley, the Wâdy Sebâye; and as this valley is commanded by Jebel Mousa, Ritter and others have supposed that this was the place of the encampment, and that Jebel Mousa was the mountain of Divine manifestation. This is not impossible, but for many reasons it is improbable. It is much rougher and more broken than Er-Râhah, and much less convenient for the encampment of a great multitude, who would have to spread out laterally. It is much more difficult of access, only one or two narrow valleys, little more than mountain passes, leading to it; nor is it easy to conceive why the people should have turned away from the broad, level plain Er-Râhah,

and the wide opening of the Wādy Sheikh, to reach a camping-ground in every respect inferior, and even less impressive. The top of Jebel Mousa, moreover, where Moses communed with God, would, contrary to the statement of the narrative, have been visible to all the people, and their idolatry and dancing would have been seen by Moses at every step of his descent. Nor is there any possibility of the people 'removing and standing afar off,' nor is there any 'brook that descended out of the mount,' as there is at Sūsāfeh. The mountain itself, moreover, does not overhang the plain, but is protuberant and broken, from the top to the bottom. The only reason for the theory is the gratuitous supposition that Jebel Mousa was the mountain of Divine manifestation to the people, — a supposition which really perplexes and confuses the narrative. To understand the narrative of law-giving, it must be borne in mind that there are two principal summits of Sinai, — Rās es-Sūsāfeh at its northern, and Jebel Mousa at its southern extremity. The former rises like a castellated wall, crowned by three principal turrets or peaks, from the plain Er-Rāhah. The latter is not seen from the plain, 'being upwards of two miles behind Rās Sūsāfeh. All the conditions of the history are fulfilled, if we suppose that it was Jebel Mousa to which Moses ascended to commune with God, out of sight of the people; and that it was Rās Sūsāfeh upon which the Divine glory was manifested to the people, and from which the ten 'words' of Sinai were spoken in their hearing.

The sun was setting as we descended upon the plain from the Nūkb Hāwy, and a flush of wondrous crimson clothed the front of Horeb with fire; this rapidly faded into a dusky twilight brown; then the moon arose on the south-east across the Jebel Fureia, and the whole scene was gradually touched and lighted by its pale radiance, until it ultimately rested in a luminous silver grey, which, by the time that we reached Horeb, suffused the whole mass in solemn splendour. At that moment, singularly enough, some light, fleecy clouds upon its top assumed the form of rays shooting upward, as if some faint lingerings of the olden glory still streamed from it. And thus we rode across the plain, scarcely a single feature altered, where for twelve months the Hebrews were encamped, where they heard the sound of the awful trumpet, and the voice of God, and saw the mountain 'altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire.'

Almost unconsciously we fell apart, that we might surrender ourselves to the thoughts and feelings which the almost awful solitude of this moonlight approach to Sinai inspired. The cleft face of Horeb looked down grandly and majestically, just as 3,000 years ago it did, upon the scene of the people's fear and vows; the scene also of their licentious idolatry. And there down its eastern side Moses, with the tables of the Law in his hands, descended from Jebel Mousa, and heard the riotous shouting and singing.

Proceeding up the Wādy Deir on the east side of Horeb, we at length reached the Convent of St. Katherine, more strictly of the Transfiguration, which is about a mile up the valley, which it fills. The awful buttresses of Jebel Mousa, a thousand feet high, overhang it, and look into every corner of it. The convent itself is 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. We thundered long and loudly at the door, but no one answered: it seemed a dwelling of the dead. At length a monk appeared at a narrow loop-hole, in the upper part of the building, and, after a while, a second, upon the parapet of the roof. It being an hour or more after sunset, we were refused admission; the vociferations of our Arabs, the arguments of our dragoman, and our own loudly-expressed remonstrances notwithstanding. In vain we proffered our letter from the Patriarch at Cairo; in vain we told them that we had made a forced march of some fourteen hours in order to spend Sunday in the convent; in vain we told them that, having sent our tents round by the Wādy Sheikh, they could not arrive before noon the next day, that one of our number was unwell, that we had but little provision, and no bedding. The holy brotherhood were inflexible: they would throw us down coverlids; they would give us bread and olives; they would even admit us into a kind of garden-court, where we might make a fire, and where the stones were not quite so hard, and where, if we preferred it to sleeping, we might have access to the convent garden and walk among its olives and cypress trees: but admission to the convent itself was impossible. We were very angry at first, but soon adjusted ourselves to the situation, and ultimately made ourselves very comfortable; the romance of the circumstance giving a zest to our enjoyment, and an indelibility to the memory of it, which none of us would willingly forego. Our Arabs soon made a fire, and cooked a dinner of such as they had. The coarse brown bread of the monks was very grateful, their olives very nauseous,

the tchibouk after dinner very delicious. We then adjusted our wraps upon the stones as we best could, covered ourselves with the thick quilts of the monks, fixed our umbrellas so that the moon might not 'smite us by night;' and there we lay all in a row, like six Templars in the chancel of a church, only somewhat less quiet. The Congregational Union of England and Wales, represented by one of its ex-presidents, its president actual, and its president elect, not only prostrate at the foot of Sinai, but ignobly doomed to the stony courtyard of a few ignorant Greek monks! Like many other trials of life, the hardship was only in anticipation; our night was, on the whole, an enjoyable one. The outlying peaks of Jebel Mousa looking right down upon us, reminded us that probably Moses, and possibly Elijah, and also Paul, had often slept upon this very spot, with only a mantle to wrap round them; and with this thought we fell asleep, our wraps making us rather too warm than otherwise. In that wild region the monks had no doubt sufficient reason for their caution; only their care for their safety was in excess of their hospitality.

About seven in the morning, a low and impregnable iron door was opened, leading from the courtyard, and, through intricate vault-like passages, we were admitted into the convent. We were conducted to a corridor of small rooms — not over clean — for centuries the lodgings of travellers, known and unknown. After hasty ablutions we went into the Greek Church, where one of the eighth daily services was being celebrated, not much however to our edification; for with the inspiration of the place, and of the Sabbath whose law was there given, with the catholic feeling that recognises every form of devotion which travel produces, strong upon us, and with every predisposition to worship, we found worship utterly impossible. In mere ritual form and rapid irreverence, the service of the Greek Church of the Transfiguration was far worse than any service of the Latin Church that I have seen. Anything farther removed from spiritual feeling and devotional significance it is impossible to conceive. There were about a dozen monks present, some of them maintaining their places in the narrow high-backed stalls which are seen in every Greek church, and others of them walking about, doing different things, and joining in the service by snatches of response. One of the ancient Greek liturgies was used: but the literal gabble of the read-

er, especially in the reiterated 'Kyrie Eleison,' — the hard, perfunctory cracked voice of the officiating priest, — the lugubrious intoning, and the discordant and melancholy mirth of the singing, produced upon us all an impression of most painful incongruity with the place and its associations. And no wonder, when the long service has to be gone through eight times daily; for if this does not destroy all religious sensibility, nothing will. Even upon our stony beds we pitied the poor wretches, when we were awake by the midnight bell summoning them to prayer. The convent and church were built by Justinian in A.D. 549; and although often repaired, a great part of the original structure remains. A more bewildering labyrinth of chapels, cells, and courtyards, staircases, galleries, and passages, interspersed with here and there a cypress or olive tree, can hardly be imagined. It is a strong, rough, square building, 245 ft. by 204, enclosed in massive walls. It was very extensively repaired by the French during the occupation of Egypt, so that some parts of it are modern. The church, a Byzantine building, is in good condition. It consists of a simple nave and two side aisles. The floor is tessellated marble, wrought into various devices. The ceiling is vaulted, and very rich in a grand mosaic of the Transfiguration, with a border of prophets and apostles. The decorations of the church are costly, but, as in most Greek churches, very tawdry; pieces of carpet, silk, and even of cotton, with wretched pictures of mediæval saints, are hung about everywhere. In the nave I counted no fewer than fifty lamps, of all materials and of all shapes, — from costly silver to common glass chandeliers. Over the apex are portraits of the Emperor Justinian and his empress, said to be authentic, and coeval with the church; also a picture of Moses upon his knees before the burning bush. In the chancel behind the altar are carefully preserved the skull and the hand of St. Katherine, who was miraculously carried through the air from Alexandria to the neighbouring mountain that bears her name. In the same place there is also a magnificent portrait of the saint, richly jewelled, and forming the cover of a chest or sarcophagus. Just behind the chancel is the small chapel of the 'Burning Bush,' said to have been erected by the Empress Helena, over the very spot in which the Bush stood. The chapel is very richly decorated; its floor is covered with costly carpets, and the place of the Bush is inlaid with silver. It is still

'holy ground,' and, like Moses, we had to 'put our shoes off our feet,' before we might enter it.

After breakfast we saw the library, which consists chiefly of printed books, some portions of them comparatively modern: amongst them the *Lexicon* of Suidas, a fine edition of Chrysostom, and editions of the Greek fathers. No doubt the library contains also some very precious MSS., were it possible to secure for some competent scholar a thorough examination of them. In the archbishop's room, which was comfortably furnished and hung with portraits, we inspected the celebrated golden MS. of Theodosius, a minute description of which is given in the *Athenæum* of Nov. 12, 1864. It is written on vellum in letters of gold, and very beautifully illuminated. We saw also an exquisite microscopic psalter of the same period, said to have been written by a lady: the characters are so small that they cannot be read without a magnifying glass.

From the library we went to the charnel-house in the garden, near which we had unwittingly slept. We crept into it through a low door and came upon a ghastly array of skulls and bones. When a monk dies, his body is put into a separate chamber until it is decomposed. The skeleton is then taken to pieces, and the bones are arrayed in fanciful and horrid symmetry — the skulls in one pile, the thigh bones in another, the ribs in another. In a corner is the grim squatting skeleton of a celebrated anchorite, who was found in his cell with bent head and clenched hands, conquered in his lonely wrestle with death. A crimson gilt cap covered his ghastly head, and an ornamented cloth was thrown over his dried-up bones.

Close to the church, the one wall apparently touching the other, is a Mahometan mosque, erected, according to a MS. found in the library by Burckhardt, in the fourteenth century, the effect probably of fear in the days of Mussulman power. It is now scarcely ever used, and only when some Mahometan of rank visits the convent. It is strange to see the crescent of its minaret glittering within a few feet of the Christian cross. Mahomet is said to have visited the convent when a camel driver, and in the after days of his prophetic power he commended the pious monks to the forbearance and protection of his followers. A mosque and a church are in like conjunction on the top of Jebel Mousa.

As it is approached by daylight from the plain of Er-Râhah, the appearance of the convent in that wild mountain solitude is

very striking; its vast, irregular, prison-like buildings filling the entire valley, the dark cypresses of the garden contrasting with the light green of the olive-tree, and with the bright blossom of the almond-tree, where all else is sterility.

We were not sorry, after lunch, to regain possession of our tents, which had been pitched at the foot of Horeb at the entrance to the Wâdy Deir, close by Jethro's well. There we spent the rest of this memorable Sunday, and after a short tent service we enjoyed a quiet and thoughtful evening. It is not often in a lifetime that the religious heart is subjected to such influences.

We had now reached the farthest point of our wanderings; — henceforth every footstep would be homewards.

The next morning we ascended Jebel Mousa, which, according to Dean Stanley, is 7,564 feet above the level of the sea. The ascent commences just above the convent. It is steep, but not difficult, and is facilitated in several places by broken steps, the remains of a rough staircase, said to have been made by the Empress Helena. A monk from the convent was our guide. One or two servants accompanied us, carrying coffee for our refreshment at the top — a provision which we greatly scorned at the outset, but upon which we afterwards looked more favourably. We soon reached the 'Ain-el-Jebel, or mountain spring, — a fresh clear fountain, with maiden's hair fern clustering beautifully round it. A little farther, and we came to a small chapel, where we rested while the monk burned incense. It is dedicated to the Virgin; the legend thereof being, that once upon a time the convent was so infested with fleas that the monks abandoned it. On the place where the chapel stands they were met by the Virgin, who, to induce them to return, promised that henceforth their tormentors should be excluded from the convent. The monks accepted the conditions, and ever since, it is said, the convent has been as free from fleas, as, through the saintly efficacy of St. Patrick, Ireland is free from toads. This chapel was erected in commemoration of the vision and the miracle. Our own experience, however, furnished a dubious corroboration of the latter, — either the miracle is in a condition of damaged efficacy, or it does not extend to travellers.

About half-way up we passed through a cleft of the mountain under two archways, distant from each other about ten minutes' walk. At these, in the good old times, monks used to stand to confess all pilgrims, a process necessary to enable their passage.

Hence it is said that no Jew was ever able to get through. The second archway opens upon a secluded little plain—a singular amphitheatre in the very heart of Sinai, surrounded by magnificent peaks and walls of granite—in the centre of which is a little enclosed garden, with a solitary cypress standing at its entrance, and near it a spring and a pool of water, the latter large enough to supply the refreshment of a bath. A few paces from the cypress is the chapel of Elijah, said to be built over the place of the prophet's abode in Horeb. One compartment of the chapel contains the cave in which he 'lodged'—a hole just large enough to contain the body of a man, and into which, as I ascertained by experiment, he might creep. Here he 'wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out and stood at the entering in of the cave,' when after the storm and the earthquake, which rent the mountains upon which we gazed, the Lord 'passed by' and spake to him in the 'still small voice.' Of course no credence can be given to these monkish traditions beyond the probability that the Divine manifestation took place in some such locality of the mountain, and there is no other so likely as this.

Sinai is a great temple 'not made with hands,' and this is its very 'holy of holies.' It is a place into which, through a stupendous veil of granite which shuts out even the Bedouin world, God's priests may enter to commune with Him. In all probability it is the place to which Joshua and the elders accompanied Moses when he went to the top of Jebel Mousa to commune with God. No other place affords conditions equally likely.

From this little plain we obtained our first view of the summit of Jebel Mousa—yet some thousand feet above us towards the south. On our way we passed the footprint of Mahomet's camel.

At length we stood upon 'the top of the mount'—the most sacred spot upon the earth's surface; Jews, Christians, and Mahometans holding it in a common reverence. A little Christian church, until recently a ruin but now just restored, and a Mahometan mosque, stand side by side on the summit,—either a stroke of not very dignified policy, or an expression of very unwonted liberality. About Mount Sinai the two faiths are at any rate on very amicable terms; but there is no Jewish synagogue. Hated and persecuted by both Mahometans and Christians, the Jews are rarely permitted to consecrate their sacred spots; and yet surely

the older and more sacred of the traditions of Sinai pertain to them.

The top of Jebel Mousa is of grey granite. The lower part of it, and the general mass of the mountain, including Râs Süsfâfeh, are of red granite. In the red granite of Jebel Mousa Dendrite stones—i.e., stones marked with fossil trees or ferns—are found. Pococke, Shaw, and the older travellers, speak of them as among the wonders of Sinai; but Dean Stanley speaks of it as curious that they have not been found in later times. We found them very plentifully near a road which the Pasha began to construct, but did not complete; we brought away some specimens.

The testimony of travellers had prepared me for a view from the top of Jebel Mousa much more limited than the reality. Robinson, especially, who refers all the sacred interest of Sinai to Râs Süsfâfeh, unduly disparages it. Jebel Mousa is lower by 1,000 feet than its neighbour, Jebel Katherine, and, of course, the view from it is much more circumscribed: but notwithstanding, it is very magnificent. A large part of the peninsula lies before the traveller,—a scene of tumultuous and intricate confusion, jagged mountain-tops rising from the shadow of deep valleys, and linked together without intervening plains. From different sides of the summit the greater part of the Sinaitic Alps may be seen: Jebel Katherine, streaked with snow, blocks the view on the south-west, and conceals Um Shômer, higher than itself; the peaks of Süsfâfeh conceal the plain of Er-Râhah on the north. In almost every other direction the view is very extensive. On the north-west are seen what Dr. Wilson, Laborde, and Dr. Stewart affirm to be the summits of Serbâl, but what Dr. Robinson and Dean Stanley affirm to be the double peak of El-Banât. We thought it Serbâl; and if, as Mr. Stewart affirms, Jebel Mousa is visible from Serbâl, why not Serbâl from Jebel Mousa? On the north-east Akabah may be seen, and the Arabian mountains beyond the gulf. On the south, Râs Mohammed, the point of the peninsula, is visible; and, a little to the north of it, a glimpse of the gulf, with the little island of Tinieh resting on its bosom, is obtained. The far north is bounded by the indefinite horizon of the Great Desert, with the pass of Nûkb Hâwy in the foreground. A little to the east of this, over Jebel Fureiâ, the mighty mountain-wall of the Jebel Tih is visible. Unfortunately, the atmosphere was not very clear; our prospect, therefore, was more indistinct and lim-

ited than otherwise it would have been. Descending the sides of Jebel Mousa a little, three of the valleys that insulate Sinai may be traced, the plain Er-Rāhah being shut out by Rās Sūsāfeh, as also part of Wādī El-Deir. We were chiefly interested in the Wādī Sebāyeh, — the place, as some think, of the encampment of the people while the Law was proclaimed from Jebel Mousa. This we saw in all its extent; but it only deepened our conviction concerning the claims of Er-Rāhah.

Most remarkable of all was the view, northward, of the interior summits of Sinai itself, — a Titanic wilderness of weather-beaten masses of granite, shaping themselves into the most fantastic forms, and overhanging with indescribable sublimity the ravines that separated them. After spending about an hour upon the summit, and reading the sacred history associated with it, we descended to the little plain; but instead of leaving it through the archway leading down to the convent, three of us started for the summit of Rās Sūsāfeh, about two miles distant. Our path wound through narrow valleys and over rugged passes of granite. Never have I been so impressed with huge forms of mountain magnificence and grotesqueness: they are as overwhelming from their own awful grandeur as from their inseparable associations. The bottoms of these internal valleys are covered with odoriferous plants; each, indeed, is a perfect 'garden of herbs,' most of them unknown to me. In one or two places are little chapels — one dedicated to John the Baptist, another dedicated to the 'Virgin of the Zone;' the latter is the most northern, and is at the foot of the precipice of Sūsāfeh. Two willows grow near it, which give it name, 'Mountain of the Willow,' to the peak. From this chapel the ascent of about 500 feet to the summit is very steep and arduous; it is, indeed, a rough scramble up an almost perpendicular ravine, over huge detached blocks of granite. We accomplished it in about twenty minutes; and then we stood upon 'Horeb, the mount of God,' on the very summit of the central peak, once covered with clouds and darkness, and refulgent with the glory of the Lord —

'Where all around, on mountain, sand, and sky,
God's chariot-wheels have left distinctest trace.'

Er-Rāhah in its entirety lies stretched before us; the wide entrance to Wādī Sheikh opens on the right; the boundaries which kept off the people — either an allu-

vial debris, or the side of a natural valley — are around the base of the mountain; the Hill of Aaron, where he cast the golden calf, is just beyond.

If the view from below was impressive, not the less was the view from above. The seven peaks around us were stern and awful in their grandeur. Could they but have testified what they had seen! Their character is in striking harmony with the associations of the place.

And yet it was not without its discord. On a mountain to the left, over against Rās Sūsāfeh, — the Jebel Tinia is an unfinished modern palace of Abbas Pasha, glittering like the last new house in the Boulevards; a monument of folly and bad taste.

It is impossible to convey mere impressions to others, and of course their subjective value depends upon their recipient: but having traversed the summits of this vast pile of Sinai from one end to the other, having looked down into each of the four valleys which isolate it, having looked up to it from various points below, and having a distinct and vivid conception of it in its entirety, we all felt, first, its unique grandeur — grand in the approaches to it, grand in itself, the adytum of a great temple of Nature consecrated by God to himself; and next, the wonderful harmony between the place and the history, — a harmony to be found nowhere else in equal perfection. We could not doubt that this was the scene of the law-giving, and that the two summits, Jebel Mousa and Rās Sūsāfeh, were the mountains of Divine manifestation to Moses and the people respectively. On this supposition there is not a requirement of the narrative that is not perfectly fulfilled. No place or conditions can be conceived of more suitable for such a manifestation.

For a while we surrendered ourselves to its almost overpowering associations and solemnities. We could almost fancy that the mountains still felt the awe of His presence; that the atmosphere still thrilled with His voice; that all around still bore the impress of His touch.

Every traveller has remarked the distinctness with which, in the region of Sinai, sounds can be heard at an almost incredible distance. The exaggerations of the Arabs — one of whom told Carsten Niebuhr that their shout could be heard from Jebel Mousa to the Gulf of 'Akabah, — as well as the sober testimony of travellers who have made experiments, attest this. According to Mr. Sandie, ordinary conver-

sation on the plain Er-Râhah can be heard nearly half a mile. A thunderstorm, which he heard on Sinai, is described by Dr. Stewart as stupendously grand. This may possibly be attributed in part to the structure of the mountains, and in part to absence of vegetation. This has an interesting bearing upon the utterance of the Law. There is no reason to think that the voice from the holy mount was loud and reverberating like thunder: the impression which the narrative makes is of a voice distinct and clear, rather than overwhelmingly grand. Philo says: 'The Law was uttered with such calmness and distinctness that the people seemed to be seeing rather than hearing it.'

We rapidly descended to our tents by one of the ravines on the eastern side of the mountain,—an almost perpendicular water-course, which it would be well-nigh impossible to climb. The 'descensus' was anything but 'facilis.' It brought us into the valley just by Jethro's well and our tents; the rest of the latter was very welcome.

On the morning of Tuesday we prepared to leave Sinai. It is impossible to avoid a feeling of melancholy at the almost barbarous and utterly irreligious condition of the district. A greater destitution of religious feeling, and even idea, than that which characterises the Towâra Arabs, cannot be imagined: they may be gentle in blood, but we should scarcely do them an injustice were we, in religious respects, to place them on the level of the lowest African savage. In Mussulman cities nothing is more common than to see Arabs pray: we never saw a Towâra pray; nor, as far as we could learn, have they any ordinances of religious worship or instruction. And yet the district of Sinai has been inhabited by as many as 6,000 monks at a time: traces of monasteries and convents are to be found everywhere. Unlike the self-sacrificing monks and missionaries of the Latin Church, the Greek monks of the Convent of the Transfiguration never think of teaching the Arabs either the arts of civilization or the glad tidings of the Gospel. 'It is hard,' says Dean Stanley, 'to recall another institution with such opportunities so signally wasted. It is a colony of Christian pastors planted among heathens, who wait on them for their daily bread, and for their rain from heaven; and hardly a spark of civilization or of Christianity, as far as history records, has been imparted to a single tribe or family in that wide wilderness. It is a colony of Greeks, of Europeans, of ecclesiastics, in one of the

most interesting and most sacred regions of the earth; and hardly a fact, from the time of their first foundation to the present time, has been contributed by them to the geography, the geology, or the history of a country which in all its aspects has been submitted to their investigation for thirteen centuries.'

The scene of our departure was strange enough. Some of our camels and men, according to the regulations of the Arabs, had to be exchanged for others. Every Arab in the district who possessed a camel was eager to be employed. As many as fifty or sixty men beset our encampment, and scrambled for our things. The confusion and violence were indescribable. Every little bag was seized by four or five Arabs simultaneously—struggling, vociferating, gesticulating to the utmost of their power. Hassan and his servants were powerless. He and 'Abishai, his chief lieutenant, armed themselves, therefore, with the stoutest sticks that they could find, and with both hands laid about them most lustily, running from one group to another, and belabouring the hands and arms that were struggling at a portmanteau. Finding this ineffectual, Hassan would occasionally dash his fist into the face of an Arab, and by a kind of sustained push, back him out of the *mêlée*. The clamour of European porters and commissionaires is bad enough, but it is gentleness itself compared with that of the Arabs. Choose your porter, and the rest fall off. You cannot choose your Arab. He has no idea of a verbal engagement; and so long as you are within reach he will attempt to transfer you and your baggage to his own camels. The entire property of an Arab consists of his camel; and all its produce is the very occasional employment for it that he can obtain. Blood is frequently shed on such occasions. Happily it was not so in this instance, although the struggle continued for two hours. We could do nothing but stand by, infinitely amused—compelled to admire the perfect forms, the manly grace, and the picturesque attitudes of many of the vociferating Arabs.

We did not get off until nine o'clock, and for some miles we were escorted by a number of disappointed men with their unemployed camels. It was an irreverent and even painful departure from such a place. I did, however, in the confusion manage to get apart for a short time, and my last look of the Holy Mount was a quiet and silent one. Shortly after, however, two or three Arabs seized my camel, and with the peculiar guttural which brings a camel to his

knees, they thrice arrested my progress, vociferating and shouting, trying to induce me to dismount and transfer myself to another beast, until I was in danger of being treated like a portmanteau — my legs and arms pulled in opposite directions. Hassan, according to his custom, had remained behind, to see everything cleared from the encampment, and, except by physical resistance, I had no means of remonstrating. As I had a good camel, I did not choose to part with it; so, as often as it was brought to its knees, I made it rise again; the chief inconvenience being the violent shuttlecock motion caused by a camel's rising, the first pitch of which almost sends you over its head, the second almost breaks your back, the third propels you forward again, and it is not until the fourth that

you are fairly up; and all this was aggravated in this instance by the further disturbance of a pull at one leg or the other. I was, however, by this time, a tolerably expert camel rider, and kept my seat. Happily 'Abishai came up, and, seeing my predicament, put a stout stick into my hand, with the wholesome advice, 'If they touch you again, beat them.' I was not again molested; but for some hours the disappointed candidates for the honour of carrying us accompanied our caravan, maintaining a fierce and almost deafening controversy with their more fortunate companions.

Our way lay down the Wady Sheikh; our destination was Gaza, by the Khan Nûhl, which we reached fourteen days afterwards.

H. A

SNOWBALLING.

BY JOSIE S. HUNT.

THE soft, loose gold of her tresses
Is straying about her face,
And the wind through its silken meshes
Is running a frolicsome race,
Her violet eyes — how they darken and flash!
Her rose red cheeks — how they glow!
As she stands, ankle-deep in the milk-white
drifts!
Pelting me with the snow.

She tosses the soft flakes round her,
In her pretty, hoydenish play,
Till she looks like a sea-nymph rising
Through the billows of foam and spray.
She moulds the balls with her little bare hands;
Do you think she would pout or scold
If I nestled the pink palms down in my breast
To warm them? — they look so cold!

Her white wool mittens are flung on the snow,
Each one in itself a flake,
And her silken scarf beside them lies,
Coiled up like a crimson snake.
All about me the tracks of her soft brown feet
Have printed the downy snow,
And I know by them where, another spring,
The prettiest flowers will grow.

She laughs and scoffs when my snowballs fly
Harmless over her head,
And she flirts her curls in a saucy way,
And crouches in mimic dread;

She calls me a sorry marksman,
An awkward fellow — and still
She, sly little witch, knows well enough
It isn't from lack of skill.

She knows I would sooner think
Of tearing a butterfly's wing,
Or of beating a lily, or throttling
The first sweet robin of spring,
Than of aiming at her in earnest
Or hitting her if I could,
Or harming so much as a tassel
Of her little scarlet hood.

Gay, beautiful Madge! Oh what would she do
If my mouth was half as bold
As the crystals which fall on her lips and her
hair,
Like pearls among rubies and gold?
Will her pride and her wilfulness trample my
love
As her feet have trampled the snow?
That the missiles she flings, which are ice to my
face,
Are fire to my heart, does she know?

Sweet tease! does she guess I am wondering
now
Whether she'll ever be,
In the long, long future before us both,
Anything more to me
Than a little hoyden, with wild, gold hair,
And red-rose cheeks in a glow,
Who stands ankle-deep, in the milk-white drifts,
Pelting me with the snow?

From the Sunday Magazine.

THE PASTOR'S WIDOW.

A few years ago our market was daily attended — unless, indeed, the weather was desperate — by an elderly woman, remarkable neither in face, attire, nor anything else. Her dress was always simplicity itself; she was middle-sized, had rather a commonplace face at the first glance, but what drew my attention to her was the regularity of her attendance, for which there seemed no adequate reason, since she had, generally speaking, only a very small basket on her arm, and sometimes none at all. When she had made her purchase she did not go straight home like other people, but regularly made the circuit of the whole market; and when the weather was fine and the stalls full, often visited some of them two or three times over. Unconsciously I took to observing what she was looking for, and what it was she bought; she had never come in my way as a bargainer, never snapped up a pigeon or fowl I happened to want. Indeed, her purchases seemed all on a small scale; belonging not to the animal but vegetable world, and even of vegetables she chose the cheapest and soonest cooked, and with them almost always a little fruit. At times too she would ask the price of flowers, — a little rose-bush or pot of pansies, and I noticed that very often the market-women would give her a few lettuce leaves unasked, whence I concluded that she kept a little bird, and in all probability lived alone. Now, purchases to this amount need not have detained her two minutes; there must have been some other attraction in the market-place, and when once I began fairly to observe her, I soon discovered what it was.

Evidently, she took an infinite delight in the vegetables and fruits themselves, apart from any idea of eating them. But it was orchard-fruit that most fascinated her eyes and heart. Mere bush-fruit she seemed scarcely to notice, but apples and pears were her supreme delight, — there was a new exclamation at every kind she discovered. When the new ones came in, and new and old lay in the basket together, her new year seemed to begin, and she noted and named every fresh appearance, just as a field-marshal reviews his regiment.

I began, too, to notice how well the market-women knew her tastes. They would beckon to her to show her new kinds, and ask their names. There was, in short, a quite peculiar tie between this good woman and the market-wives, and a very

friendly one. The interest that she took in their stalls, her admiration of fine fruit, her judicious discrimination of the relative merits of different kinds, and useful hints as to storing them, &c., were all pleasant to the sellers, who evidently liked to see her and to exchange a few good-humoured words, as a variety in the monotony of marketing.

One winter day, when it was bitter cold and slippery, it so happened that she fell down in going out of the market, and hurt her leg and arms very badly. She was soon raised up and set on her feet. No limb was broken. With great suffering she could contrive to walk, but not alone. Although I had very little acquaintance with her, I could not do less than offer her my arm, which she took gratefully, but with all sorts of excuses and apologies, such as were customary in my day, when every silly person had not yet got to believing that the world was created expressly for him, and that his fellow-creatures were in it to wait upon his convenience. It seems to be considered old-fashioned now-a-days for one man to thank another; but what would you have? If people have left off gratitude to God, why not to each other?

I can tell you it was no easy matter to get the poor creature, who was in terrible pain, back to her own part of the town.

Her lowly room was indescribably clean and neat, and as I had rightly surmised, there was a bird in the window, who greeted us with cheerful chirps and twittering.

"You poor dear," she said, "you think you are going to get your salad, and I have none for you to-day."

Quite exhausted, she sank down on a chair.

"My Heavenly Father!" she murmured, "what am I to do now?"

It seemed that she was quite alone in the world. Only a charwoman came in once a day with wood and water. She did everything else for herself. She rented this one little room, but had nothing to do with any one of the other inhabitants of the house, no acquaintanceship with them, except a mutual bow if they chanced to meet in the doorway. Such complete isolation as this may go on pretty well for a time, but earlier or later something is sure to happen, and the question "What next?" often gets forced upon the lonely with a suddenness that takes away their very breath.

On this occasion it was I who put it, and not the half-fainting sufferer. What next, indeed? There I was, all alone; the charwoman would not come till six, — it was only ten now. Had I been at home I could

have sent for help; but I was afraid of leaving her alone, and then, whom was I to call in this strange house? There was not even a bell in the room. In the midst of my perplexity, however, there was a knock at the door, and a merry childish face peeped in and said —

"Mamma sent me to see if she could be of any use to the old lady. She heard that she had come back poorly."

Here was an angel in time of need. She came in, and in the most compassionate way began to stroke the poor sufferer, who could not reply for coughing.

"Could your mamma come here herself?" said I, not noticing the shaking of the old lady's head, and the child was off before she could get out a word.

"Dear me!" she said at last, "what can you be thinking of! Such a distinguished lady!"

But the lady herself soon entered, distinguished no doubt, but a sweet-looking creature as well, who approached the invalid in the most sympathising manner, but bowed very stiffly to me. I set it down for pride, and thought to myself, "Ay, ay, they are all alike;" but later I found out it was shyness.

And now, what next? Why, first of all we decided that we must get her to bed, and then I would go and fetch my own doctor. The lady said she would have sent for hers, only he was rather too much run after, and when once he had laid out the order of his day, nothing could get him to depart from it: if they ran after him with the intelligence that his own wife was dying, she believed he was capable of saying, "She must wait, for I have still four patients down on my list." Meanwhile I fully expected the lady to send for her maid; but no, she took the matter in hand herself, to the inexpressible confusion of the worthy widow.

"Impossible — out of the question — the sheriff's lady — Madam, I beg, I entreat — I shall die of shame."

And when we came to her left foot we were nearly the death of her, for as the lady tried to draw off the stocking, she in the intensity of her distress and anxiety to prevent it, lost her balance and nearly fell off the chair. To be sure I caught her and broke the fall, but still the wrench she gave herself made her scream, and brought tears into her eyes. We had the greatest difficulty to get her into bed, but at last it was done, and she might have rested quietly but for her politeness and her scruples.

"And if I only knew what to do, — and she is not put out with me. She can do everything for me that I want."

Upon which the lady explained that the allusion was to the charwoman who came once a day, and that the widow thought that would be attendance enough. But this the doctor would not hear of. The case required far more treatment, and he proposed to have the patient carried at once to the hospital, where all the townspeople had a right to be received gratis. He was physician there, he said, and he could promise that she would be perfectly well cared for. But, to our great astonishment, the pastor's widow positively refused; she could not venture into such a large house, could not endure to be amidst numbers; it was impossible to live in a large room where there was no rest or sleep day or night; a little room was such a comfort in sickness. We all tried to overcome her objections, told her a few hours would reconcile her to the change, and vaunted the comforts of the institution; even Lisette, the lady's maid, taking a lively part in the argument, for she feared her mistress's kindness would give her some trouble.

The good soul knew and felt that this repugnance of hers must strike us all as childish and unreasonable, and therefore her agitation became very great, when all at once the sheriff's lady interposed:

"Never mind, my dear madam, don't distress yourself; there is no necessity for anything of the kind. I can easily understand your liking better to be alone than with a dozen others: when you want to sleep, somebody else is sure to begin coughing. I should feel just the same. We shall be sure to find a good nurse."

The doctor was not one of those who are incapable of placing themselves in another person's situation, and get angry at the least difference of opinion.

"Very well, my good lady," he said, "I have not another word to say. If only we get Mrs. X. (he meant me) to look about for us, depend upon it we shall get a suitable nurse."

"Thank you for your confidence in me," said I; and the thing was settled. I went off to seek a nurse, who was, in the first instance, to call upon the doctor for further instructions, and the lady undertook to sit with the patient in the meantime.

Thus, then, a so-called accident had brought together, and into friendly relations, persons who else would never have known each other; and but for it I should have been poorer in kindly memories and richer in prejudices.

The consequences of the accident were far more serious than the good woman at first anticipated. The human frame is pret-

ty much like a bottle of wine, which will keep clear and beautiful to the eye for years and years if you let it stand undisturbed, but a rude shake or two will so completely change its aspect, you would hardly believe it was the same wine; nor will it soon clear again. And, in the same way, let an elderly person, who has long led a quiet uniform life, meet with any untoward accident that shakes the frame and changes the course of habit, ten to one some latent mischief will develop itself, so that the original accident becomes a secondary thing, and not unfrequently results in death. The widow had hoped to be up and about in the course of the next week, but she was sadly mistaken; she had to put off her hope from week to week, and meekly, though with many a sigh, had to resign it as each week came round. The injuries would not heal properly; the limbs seemed to lose their power, and by degrees a general debility set in. The doctor did what he could, but gradually took to an ominous shake of the head. The nurse was very kind; I had been fortunate in my choice; not only was she skilful in her office, but she got fond of the invalid, who suffered so patiently, never ordered her about, but humbly asked for what she absolutely required, and as much as possible respected her sleep.

The nurse, however, could not give up her whole time to one patient; she had several valuable clients whom she could not afford to lose, and therefore arrangements had to be made to prevent the invalid being left alone. The sheriff's lady and myself, between us, contrived that the solitary intervals should be very short indeed, and I must say that it was this lady who took the greater part of the responsibility, and that not by sending Lisette or any other deputy, but in her own person. Nay, even when she knew that I was there, she would come down with her work; and help to while the time away.

What struck us most of all about our widow was her entire and singular isolation. She asked for no one, sent to summon no one, nor were any inquiries made for her. Her bird seemed her only friend, and he would go on ruthlessly chirping till he got to her; and no lettuce leaves seemed thoroughly to please him but those he pecked from her hand. I must also except the marketwomen, who were greatly surprised at her absence, and expressed much concern when they heard of her accident, and sometimes sent her presents; and here and there one gave me a flower, another an apple, to take to her, saying they had put them aside

expressly for her, knowing them to be favourites. The example being once set, so many came to offer me similar tokens of remembrance, that I should have wanted a maid to carry them; but I begged that they would not all give at once, but from time to time send a little present to the poor lady, who would not be among them again, I feared, for a long time, if ever. But, to be sure, the ecstasy of delight to the good soul was to think of being remembered; and then the beauty of the apples!—in short, every time I took her anything she used to cry with sheer happiness. So childish a spirit I never had met with in all my life. And what a precious treasure this childlike spirit is, the world little understands; 'tis one that passes understanding, like the peace of God. The so-called happiness that most of us are chasing, strays beyond the confines of both these, and is nothing but a will-o'-the-wisp or a haunting spectre.

It will be easily understood that we wished to know whether she had any relations or friends whom she would like to apprise of her condition; but we were afraid of asking her abruptly, for fear she might fancy we wanted to get rid of our services to her. To our individual inquiries on this head she replied, that there was no one but the guardian of the Orphans' Institute who knew her at all, and she would gladly let him rest as long as ever she could. Not that he was ill-intentioned, but he was a rough over-bearing man who could not tolerate the least opposition to his will; and would, if put out, run on as though life and death were in his hands. She actually trembled in speaking of him. But what was her consternation and alarm when she found out that this said despotic guardian was my cousin? I had all the work in the world to compose her, and convince her that I was in no way offended. I was fond of my cousin, indeed, but far too well accustomed to his infirmity to mind it being commented on or laughed at.

He was a man of the old-fashioned stamp, honourable and upright at heart, and in private matters gentle and pleasant enough; but once let him get on official ground, and clouds of majesty encompassed him about; contradiction was high treason; he became harsh, haughty, magisterial; in short, I could well understand the impression he had made on the quiet widow, though I wondered how the two had chanced to come in contact.

Everything combined to make me anxious to raise the curtain of her past, and to learn how she could possibly be the lonely

creature she was. But it was not I alone who felt this curiosity; the sheriff's lady shared it to the full. One day I met her outside the room, and she began:

"Do tell me whether you really know as little as I do about the history of our good widow; I would give anything to have some insight into it. She never makes the least allusion to it, which increases my wonder."

"Just so with me," replied I.

"Now look here," she went on; "you are a person of courage and resolution; do devote this afternoon to finding out. It is such thoroughly bad weather, that we are sure that no one will disturb us, and 'tis just the time for listening to a story, and she is so kind I don't think she will refuse; and whatever she tells us, she can trust us to keep to ourselves."

So I consented; and as soon as we were both comfortably seated and the knitting going on, I began:

"What would you have said, Mrs. —, if I had brought my cousin in here to see you? I stumbled upon him almost at your door, and had half a mind to tell him he was but a sorry guardian after all, and looked very ill after his ward. What a face to be sure he would have pulled!"

But I soon repented of my mischievous speech, it threw the poor soul into such a state of alarm.

"Oh!" she cried, "if only I may be spared that! I do believe if I were to see him suddenly look in, the shock would kill me. What things he would say to me for not having announced my illness to him, and for refusing to go to the hospital; he would have me carried off there upon the spot."

After we had quieted and comforted her as well as we could, I went on to beg that she would tell us why she had such a dread of the worthy guardian, and also to give us some insight into her past life; we knew nothing about her but her name, and in our town the custom was to get full possession of a person's family history as far back as their grandparents before we could feel acquainted with them. At first she excused herself on the score of having really no history to tell.

"O dear!" she said. "How could such an insignificant creature as I am have met with anything remarkable?"

When we told her that this fact alone, of her knowing no one, and seeming to have dropped down out of the sky, was in itself truly remarkable, she said it was perfectly natural. She did not belong to our town, but to —; and so she suddenly found

herself launched upon her history: and once fairly off, she forgot her scruples.

"When I was young," she began, "I little thought of ever becoming a citizen of B—. I belonged to one of the small towns in which, as the proverb says, you may pour out a quart of cream at the higher gate and gather it again at the lower without losing a drop. My father was the gate-keeper, and had besides to look after the town clock, and to see that it kept good time. It was an important post, but a difficult one too, for the clock was old and had a trick of standing; and if my father did not find this out at once, the mayor, or the lawyer's lady, or some other of the first quality in the little town, were sure to be down upon him, and send him flying off with a threat that if the time were not better looked after, a change would have to be made. Just under the gate my father had set up a little shop, both as a source of profit and amusement. There the very best matches were to be had, as well as other things, — tobacco, for instance, and coffee; and in winter, walnuts and chestnuts too. My father was a widower, and had no child but me, nor could he afford to keep a maid. He was not one of those who fuss themselves about time. He ate his dinner when it was ready, and did not expect it to be always to a minute, like the lawyer's lady, with her pointed nose. I often was rather perplexed what to do to make the two ends meet, but I was contented. It never occurred to me that we were badly off, and the Sundays were always beautiful days. There was church in the morning, and time for the most delightful meditations; and when Monday came, I began to look forward to the next Sunday. And so I lived on, quite happy, though quietly so. I had, indeed, very few playfellows, and was generally at home, where there was more than enough to do; but my father was very kind to me, and what better did I want? To be sure, I had my troubles every now and then, — if a flower I was fond of died, or my father gave me a slight reproof. One day — but really I do not know how to tell you this part; I must skip this," said the old lady, positively blushing.

But we were well aware that this would turn out the most interesting part of her story, and therefore we never ceased begging and coaxing till she began again. "One day — one day" — but she stammered over it a good deal, and it was some time before we could get her fairly started.

"One day, then — it was on a Thursday, and getting on to evening — a short gentle-

man made his appearance in my little shop, and inquired for tinder. I served him as I should any one else. He was a long time in choosing; I gave him my advice, and at length he went off without my thinking more about him than that he was a kind-mannered gentleman, had a lovely voice, and no doubt sang well. I wished I could hear him.

"The next Monday he again appeared suddenly before me, and quite startled me, for I had entirely forgotten him. He was full of praises of the tinder, and inquired whether we had tobacco as well, his being nearly done. I said we had; and he said as he had been so much pleased with the tinder, he might trust us as to tobacco, and I had to put him up a small parcel, which I did in fear and trembling, lest he should not approve it. At last Monday came again, and he too, saying he had never bought any tobacco so good as ours, strange to say; but it was not always the largest shops that had the best things, and in future he should get everything he could from us. I did not know what to say in reply; and but that he spoke so kindly, I should have thought he was surely laughing at us.

"In the evening I told my father that a gentleman had been to the shop, who meant always to buy his tobacco from us, and I should like to know his name. When my father had asked what he was like, and heard that he always appeared on a Monday, he pronounced that it must be the Helmsvale curate, who was in the habit of coming to town on that day, and got laughed at because he always bought a small bottle of some stomachic elixir at the apothecary's. It made me very angry, to think that people should laugh at so kind a gentleman; and next time he came I was the more attentive, because I felt sorry for him. He chatted, too, longer than usual, and when I called him Reverend Sir, seemed pleased at my knowing who he was. He told me that Monday afternoon was the only time he had for recreation; early on Tuesday he had to set to work again studying for the following Sunday.

"Now then I became fonder than ever of the Sunday, because Monday came next. All the week through I used to think, 'Oh, if Monday was but here!' and I was always in great alarm lest my father should send me out on a Monday afternoon, and the curate find no one in the shop, and so buy his tobacco elsewhere.

"On one occasion, just as he had pocketed his purchases, a sudden snow-storm came on. It got quite dark, and the snow blew in at

the door, so that I could do nothing but shut it too and ask him to step into our room, for, with the door shut, we could hardly have turned round in the little shop. As it was, he was covered with snow, and I should have liked to have shaken it off, but did not, out of respect.

"From that time we got on more friendly terms, and he used to come, not only into the shop, but the room, to have a look at the rose-tree. My father thought a great deal of him, both because it was an honour to be on familiar terms with the clergy, and because he listened so patiently to my father's droll stories, and would laugh at them heartily, which was a new thing to my dear father, who hardly ever met with anyone who had not heard them before.

"Now people even began to tease me about a love affair. I looked upon it merely as one of their customary jokes, and laughed with them. All I feared was, that the curate might come to hear of it, and get his tobacco elsewhere, which would have been a loss any way, particularly to my father, who so enjoyed a talk with him."

At that we both smiled, and the sheriff's lady said,

"But you, my dear madam, would you not have been grieved, too, if the curate had left off his visits?"

"No doubt I should, afterwards," she replied, "but I was not conscious then of my own real feelings. To be sure, I used to think what a fine position a pastor's wife had: how she could have her own way in house and garden, and go about her parish like a queen amongst the other women, particularly if she had such a good, learned gentleman for her husband as the curate was. But that such good fortune could ever fall to me didn't enter my head, nor did he give me any room for thinking of it. He was not one of the young gentry, who pay compliments to every girl they meet. Nothing of the kind ever passed his lips; he was kind, but grave; always called me Miss Susan; never shook hands with me; never spoke of settling, or of future prospects, or bragged about his sermons; only sighed sometimes over his difficulty in composing them."

"Those men are the most dangerous of all, my dear lady," I broke in; "they only humble themselves that they may be praised by others."

"No, indeed no; that he never did; he was far too sincere for that; he was not like folks now-a-days. And it would have done him no good either. I could not have praised him, nor should I like to have told

him what people said; that they were getting rather tired of him at Helmsvale: he had been there so long — not that there was much to find fault with, either, except that he was so short in stature.

"But one Monday came and did not bring him, and waiting and watching were all in vain; the whole week through not a creature came from Helmsvale of whom I might inquire whether the curate was sick. To be sure, he had missed one Monday before, but then he had told me of it beforehand, and taken two packets of tobacco. Ah! it was a long week, indeed, and my father and I did nothing but wonder what had happened to him. The following Monday the weather was so dreadful that we decided he never could come. However, on the mere chance, I thought I would make it twelve o'clock a little earlier than usual, so as to get our dinner well over and things all out of the way, and have time to — well, I will not say dress myself a little, my father would have given me a proper lecture for that — but at all events it could do no harm if I gave my face an extra wash, and chanced to put on the kerchief I wore on Sunday.

"As we were in the middle of our dinner, a knock came to the door, which indeed often happened, for people had a way of leaving things under our care, and my father called out, 'Come in.' And in came — his reverence the curate. Perhaps we had heard that he had been appointed to the living of Garnethill?

"No, indeed; and very kind we took it of the reverend gentleman that he should take the trouble of announcing this to us himself. But there was more to come, which quite overwhelmed both my father and me. He went on to ask me in marriage, and dwelt so beautifully on his being an orphan, and alone in the world, and that he wanted a wife to be father, mother, and all in all to him, that I can't help crying in this very day when I think it over. Then he told how that he thought he had found all he wanted in me, in such a way that my father wept out loud like a child, so did not know whether he was pleased or not. When he ceased speaking, neither of us could answer him a word. And thus I, a poor gate-keeper's daughter, was to become a pastor's wife, and a citizen of B——! It was too much for my head to take in: it did not seem real. I felt as if in a dream.

"My father was the first to get the use of his tongue, and he went on about the honour, and our poverty, and I, in my con-

fusion, murmured something about not leaving my father, for how could the shop be carried on without me?

"Then came the best of all. If that was all the objection Miss Susan had to make, he said, he had anticipated it, and could, he thought, overcome it. He was about to propose that my father should live with us; it would be a great benefit to him if he could make up his mind to do so. There was glebe land with the parsonage that he should not know what to do with; he did not understand country pursuits, and my father did most thoroughly, he knew, and could therefore be of the greatest assistance to him.

"The next morning the news was all over the town, and before noon our own pastor came to tell my father that, having heard such a report, he felt it his duty to come and warn him of it, and he sincerely regretted that his daughter should have been so indiscreet as to carry on a flirtation with a curate. Then my father replied that I had done nothing of the kind, but that the curate had been appointed to a living, and that quite unexpectedly I had become engaged to him yesterday. Our minister would not believe it, and thought we had mistaken jest for earnest; but when he was really convinced, he wished me grace to profit by my good fortune. But I was still, he said, far from being qualified for such a position, and gladly would he lend me all the assistance he could, and I might come to his house whenever I liked. He added that he must say he never should have expected such a thing: but it was true enough that still waters run deep.

"You can easily imagine the noise it made in our little town; but no one seemed to grudge me my happiness, not even those at the parsonage, where there were seven daughters. Everybody was kind to me, and seemed to think that my good fortune was an honour.

"I had to go over to B——, where I had never been before. It was a grand day for me, and I enjoyed it much, only with fear and trembling. He led me everywhere by the hand, else I should never have had courage to walk about, and it was a great relief to me when we left the gates behind us.

"The following day was the most important in my life; it was that on which our banns were given out, and we went to church together. After that we were busy, indeed. My father was resolved to leave none of our poor furniture behind. What we had, he said, we need not buy, and that

was money saved at all events; added to which, under his auspices, the curate bought some very nice things; and as to presents, I had so many I was quite ashamed. I never could have believed people had been so fond of us. At first we thought we had better not have all our effects carried to the parsonage at once, but my father decided that the sight of such a load would inspire the parishioners with respect, and went with it a day before, to get all ready for us. The next morning we got quietly married, and that evening arrived at the parsonage.

"Our new pastor's wife is still quite a child," the villagers said; "but she is one of the children who will turn out a good kind of woman; she has no pride." Oh, on, indeed, I was not proud: I only felt that Heaven had opened and taken me in.

"Many laughed at us, no doubt, but we were not aware of it. And then we, especially my husband, had such a genuine goodwill to all men, that the laughter soon died down, and it was allowed that he was one of the right sort, and would help every one if he could. But it was my father who was the most looked up to. He had just the proper self-respect; sat quite at his ease in our mayor's company, and had always plenty to talk of, as well as plenty to do, for our glebe, and especially our orchard, kept his hands full. We lived very much to ourselves. The village was remote: nor had we much intercourse with the other pastors round; my husband was shy, and I still more so. I can quite understand that we were of little value in society; for, if not stupid, we could not prove ourselves the reverse. But we were none the less happy for that. My husband with his flock, my father with his fields, and I with my garden—the narrower our interests, the more engrossing they seemed, and the joy of one was shared by the other two. And our joys were new, day by day; each season brought baskets full, and we were like children in our delight over our crops. My husband often declared that he had never believed any human being could be so blest, and least of all himself.

"Nor was my father less happy than my husband: and moreover he ascribed all our prosperity to his own efforts. We should see, he said, how differently things would go on but for him; we were but a foolish inexperienced pair, and had no idea of management. And we fully believed him. We both felt that we were blest far above our deserts, and indeed I was so childish that I often felt quite ashamed of it, and almost sad in the con-

viction that it could never last. For small as our income really was, our wants being still less, we always felt ourselves to have all and abound, and I do not believe a happier household could have been found than ours for many, many a year.

"The first blow was my father's sudden death. He had retained his energies so completely that we never thought of losing him. He made a sad gap in our life; we missed him in every way. And then we had no children, and began to feel a conscientious scruple in living so completely to ourselves, while others were oppressed by family cares. We thought God meant us to come to this conclusion, and had sent my father's death to point us to it. Then we were childishly delighted to find a little orphan, to whom we both took—a lovely boy, with light curling hair; and we rejoiced in the thought of bringing him up well—the more so, that he came of a very wild stock. We got inexpressibly fond of the child; he was our little idol; never off the lap of one or the other, and allowed to have his own way in everything. Yes, indeed, we forgot our garden and our orchard in our new treasure; he might pull our best apples, or knock off the heads of our prettiest flowers: we could not make up our minds to thwart him, though we looked on in sorrow and dismay. We thought that he only behaved so ill because he knew no better, and would get more manageable by-and-by.

"But no; on the contrary, he grew worse and worse, ruder, and more defiant. Do what we would we could not elicit a spark of love or a trace of sorrow. He was a tyrant to all other children in the village, and brought down much censure upon us for our bad bringing up of him; in short, he was a heart-break to us every way.

"God knows what would have become of us all at last if our dear Lord had not mercifully taken matters into his own hand. He removed the boy out of our keeping: sent his angel, Death, to bring him away to Himself. We understood at last how gracious God had been in freeing us from a self-imposed responsibility. He gave us no children. He knew our hands were too weak to rule them. Why should we have tried to be wiser than He, and to undertake duties He had not imposed? For all that He would not suffer a soul to be lost through our folly. The boy was not left to grow mature in sin or to die hardened, nor we to the agonizing conviction of his spiritual ruin lying at our door

"This was our season of bitterest trial, and taught us to feel the incompleteness of this world. After it was over, our days again flowed on peacefully and lovingly, each brought some good and most sweet joy. We became very skilful in the cultivation of fruit and vegetables, and our garden supplied half our neighbours.

"And so it was, that a long series of years glided away, and we were already getting old, when my husband suddenly died. This blow I had never thought of. He had not been laid up at all, and scarcely seemed less well than usual. He was always rather given to doctoring himself, probably because he had been delicate from childhood, so that it seemed a thing of course that he should be slightly ailing, and a little more or less was not easily observed. It was a thunderbolt out of a cloudless sky when I so suddenly lost him. Then I discovered the whole extent of my love for him: that I had lived, as it were, in his life for nearly forty years: that he had been my father, my husband, my child—my all! And yet at first I could not estimate all that was buried in his grave. The village had become my world: I knew of none outside it. All my hope and consolation would have been in remaining there, with my dear trees, near my church, near his grave. The smallest room would have been enough for me, and I knew of one that suited perfectly. We had never saved any money; true, we had spent little on ourselves; but that people were aware of, and therefore they required the more, and we both were fond of giving, and so nothing could be put by. But when everything was sold, there was a small sum left; and besides, I had a claim on two widows' funds, and therefore hoped to be able to live on the proceeds. But the gentleman in office would not hear of it. He told me plump and plain that I was a stupid woman, and did not understand the case, and that when I had removed from the parsonage, and had everything to buy, I should have great difficulty in getting on; whereas, if I lived at B—, there were civil rights that I could have the benefit of. But I thought I should have died at the very idea of moving, and therefore had the courage to oppose him. 'Very well, try it,' said he; 'we shall soon see who is right.'

"Alas! he was right; but I will not go over all my sorrowful experience of how much kindness and consideration for me was buried in my husband's grave. I had to write and tell the guardian I could not

make the two ends meet; to which he replied, 'of course not,' and he would look me out a lodging in B—. Ah! that was a season of weeping, and the consolations of my neighbours about the firewood gratis, and other perquisites, only made me more wretched. I began to fancy they were tired of me, and were glad I was going away, which distressed me bitterly, yet made my nerves easier. When at length the parting came, my heart nearly broke. The trees were all in full blossom, but many eyes, too, were wet, and many an old woman said to me: 'I shall not know what to do with myself when you are gone. Here we shall never meet again, but please God we shall elsewhere, and perhaps before long. I am breaking every day, and you are dreadfully pulled down of late.'

"And now I found myself in a broad stony street, and knew no one but the guardian of the widow and orphans' fund; and if I chanced to see him, I always felt as if he were the bear out of the pit coming to devour me. It was ungrateful of me, too, for he had cared for me like a father—had taken this room, and put all I wanted into it, and at the same time admonished me sharply not to become a useless gadabout, as most of the pastors' widows who came to B— did. Alas! he meant well, but he little knew how wide of the mark he was. Timid by nature, and made more so by sorrow, I never made an acquaintance—nay, at first I never ventured out of my room, saw no trees, no flowers, heard no song of birds. I learnt then what is meant by dying of depression—of the feeling that you are forsaken by every living being, are nothing to anybody in all the world, made to live on without sympathy and without affection.

"And so for some terrible weeks I did live, and should soon have died, but that God in mercy put it into my head to bring some living thing or other into my room. I ventured as far as the market, and all at once found myself restored to a familiar world. I was acquainted with everything in the stalls, and accustomed to speak to country women. I bought a few flower-pots, and next my little bird, and later took to going daily to the market. That was my life, and when I got accustomed to walking about I soon found other places where I could enjoy trees and flowers, especially the beautiful churchyard and pleasure-gardens outside the town, where no one goes on working-days. And so I gradually got recon-

ciled to the town, but I made no acquaintance except the market-women, who were always kind to me.

"And so I lived a quietly happy life here, such as I did not believe it possible to know again: and if ever I fell into low spirits, my little bird would come and peck at me till I began to play with him. Then, I found my money go much further than in the country, for no one ever asked me for anything, so that sometimes I am ashamed of spending all upon myself, and think anxiously how I shall answer when God asks me what I have done for the poor. I have to confess to the guardian whenever he brings me my money, that I am far better off here than in Helmsvale. He never lets me off. He is a worthy man, but when I see him I never can help thinking of the bear in the pit. Once he invited me to dinner, but I am sure we were all equally glad when it was over. His wife is a smart, talkative lady, and I don't believe I got out ten words; and once back in my little room, I felt exactly as though I had been in the bear's den, and unexpectedly got out alive. I never was so stupid in my life. It is to be hoped they won't judge other pastors' widows by me; it would be wronging them greatly. But I am thankful no other invitations ever came, and I went on living in my quiet way, and very grateful for it to God, till He was pleased to visit me with this trial, and I found out that I could no longer get on alone. And now how grateful to Him ought I not to be for having sent me his good angels in my hour of need."

Such was the widow's tale, but not told in the course of one afternoon, for talking tired her, and yet it did her good. In her intensely quiet life she had garnered up much of thought and feeling, of which she was scarcely conscious. Her heart was over-full: our sympathy unlocked it, and it evidently cheered and refreshed her to tell us what she had experienced.

But she grew more and more feeble. I think hers was naturally a very fragile constitution; healthy so long as day passed after day in the same quiet uniformity, but incapable of sustaining a sudden shock. Perhaps, too, there may have been some latent constitutional disease, which the accident rapidly brought to a crisis.

She lived on a little while, but it seemed as if her life were all spiritual. She expressed herself far more fervently. Her feelings appeared more lively than in the first part of her illness. She spoke much of making a little journey to Helmsvale when she recovered. She had such an intense long-

ing after her beloved husband's grave, and she should like too to see how the trees had grown in the parsonage orchard, and whether there were any persons left who still remembered her. When I brought her home a present from any of the market-women, she still showed all a child's delight, and would almost weep for joy. But gradually, indeed, they ceased to remember her in the market. Everything gets forgotten at last; only to prevent her finding it out, I went on bringing her little gifts, as if from the women themselves, and each of them was a solace to her spirit.

It was the will of the Lord that she should die. One morning, just as the sun began to gild her little room, she gently slipped away, without even one deep-drawn breath; the bird alone, who was sitting on her pillow, witnessed her departure, fluttered wildly about her head, perched on her shoulder, sang as loudly as he could, as though he would waken her, and when he could not waken her drooped his wings and sat dull and listless in the same place without moving. In a few hours all his feathers looked rough, and in the evening when we were going to put him to roost as usual, we found he was gone to roost for ever; he lay dead on her shoulder where in life he had sat so constantly; he had followed his kind mistress; he could not endure to be without her loving care for a single day. It is but seldom man so clings to man. We miss and mourn each other, indeed; but hearts are not often torn to bleeding, to say nothing of their breaking outright.

Well, her loss left a large gap in my life too; a gap such as I seldom experienced, and for which my cousin, the guardian, took me severely to task. He could not, he said, comprehend my grieving thus after her: we were in no way related; not even in the same social circle; our acquaintanceship had not lasted for many months, therefore my depression was not natural, but affected, abnormal, sentimental: all the board of guardians of the orphan institution considered it in that light, and had discussed it with great disapprobation.

As the Pastor's Widow had no relations, no one took any notice of her death but the said board, who exactly filled the mourning-coach that followed her coffin. Thus her departure made no stir on earth; was passed over in utter silence. But so much greater was the joy in heaven of the angels who had long known and loved her, when she came to join them, and with them to bless and praise the Lord, as only they who are pure in heart may.

J. G.

From the Economist.

IS THE CATTLE PLAGUE SMALL-POX ?

THE opinion recently expressed by a physician, Dr. Parsons, that the cattle plague is in fact small-pox, seems to be attracting considerable attention, to say the least, amongst scientific medical observers. Now, whatever may be the result of the investigations Dr. Parsons' suggestion will produce, it is impossible to avoid an expression of disappointment that the English veterinary practitioners have not applied themselves with more purpose than they appear to have done to the examination of the symptoms and indications of the prevalent disease. If they had done so, instead of consigning every animal to slaughter in sheer despair, could they have missed the discovery—if such it be—made by the physician? If the disease be indeed the small-pox, its treatment and the manner in which it is communicated are by no means unknown. From the first appearance of the plague we apprehended panic, and helpless assertions of its incurable character, and our fears have in a great degree been justified by the event. It is imported, it is not amenable to curative treatment, seem to be the sum and substance of veterinary medical testimony on the subject. It is clear, however, that the public, and eventually the terror-stricken agricultural community, will not long remain satisfied with such conclusions.

Now an investigation of the plague with a view to ascertain whether it is or is not the small-pox presents something definite, and cannot fail to prove useful whatever be the result. Dr. Parsons says the animals which have died of the plague show small-pox-like pustules under the skin, and present other symptoms of that disease. He has been followed by Dr. Charles Murchison, a lecturer at the Middlesex hospital, who in a long and elaborate letter to the *Lancet*, indicates points of resemblance between the cattle plague and small-pox. He says, "The resemblance of rinderpest to small-pox is no new discovery, although latterly it has been lost sight of." Ramazzini, in his account of the cattle plague which pervaded Italy in 1711, suggests such resemblance, as does also Laucisi. Dr. Mortimer and other physicians refer to the cattle plague in this country of the middle of the last century, as exhibiting pustular eruption, and it has generally been referred to by subsequent writers as "an undoubted epizootic variola," and inoculation was recommended and practised by Dr. Layard. Dr. Murchison then describes the eruptions observed in cattle

afflicted with the existing plague, and adds, "the cutaneous eruption is not the only character in which rinderpest resembles small-pox. Its close resemblance, if not still more intimate relation to human variola, is borne out by the considerations he enumerates. Amongst these we may select the following:—
 "1. Small-pox is the only acute contagious exanthem in man that assumes a pustular form. The eruption in rinderpest is also pustular. Any difference between the two may readily be accounted for by difference in the skin of man and cattle . . .
 "3. The anatomical lesions of the two diseases are identical . . .
 "4. In both diseases, a peculiar offensive odour is exhaled from the body, both before and after death.
 "5. In both, the duration of the pyrexial stage is about seven or eight days.
 "6. The two diseases resemble one another in their extreme contagiousness, and in the facility with which the poison is transmitted by fomites.
 "7. Both diseases can be propagated by inoculation. This can be said with certainty of no other human malady than small-pox.
 "8. In both diseases there is a period of incubation, which is shorter when the poison has been introduced by inoculation, than when it has been received by infection.
 "9. Vaccinated persons are constantly exposed to small-pox poison with impunity; and with regard to rinderpest, there are numerous instances in which individual cattle, or entire herds, appear to have led charmed lives in the midst of surrounding pestilence." Upon these and other considerations he has stated, Dr. Murchison,—without insisting on the absolute pathological identity of rinderpest and variola,—recommends as tests, "to produce cow-pox in cattle by inoculating them on the one hand with vaccine lymph, and on the other with the matter of human variola, and afterwards to ascertain if they be proof against the prevalent plague, or if the course of rinderpest be thereby modified."

A case which seems to be strongly confirmatory of the above view is stated by Mr. Thomas Chambers, senior, assistant-surgeon to the London Surgical Home, who says:—"A week ago, December 27, I had to pay a professional visit at the house of a London dairyman. Before leaving the house Mr. B. asked if I should like to see his stock of cows, and, without waiting for a reply, he led the way to his sheds—two. They were large roomy buildings, well ventilated, and scrupulously clean. There I found 27 beautiful cows in the most perfect health. Mr. B. has not had a single case of disease of any kind in his sheds, although a neigh-

hour of his, having sheds within a cannon shot of Mr. B.'s, lost 80 cows in a fortnight in October last. I made particular inquiry as to whether he had adopted any prophylactic measures, with a view to protect his stock from an attack of the cattle disease. He replied that for several years past he has been in the habit of vaccinating every fresh cow on entering his sheds—old or young—and that since his adoption of this simple prophylactic measure he has not lost a single cow from any cause whatever. These evidences certainly justify a recommendation to the owners of cattle to have their stock vaccinated without loss of time.

A correspondent of the *Birmingham Daily Post* says on this subject:—"After more than six months' careful and minute treatment and observation of the rinderpest, the medical faculty of the districts of Crewe and Nantwich, in Cheshire, have come to the unanimous resolution of treating the cattle plague as small-pox. During the week now ending, Mr. Bellyse and Dr. Vaughan, of Nantwich, and Dr. Lord, of Crewe, have vaccinated successfully large stocks, amongst which was that of Mr. D. Broughton, of Wistaston Hall, near Crewe. A very favourable report has just been made to us of their experiments. To this we may add the very important fact that in the very valuable stock of Mr. Trickett, of Rope, Cheshire, not a single case has occurred since the vaccination, whereas previously there had been fatal cases."

To these suggestive notices we may add the following particulars furnished by Mr. Charles P. Christie, the well-known brewer of Hoddesdon, Herts, of the successful treatment of three cases of the cattle plague:—"My stock consists of three young heifers, which lie in a small field about three quarters of a mile from Hoddesdon, and on Tuesday, the 12th of December, it was observed that one of them was unwell, would not feed, and had a slight discharge from the nose, and running from the eyes, together with purging. The following morning, finding the animal much worse, I sent a notice of it to the inspector, whose assistant came very promptly in the afternoon. He pronounced it to be one of the worst cases of rinderpest he had seen, and strongly urged me to slaughter it, and take every preventive measure with regard to the other two, one of which he also told me showed symptoms. I had in the meanwhile administered some gruel, and also provided some doses of chlorate of potash, and as my man had begun to doctor and nurse the animals, I resolved he should go on with

it, instead of having any professional help. The inspector then recommended me to give them plenty of old ale. We went on then with old ale warmed up with oatmeal, together with a little ginger, aniseed, treacle, and honey, giving it to them three times a day until two days ago. The first one recovered in about a week. The others sickened in turn, and one of them was for two days in a much worse state than the first one that was attacked; in fact she had such violent purging one day, that we substituted for one dose of the old ale, &c., three eggs and some brandy, and clothed her with an old blanket. However, the result is, that they have all got over it. They seem quite well, only a good deal thinner, and enjoy very much all the food that is given them. They only had chlorate of potash the first two days."

Here probably the symptoms were observed and dealt with in an earlier stage of the disease than is the case in more numerous herds.

From the Spectator.

SPIRITUALITY WITHOUT GOD.

A REMARKABLE article in the new number of the *Westminster Review* on the writings of Coleridge, an article evidently from the hand of one of the finest of living critics, and itself full of the flavour of genius, concludes with a suggestion, not made in the mood of profound melancholy which it is calculated to excite, but rather in that of pseudo-classical content, for keeping a religion while dismissing God. A suggestion the same in effect has been recently made by an eminent critic of M. Comte, and it is evident that some of the highest-minded of the modern humanists are beginning to hold and to teach, with this critic, that "religious belief, the craving for objects of belief, may be refined out of our hearts, but they must leave their sacred perfume, their spiritual sweetness, behind." Or, as he says elsewhere, "Longing, a chastened temper, spiritual joy, are precious states of mind, not because they are parts of man's duty or because God has commanded them, still less because they are means of obtaining a reward, but because, like culture itself, they are remote, refined, intense, existing only by the triumph of a few over a dead world of routine, in which there is no lifting of the soul at all. If there is no other world, art in its own in-

terest must cherish such characteristics as beautiful spectacles. Stephen's face, like 'the face of an angel,' has a worth of its own, even if the opened Heaven is but a dream:—"which means, we suppose, that the power to dream of beautiful and unreal visions, to be clad in the glory of a false hope, is one which we ought to desire and cherish for its beauty, even though we know that it is a mere transitory flush of the spirit, which will shortly subside like the crimson from an evening cloud, and reveal the cold leaden colour behind it. Surely nothing can be less like "the Greek spirit, with its engaging naturalness, simple, chastened, debonaire," which this critic describes (very falsely, we hope) as, for us of the present moment, "the Sangraal of an endless pilgrimage," than this attempt to foster artificially states of feeling of which the natural springs and sources are proclaimed to be imaginary or exhausted. To inculcate the culture of a feeling not because there is any proper object worthy of it, but because it is "remote, refined, intense, existing only by the triumph of a few over a dead world of routine in which there is no lifting of the soul at all," is surely the last vanity and infirmity of which human nature is capable, and so far from being a duty, resting, as our critic says, on the same basis as that of intellectual culture itself, it would be of an essentially opposite nature. The value of intellectual culture consists in opening to us all sorts of new and true shades of distinction, which are accessible to all who will travel the same path to find them. But feelings "that just gleam a moment and are gone," and can be defended only as being "remote, refined, intense," not as having any justification in a living object, whatever defence may be set up for them, cannot certainly be defended on the ground of belonging to the same sphere as true intellectual culture. Culture is desirable, for the same reason for which achromatic eyepieces are desirable to the astronomer, namely, as revealing true distinctions which we could not otherwise discriminate, or delicate phenomena which we could not otherwise study at all, and which may help to throw an additional light on the laws of the universe. But to produce for yourself voluntarily rare and delicate and arbitrary phenomena,—flashes of spiritual joy without an object, Auroras of the soul without any gleam of celestial light,—simply because such phenomena raise you above the common herd, and illustrate the triumph of life over dead routine, is a course of conduct which, so far from being

analogous to that of intellectual culture, would justify any spiritual attitudinizing, any swoon of solitary vanity, whether of extasy or anguish, of flushing or of pallor, any self-will of glorious but unfounded faith, such as the critic ascribes to St. Stephen, or of glorious but not unfounded despair, such as we may find throbbing through the exposed and quivering nerve of Shelley's passionate verse. If the critic in the *Westminster Review* be indeed the realist he professes, he will not ground his apology for religious emotion without faith on the essentially unreal plea that all emotions which are "remote, refined, intense," and which express the triumph of a few over "the dead world of routine," are good, and should be fostered for the sake of their rarity, intensity, and distinctiveness. We know of no plea more completely hollow, insincere, and, in a sense, even bad, than this. An aristocracy such as he would encourage, distinguished by rare and delicate blossoms of unreal sentiment, would be fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under the foot of man. We should feel even a sort of passion of severely just exultation in seeing the destruction of such an aristocracy of hollow refinement by the strong though coarse tread of the commonalty who are excluded by our critic from these "remote and refined" feelings. A spiritual joy that is not good for the multitude can be worth no more to the spirit, than an intellectual culture which is not good for the multitude can be worth to the intellect. All who have really understood the spiritual joy of which the *Westminster* critic speaks have claimed it for all men, and not exulted in it as the remote and refined distinction of a few. "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people," is the strain of the greatest prophet of this joy. The critic who claims it as an esoteric gift marking the spiritual rank of a few seems to us to know as little of its essence as he thinks that he or any one else can know of Him who has been discovered by the modern spirit not to be its source.

But the critic suggests, though he does not hold by, another justification for this spiritual emotion and "spiritual joy" for which he contends, which we readily admit to be far nobler than the one of which we have spoken. He says people accept in theology empty arguments which they would accept on no other subject, "because what chains men to a religion is not its claim on their reason, their hopes, or fears, but the glow it affords to the world, its 'beau ideal.' Coleridge thinks that, if we reject the

supernatural, the spiritual element in life will evaporate also, that we shall have to accept a life with narrow horizons, without disinterestedness, harshly cut off from the springs of life in the past. But what is this spiritual element? It is the passion for inward perfection, with its sorrows, its aspirations, its joy. These mental states are the delicacies of the higher morality of the few, of Augustine, of the author of the *Imitation*, of Francis de Sales; in their essence they are only the permanent characteristics of the higher life. . . . The life of those who are capable of a passion of perfection still produces the same mental states; but that religious expression of them is no longer congruous with the culture of the age. Still all inward life works itself out in a few simple forms, and culture cannot go very far before the religious graces reappear in a subtilized intellectual shape." This is nobler and doubtless more tenable than the other theory, for though, with instinctive exclusiveness of feeling rather odd in a *Westminster* reviewer, the critic still limits the "passion of perfection" to a few, by making it a desire for a *higher* life, and not for mere distinguishing rarities of feeling, he opens it to the many. And we should be the last to try and convince those who are unhappy enough to be blind to God, that therefore they ought to indulge no "passion of perfection" if they feel it stir within them. Even the Comtist who thinks he sees a law of historic development in human nature towards something nobler, and feels, he knows not why, the ardour of desire towards that nobler future, will not be challenged by any true Christian for believing so much, only because he does not believe more. If he really feels "the passion of perfection," the desire to reach a higher step in inward feeling himself, and to contribute his mite to the attainment of a yet higher level by those who succeed him after he has ceased to exist for ever, then we say that whether the Comtian philosophy explains those states of feeling truly or not, he is at least justified by the positivist theory in assuming these emotions as facts marking out the true direction of the historic law, and in fostering them also, if that seems to him the best kind of conformity to the historic law. Only we entirely deny the reviewer's position that this "passion of perfection" is itself the "spiritual element" of all true faith. The "passion of perfection" in its present form is mere aspiration, and no source of joy, though a rich source of sor-

row. The condition of feeling which this passion, taken alone and without faith, would really justify, is the last in the world which, if we understand him rightly, the reviewer seriously wishes to encourage. He admires and envies "the engaging naturalness, simple, chastened, debonair" of the Greek spirit. Now aspiration in its most ardent form, "the passion of perfection," without trust in the love of God and Christ, is a passion of pain. The *homo desideriorum* whom it tends to make is as far as possible from "the Greek spirit, with its engaging naturalness, simple, chastened debonair." A debonair "passion of perfection" is almost a contradiction in terms. Indeed, however the *Westminster* critic may talk of the religious graces reappearing in a "subtilized intellectual shape," it is perfectly clear that the joy of perfect trust, the profound self-abasement of conscious alienation from God, are just as little capable of "reappearing in a subtilized intellectual shape," if there be no personal object for such feelings, as is the warmth derived from a real sun, of "reappearing in a subtilized intellectual shape" when the sun is extinguished and shines no more. We do not deny — we earnestly maintain — that men who by no fault of their own have lost sight of God, still draw from Him the life and love which they may, if they choose, ascribe to the "subtilized intellectual" movements of their own intellects. So a blind man may rejoice in the sunlight, and yet maintain that because he is blind the sun does not exist, and that what he feels is the "subtilized intellectual" heat which other and coarser minds falsely attribute to an external object. But those who know that God besets them behind and before, and lays His hand upon them, though they may admit that what he gives to others "in a subtilized intellectual shape" is as much proof of His love as what He gives more openly, and without veiling Himself behind the complexities of a fine organization, will feel great compensation in the revealed personality which bestows the simpler gifts, for the delicacy and subtlety of those which are filtered through a network of refined labyrinthine perceptions that conceals the giver. There seems to us something more natural in turning away from spiritual subjects altogether, when once the natural focus of such subjects, God, disappears from the unhappy thinker's view, than in trying to warm himself still with the heat of feelings of which the intellectual justification has disappeared. A

greater mind than the reviewer's, in a state somewhat similar, though not so blank of all faith, wrote —

"It seems His newer will
We should not think at all of Him, but turn,
And of the world that He has given us make
What best we may."

Surely that is healthier and more natural than feeding on the "sacred perfume," the "spiritual sweetness" which departed faiths have left behind them, — healthier, and far more likely to restore the vanished faith.

The reviewer has an odd impression that all belief in an absolutely Righteous, an infinitely Holy God, destroys the *delicacy* of human insight, the finely graduated judgment for human moralities. "The relative spirit," he says, "by dwelling constantly on the more fugitive conditions or circumstances of things, breaking through a thousand rough and brutal classifications, and giving elasticity to inflexible principles, begets an intellectual finesse of which the ethical result is a delicate and tender justness in the criticism of human life." On the other hand, belief in the absolute has a tendency to petrify moral judgments into abstract principles which will not *fit* individual cases, and into harmony with which therefore individual cases are artificially clipped or bent, to the great injury of true justice; and he illustrates by the deplorable figure which Coleridge's life, judged by abstract morality, itself presents. We admit that what the critic calls the "relative spirit," that is, the spirit which believes in no absolute righteousness, is often lax, but we should certainly *not* have thought it "elastic." On moral subjects it is loose-fitting enough, but has not belief enough of any sort to care to adapt itself closely to the moral condition of individual natures. Mr. Lewes's life of Goethe may be fairly taken as a very good example of what the critic means by the purely "relative spirit" in its adaptation to the higher criticism. The result is not a "delicate and tender justness in the criticism of human life," but a lax absolution of that great man from almost all his sins, even those sins which "a tender and delicate justness" would be compelled to admit. The truth is that the purely "relative spirit" has no belief in either the free power of man to choose the higher part, or in a higher inspiration than its own to show it the higher part to choose. The spiritual elasticity which is concerned to adapt itself closely to the moral conflicts of man's life, in order to enter as fully as

may be into the highest phenomena of his spirit, does not exist for the purely "relative spirit," simply because it does not believe that they *are* the highest phenomena of his spirit, or indeed characteristic phenomena at all. The purely relative spirit which disbelieves in absolute righteousness disbelieves also in the special sacredness of duty, the special evil of sin.

And while our critic's criticism fails on this side in showing that the "relative spirit" does issue in a "delicate and tender justness," it fails still more conspicuously in showing that faith in an absolute righteousness hardens and petrifies the moral judgment, rendering it inflexible and "brutal" in its classifications. Was it our Lord, — who realized the absolute righteousness living in Him, as no human being before or since could possibly have realized it, and who in criticizing the moral evil in others — the woman taken in adultery for instance, or the woman who was a sinner — acted on His own precept, "Judge not, that ye be not judged," — was it He who failed in a "delicate and tender justness" in the criticism of human life, or rather the "relative spirit" of that day, the Sadduceeism which would have stoned Paul for believing in the resurrection? No doubt belief in a *dead dogma* may become the cruellest Pharisaism. But faith in a living Lord of absolute righteousness is probably the most softening, the most purifying, and ethereally delicate of the human influences which affect our judgment of others. Even M. Renan, — the great apostle of the "relative spirit," — has attributed this delicacy of moral appreciation in the highest measure to our Lord, and has remarked that his feeling for moral *nuances* was something quite new to the Oriental genius. And whence did this arise, if not in that infinite love for the Absolute righteousness and beauty which opened His eyes to the most delicate shades of loveliness, whether in the lily of the field or in the heart of man?

From the Spectator.

HAREM LIFE IN EGYPT.*

THERE is no problem in literature so difficult as to write, on delicate things delicately, and Mrs. Emmeline Lott — if there be such

* *Harem Life in Egypt and Constantinople.* By Emmeline Lott. In 2 vols, London: Richard Bentley. 1883.

a person — certainly has not solved it. She has tried very hard, with apparently most upright intentions, and she has failed, either because she has allowed some *littérateur* to write out her own experience in his language, or because she has simply mistaken the easiest mode of conveying the impression she nevertheless desires to convey. It is quite advisable, it is even at this moment necessary, that the inside of the harem life of Mohammedan Asia, the home life of a fourth of mankind, should be faithfully and honestly described, as faithfully and honestly as the interior life of Europe has been by a thousand pens. The world is less fixed in its belief in the superiority of monogamy than it should be, and can derive only benefit from a plain statement of the results of the rival system. A clear and distinct account of the social meaning, the true drift and working, of the Asiatic system, would be a distinct gain not only to ethics, but to the permanent convictions of civilization. It would settle, for instance, one way or the other, the latent doubt of the highest European caste whether monogamy is not an idea, an acceptable idea no doubt, or even an essential idea where pedigree is important, but still an idea, and not a principle, liable to be overridden for the sake of convenience, or even of enjoyment. Unfortunately, for English readers at all events, to describe harem life, i. e. polygamy in its ultimate and indeed necessary form, it is necessary to state certain facts which it is very hard to state in any form which is not, to English ideas, slightly or gravely, according to an infinitely varying opinion, mischievous. The only mode of accomplishing the feat is to be very plain and very simple, making the facts as clear as possible, and also as little suggestive. Lady Duff Gordon has in her letters from Egypt succeeded in doing this, succeeded, that is, in giving the truth of a civilization whose laws upon all sexual subjects differ from our own, though they are laws, without writing an objectionable book. Mrs. Lott — we assume from internal evidence that the "English governess" is married — has not so completely succeeded. Her book is thoroughly honest and upright. There is not in it a sentence which is not of itself well-principled, or is calculated to harm any human being not brought up in the belief that ignorance is innocence. It would strike a French woman, or still more an Italian woman, of the better class, as a slightly realistic but absolutely unobjectionable record of a very unusual and therefore very valuable experience. It is a coarse book nevertheless, one well worth

the reading of educated men, but one which we should by no means recommend for households indiscriminately. The authoress, as we have said, is clearly honest, and desirous only to state facts, and has a wish not only to make those facts enticing, but to make them as unsavoury as she well can, but she does not know precisely how to do it. Instead of being very direct and very simple, she is very plain and *not* very simple, but addicted to shrouding statements quite needful to her objects in language which arouses the very sense of annoyance she wishes to avoid. We wish we could give the best and easiest proof of her mismanagement in this respect, but perhaps a still better proof is that we hesitate. Writing for educated men, and not for girls, we cannot accuse ourselves of over prudery, and with adequate reason to assign would set the conventional laws very distinctly at defiance. And nevertheless, the fact that upon one of the simplest points of manners and hygiene Oriental civilization differs absolutely from Western civilization, is in this book so clumsily stated that we decline to quote the statement as it stands. Upon another question our refusal is more absolute. The whole of the allusions to the "guardians of the harem" have obviously and certainly been written by a man, and are in the very worst possible taste, in one or two passages almost disgusting. The fact of the employment of these men is really important, as displaying the grand secret of Oriental life, that the restrictions upon women do not arise in the faintest degree from the sentiment which in the West is called modesty, but the fact is sufficient without the, to say the least, annoying repetition in this book. Two or three paragraphs besides have a sort of nursery plainness, quite harmless but not usual in English, and on the whole, while availing ourselves of the author's experience, we recommend her book only to those careful to know the bad side of Oriental polygamy. Of the good side she says nothing and saw nothing, nor are we acquainted with any book which really describes it, except perhaps *The Camp, the Mission, and the Zenana*, and the accomplished authoress of those much abused volumes errs as much upon the side of reticence.

Mrs. Lott was employed for some months by Ismael Pacha as governess to his son, or rather as English teacher, and in that capacity accompanied his household on a visit to Constantinople. Of course she saw the interior of harem life, and her impression of it is what the impression of a nurse-

ry governess slightly above the average was sure to be, — that it was very magnificent, very uncivilized, a little disgusting, and unbearably uncomfortable. There were jewels without end and without end jealousies, glorious halls and squalid bedrooms, infinite wealth and nothing fit to eat, luxury of a kind beyond measure and no civilization. This, for instance, is a description of one chamber, or rather *appartement* — curious that English has no equivalent for that word — in one of the many Viceregal palaces in Egypt.

“As soon as I had joined the little Prince, who waited patiently while I explored the chamber, we opened a door on the right hand, passed through a small marble paved hall in which stood four life-size statues, each holding gilt lamps in their hands, which led us into the Viceregal Bedchamber. It was a noble-looking room, covered with a handsome Brussels carpet, with black ground and thickly studded with bouquets of variegated flowers of almost every hue. The whole was scrupulously clean. The gilt-iron bedstead was surmounted with gilded knobs, as also the foot and head plates. The mosquito curtains were of fine crimson silk gauze bespangled with gold crescents. The washhand-stand was of pure white marble, with ewer, basin, and the other usual appendages, of beautifully painted Sevres china, the bouquets on which were artistically executed, and matched the carpet admirably. A large pier-glass hung down from the ceiling. The divan (which was rather diminutive in comparison to those generally placed in the apartments of Turkish dwellings) and chairs were covered with crimson silk bespangled with gold crescents. The toilet-table, on which were placed His Highness's toilet requisites, all of solid gold, inlaid with most valuable precious stones, was covered with a similar cloth. The ebony cabinet was inlaid with gold, and costly jewels, on each side of which stood two silver branch candelabras holding a dozen transparent coloured wax candles; and in the centre was placed His Highness's jewel casket, a perfect gem of the same material, richly inlaid. The walls were covered with crimson paper, embossed with gold crescents. The ceiling was beautifully painted with Turkish and Egyptian landscapes. The chimney piece was of white marble, and the handsome, elegant bronze stove on the spotless white marble hearth was constructed in the form of a kiosk. Then we proceeded through a door that was left wide open into another chamber similarly fitted up, except that the furniture was of yellow satin bespangled with silver crescents, which was invariably occupied by that *Ikbal*, ‘favourite,’ whom the Viceroy from time to time delighted to honour. This was the guests' chamber, and the history of its occupants would form a singular addition to the annals of Egyptian history. The beds in both these rooms were encased in richly figured satin,

which matched the hangings of each apartment.”

There are twenty or thirty descriptions like this alternated with others of filthy rooms, bad food, and that kind of squalor which seems peculiar to Asiatics, the squalor, namely, which is indulged in as a relief from oppressive splendour. The ladies of the harem, for example, never received their lord except in the richest attire, but they lived by themselves dressed in a medley of morning wrappers and diamonds, and their chief, the first wife, whose rule was absolute, superintended her laundresses, “shoeless, stockingless, with her hair hanging loosely about, and the sleeves of her dirty cotton wrapper tucked up to the shoulders and there tied.”

“One morning, when I returned from the gardens into which I had been strolling for a short time, I entered the Grand Pacha's reception room, and there I beheld one of the most extraordinary scenes imaginable. It was one of those nondescript tableaux to which only a Hogarth could have done justice. My feeble pen-drawing must necessarily fall very short of the original; for there were their Highnesses the Princesses, squatted on the carpet amidst a whole pile of trunks, most of which were much deeper than carriage imperials — a host of portmanteaus and carpet bags of small and large dimensions — jewel cases and immense red leather sacks capable of holding from six to eight mattresses. They were all attired in filthily dirty crumpled muslins, shoeless and stockingless, their trousers were tucked up above their knees, the sleeves of their paretots pinned up above their elbows, their hair hanging loosely about their shoulders, as rough as a badger's back, totally unencumbered with nets or handkerchiefs, but, pardon me, literally swarming with vermin! no Russian peasants could possibly have been more infested with live animals. In short, their *tout ensemble* was even more untidy than that of hardworking washerwomen at the tubs; nay, almost akin to Billingsgate fishwomen at home, for their conversation in their own vernacular was equally as low. They all swore in Arabic at the slaves most lustily, banged them about right and left with any missile, whether light or heavy, which came within their reach.”

The same lady, however, revelled on State occasions in rings with diamonds in them “almost as large as the Koh-i-noor since it has been cut,” and our fairer readers will thank us for this minute description of the State dress worn by the second wife on her visit to the Sultan's harem: —

“Her Highness the Princess Epouse wore a

most superb thick white *moiré-antique* silk robe, with a long train, trimmed with handsome point Alençon lace, having rich ruffles of tulle and pink artificial daisies all around it. The body and sleeves were also trimmed with silver ribbon and daisies. The *bertha* was composed of rich lace, ribbons, and daisies. Her slender waist was encircled with a ceinture composed of sapphires and diamonds. On her arm she wore diamond bracelets. Around her neck was clasped a superb diamond necklace. Her head was adorned with a tiara of diamonds, arranged in the shape of Indian wheat, the weight of which was very great. An immense branch, forming a geranium flower in full blossom, composed of opals, diamonds, emeralds, rubies, amethysts, formed the stomacher of her dress. A pink satin Turkish cloak, with sleeves and cape, was placed on her shoulders. Her face was covered with a rich Brussels lace veil, one end of which was placed over the head, and the other end crossed over the mouth and nose, passed round the back of the neck, and tucked down behind the cloak. Her feet were encased in white silk stockings, white satin shoes, richly embroidered with coloured silks, pearls, and gold and silver thread, with high gold heels, over which she wore a pair of yellow morocco *papooches*, 'slippers.' In her hand she held a rich pink silk parasol, lined with white satin, trimmed with a deep silver fringe, with a gold handle, inlaid with a great variety of precious stones. On her fingers were a large yellow diamond and a beautiful sapphire ring. Her Grand Eunuch held over her head a handsome large pink silk umbrella."

The odalisques are seldom educated, are in an English woman's opinion fearfully indelicate,—though some of this must be set down to the cardinal rule of Oriental speech—"Nothing natural can be indelicate,"—are incessantly intriguing against each other and the wives, and are, strange to say, hungry for money, of which some of them possess large sums. They were kind enough to the English governess when they understood her, and made her a sort of universal referee upon Frankish customs, and of course the lower women followed their example. Indeed, though Mrs. Lott complains repeatedly of her treatment, she records frankly a little incident which to any one acquainted with the East speaks volumes as to her position. The Hair Apparent's head nurse never took a backshish without compelling her to accept three-fourths, without assigning her, that is, the rank a *gouvernante* would hold in a European royal family. Her orders seem latterly never to have been disobeyed, yet she was compelled, as she repeatedly complains, to fight for a European chair, bedstead,

and commode, and her impressions before and after her frank reception among the ladies of the harem were as unfavourable as those recorded in this extract:—

"There I was, totally unacquainted with either the Turkish or Arabic tongues; unaccustomed to the filthy manners, barbarous customs, and disgusting habits of all around me; deprived of every comfort by which I had always been surrounded; shut out from all rational society; hurried here and there, in the heat of a scorching African sun, at a moment's notice; absolutely living upon nothing else but dry bread and a little pigeon or mutton, barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. Compelled to take all my meals but my scanty breakfast (a dry roll and cup of coffee) in the society of two clownish, disgusting, German peasant servants; lacking the stimulants so essentially necessary for the preservation of health in such a hot climate; stung almost to death with mosquitoes, tormented with flies, and surrounded with beings who were breeders of vermin; a daily witness of manners the most repugnant, nay, revolting, to the delicacy of a European female—for often have I seen, in the presence of my little Prince,

"A lady of the Harem, not more forward
than all the rest,
Well versed in Syren's arts, it must be confessed,
Shuffle off her garments, and let her figure
stand revealed
Like that of Venus, who no charms concealed!"

Surrounded by intriguing Arab nurses, who not only despised me because I was a Howadjii, but hated me in their hearts because, as a European lady, I insisted upon receiving, and most assuredly I did receive, so far as H.H. the Viceroy and their H.H. the Princesses, the three wives, were concerned, proper respect. The bare fact of my being allowed to take precedence of the inmates of the Harem, even of the *Ikbals*, 'favourites,' galled them to the quick; and there is no doubt but they were at that time inwardly resolved to do their utmost to render my position as painful as possible, nay, even untenable. Then my only companions were the ladies of the Harem, whose appearance I have already described as being totally at variance with that glowing myth-like picture that Tom Moore gives of retired beauty, so erroneously supposed to be caged within the precincts of the *Abodes of Bliss*, in his exquisite poem of *Lalla Rookh*; for therein I failed to find

"Oh, what a pure and sacred thing
Is beauty curtained from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light!"

They were composed of the old *Ibals*, favourites of Ibrahim Pacha, and some of those who had ceased to rank as such, or, as the slaves emphatically termed it, to *please* the 'Baba Efendimir.'"

She rather liked the little Prince, however, who had the making of a man in him, ruined by early absolutism. No order he gave at six years old was ever resisted. He hung red-hot coals in slaves' faces with the most perfect impunity, and tore out the lips of one of his half-sisters with no consequence save a sudden order from his mother that the sufferer should kiss the hem of his robe. His favourite pursuit was to play at banking and drilling the little slaves, two games curiously illustrative of the unique position occupied by the Pachas of Egypt, the greatest merchant princes on the globe. He and his sisters ate with gold spoons and their fingers out of a tray, which looked afterwards like the tray of remnants carried out of a dirty cook-shop. The badness of her diet ultimately drove Mrs. Lott out of the harem, just as she had become reconciled to a position which was, we imagine, not without considerable pecuniary profit. The impression left by her whole book is that a great Asiatic harem is a microcosm of Asia, splendour and squalor, luxury and discomfort, adventure and monotony, licence and slavery, so inextricably commingled that no account ever reveals more than half the truth.

From the Spectator.

POETICAL SELECTIONS.*

THE strong impulse which almost all people who love poetry, and are not themselves poets, feel to select their *own* selection of poems is curious enough. The dislike to using the selections of others, even when they are as indisputably good as the *Golden Treasury* of Mr. Palgrave, or the *Children's Garland* of Mr. Coventry Patmore, is not unlike the dislike to wearing another person's coat, or gown, or under-garments. Men's and women's imaginations weave for themselves a sort of poetical vesture that suits their own wants and expresses their own hearts; they search in vain in the collections of others for the poems that strike the most musical chord in their own minds, and not finding it, they fret and are as un-

comfortable as is the body in wearing another person's dress. Either it will not fit because it was meant for persons of different figure and height, or if it fits, it will not suit, because the worsted or flannel which keeps one person in a comfortable glow chafes the skin of another into a fever. So it is also with the poetical dress of those who do not, like poets, make their own, as silkworms weave their own cocoons. Teachers cannot bear to use another person's selection of poetry, nor even readers to see pieces they do not care for, or dislike, extracted at great length, while their own private treasures are ignored. But the curious thing is that though they cannot satisfy themselves with other persons' selections, they almost always start with the purpose of making other persons love their own; and in order to do this will even sacrifice to some extent that dominant taste of theirs which led them to prepare a special selection for their separate use. Thus the editor of the beautiful selection of poems called, somewhat artificially we think, *Poems of the Inner Life*, admits that he has included a number which he would not otherwise have included, and excluded of course in consequence some of his own more special favourites, on the false idea of being catholic. "I have purposely avoided applying any very rigid personal test, that might make the whole contents of the volume too closely conformable to my own especial taste and feeling." In other words, he has purposely avoided applying strictly the only principle of unity that he had to apply. If he were to include all poems to which a cultivated taste could assign a real merit bearing on spiritual thoughts and feelings, his collection would have been made, we suppose, in ten thick volumes instead of one thin one. The only sort of sifting principle he had to apply was the sieve of personal liking,—and he feared to apply it thoroughly, lest it should result in not gaining the wide suffrage for his book which he desired. That is, he included some poems he did not very much care for, as a sort of bait to people who do not care very much for his own favourites to read them and learn to like them. "You shall have this dirge of Felicia Hemans," we can imagine him saying to himself, "which is, however, not really very good, as a tribute to your own private prejudices, in order that it may inspire you with some respect for the editor's taste, and so lead you to admire this one of Henry Vaughan's, which I myself enjoy above everything." We must say we think the editor has made a mistake in a selection of

* *Poems of the Inner Life*. Selected chiefly from Modern Authors. Sampson Low.

this sort in not applying rigidly the only test he had to apply. It was not as if the volume were meant for use in religious services. Then no doubt a much more external test—the test of general acceptance—would have been legitimate. But such selections as these exist in abundance, and the only *raison d'être* of a new one, is the existence of a new intensity of personal love for the poems it includes. It is most likely that “R. C. J.” has not only sacrificed his own judgment wherever he has included a poem as a bait to the popular taste which he did not himself particularly admire, but done so without succeeding in netting so many admirers for his book as he would otherwise have had. However, the selection is unquestionably a fine one, and includes many poems that are not familiar to ordinary English readers. As a matter of course, the present reviewer resents the inclusion of some, and feels profoundly how much better the space would have been occupied by others that are neglected; but there are none without some beauty, and a large number, if not most of them, are really fine poems. Here is one little known to the English public, and with a dash of mysticism in it, but which has always struck us as worthy of a poet of the first order. It is by the late Mr. W. C. Roscoe:—

“SYMBOLS OF VICTORY.

“Yellow leaves on the ash-tree,
Soft glory in the air,
And the streaming radiance of sunshine,
On the leaden clouds over there.

“At a window a child’s mouth smiling,
Overhung with tearful eyes
At the flying rainy landscape
And the sudden opening skies.

“Angels hanging from heaven,
A whisper in dying ears,
And the promise of great salvation
Shining on mortal fears.

“A dying man on his pillow
Whose white soul fled to his face,
Puts on her garment of joyfulness
And stretches to Death’s embrace.

“Passion, rapture, and blindness,
Yearning, aching, and fears,
And faith and duty gazing
With steadfast eyes upon tears.

“I see, or the glory blinds me
Of a soul divinely fair,
Peace after great tribulation,
And victory hung in the air.”

We should add that the volume is beautifully printed, and that the little ornamental vignettes at the close of the poems are full of grace and spirit.

From the Saturday Review, 13 Jan.

AMERICAN SYMPATHIES.

WE have lately been favoured with several expositions of the sentiments with which Americans generally regard the nations of the Old World. In the last number of the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. Conway has given a curious picture of their view of the relative merits of France and England. The result at which he arrives cannot be called satisfactory. The Americans might, he says, be forced into a war in order to turn the French out of Mexico; but it would be a war to which the whole current of popular sentiment would be opposed. On the other hand, should any circumstances provoke a war with England, they would go into it with enthusiasm. It would gratify the whole body of the nation, with the exception of that class—insignificant in number in all countries—whose policy is dictated rather by reason than by passion. The great majority would snatch, with unmixed pleasure, at any pretext for fighting and, if possible, humiliating England. This amiable temper has of course been aggravated, and in some classes produced, by our attitude in the late contest. Whatever ground they may have had for the belief, Americans undoubtedly did believe that Englishmen all but unanimously rejoiced in the dangers of the great Republic, gloated over their misfortunes, and were generally convinced that those misfortunes were only a righteous punishment for their manifold shortcomings. It might have been more Christian to forgive such feelings, supposing them to have existed, but it was certainly more natural to retaliate them. And, whether right or wrong, we must be prepared for the simple fact, that a good many grudges have been accumulated against this country in the last few years, which our scrupulous neutrality was unable to avert, and which Americans would be only too glad to satisfy before they have had time to die out. At the same time, a similar contrast between France and England had been familiar to the popular mind in America long before the war. There was a certain vein of sentiment, which was worked principally to obtain ma-

terials for after-dinner speeches, about Englishmen and Americans being of the same blood, having a common interest in Shakspeare and Bacon, and both enjoying the right of trial by jury, the *habeas corpus*, and other themes of conventional oratory. But this was chiefly confined to the most educated classes; and there was very little cordiality wasted by the masses upon this Transatlantic affections. There are certain very obvious reasons which go to explain this unpleasant tendency to set us down as the least favoured nation, and which are worth notice as illustrating the value of the judgments passed by different countries upon each other.

An American writer has said that when two people are talking together there are really six people concerned in the dialogue. In the first place, there are the true A. and B. who are conversing; then there is the hypothetical A., who exists only in A.'s own imagination, and the very different A., who exists only in the imagination of B. Adding two similar duplicates of B., we get the whole number of six. This, which holds true of individuals, is still more conspicuously true in the relations of different nations. For the imaginary being, who stands for a whole people to the mind either of one of his component units or to one of the other race, has fewer features of the original than our mental picture of another man. The John Bull who stands to many foreigners, and even to some Englishmen, as the concrete embodiment of our peculiarities is derived from an almost extinct variety of a breed which was never numerous; and the mere habit of representing a nation by such an imaginary type is in itself misleading. It is one reason why people constantly forget what a very large number thirty million is, and consequently what a wonderful variety of circumstances and characters are certain to be included in thirty millions of human beings. A whole nation can be thus lumped together, and be made a much more convenient butt for insult and resentment, and can have all sorts of evil motives and passions attributed to it with much more facility, than if one really remembered to what a very complex set of phenomena the word "nation" corresponds. Thus the Americans keep a kind of dummy, which combines all the real and supposed demerits of three generations of Englishmen. When Mr. Quilp wished to give some vent to his dislike of Kit Nubbles, he selected an old figure-head with some vague resemblance to Mr. Nubbles' features, and in his leisure moments belaboured it with a po-

ker, drove nails into its eyes, and otherwise expressed the sentiments with which the original inspired him. Every American stump orator keeps in his repertory some such hideous image, to be assaulted in public as the representative of England. It is easy to discover the materials from which this misshapen doll has been patched up. They are the products of all the passions that have been excited during the last ninety years. Every quarrel has brought its additional touches of ugliness to the picture. England has served of necessity to round every period about military glory or about national independence — two topics which no nation can do without. Perhaps we never oppressed the Americans very badly, and they never beat us very gloriously; but if you have not got a Waterloo and a Duke of Wellington, a New Orleans and a General Jackson must serve the turn; and if there is no Alba to denounce, George III. sounds just as well in a popular oration. Hence a good framework was made for the popular dummy out of a mixture of the brutal oppressor and the defeated enemy. As the efforts of American diplomacy could not often be directed against anybody else, a number of touches were easily supplied from the Continental fancy portraits of perfidious Albion. The effect of the whole was heightened by the contributions of imported Irish artists, whose powers of imagination have been signally exerted in delineations of the Saxon oppressor. And it is not wonderful if, on the whole, the John Bull of English admirers of themselves was represented by a very hideous and appalling scarecrow on the other side of the Atlantic. When a half-educated American spoke of England, he really spoke of the figure projected upon his imagination by the accumulated abuse and irritation of all the quarrels in which his national pride had been concerned. And the constant intercourse and identity of language of the two countries kept its colouring bright. The equally imaginary Frenchman was necessarily depicted in much less lively colours. There had been comparatively no friction between the two countries to produce such an explosion of vituperative eloquence. France stood in the background behind England, and, chiefly in compliance with the necessities of art, was made to serve as a foil to our manifold atrocities. It is always pleasant to talk of national gratitude and traditional alliances, if only as an oratorical relief to a monotony of denunciation; and it is especially pleasant when there is no prospect of the gratitude being severely tested. Gratitude is

generally out of place in any question of international policy, because it is generally the duty of a nation to act entirely with a view to its own interests, and because there is a tolerable certainty that its neighbours have done the same. We are apt in this, as in other cases, to be misled by a false analogy with the relations. It is desirable *primâ facie* to return a good service done by one man to another, because there is at least a presumption of its having been prompted by goodwill. But, as between nations, no such presumption exists. Nothing can be plainer than that France helped America in the War of Independence, exclusively with a view to injuring England. She had not the slightest intention of founding a great republic, and if her statesmen could have foreseen the reaction upon their own system, they would probably have done the colonies no service, even at the price of doing us no harm. It was, therefore absurd to set up any claim for gratitude, as, indeed, Washington very sensibly and emphatically remarked. But there was so much pleasure in dilating on the heroic Lafayette and on generous national sympathies and hereditary alliances, that such a claim was, in fact, very effectually established. The French had such a hold upon the sympathies of the democratic party that, even after acts of warfare had been committed, the two nations contrived to remain at peace; whereas England was forced into the second war, even after the most substantial grounds of quarrel had been removed. There is another rather curious point about this sentiment. Such men as Jefferson continued to the despotism of Napoleon the sympathy which they had originally given to the revolutionists as apostles of popular authority. This seems to imply the existence of an instinct which still contributes to the preference of France over England. The portraits of the "bloated aristocrat" are principally drawn from English society. The democratic sentiment is stimulated more by a hatred of privileged classes than by a dislike to strong central power; and perhaps the English House of Peers may be a greater mystery of iniquity to the popular American mind than even the Napoleonic absolutism. But this is doubtless a secondary consideration; for it comes to much the same thing to a stump orator whether he denounces the people as slaves to a brutal despot or as minions of a corrupt aristocracy. Distinctions of such a refined nature about nations so far off are not worth considering.

The mainspring for the partiality for

France is probably, therefore, the reaction from the hatred to England. The popular instinct imitates a Machiavellian policy, in seeking for an ally against its most obnoxious adversary. We have the honour of appearing in the diabolic character, whilst France stands dimly hovering behind us in a semi-angelic attitude. During the late war, indeed, when France and England were for the time partners in villainy, Russia was introduced as the happy contrast, and certain delicate flirtations showed that Americans could swallow a good strong dose of despotism if it intervened on the right side. But the tendency to restore to France its ancient standing is evident. One man may, we know, steal a horse, when another may not look over a gate. And France is allowed for a time to lay a hand upon Mexico, when England would have been very summarily sent to the right-about. If England, as Mr. Conway says, had been the unlukey intruder, we should have been at war before this time. As it is, our cousins are content with carefully storing up all our omissions and commissions, with a view to future possibilities, whilst they are only too anxious to forgive and forget all that our troublesome neighbour may have done, if he will just keep his hands off in future.

That the prevalence of such sentiments is dangerous, and might at any moment become a serious calamity, is undeniable. Meanwhile, there is one comfort. There is a very wide difference between lashing your whipping-post at home, and actually carrying out your benevolent intentions against the nation of which he is the representative. When war becomes a contingency seriously contemplated, instead of a mere threat, a more genuine likeness sometimes comes out behind the conventional caricature. We look a little more carefully at our antagonist, and take his measure with some reference, though often a very vague reference, to facts. It is thus a longer way than we sometimes think from the prejudices of a nation to its expression of those prejudices by actual force of arms. No people is really quite foolish and wicked enough to go to war with another merely because it has taken a dislike to it. On the contrary, the most violent hostility of spirit is far less important than a very trifling cause of jealousy, although it makes much more noise. The fact is, that we exaggerate the space which we occupy in the minds of a foreign nation. Nine out of ten of the statements we hear about them refer to their sentiments about ourselves, and we

insensibly come to imagine that nine out of ten of their thoughts have reference to the same subject; whereas the number of people in any country who have even an effectual belief in the existence of other human beings beyond their own frontiers is not great, and the number who possess any vivid conception of them is smaller still. As population increases in the more remote American States which have little contact with the Europeans, there will be a larger proportion of men who simply care nothing for foreign politics. And, if it would be rash to hope that they will ever substitute a less hideous and distorted image for their present ideal Englishman, they will at least become more inclined to let it alone, and grow tired of abusing their plaything. No doubt any wound inflicted upon the national vanity, in its present state, would be more than usually apt to fester; but, if special causes of irritation do not turn up, the danger will probably tend to diminish rapidly.

From the Saturday Review.

LUCKY FRIENDS.

IF Rochefoucauld's celebrated maxim, that the misfortunes of our friends are never entirely disagreeable to us, be true, it is an obvious corollary that rare and peculiar good fortune on the part of the same friends is never wholly satisfactory to us. It is of no use complaining of the manifest cynicism of remarks of this kind. They are cynical inasmuch as they draw attention to a very ugly and unamiable side of human nature. The only question worth discussing is whether that ugly side exists. If it is all pure calumny, if the average of men are free from all taint and suspicion of selfishness and meanness, then to concoct terse epigrams which ascribe these qualities generally to mankind is doubtless a very unworthy occupation. It is highly probable that such epigrams would be far less frequent if they were utterly absurd and purposeless. And it is worth considering whether those who are for ever drawing sublime and angelic pictures of human nature, declaring as a great statesman recently did—and with about the same amount of sincerity and point—that they at least are on the side of the angels, are really so usefully and honourably employed as they would have us think. It may be very noble, and to some people very com-

forting, to dwell in a general way exclusively on the brighter qualities of the human heart; but the man whose wife has just bolted with his bosom friend may be excused if he maintains that there is a time for all things, and that a goody philosophy is not the thing for him at that particular moment. On the contrary, his temporary tastes lie exactly in the opposite direction. He wants a philosophy which, without being palpably untrue, shall represent human nature in a rather odious light. He is immovably convinced that it deserves to be so represented. It is true he is angry, and disposed to generalize, and to call "all" men knaves and traitors when he should have said only "some." But who can wonder at this under the circumstances? The two specimens of the human species with whom he was most nearly related, and in whom he placed most trust, have unscrupulously deceived and betrayed him. Go and talk amiable moonshine to him, and he cannot but think you either a fool or an impostor. He may be very unphilosophical, but so are you. He ignores one set of facts; you ignore another set. He says men are liars and humbugs; you simper out that this sweeping condemnation of mankind is quite dreadful, that no man is so bad as not to have some good in him, and that the good, the noble, the generous is what we should fix our eyes upon. He probably meets your sugary platitudes with a few trenchant epigrams which men of talent have made expressly to be used on occasions of this sort. The enunciation of these biting truths is a delicious relief to him. As Caligula wished for a humanity with one neck which he might luxuriously twist at his leisure, so the furious husband longs to say something that will pierce and slay and scarify all men (and all women, too, for the matter of that) with one fell epigram. Compact cynical remarks like those of Rochefoucauld are exactly what he wants. And when you object to his free use of them, you are likely to be losing your pains unless you can prove that he had no wife, that she did not run away from him, and that his best friend did not take her. That is to say, unless you expunge from existence certain manifest notorious facts known to you and to him and all the world, it is idle to exclaim against that peculiar class of aphorisms which collect and condense these facts into a small compass fit for daily use.

As regards the particular specimen of cynical remark with which we started—namely, that men generally do not like to see very great and, as they think, unde-

served good luck befall their friends—we consider it to be, with proper limitations, indisputably true. We say distinctly “good luck,” not honest success in life won by hard meritorious effect. Most men are generous enough not to envy the latter, or wise enough to keep their feelings very quiet if they do. But those rich windfalls which occasionally hoist a rather dull apathetic man several degrees above his hard-working companions are seldom seen without dislike, or mentioned without a sneer. For instance, the inducing an heiress to marry you is always more or less resented—more rather than less. All rivalry and wounded vanity apart, when Jones succeeds in doing this, it is regarded by Smith and Brown and Robinson as a very questionable, not to say shabby, transaction. They may never have seen the girl. She may have been Jones's cousin with whom he played when they were children down in the country. There was never the remotest chance that they could have won her. Still, what was there in Jones that she should go and marry him? He was plucked at College, and had stuck hopelessly fast at the Bar; and now the fellow is putting up for the county, and is safe, through the influence of his wife's property, to get in. It shows—what somebody indeed had remarked before—that Jones was not the easy good fellow he appeared to be, but that at bottom there was something of the sneak in him. It is true that poor Jones all this time is doing his very utmost to conciliate his old friends, and induce them to forgive him his good luck. But they can only half do it even when they try hard, which they do not often do. He declares there shall be no change in his old relations with them, that they must all come down in September for the shooting, and that they will all be jollier than ever. He is a deluded man, and finds it out in time. Shooting, indeed! when Robinson's tailor will not be induced to trust him for another shooting-coat, and Brown would have to appear with his old muzzle-loader among the breech-loading swells he would be sure to meet at Jones's. The latter hinted there were plenty of guns; but that only showed his natural want of delicacy, which wealth had increased. And even if they do manage to get over their sulks, and go down to be introduced to Jones's wife, it is in a grim, defiant humour, and with the set determination not to be pleased. Brown confides to the sympathetic ear of Robinson that,

as for Mrs. Jones, he (Brown) would not have her for all her money ten times over. Robinson declares he was just going to say the very same thing. They both agree that Jones has grown detestably conceited and bumptious, and notice that, with all his riches, he was odiously mean. The wine could be drunk by no man who valued his health, and there was not a horse in the stables fit to be ridden. And the company, too; did any one ever see such a set of pompous, empty-headed dullards? The whole place also, it was found, had an air of ceremony and buckram which was very offensive. When it was hinted that Mrs. Jones—who, however, was very meek, and said nothing about it—preferred that pipes and tobacco should be confined as much as possible to the billiard and smoking-rooms, Brown shrugged his shoulders, and hoped something terrible might befall him before he would be henpecked in that way.

Of course, the forms of luck are as various as the men who get shares of it. Perhaps, in the above instance, we have adverted to the most unpopular form of all. The essence of unpopular luck is that it shall be considerable, and apparently all but entirely undeserved. For this reason the hymeneal type is exceptionally odious. Still the popular taste is not any more consistent in this than it is in a number of other cases. Some forms of luck are, as it were, privileged. If you are the son of a bishop or the nephew of a Lord Chancellor, it is considered to be quite in the order of nature that several fat things should sooner or later fall to you. You would be rather pitied than otherwise if they did not. And yet to be a bishop's son, or even to be a bishop yourself, is not much less a freak of good fortune than to succeed in carrying off an heiress. There is a certain flunkiness about both. No man by dint of steady industry and self-denial can make himself a bishop's son, and it is by no means certain that those virtues will always make him a bishop. Certain qualities are doubtless necessary to ensure either matrimonial or episcopal luck. It has been said, as regards the first, that three things are needed, namely, opportunity, importunity, and propinquity; these three, but the greatest of these is opportunity. Opportunity—that is the lucky element which nothing will replace, and which men find it so hard to forgive. Yet it cannot be denied that in the captivation of a mitre, as compared with the captivation of an heiress, opportunity is less, and importunity and the persevering

virtues are more. Hence, possibly, the less objectionable character which the former kind of success generally bears.

We by no means wish to maintain that a lucky man's friends are always envious, and that he always bears his honours with due meekness. Such a view would imply ignorance both of the world and of human nature. But we do maintain that the lucky man has very often much harder measure dealt to him than he would have if he were not lucky. His foibles are put under a microscope, and his virtues are ignored or taken for granted without thanks. He must not only come up to, he must exceed, the ordinary standard, to be pardoned at all. If he is inclined to be generous and open-handed, people say "And so he ought to be, he has got plenty." If he is the least bit stingy, he is pronounced to be a Shylock at once. Two things contribute to create this injustice. It is probable that the lucky man, before his luck, was a needy man. His small means had caused his wants to be few, which he prudently and thriftily gratified. A sudden change of circumstances will not always induce a corresponding change of habits. He had been careful and saving all his life, and he finds it hard, even undesirable, to become lavish and careless in a moment. It is true he can now throw away a guinea with less privation than he could before spend a shilling; and his friends know this rather better than he does, and probably, in their own minds, substitute for his disposable guinea a five-pound note. Still, his long intimacy with the value of shillings has made him loth to part with them, not necessarily from niggardliness, but from habit and old association. All this is set down to unmitigated meanness and poverty of soul. The history of commercial success is full of instances of men who found no difficulty in giving thousands to any good and worthy object, and who yet looked after small expenses with the assiduity of a spinster living on an annuity. Again, the needy friends of a rich man are very apt to come to most erroneous and preposterous conclusions respecting the extent of his wealth. Contrasting their few hundreds with the many thousands he is supposed to have, comparing their solitary general servant with his staff of domestics, they regard his pocket as practically bottomless. They forget, or they do not know, that a rise in station very generally brings with it a more than corresponding rise in the demands made upon one. They look only at the big

purse; they ignore the numbers who are aspiring to empty it.

Our moral is very high-toned and stoical, just suited to the cold weather. It is, that what is commonly called luck is very often not lucky or desirable at all, and that many a man has had occasion to rue the day (whether he did rue it, or not, is another matter) when an unexpected windfall made him the object of more or less envy. The loss of simplicity and quiet joys and tender unostentatious friendships is ill-replaced by buckram and state and hollow acquaintanceships. Of course these beautiful moral reflections will never make any man refuse a fortune when it comes in his way. But they may perhaps induce him to bear his lot more cheerfully when, as is the general case, a fortune is altogether out of his way.

From the Saturday Review.

CURZON'S MONASTERIES OF THE LEVANT.*

WE are glad to see a new edition of Mr. Curzon's very interesting book of travels. It first appeared nearly twenty years ago, and few of the innumerable band of writers who have since given us their impressions of the same regions have at all rivalled its merits. This is partly due to the fact that the East, like other quarters of the globe, is being gradually spoilt. It has lost much of the gloss and freshness which it still retained when Mr. Curzon first travelled there in 1833. Pashas, and dragomans, and chiausoes, and the other *dramatis personæ* of the Eastern traveller have somehow become vulgarized, whether from actual degeneration on their part, or from the circumstance that they no longer have the charms of novelty to Europeans. They have fallen off as the Red Indian has done, though we cannot say whether the deterioration is due, in his case, to an acquired taste for whiskey, or to a growing familiarity which destroys romance, or simply to earlier historians having lied enormously. But the subject-matter of much of Mr. Curzon's book was tolerably hackneyed, even at the time of his writing. Its success was due much more to the style of the writer than to the out-of-the-way places which he de-

* *Visits to the Monasteries of the Levant.* By the Hon. Robert Curzon, Junior. Fifth Edition. London: John Murray. 1885.

scribed. The secret of this success is worth notice. Very few travellers have the power of giving dramatic unity to their works. They fancy that mere geographical continuity supplies a sufficient thread upon which to string their remarks. A traveller not unfrequently has the audacity to publish his diary, and expect the public to swallow it raw. The only connecting link between his pages is the fact that he was each morning at the place where he left off the evening before. And when the incidents are extremely similar, without being absolutely identical, the work becomes about as entertaining as a cruiser's log. There is more than one book descriptive of very important travels in Africa which comes under this head. One day, perhaps, you are introduced to a black greasy chief with a pat of butter on his head, and the next to a blacker and greasier chief without a pat of butter; but under the shape of a book there really lurks a mere directory to a particular series of savage tribes. The great art of writing a good book of travels consists in finding such a principle of coherence as may counteract its tendency to run to mere diary. Sometimes the nature of the adventures described is sufficient to do this spontaneously. At others it may be found in the light thrown upon some scientific theory, or upon the manners and customs of the natives, or the natural history of the country: or, as in the case of Eothen, in a study of the effect of the external circumstances upon the traveller's own mind. This amounts to saying that it is an excellent thing for a traveller to have a hobby. It does not matter what his special enthusiasm is; so long at least as it is one which may be gratified in the country, and he is not mad about mediæval architecture in America, or a theorist on glaciers in the Arabian desert. If, however, the journey is, as it should be, undertaken in pursuit of the hobby, there is no danger of this curious infelicity; and a man has only to give himself up to his enthusiasm unreservedly to be pretty sure of infecting his readers for the time. A paper was contributed to one of the numbers of *Vacation Tourists* by a gentleman whose one passion was for seeing big trees, irrespectively of any ulterior considerations. Probably very few of his readers would sympathise with him at the outset; but it was impossible to avoid falling in with his humour after a few pages, anxiously accompanying an expedition after a reported giant, and being temporarily disappointed when it turned out to be only 300 feet

high. Mr. Curzon rode a more intelligible hobby than this, and one with which most educated men to some degree sympathize. The search for old books is known to have a specific power over some minds; and the chase of MSS. is a specially exciting branch of this most absorbing employment. Some cynics might possibly allege that there are already books enough in the world, and that if one had been apparently overwhelmed in oblivion it was a pity to try to resuscitate it. Without troubling ourselves to discover new MSS. we have, they would urge, various readings enough already. For the purposes of this book, however, we may take for granted that it was right that the treasures of the Levantine monasteries should be ransacked; and, at any rate, we are carried away by Mr. Curzon's enthusiasm. Thus, in the monastery of Pantocratoras, he finds "the melancholy remains of a once celebrated library":—

This [he says] was a dismal spectacle for a devout lover of old books—a sort of biblical knight-errant as I then considered myself, who had entered on the perilous adventure of Mount Athos, to rescue from the thralldom of ignorant monks those fair vellum volumes, with their bright illuminations and velvet dresses, and jewelled clasps, which for so many centuries had lain imprisoned in their dark monastic dungeons.

The library in question, including above a hundred ancient manuscripts, was lying on the floor of a room amongst the rubbish that had fallen from the upper story. Some of the books were "fine large folios." Unluckily, the monks told Mr. Curzon that the beams which supported the floor had become quite rotten and unsafe; so that, as he says, a complete trap was laid for a bookish enthusiast. He tried in vain to creep along close to the wall, with the beams cracking audibly beneath his feet. At length he got a long rod, and proceeded to fish for the desired prey. With some toil, he got hold of a fine double-columned folio "of most venerable antiquity." But alas! the rains had washed the outer leaves quite clean, and the pages were consolidated into a concrete, which, on an attempt to open them, broke off short like biscuit. It was merely the mummy of a manuscript. We feel for Mr. Curzon when, as he tells us, he arose and vented his sorrow and indignation in a long oration, the effect of which was weakened by the circumstance that none of his audience understood his language. Still more irritating were his adventures in the great monastery of Meteara. Albania being at this time in a disturbed state, he had no little

difficulty in arriving there at all. He got a mandate from a Turkish vizir, ordering him an escort of soldiers, addressed to the commander of troops at a place called Mezzovo. Arrived at Mezzovo, he delivered the document to the most prominent inhabitant he could find, who happened to be the chief of the robbers instead of the soldiers. This gentleman, however, luckily saw the joke, and gave Mr. Curzon a letter to his subordinate robbers, which turned out to be more useful than the other, as robbers were considerably more plentiful than soldiers in those parts. Accompanied by half a dozen thieves, or perhaps it would be fairer to call them guerillas, he reached the monastery, which is situated upon a lofty rock, and which he entered by being made up into a parcel and wound up by a windlass and a long rope. And here he found two manuscripts of the Gospels, the bare recollection of which makes his mouth water. He speaks of them with the raptures which only the assiduous book-hunter can appreciate. They were gorgeous within and without; one was full of miniatures in excellent preservation, with the exception of an initial, which "some ancient slaver" had smeared with a wet finger; the other was bound in silver filigree, which showed that it must have belonged to some royal personage. The head of the monastery agreed to sell them, and Mr. Curzon cheerfully paid down a sum of money which left him just enough to return to Corfu. But the cup was destined to be dashed from his lips. He was just ready to be lowered again to the earth, when a discussion arose as to the distribution of the plunder. The "villain of a librarian swore that he would have half." And the upshot of a long discussion was that, as the monks could not agree how the price was to be shared, they resolved not to sell the volumes. After sadly turning over the leaves for the last time, he was let down by the rope to "his affectionate thieves." So touching was the expression of Mr. Curzon's despair, that the thieves immediately set about storming the monastery, with a view to recovering the MSS.; and Mr. Curzon, with great difficulty, and with "a great exercise of forbearance," managed to call them off. We do not decide the point raised, as to whether the refusal of a set of monks to sell their treasures at a fair price would have justified him in storming the monastery and throwing the librarian over the rocks. Probably it would have been allowable from a high moral point of view, but it might have raised difficulties in negotiating with the

next monastery. Against these failures there are to be set a sufficient number of successes to give the impression that Mr. Curzon had, on the whole, very good sport among the books. Later explorers, and especially Tischendorf, have since followed upon Mr. Curzon's traces; and there is probably little left for discovery.

There is, however, something curious and interesting about the lives of the monks whom he describes; and, were it not that travellers in general seem to follow in each other's footsteps, with a scrupulosity almost amounting to religious observance, more people would have made acquaintance with these singular living relics of distant epochs. In Mr. Curzon's pages they form a pleasant and appropriate background to the picture of the enthusiastic book-hunter. They are, amongst men, much what their ancient manuscripts are amongst books. They are dozing quietly in their queer Sleepy Hollow of a Mount Athos, with their manuscripts quietly decaying beside them. One of the most characteristic figures in Mr. Curzon's book is the monk he met at Xeropotamo, whom he describes as a magnificent-looking man of thirty or thirty-five, with large eyes and long black hair and beard. He had been brought to Mount Athos in his infancy, his parents having been massacred in some disturbance, he did not exactly know where. He had never seen a woman, and was particularly anxious to learn what they looked like. He seems to have imagined that they all exactly resembled the stiff, hard-featured pictures of the Holy Virgin which hang in every Greek church, and which were his only available source of information. He was greatly interested to hear that women were not only different from these pictures, but that they even differed considerably from one another in appearance, manners, and understanding. The country where it is possible still to find a specimen of such a singular phase of human nature must be worth visiting; and, although Mr. Curzon's accounts of the monasteries of the Holy Land, of Egypt, and Albania are all interesting, his most finished picture is that of this little backwater which as yet has been undisturbed by any eddies from the main current of the world. Perhaps, however, we may anticipate that before long Mr. Cook's tourists will be taken in trips to Mount Athos, when we fear that the monks will be in danger of sophistication, and, if they don't learn to value manuscripts more highly, will possibly be unable to keep out the obtrusive female sex, which at Mr. Curzon's visit was represented by one cat.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries, and of the Discovery of the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa*, 1858-1864. By David and Charles Livingstone. London, 1865.
2. *Despatches of Dr. David Livingstone to H. M. Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs*.
3. *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa*. By David Livingstone, LL.D., D.C.L. London, 1857.
4. *Memoir of Bishop Mackenzie*. By Harvey Goodwin, D.D., Dean of Ely. London, 1864.
5. *Journals of the Royal Geographical Society*.

THE nineteenth century will be for ever memorable in the annals of African discovery. The mystery which for ages had hung over the interior of the great continent has been in a great measure dispelled. Equatorial Africa especially no longer appears as a blank in our maps. Many of its countries and political divisions have been laid down with tolerable certainty, and the positions of some of its rivers and mountains partially defined; but the great lake discoveries more than any other have excited the wonder and admiration of Europe. All our preconceived ideas of the interior of the great continent have been reversed; for regions which were supposed to be a scene of everlasting drought, under the perpetual, unclouded blaze of a vertical sun, have been found to be refreshed with constant showers, irrigated by perennial streams, and teeming with inhabitants. The further discovery of stupendous mountains crowned with eternal snow, within a short distance of the equator, added greatly to the surprise of geographers; and as a climax to an unexampled series of brilliant discoveries, the Nile was confidently said to have at last revealed its mysterious fountains, and the secret of ages to be disclosed.

These important geographical discoveries have chiefly been made from the eastern coast. The missionaries Krapf and Rebmann, whose station was at Mombas, a few leagues to the east of Zanzibar, although they did not greatly enlarge our knowledge of the interior, yet were the precursors of Burton and Speke in those more extensive explorations, the results of which have so honourably distinguished their names. Dr. Livingstone, operating in a different region, but on the same side of the continent, has contributed in a very considerable degree to increase our geographical knowl-

edge. Africa was first crossed by him from Mozambique, on the Indian Ocean, to Loanda, a Portuguese settlement on the shores of the Atlantic, in 1855, an achievement which was soon afterwards followed, we might even say surpassed, by the unparalleled march of Captains Speke and Grant, with a small armed escort, from the shores of the Indian Ocean to the Mediterranean Sea. The discoveries of Dr. Livingstone have made known to us an extensive portion of Africa, and their effect may ultimately be to open up to commerce and civilization a country which has few superiors in fertility on the African continent. Dr. Livingstone was the first European who crossed the African Continent from its eastern to its western shore. He found the great river Zambesi far in the interior, where its existence was not known even to the Portuguese, and he was the first who visited its stupendous cataracts, to which he gave the name of the Victoria Falls. He is also the discoverer of the great Nyassa Lake and the Shirwa, in the sense at least of having been the first European to visit them and to fix their geographical positions. He collected an immense amount of information respecting the manners, character and habits of the people of this part of the African continent, formed lasting friendships with several of their chiefs, acquired a knowledge of the languages of the country, and laid the foundation of a more regular intercourse for which it was one of the principal objects of his mission to prepare the way.

Having been deputed by the London Missionary Society to seek for a suitable place for the location of a permanent establishment, he ascertained that the highlands on the borders of the great basin of the Zambesi were comparatively healthy, and that it was desirable to open a regular and speedy communication with them, in order that the Europeans might pass as quickly as possible through the pestilential regions of the coast. The character of the population appeared to be eminently favourable for an experiment being made for the improvement of their social state by means of commerce, and for their ultimate conversion to Christianity. These views received the cordial support of all classes on Dr. Livingstone's return to England; and on the publication of his '*Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa*,' his peculiar aptitude for enduring the hardships and perils incidental to African exploration, his tact in dealing with obstructive chiefs, and the heroism of his character, were so clearly but unobtrusively revealed that the Government

readily responded to the public feeling, and appointing him Consul for South-eastern Africa gave to his second expedition the prestige of a national enterprise. Its principal objects, as set forth in his instructions, were to extend the knowledge already attained of the geography and the mineral and agricultural resources of Eastern and Central Africa, to improve his acquaintance with the inhabitants, and to encourage them to apply themselves to industrial pursuits and the cultivation of their land, with a view to the production of raw material which might be exported to England in return for British manufactures; and it was hoped that an important step might thus be made towards the extinction of the slave trade, which had been found to be one of the greatest obstacles to improvement.

Although the results of this expedition have not been in all respects commensurate with the sanguine hopes that had been formed of it, it has been the means of extending our geographical knowledge by several important discoveries; and Dr. Livingstone and his fellow-travellers have collected much information on the geology, botany, ornithology, and zoology of the districts which they have leisurely surveyed; they have thrown much light on the hydrography of the south-eastern part of Africa, and obtained a far more complete knowledge of the native tribes, their languages, habits, state of civilization and religion, than was possible in the former expedition.

The primary object having been to explore the Zambesi and its tributaries, with a view of ascertaining their capabilities for commerce, Dr. Livingstone was furnished with a small steam launch, the 'Ma Robert,' which was sent out from England in sections, and put together at the anchorage at the mouth of the Zambesi, but which proved, by the imperfection of its construction, to be rather an impediment than an assistance to his progress up the river.

The delta of the Zambesi seems to mark it as one of the most important rivers in Africa. The whole range of coast, from the Luabo channel to Quillimane, must be considered as belonging to that river, for the Quillimane is in fact only a branch of the Zambesi, which takes a direction due east at about 16° south latitude. Between the most westerly entrance to the Zambesi and Quillimane, not less than seven subsidiary streams pour their waters into the Indian Ocean. This vast delta far surpasses in its dimensions even that of the Nile, and if properly cultivated, would undoubtedly equal it in fertility. The Zambesi itself al-

most rivals in magnitude the great river of Egypt, and in some respects considerably resembles it. Like the Nile, it has its great annual flood, inundating and fertilizing the surrounding country. It has also its falls, cataracts, and shallows, which present obstacles to continuous navigation. The perpendicular rise of the Zambesi, in a portion of its course where it is compressed between lofty hills, is eighty feet. In the dry season there are portions of its course where it has only eighteen inches of water; and Dr. Livingstone's party was repeatedly obliged to drag the small steamer over the shallows. A vessel of less than eighteen inches draught, therefore, would be required to navigate the Zambesi throughout the year, although steamers of considerable burthen could ply in it when in flood as far as the Victoria Falls, most of the intervening cataracts being obliterated by the great rise of the waters; but a high amount of steam-power would be necessary to steam the rapid current when the river is in flood.

The delta extends from eighty to a hundred miles inland, and the soil is so wonderfully rich that cotton might be raised in any quantity, and an area, eighty miles in length and fifty in breadth, could, Dr. Livingstone says, if properly cultivated, supply all Europe with sugar. Progress up the river was impeded less by sandbanks and rapids than by the miserable performance of the engines of the little steamer. The furnaces consumed an enormous amount of fuel, consisting of blocks of the finest ebony and lignum vitæ, which would have been worth six pounds per ton in England; notwithstanding which, even the heavy-laden native canoes gained upon the asthmatic little craft which puffed and panted after them in vain.

On the banks of the lower course of the river, as is the case in all deltas, the scenery is uninteresting—a dreary uninhabited expanse of grassy plains—the round green tops of the stately palm-trees looking at a distance as if suspended in air.

'The broad river has many low islands, on which are seen various kinds of waterfowl, such as geese, spoonbills, herons, flamingoes; repulsive crocodiles, as with open jaws they sleep and bask in the sun on the low banks, soon catch the sound of the revolving paddles and glide quietly into the stream. The hippopotamus, having selected some still reach of the river to spend the day, rises from the bottom, where he has been enjoying his morning bath after the labours of the night on shore, blows a puff of spray out of his nostrils, shakes the water out of his ears, puts his enormous snout up straight

and yawns, sounding a loud alarm to the rest of the herd, with notes as of a monster bassoon.'

The aspect of nature in Southern Africa presents a striking contrast to European scenery. The trees and the plants are new; the beasts, birds, and insects are strange; the sky itself has a different colour, and the heavens at night glitter with novel constellations.

The upper course of the Zambesi, when the hill regions are reached, possesses scenery of a very striking character, made still more so by the variety and beauty of the birds:—

'The birds, from the novelty of their notes and plumage, arrest the attention of a traveller perhaps more than the peculiarities of the scenery. The dark woods resound with the lively and exultant song of the kinghunter (*Halcyon striolata*), as he sits perched on high among the trees. As the steamer moves on through the winding channel, a pretty little heron or bright kingfisher darts out in alarm from the edge of the bank, flies on ahead a short distance, and settles quietly down to be again frightened off in a few seconds as we approach. The magnificent fishhawk (*Haliaetus vocifer*) sits on the top of a mangrove tree, digesting his morning meal, and is clearly unwilling to stir until the imminence of the danger compels him at last to spread his great wings for flight. The glossy ibis, acute of ear to a remarkable degree, hears from afar the unwonted sound of the paddles, and, springing from the mud where his family has been quietly feasting, is off, screaming out his loud, harsh, and defiant ha! ha! ha! long before the danger is near.

'The winter birds of passage, such as the yellow wagtail and blue arongo shrikes, have all gone, and other kinds have come; the brown kite with his piping like a boatswain's whistle, the spotted cuckoo with a call like "pula," and the roller and hornbill with their loud high notes, are occasionally distinctly heard, though generally this harsher music is half drowned in the volume of sweet sounds poured forth from many a throbbing throat, which makes an African Christmas seem like an English May. Some birds of the weaver kind have laid aside their winter garments of a sober brown, and appear in a gay summer dress of scarlet and jet black; others have passed from green to bright yellow with patches like black velvet. The brisk little cock whydah-bird with a pink bill, after assuming his summer garb of black and white, has graceful plumes attached to his new coat; his finery, as some believe, is to please at least seven hen birds with which he is said to live. Birds of song are not entirely confined to villages; but they have in Africa so often been observed to congregate around villages, as to produce the impression that song and

beauty may have been intended to please the ear and eye of man, for it is only when we approach the haunts of men that we know that the time of the singing of birds is come. A red-throated black weaver bird comes in flocks a little later, wearing a long train of magnificent plumes, which seem to be greatly in his way when working for his dinner among the long grass. A goatsucker or night jar (*Cornix vexillarius*), only ten inches long from head to tail, also attracts the eye in November by a couple of feathers twenty-six inches long in the middle of each wing, the ninth and tenth from the outside. They give a slow wavy motion to the wings, and evidently retard his flight, for at other times he flies so quick that no boy could hit him with a stone. The natives can kill a hare by throwing a club, and make good running shots, but no one ever struck a night jar in common dress, though in the evening twilight they settle close to one's feet. What may be the object of the flight of the male bird being retarded we cannot tell. The males alone possess these feathers, and only for a time.'

The honey-guide is perhaps the most remarkable for its intelligence of all the African birds:—

'How is it that every member of its family has learned that all men, white or black, are fond of honey! The instant the little fellow gets a glimpse of a man, he hastens to greet him with the hearty invitation to come to a bees'-hive and take some honey. He flies on in the proper direction, perches on a tree, and looks back to see if you are following; then on to another and another, until he guides you to the spot. If you do not accept his first invitation he follows you with pressing importunities, quite as anxious to lure the stranger to the bees'-hive as other birds are to draw him away from their own nests. Except while on the march, our men were sure to accept the invitation, and manifested the same by a peculiar responsive whistle, meaning, as they said, "All right, go ahead; we are coming." The bird never deceived them, but always guided them to a hive of bees, though some had but little honey in store.'

Equally remarkable in its intelligence is the bird that guards the buffalo and rhinoceros:—

'The grass is often so tall and dense that one could go close up to these animals quite unperceived; but the guardian bird, sitting on the beast, sees the approach of danger, flaps its wings and screams, which causes its bulky charge to rush off from a foe he has neither seen nor heard; for his reward the vigilant little watcher has the pick of the parasites of his fat friend.

The Portuguese possess two stations or forts on the Zambesi—one at Senna, the other at Tette; but it appears that they hold both of these positions rather by sufferance than by the prestige of their name or by their power in Africa, for they are said to pay a species of black-mail in the form of presents of beads and brass wire to the neighbouring tribes for permission to reside in the country; nor do the commercial advantages of the Portuguese settlements appear to compensate the cost of their maintenance. The natural resources of the district are nevertheless very great. Indigo grows wild on the banks of the river. The streets of Tette are overgrown with the plant as with a weed. The sugar-cane thrives admirably almost in a wild state. Caoutchouc and columba-root* are found in abundance. Iron ore is extensively worked by the natives, and excellent coal might be obtained in abundance, one seam which was seen cropping out on the banks of the river measuring twenty-five feet in thickness. At one period the produce of the gold-washings on the Zambesi was considerable, but its tributaries have never been 'prospected,' nor has any but the rudest machinery been yet used.

The most interesting portion of Dr. Livingstone's last expedition, after the discovery of the great Nyassa Lake, is the exploration of the river Shirè;† the great northern tributary of the Zambesi, which it joins at about a hundred miles from the sea. The Portuguese are said to have known nothing of this stream, nor, it is believed, was the Shirè ever before ascended by Europeans: certainly the existence of the lake Shirwa, situated not far from the river's bank, had never been even heard of by them. The natives here were entirely ignorant of the existence of white men; and on the first appearance of the exploring party, the men were excessively timid, the women fled into the huts and closed the doors, and even the hens took wing and left their chickens in dismay. After ascending the river for a hundred miles, the further progress of the party was arrested by cataracts, which Dr. Livingstone named after the President of the Royal Geographical Society; but it was not deemed prudent by the exploring party on their first visit to push their explorations beyond the Murchison Cataracts.

A second excursion up the Shirè was made in 1859, when the natives were less alarmed, and Chibisa, the chief of the most

important of the tribes, at once entered into friendly negotiations, evincing great intelligence, shrewdness, and good feeling. He was a firm believer in the divine ordination of royalty. He was, he said, but a common man when his father died; but directly after he succeeded to his high office, he was conscious of power passing into his head and down his back; he felt it enter, and then he knew that he was a chief possessed of wisdom and clothed with authority.

Leaving their steamer, Drs. Livingstone and Kirk, with a party of natives, then proceeded on foot to the lake Shirwa, which they found to be a considerable body of bitter and slightly brackish water, abounding in fish, crocodiles, and hippopotami. This lake, surrounded by lofty mountains, has no outlet, although thirty miles in breadth and sixty in length. Its elevation above the sea was found to be about 1800 feet. It is separated from the great lake Nyassa by a spit of land, over which it is probable that the surplus water of the Shirwa runs during floods.

The river Shirè is narrower than the Zambesi, but deeper and more easily navigated, possessing a channel of not less than five feet at all seasons for a distance of two hundred miles from the sea. It drains an exceedingly fertile valley flanked by finely-wooded hills. The stream in some places runs like a mill-race with a water-power sufficient to turn all the mills in Great Britain. Nowhere in his travels did Dr. Livingstone observe so large an extent and so high a degree of cultivation. Maize, yams, hemp, pumpkins, sweet-potatoes, peas, sugar-cane, lemons, ginger, tobacco, and cotton abounded, and the capability of the country for the production of cotton can, he thinks, scarcely be exaggerated. From the samples sent to Manchester it has been pronounced to be of the finest quality, and 300 lbs. of clean cotton-wool were purchased for less than a penny per pound; and it appears that free labour is as easily to be procured as in any country in the world. The discovery of this rich and densely-peopled district, with its fine navigable river, is perhaps the most important of the results of Dr. Livingstone's enterprise. 'We have opened,' he says, in a despatch addressed to the Foreign Office, 'a cotton and sugar district of great and unknown extent, and which really seems to afford reasonable prospect of great commercial benefit to our own country; it presents facilities for commanding a large section of the slave market on the coast, and offers a fair hope of its suppression by lawful commerce.'

* Used extensively as a mordant for colours.

† Pronounced Shirrey.

The basin of the Shirè is characterised by a series of terraces, the first being below the Murchison Falls, the second a plateau two thousand, and the third three thousand feet in altitude, it must therefore possess a considerable variety of climate, but cotton is extensively cultivated on all the terraces, and the population was everywhere observed to be engaged in picking, cleaning, or spinning it. As it is doubtful whether the cotton cultivation of the former Slave States of America will ever revive under a system of free labour, any addition to our knowledge of the districts where a material so essential for maintaining our manufacturing pre-eminence can be easily and cheaply produced becomes of the highest importance. The people have no cattle, but the quantity of wild animals is prodigious, and enormous herds of elephants roam over the marshes and plains.

It was on one of the elevated plateaux of the Shirè valley that the enterprise known as the Universities' Mission had its first station, and here was the residence of England's first missionary Bishop, the lamented Mackenzie. The remains of one of the most devoted of English Churchmen lie buried under the shade of one of the giants of the African forest and within a few yards of the rippling waters of the Shirè. Taking a false estimate of the duties of his position, he unhappily gave an active armed support to a tribe which had been attacked by another for the purpose of reducing it to slavery, and he thus engaged in a native war, converting a religious mission, the object of which was simply to instruct and civilise by Christian precept and example, into an association for the forcible liberation of slaves. The country was, as it afterwards proved, altogether unsuited for a missionary experiment such as that projected by the Universities, being in a chronic state of warfare in consequence of the prevalence of the slave-trade; and the expedition was, after undergoing many privations and much suffering, very properly withdrawn some months after the lamented death of Bishop Mackenzie by fever and the loss of other valuable lives.

The discovery of the great Lake Nyassa would alone place Dr. Livingstone high in the rank of African explorers. It would have been first reached by Captain Burton if he had not been misled by erroneous information; for, having been told by some natives that the lake which he was directed by his instructions to seek was of inconsiderable dimensions, he altered his course from west to north-west, and thus came

upon the Lake Tanganyika instead. The journey to the Nyassa was effected by an overland march of twenty days from the Shirè. The southern end of the Nyassa extends to $14^{\circ} 25'$ south latitude. The stay made at the lake on the first visit of the travellers was short; it was found to be in the very centre of a district which supplies the markets of the coast with slaves. A second visit to the lake was made in the following year. The length of the Nyassa was found to be two hundred miles and its breadth about fifty. It is liable to sudden and violent storms, in one of which the travellers were nearly shipwrecked. The difference of its level throughout the year is only three feet, although it receives the waters of five rivers on its western side. The principal affluent is believed to be at its northern extremity.

Never before in Africa had the travellers seen anything like the dense population on the shores of the Nyassa. Towards the southern end there was observed an almost unbroken chain of villages, crowds assembled to gaze at the novel spectacle of a boat under sail, and whenever the party landed they were immediately surrounded by men, women, and children, all anxious to see the 'chirombo,' or wild animals, feed; the arrival of white men in one of the villages of the Nyassa exciting much the same kind of interest as that occasioned by the presence of the hippopotamus on the banks of the Thames. The people were, however, on the whole inoffensive, only lifting slyly the edges of the tent, as boys do the curtains of a travelling-menagerie at home, and exclaiming 'chirombo! chirombo!' i. e. wild beasts fit to be eaten.

The care bestowed on the graves of the dead in the villages on the banks of the Nyassa indicates an amount of sentiment scarcely to be expected in regions so remote from civilisation. The burying-grounds were found well arranged and protected; wide and neat paths were made through them, and grand old fig-trees threw their wide-spreading branches over the last resting-places of the dead. The graves of the sexes were distinguished by the various implements or utensils which their occupants had used in their different employments during life; but they were all broken. A piece of fishing-net or a broken paddle told that a fisherman slept beneath. The graves of women were marked by the wooden mortar and heavy pestle used in pounding corn, or by the basket in which the meal is sifted, and all had placed over them fractured calabashes and pots signify-

ing that the need of daily food was at an end for ever.

The courtesy which we denominate good breeding was conspicuous in some of the chiefs of this district. A black potentate on the banks of the Nyassa, whom the travellers found in his stockade, behaved 'like a gentleman,' not only presenting handsome presents of food, but, pointing to his iron bracelet, richly inlaid with copper, inquired, 'Do they wear such things in your country?' and, on being told that they were unknown, immediately took it from his arm and presented it to Dr. Livingstone, the wife doing the same with hers.

The natives of Africa have not generally been found deficient in the virtue of industry in their own country. In all the districts traversed by the exploring party the cultivation of the land indicated general and careful industry. 'I came out here,' said Bishop Mackenzie, 'to teach these people agriculture, but I find they know far more about it than I do.' The taste for husbandry, indeed, was found to be universal, and men, women, and boys were all eager to work for hire. In illustration of this an incident is related characteristic not only of the disposition of the people to labour, but of their eagerness to obtain European clothing. One of the exploring party, who possessed an old tattered pair of trousers, purchased with one of its legs the services of a man to carry a heavy load for a whole day; on the second day another man was hired for the other leg; and the remainder of the garment, including the buttons, secured the services of another for a third. The fertility of the country renders agricultural toil extremely light, and the task of subsistence is a very easy one.

The manufacture of iron tools is the staple industry of the highlands of the Nyassa. Every village had its smelting-house, charcoal-burners, and blacksmiths, who made the bracelets and anklets in general use. British iron is held in no esteem, and is pronounced 'rotten.' Samples of hoes from the Nyassa district have been pronounced in Birmingham to be nearly equal to the best Swedish iron, and the metal was found to be of so high a quality that an Enfield rifle was made from it. In the villages round the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, and in other places, pottery is also manufactured.

The social and political state of the country visited by Dr. Livingstone and his party in those districts where the slave-trade had not penetrated, presented a marked contrast to the western coast of Africa and to the eastern region traversed by Burton

and Speke. The Makololo appear to have been the most intelligent of the tribes inhabiting the region of the Zambesi. Polygamy is universal in this part of Africa, and the institution is warmly approved by the women. On being told that a man in England could have but one wife, they always exclaimed that they should not like to live in such a country, nor could they understand how English ladies could tolerate such a custom. Yet its practical effect is to give a monopoly of the youth and beauty of the country to those who can afford to purchase them. The wealthy old men, therefore, marry all the pretty girls, and the young men who have no property must either abstain from matrimony altogether, or be content with such wives as possess no personal attractions. The husbands, however, seem to be considerably henpecked. The travellers, endeavouring to purchase a goat, had nearly concluded the bargain, when a wife came forward and said to her husband, 'You appear as if you were unmarried, selling a goat indeed without consulting your wife! What sort of a man are you?' The party tried to induce the crest-fallen husband to pluck up a little spirit and to conclude the bargain. 'No, no,' he exclaimed, 'it is bad enough as it is; I have already brought a hornet's-nest about my ears!' 'We have known,' say our travellers, 'a wife order a husband not to sell a fowl, merely, as we supposed, to prove to us that she had the upper hand.'

Notwithstanding their scanty clothing, there seems to be a natural sense of propriety both on the part of the women and men, which is not always found in more civilized countries. 'We frequently observed,' say the travellers, 'that the Momgamy women are very particular in avoiding any spot where men are supposed to be bathing, and it is only the chance of the first sight of the white skin that makes them forget their good manners; and when women and children were observed in the distance washing in a stream, the men did not venture to approach until they had first asked leave to pass.'

The Makololo ladies, having maid-servants to wait on them and perform the principal part of the household work, have abundance of leisure which they are at a loss how to employ. The men wickedly aver that their two principal modes of killing time are sipping beer and smoking bang or Indian hemp. The husbands indulge freely in these pastimes, but they do not like their wives to follow their example, and many of the 'monsters' positively for-

bid it. The women dress well, wearing a species of kilt and mantle and a profusion of bead and brass ornaments. The principal wife of one of the most powerful chiefs wore eighteen heavy brass rings on each leg and three of copper under each knee, nineteen brass rings on her left arm and eight of brass and copper on her right, together with a large ivory ring above each elbow. The weight of the rings seriously impeded her gait; but as they were the 'fashion,' she disregarded it. The tyranny of fashion is, indeed, as irresistible in the high circles of Africa as in those of London and Paris. The most extraordinary device is the *pelele*—a ring which causes the upper lip to project two inches beyond the tip of the nose, giving to the mouth the elongation and somewhat the appearance of a duck's bill. No woman would think it becoming to appear in public without this strange appendage. If told that it makes her ugly, she will reply, 'really, it is the fashion.' The women will not wear beads, however pretty, that are not of the latest importation. Plumpness is considered essential to beauty, but the obesity required in Uganda, and mentioned by Captain Speke, would be considered vulgar. The caprices of fashion are nowhere more remarkably displayed than in the arrangement of the hair. Some ladies adopt the plan of spreading it out over a hoop, which thus encircles the head, like a nimbus round the head of the Virgin—a fashion which we have not yet adopted in England, but from which our ingenious coiffeurs may take a hint. Others supplement their own by tying behind it bundles of false hair—a fashion with which we are familiar in England. Some plait it into the form of horns, and sometimes the natural hair is drawn tightly up from the forehead in the form of a pyramid. The passion for dyeing the hair red, however, is confined in Africa to the men, who use pigments to give it that fashionable colour. The most respectable chiefs always at first set their faces against these caprices, but in the end are always obliged to give up the attempt in despair, candidly acknowledging that fashion and female obstinacy are too strong for them.

The religion of the Zambesi and Nyassa tribes is that of simple monotheism, combined with a belief in spirits who are supposed to be influenced by incantations to act as mediators. There appears to be a firm belief in the immortality of the soul. 'Their ideas of moral evil,' Dr. Livingstone says, 'differ in no respect from ours; but they

consider themselves responsible to inferior beings instead of to the Supreme.' Evil speaking, lying, hatred, and disobedience to and neglect of parents, are said to have been recognised as sins, as well as theft, murder, and adultery, from the earliest times. The only addition which could be made by a missionary to their moral code is the rejection of polygamy. There is a general belief in a future life. 'All the Africans,' say the travellers, 'that we have met with were as firmly persuaded of their future existence as of their present;' but it does not appear that they entertain a belief in any future state of rewards and punishments.

Their superstitions are rather childish than degrading. The belief in magic is so inherent in humanity that it would be strange if it did not prevail in countries where the human intellect may be said to be still in an almost infantine state. There are traces of serpent-worship, and little images are suspended as charms in the huts of the sick and dying. When a man has his hair cut he is careful to burn it, or to bury it secretly, lest falling into the hands of one who has an evil eye, it should be used as a charm to afflict him with headache. There is a singular superstition that if a man plants coffee he will never be happy again, and no native can be induced to plant a mango from a belief that if he did he would speedily die. Rain-doctors are common. The travelling party more than once got into trouble by putting up their rain-gauge which was thought to frighten away the clouds.

That reckless disregard of human life, of which so many revolting incidents are recorded by Captain Speke in his account of Uganda, is unknown in this portion of Africa, nor does the rule of the native chiefs, however despotic, appear to be cruel. The reverence for 'royalty' is universal, and the savage vagaries of King Mtesa would probably have led to his own decapitation but for the belief in the sanctity of kings, which is the pervading sentiment of the people. Divination is freely practised, but fetish worship is unknown. A notion not uncommon among uncivilized people, and somewhat resembling that of the transmigration of souls, appears to prevail. It is believed that the spirits of departed chiefs enter into lions, which are consequently never molested, but, when met with, are saluted by the clapping of hands. The most singular object of superstitious dread is the chameleon, of which the natives entertain an absolute horror. The English sailors left in charge of the 'Pioneer,' during the

temporary absence of Dr. Livingstone, made a pet of, one of these harmless little creatures, and turned it to good account. Having ascertained the market-price of provisions, they paid the natives that and no more; if the traders refused to leave the ship unless a larger sum was given, the chameleon was forthwith brought out of the cabin and the deck was instantly cleared. Mechanism of all kinds appears so wonderful that it is naturally attributed to supernatural power. A Portuguese took into the interior an assortment of cheap American clocks to barter for ivory; but on setting them all going in the presence of a chief, he became so alarmed that the unfortunate trader was ordered to instantly quit the country and was heavily fined for his indiscretion.

There is probably no part of the world in which game of all descriptions is so abundant as in the region of the Upper Zambesi and of the Shire, the banks of which absolutely swarm with antelopes, waterbucks, elephants, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, wild pigs, elands, and zebras; the woods are full of guinea fowl, and the rivers abound in hippopotami. Much destruction is occasioned by elephants tearing down trees with their trunks in the wantonness of their strength and for mere amusement. It is no easy task to bring one of these creatures on its knees, the ball of an Enfield rifle usually producing as little impression upon the head as upon an iron target, only making the unwieldy animal flap his huge ears and trot off out of further harm's way. The food which the elephant supplies would not be despised by an African sportsman, and is always acceptable in a country where the hunter must depend chiefly upon his rifle for his daily subsistence. The fore foot, cooked in the native manner, was pronounced by Dr. Livingstone excellent. A hole is dug in the ground, a fire is made in it, and, when the oven is thoroughly heated, the foot is placed in it and covered with hot ashes; a fire is then made above it and kept up during the night, and a dish will be ready for the morning's meal which would satisfy the most fastidious of epicures. Elephant's trunk and tongue are also very good when similarly prepared. 'English sportsmen,' Dr. Livingstone says, 'although first-rate shots at home, are notorious for the number of their misses on first trying to shoot in Africa. Everything is on such a large scale, and there is such a glare of bright sunlight, that some time is required to enable them to judge of distances. "Is it wounded?" inquired a gentleman of his dark at-

tendant, after firing at an antelope. "Yes! the ball went right into his heart." These mortal wounds never proving fatal, he desired a friend, who understood the language, to explain to the man that he preferred the truth in every case. "He is my father," replied the native, "and I thought he would be displeased if I told him that he never hits at all."

The River Shire swarms with crocodiles, and the travellers counted sixty-seven of these hideous reptiles basking on one bank. The corpse of a boy floated past the 'Pioneer,' a monstrous crocodile rushed at it with the speed of a greyhound, caught it and 'shook it as a terrier dog would a rat,' and others immediately dashed at the body, making the water foam by the action of their powerful tails. Women are constantly seized by these creatures while drawing water, and the protection of a fence is required to keep the crocodiles from the river's brink. The attempts of the party to catch any of the reptiles were not very successful; although ready enough to take the bait, they flattened the largest iron hooks with their powerful jaws and got away.

Periodical droughts seem to be the characteristic of every part of Central Africa except the rainy zone of the equatorial region. These visitations prevail over areas of from one to three hundred miles. Dr. Livingstone's inquiries led him to believe that from 10° to 15° south latitude they may be expected once in every ten or fifteen years, and from 15° to 20° south latitude, once in every five years. Their cause is unknown. The hills are generally clothed with trees and verdure to their summits, and the valleys, where uncultivated, are almost choked with a profuse and rank vegetation, when suddenly both hill and valley present the appearance of having been scathed by fire, the grass crumbles into powder, and the leaves drop discoloured from the trees. Dr. Livingstone draws a fearful picture of the effects of one of these periodical droughts on the population of a district affected by it. On his first journey up the Shire to the Nyassa he passed through a populous and well-cultivated country. In the interval between it and his return, eighteen months afterwards, a drought of unusual severity had occurred, the misery occasioned by which was aggravated by a slave-hunting expedition which devastated the country almost as much as the drought. Instead of peaceful villages and a happy population there was scarcely a person to be seen. The inhabitants generally had fled from their human hunters no less than

from their blighted fields, and famine had destroyed all that remained; the recently dead lay unburied, innumerable corpses which the gorged crocodiles were unable to devour floated down the rivers, human skeletons obstructed the paths, and the whole country presented a scene of appalling desolation.

The tributaries of the Zambesi are nearly waterless in the dry season. The Zungwe was traced up to the foot of the Batoka highlands, which the travellers ascended to the height of 3000 feet, obtaining a magnificent panoramic view of the great valley of the Zambesi, of which the cultivated portions are so small that the country appeared to be nearly all forest interspersed with a few grassy glades. The great Falls of the Zambesi, to which, on first visiting them in 1855, Dr. Livingstone gave the name of the Victoria Falls, were again visited on his second expedition, and he is thus enabled to give a more complete description of them. They constitute without question the most wonderful waterfall in the world. The native name is Mosio-a-tunya, or 'smoke sounding.' Its fame had been far diffused in Africa, for when Dr. Livingstone was on an excursion in the interior, in 1851, a chief, who resided two hundred miles from the Falls, asked, 'Have you any smoke soundings in your country?' When the river is in flood, the columns of vapour, resplendent in the morning sun with double and sometimes triple rainbows, are visible for a distance of ten miles. They are caused by a sudden compression of the water falling into a narrow wedge-like fissure. The Fall must have originated in an earthquake which produced a deep transverse crack across the river's bed — a mass of hard basaltic rock — and which is prolonged from the left bank for thirty or forty miles. The description of this magnificent cascade, so unique in its character, will be read with interest: —

'It is rather a hopeless task to endeavour to convey an idea of it in words, since as was remarked on the spot, an accomplished painter, even by a number of views, could but impart a faint impression of the glorious scene. The probable mode of its formation may, perhaps, help to the conception of its peculiar shape. Niagara has been formed by a wearing back of the rock over which the river falls; and during a long course of ages, it has gradually receded, and left a broad, deep, and pretty straight trough in front. It goes on wearing back daily, and may yet discharge the lakes from which its river — the St. Lawrence — flows. But the Victoria Falls have been formed by a crack right across the river, in the hard, black basaltic

rock which there formed the bed of the Zambesi. The lips of the crack are still quite sharp, save about three feet of the edge over which the river rolls. The walls go sheer down from the lips without any projecting crag, or symptom of stratification or dislocation. When the mighty rift occurred no change of level took place in the two parts of the bed of the river thus rent asunder, consequently in coming down the river to Garden Island, the water suddenly disappears, and we see the opposite side of the cleft, with grass and trees growing where once the river ran, on the same level as that part of its bed on which we sail. The first crack is, in length, a few yards more than the breadth of the Zambesi, which by measurement we found to be a little over 1860 yards, but this number we resolved to retain as indicating the year in which the Fall was for the first time carefully examined. The main stream here runs nearly north and south, and the cleft across it is nearly east and west. The depth of the rift was measured by lowering a line, to the end of which a few bullets and a foot of white cotton cloth were tied; one of us lay with his head over a projecting crag, and watched the descending calico, till, after his companions had paid out 310 feet, the weight rested on a sloping projection, probably fifty feet from the water below, the actual bottom being still further down. The white cloth now appeared the size of a crown piece; on measuring the width of this deep cleft by sextant, it was found at Garden Island, its narrowest part, to be eighty yards, and at its broadest somewhat more. Into this chasm, of twice the depth of Niagara Falls, the river, a full mile wide, rolls with a deafening roar; and this is Mosi-oa-tunya, or the Victoria Falls.

'Looking from Garden Island, down to the bottom of the abyss, nearly half a mile of water, which has fallen over that portion of the Falls to our right, or west of our point of view, is seen collected in a narrow channel twenty or thirty yards wide, and flowing at exactly right angles to its previous course, to our left; while the other half, or that which fell over the eastern portion of the Falls, is seen in the left of the narrow channel below, coming towards our right. Both waters unite midway, in a fearful boiling whirlpool, and find an outlet by a crack situated at right angles to the fissure of the Falls. This outlet is about 1170 yards from the western end of the chasm, and some 600 from its eastern end; the whirlpool is at its commencement. The Zambesi, now apparently not more than twenty or thirty yards wide, rushes and surges south, through the narrow escape channel for 130 yards; then enters a second chasm somewhat deeper and nearly parallel with the first. Abandoning the bottom of the eastern half of this second chasm to the growth of large trees, it turns sharply off to the west, and forms a promontory, with the escape channel at its point of 1170 yards long, and 416 yards broad at the base. After reaching this base, the river runs abruptly round the head of another promontory, and flows away

to the east in a third chasm, then glides round a third promontory, much narrower than the rest, and away back to the west in a fourth chasm; and we could see in the distance that it appeared to round still another promontory, and bend once more in another chasm toward the east. In this gigantic zigzag, yet narrow trough, the rocks are all so sharply cut and angular, that the idea at once arises that the hard basaltic trap must have been riven into its present shape by a force acting from beneath, and that this probably took place when the ancient inland seas were let off by similar fissures nearer the ocean.*

There is reason to believe that nearly the whole district now drained by the Zambesi and its tributaries was once a vast fresh-water lake, of which many traces exist over a tract extending from 17° to 21° south latitude. Nearly the whole of this vast area is covered with a bed of tufa more or less soft where it has been exposed to atmospheric influences. The waters of this great inland sea have escaped by means of cracks produced in its surrounding boundaries, at some remote period, by subterranean agency. Thus the fissure of Victoria Falls has probably contributed to drain an enormous valley, leaving only the deepest portion of the original sea which now constitutes the Nyassa Lake. Most of the African lakes are indeed comparatively shallow, being the residua of much larger bodies of water. The African climate is therefore supposed, with reason, to have been once much moister than it is at present, and the great equatorial lake regions are gradually being desiccated by a process of drainage which has been in operation for ages. That the Nyassa Lake has shrunk considerably is proved by the existence of raised beaches on its borders and by the deep clay strata through which several of its affluents run. The character of the rocks in the central part of the continent is generally that of a coarse grey sandstone, lying horizontally, or only very slightly inclined. Within this extensive sandstone deposit is a coal-field of vast but unknown extent, the materials of which were derived from the tropical plants which grew on the low shores of the great inland sea, the basin of which must have undergone several oscillations. Africa is the grand type of a region which has, on the whole, preserved its ancient terrestrial conditions during a period of indefinite duration unaffected by any considerable changes except those which are dependent on atmospheric and meteoric influences.* By far the largest

portion of the vast interior has been unaffected by the great cataclysms to which the other continents have been exposed. In no part of it, we believe, has limestone with marine exuvise been discovered; nor has either chalk or flint been met with. Its surface is free from coarse superficial drift. It exhibits no traces of volcanoes; nor has its surface been much disturbed by internal forces, although the primitive rocks have been protruded in one or two places in isolated masses, as on the shores of the Albert Nyanza and the great mountain groups of Kenia and Kilimandjaro.

In the latest exploration of Dr. Livingstone and his companions a discovery is alleged to have been made which has some bearing in the vexed question of the antiquity of man. Dr. Kirk, while botanizing the banks of one of the tributaries of the Zambesi, came upon a bed of gravel in which fossilized bones of nearly all the species of animals now existing in the country, such as hippopotami, wild hogs, buffaloes, antelopes, turtles, crocodiles, and hyenas, were associated with pottery of the same construction, and with the same ornamental designs as that now in use by the existing inhabitants. Utensils, the undoubted workmanship of man, were thus found intermixed with fossil remains unquestionably of the tertiary or even an older geological period. If the evidence of this discovery should be found to be satisfactory, and taking into consideration the time required for the conversion of bones into fossils, we must come to the inevitable conclusion that the civilisation, such as it is, of the black man in Africa has been stationary for an immense period, and that his intellect must consequently be of an inferior order to that of the European or the Asiatic type. The African negro has certainly hitherto shown no capacity for political construction. His governments are pure despotisms, and society has scarcely anywhere advanced its simplest principles and most barbaric forms. He has neither tamed the elephant, nor domesticated the horse, nor discovered the use of the plough, nor learned to spread the sail. He has not acquired even the elements of public economy, and he is as ignorant of the rudiments of science as a child. Although he has acquired a rude skill in the metals, he has not discovered that coal is inflammable; and although his country teems with all the appliances of civilisation, his political and social condition remains one of the enigmas of the world. Notwithstanding the low intellectual development of the black man of Africa, the recent ex-

* Address of the President of the Royal Geographical Society, May, 1864.

plorations have ascertained the existence of a very large population in the interior neither deficient in the virtue of industry nor incapable of social improvement, and that among their chiefs are men of the most kindly manners, humane dispositions, and generous aspirations, anxious for a higher civilisation than has yet dawned upon that benighted country, or than it can probably ever attain without the guidance of a superior race.

The Rovuma, a river some leagues to the north of the Zambesi, it was thought might afford an easier access to the district of the Nyassa than the Zambesi and the Shirè, and conduct to a healthier region, and one more promising for missionary labour. Dr. Livingstone, accompanied by Bishop Mackenzie, accordingly entered the Rovuma in 1861, with the 'Pioneer,' which, drawing nearly five feet of water, proved too deep for its continued navigation. The river was ascended for five days, when the water began to shallow, the navigation became intricate and unsafe, and the expedition was obliged to return to avoid the risk of being cut off from communication with the sea. The valley of the Rovuma seems to resemble that of the Zambesi, but is on a smaller scale. The result of the exploration was that the river was found to be unfit for navigation during four months in the year, but that like the Zambesi it might be available for commerce for the other eight months. This river possesses little interest in its lower course, where it is a mile wide and from five to six fathoms in depth. Higher up, the scenery is described by Bishop Mackenzie as extremely beautiful, consisting of finely wooded hills two or three hundred feet in height within a short distance of the river. The natives asserted that the Rovuma issued from Lake Nyassa, but none had ascended the stream high enough to prove it. The hopes founded on the appearance of the mouth of the Rovuma, which is without a bar, were thus disappointed.

And after four years of laborious exploration, attended with many unforeseen difficulties, the expedition was withdrawn by the Government in 1862, orders having been transmitted to Dr. Livingstone to return to England. The disappointment experienced in the capabilities both of the Zambesi and the Rovuma for commerce, the prevalence of the slave-trade, the lamentable failure of the Universities' Mission, and the generally unsettled and dangerous state of the country, all contributed to influence the decision of the Government. The expedition, however, has made known a district of

boundless capabilities, together with the causes which operate to shut it out from intercourse with the civilised world. We should be glad to avoid adverting to a subject which seriously compromises the character of a Christian Power. Dr. Livingstone accuses the Portuguese Government of a gross neglect of its duty in omitting to put in force the laws which have been enacted for the suppression of the slave-trade in its African possessions, if not of direct complicity with its colonial officers in the iniquitous traffic. It is carried on, he says, in connection with the trade in ivory, and from fifteen to twenty canoes have been seen on the Upper Zambesi freighted with slaves for the Portuguese settlements. Dr. Livingstone asserts that he was not only the first to see slavery in its origin in this part of Africa, but to trace it through all its revolting phases. He had not only seen tribe arrayed against tribe for the capture of slaves, but he had been in places where family was arrayed against family and every house was protected by a stockade. Tribes the highest in intelligence were found morally the most degraded, the men freely selling their own wives and grown-up daughters. On the shores of Lake Nyassa the slave-merchants were at the time of his visit paying two yards of calico, worth one shilling, for a boy, and four yards for a good-looking girl. Barbarism must be the inevitable condition of a land where such practices exist. If the statements which Dr. Livingstone has made in the face of the world are incapable, as we fear they are, of being denied, a heavy responsibility rests upon the Portuguese Government if it should fail to interpose in the most summary manner, call its officers to a strict account, and put an end for ever in Eastern Africa to a system which is a disgrace to the Portuguese name. These decayed settlements on the remote shores of the Indian Ocean — the melancholy relics of a dominion which was once exercised for nobler purposes than the traffic in human flesh and blood — seem now to be kept up only for the maintenance of a few military pensioners. The terrible lesson which the last few years have taught the world has not failed to impress the most impulsive of Powers. Spain, the most inveterate of European offenders, has taken the lesson to heart, and resolved to abandon for ever the abominable traffic in man; and Portugal is now alone branded with the stigma of this atrocious crime. We entertain no doubt, that the development of legitimate trade with the regions in which its African set-

lements are situated, would prove of far greater benefit in a material sense than any that can possibly result to it from the slave-trade. The capacity of the eastern coast of Africa for a large and lucrative trade is unquestionable, and it has, notwithstanding many discouragements, made considerable progress within the last thirty years. In 1834 the island of Zanzibar possessed little or no trade; in 1860 the exports of ivory, gum copal, and cloves, had risen to the value of 239,500*l.*, and the total exports and imports amounted to 1,000,577*l.*, employing 25,340 tons of shipping, and this under the rule of a petty Arabian Prince. Although it may be long before the natives can be induced to cultivate extensively cotton and sugar for exportation, there are many valuable natural products the preparation of which for the European market requires but little industry and no skill. The hard woods which grow on the banks of the Zambesi and the Shire are especially valuable; they may be obtained in any quantity at the mere cost of cutting, and they can be transported to the coast at all seasons without difficulty. The *lignum vitæ* attains a larger size on the banks of the Zambesi than anywhere else. The African ebony, although not botanically the same as the ebony of commerce, also attains immense proportions, and is of a deeper black. It abounds on the Rovuma, within eight miles of the sea, as does likewise the fustic, from which is extracted a strong yellow dye.

The additions which have been made to our geographical knowledge from the two expeditions of Dr. Livingstone are important and interesting. In his latest he entered and partially explored a region the hydrography of which requires to be thoroughly known before the great mystery of the source of the Nile can be considered as solved, for it is in the district of the equatorial lakes that the head-springs of the mighty river undoubtedly exist, and the connexion of all of these great reservoirs with each other is rendered so probable by Mr. Baker's recent discovery of the magnificent lake (the Little Luta Nzige of Speke), which he has appropriately named the Albert Nyanza, that a fresh interest has been imparted to the subject, for if the Albert Nyanza should prove to be connected with the great Tanganyika, the source of the Nile is not the Victoria Nyanza or one of its affluents, but must be sought for in a region many degrees to the south of that lake, or of any of its tributary streams. That such a connexion does exist between the Albert Nyanza and the Tanganyika there

is the strongest reason to believe, for a party of Arab traders informed Captain Speke while making a voyage on the Tanganyika, that the river which flows through Egypt issues from that lake; and a respectable Arab merchant, who could have no conceivable motive for misrepresentation, accompanied a statement to the same effect made to Captain Burton with such circumstantial details as tend strongly to establish its probability. A large river, he said, called the Marunga, enters the lake at its southern extremity, but on a visit to its northern end he saw a river which certainly flowed out of it, for he approached so near its termination that he distinctly saw and felt the influence of an outward current. This statement derives considerable support from information received by Dr. Livingstone from Arabs well acquainted with the Tanganyika, and who told him that a river flowed out of its northern end, and they drew on the sand the Nyassa discharging its waters to the south, but the Tanganyika to the north. He was also told, in the course of his first missionary travels, by an Arab who declared that he knew the Tanganyika well, that it was connected with another lake still further north called Garague* (Kazagwè), and King Kamrasi and the natives inhabiting its banks assured Mr. Baker that the Albert Nyanza was known to extend far to the west of Karagwè. We are thus in possession of evidence from four distinct and independent sources that the Tanganyika has its effluent in the north, and is therefore connected with the Albert Nyanza. Nor can we regard the alleged difference of altitude (226 feet) between the two lakes as an objection to this supposition; for when we know that 1° Fahr. represents an altitude of 533 feet, a difference of level which is indicated by the fractional part of a degree may well be attributed either to some imperfection in the instrument or to defective observation.† Dr. Livingstone suggested ten years ago that the parting of the watershed between the Zambesi and the Nile might be somewhere between the latitudes 6° and 12° south, that the two rivers rose in the same region, and that their sources would probably be found at no considerable distance from each other.‡ Should this conception be realised, a remarkable resemblance will exist between the two great rivers of Western Europe and the Zambesi

* 'Missionary Travels,' p. 476.

† The observation is recorded by Captain Speke; and it may be observed that his eye-sight had become greatly impaired in his first expedition.

‡ 'Missionary Travels,' p. 477.

and the Nile. The Danube and the Rhine have their sources very near to each other, but the streams diverge, the one, like the Zambesi, to the east, the other, like the Nile, to the North, both traversing a vast extent of country before they pour their waters into the sea. This most interesting problem is now, perhaps, nearer its solution than it has ever been, for Dr. Livingstone's instructions for his new journey of exploration are to reach the Tanganyika, and to direct his particular attention to its effluent; and as the distance between the two lakes Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza cannot be considerable, it is to be hoped that he will be able to test the correctness of the information which he formerly received, as well as that given to Captains Burton and Speke. The question afterwards to be determined will be, whether the Albert Nyanza is connected with the Nile, and if so, how connected. The river which flows from the Victoria Nyanza was traced by Captain Speke for only fifty miles, but Mr. Baker has established by personal observation the fact that it flows into the Albert Nyanza, having ascended its banks to the point where Captain Speke left it, namely, the Karuma Falls. Mr. Baker asserts that he saw, or imagined he saw, a river at a distance of twenty miles from the furthest northerly point which he reached on the Albert Nyanza, issuing from the lake and traversing the plain beyond; but nothing can be reasonably affirmed or inferred from such distant observation. The Albert Nyanza may be connected with the Nile by some great but hitherto undiscovered stream communicating with the Bahr el Ghazal (the Nile of Herodotus), and this supposition is rendered highly probable when taken in connexion with the information which Mr. Baker received from the people residing on the shores of the Albert Nyanza, that the lake extends to the north-west for about forty miles, when it suddenly turns to the west, contracting gradually, and that its extent is unknown. That the Bahr el Ghazal may ultimately prove to be the true Nile is thus rendered extremely probable, nor does its mere-like character, so far as it has been explored, militate against such a supposition. The characteristic of the Nile below Khartum, for a considerable part of its course, and for a large portion of the year, is that of a very sluggish stream with gigantic reeds springing out of the stagnant water on each side. In descending the stream from Gondokoro, on passing the Bahr el Ghazal, it is a custom, Captain Grant tells us, for all boats to fire a gun as a salute, possibly a traditiona-

ry honour paid to the great source of Egypt's fertility. The river, which flows from Gondokoro at its junction with the Bahr el Ghazal, is only eighty or a hundred yards across, while the Bahr el Ghazal is half a mile in width, and after the junction of the two streams Captain Grant admits that there is an evident increase in breadth and width, that the water thenceforward becomes purer, losing much of its turbid appearance, and that the current is considerably increased.* The river which flows past Gondokoro, and which Captain Speke, in his map, traces from the Victoria Nyanza, is, Dr. Beke informs us, known there not as the Bahr el Abye, or White Nile, but as the Bahr el Djebel, or mountain river.

Should it be eventually found that the Tanganyika is connected with the Albert Nyanza, and the latter by its westerly or any other effluent with the Bahr el Ghazal, it will necessarily follow that the Tanganyika, or rather the river Marunga, which enters that lake at its southern extremity, will form the true head water of the Nile, and the course of the mighty river will then be proved to extend through forty degrees of latitude, and the great lakes Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza will be but the expansion of a majestic river the course of which, from its fountain head to its embouchure, will exceed four thousand miles.

We have, in a former number of the 'Quarterly Review,' expressed our doubts whether the result of Captain Speke's travels could be accepted by geographers as final solution of the great problem which has perplexed the scientific and the curious of all ages, and the important discovery by Mr. Baker of the great Albert Nyanza confirms us in that opinion; for the notion of Captain Speke that the little Luta Nzige ('Albert Victoria') was only a backwater of the 'Nile,' which the river must 'fill' before it could continue its course, has been proved to be completely erroneous. The Albert Nyanza is a lake of vast although unknown dimensions, but certainly inferior neither to the Victoria Nyanza nor the Tanganyika, receiving the drainage of extensive mountain ranges on the west, and of the Utumbi, Uganda, and Unyoro countries to the east. There is even considerable reason to doubt whether the river struck by Captain Speke at Madi is even the same which he left at the Karuma Falls, for no part of its subsequent course, although

* See p. 280 of Captain Grant's 'Walk across Africa,'—a remarkable record of courageous endurance and a most amusing picture of African manners and character.

indicated upon a map for two hundred geographical miles, was ever seen by him: and Dr. Peney, one of the Austrian missionaries, who resided for nine years at Gondokoro, concluded from the results of long observation that the river which flows past that place contributes little or nothing to the flood of the Nile. The sum of Captain Speke's discoveries, therefore, now appears to consist in the fact that he discovered in his first exploratory journey the great lake Victoria Nyanza, and in his second a river issuing from it, which, after a not very lengthened course, has been ascertained to fall, in common, however, with several other rivers probably as large if not larger than itself, into another enormous lake, now denominated the Albert Nyanza; but of the effluent of this lake positively nothing is at present known, however great may be the probability that a connexion between the Nile of Egypt and the lake may be hereafter incontrovertibly proved.

We trust that in the above remarks we shall not be suspected of wishing to detract from the real merits of the gallant explorer, whose untimely death is so generally and justly deplored. Whatever may be the ultimate value assigned to the facts ascertained by him, there can be no difference of opinion either as to the intrepidity of his character or on the magnitude of the exploit of the march across the continent of Africa, which he and his companion Captain Grant accomplished in the face of so many dangers and at the cost of many sufferings and privations.

The complete solution of the great geographical problem may not be given to one explorer, nor perhaps will it be accomplished in one generation, but we certainly appear to be approaching nearer and nearer to its determination. If the lake Tanganyika should prove to be connected with the Albert Nyanza, and the Albert Nyanza by its westerly or other effluent with the great river of Egypt, to Dr. Livingstone may yet be awarded the honour of being the real discoverer of the source of the Nile, the probable region of which he pointed out long before any of the expeditions from the eastern coast of Africa had been undertaken; and he may soon, by a careful survey of the Tanganyika and possibly also of the Albert Nyanza, be on the verge of a discovery which will far surpass in interest any that has hitherto been made within the basin of the Nile.

From the Saturday Review.

NEW POETRY.*

WHY should any one, with certain obvious exceptions, go on writing poetry? The answer is plain; that it is a great amusement to the writers, and, on the whole, after making allowance for certain undeniable evils, it is not a very great annoyance to any one else. We exclude, of course, the possible danger of being called upon to listen to an author's recital of his works, or to give him a candid opinion of their merits. But there is the great advantage about a poem that it is generally short. Few men in these days have the courage for writing original epics, though they have a fancy for translating them. Mr. Brodie, indeed, is going to bring out a poem in four cantos. Only one has appeared at present, and persons who like such reading as we are about to describe may get through it very comfortably in half an hour. Taken in these moderate doses, we incline to the opinion that some people may not impossibly finish it. We do not, however, recommend the experiment. Mr. Brodie favours us with a preface, giving an anticipatory defence for having written a poem at all. He says that people will tell him, first, that this is not a poetical age; and, secondly, that he should have chosen a subject more removed from him in time. Instead of describing the cruise of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, he should have taken the "Discovery of America," the "Death of Montezuma," the "Fall of Wallenstein," or some similarly lively subject. We certainly are not about to raise either of these objections. Our one recommendation to Mr. Brodie would be next time to leave out the rhymes and the divisions into lines and stanzas. His poem will run into very tolerable prose; but it comes under no definition of poetry that we know of, except that of being in verse. It is mere prose bewitched; and it is really curious that a man should fancy himself to be writing a poem when he is merely torturing Captain Sherard Osborn's book into Spenserian stanzas. The process certainly is free from one objection. There is no affectation of the ordinary kind about his writing. It never becomes turgid or metaphorical or bombastic (except, indeed, that an invocation of the Spirit of

* *Euthanasia*. By Erasmus H. Brodie. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

The Wife's Litany, and other Pieces. By John Butler Chorley. London: Chapman & Hall. 1866.

Poesy is inserted *à propos* of nothing particular about half-way through); but then it is at least as necessary for a poet to try to be vigorous as to avoid being overstrained, whereas Mr. Brodie jogs as contentedly along in his Spenserian stanzas as if he was writing an account of the expedition for the newspapers. The whole performance is about on the level of those curious productions which are sometimes sent in for prize poems; in which the author has been so surprised at finding that he can rhyme, that he has quite forgotten to do anything else. It is a really curious psychological phenomenon that any educated man should have written such stuff as *Euthanasia*, and been deceived by its external form into fancying that it had more in common with Spenser than with a column of the *Times*.

The so-called poem begins with a statement of the subject, with remarks on the general impulse communicated to science by the peace of 1815, and the special impulse towards Arctic discovery, followed by some observations about the Esquimaux, and "their manners strange, how every gift they lick, needle or saw or looking-glass or knife." Luckily, he passes them over shortly, though "inclined, did time admit, their clean Pure dome of snow to sing and winter's household scene." We are then favoured with a slight sketch of Arctic discovery between the years 1815 and 1845, in such terms as these—"fresh expeditions constantly were made year after year, and winters whole men stayed in forest deserts." After which Sir John Barrow makes a long speech, to no particular audience and in no particular time or place; this being a poetical way of stating that he had written a great many articles in the *Quarterly Review*, of which these stanzas contain the substance. He tells, for example, how Dease and Simpson

Re-embarked on board,
Mapped two successive years three hundred
miles
With patience unexcelled and superhuman
toils.

This speech

th' assembled sailor chivalry
Drank with one ear;

a somewhat singular performance; which means, metaphorically, that they approved of Sir John's articles. Lord Haddington then remarks to Sir John Franklin that he is sixty years old, and must stay at home; whereupon,

Him with eyes that shine,
Brief answer made the knight, "I am but fifty-
nine!"

A good many volunteers join Sir John, and hereupon the Spirit of Poesy is invoked as before mentioned, with some of the customary talk about "Tiber's side and Arno's rill;" after which the progress of the expedition is duly detailed in the style of "Our Own Correspondent." "The ships, we are told, were well found:—

Three years' provisions in each ship are stored,
Three years, 'tis hoped, will bring them safely
back;

And all that arts inventive can afford,
Food, implements, ice-saws, crow's-nest, they
pack.

We have careful geographical details in this fashion:—

If there too spiteful winter closed the gate,
Debarred both routes, still all the South re-
mained,

Thro' Regent Inlet or James Ross's Strait,
By which the continent could be attained.

After this, the poet takes his sailors comfortably down the Thames, introducing a stanza upon Lord Palmerston, which he assures us in a note "is not out of place," because he has just mentioned the heroic nature of Englishmen; and, therefore, "as a true exemplar of an English gentleman, a few lines here are not irrelevant." Gradually we get to Stromness and to the Arctic Seas, where, as the poet pathetically remarks:—

Animal life abounds, the seal serene
Basks with his shining orbs, or huge whales
shake
The trembling wave, fowl feed, and walrus
awake.

If by the seal's "shining orbs" are meant his eyes, we should have preferred calling them fishy. Having got his adventurers safely to Beechey's Island, Mr. Brodie comes home, as he rather mysteriously tells us, "to drop his anchor in the Muse's port, and have his frail bark in strong iron cased, that soon must be by fiercest tempest chased, fronting all winter's utmost rage severe." What Mr. Brodie's bark means, or why it should be iron-cased, we have not the faintest idea. But we hope that the process won't enable him to make many more ventures in the poetical line.

Mr. Chorley's volume, if it does not attain any very high degree of excellence, is at least too good to be put in the same class with Mr. Brodie's. Mr. Chorley is evidently a man of taste, who, if he does not write very excellent poems, knows at any rate what poems ought to be. His verses do not give us the impression of having first been written in prose, then cut up into lengths of ten syllables, and finally twisted about forcibly into rhymes. They have a certain

natural swing and harmony about them, which shows that, if the writer had any very poetical ideas, they would not fail of expression for want of due power over language. We may, and in fact do, think them deficient in inspiration; but there is nothing in them grotesque, nor any absence of due polish. Mr. Chorley himself speaks very modestly about them. The chief poem, the "Wife's Litany," had, he says, been laid aside for several years, and when he accidentally found it again he thought it had "a certain character of its own sufficiently genuine to warrant its preservation." We do not dispute this verdict, as it is in fact rather difficult to say what exact degree of merit warrants the preservation of a poem. The most curious thing about it is the method of composition of which Mr. Chorley informs us. He seems, as we judge from other pieces in the volume, to have a decided predilection for ghosts and the supernatural generally. He says himself that the "source of the poem was derived from that unknown region which lies beyond the range of the mind's voluntary excursions—a mysterious province, every glimpse of which I have long been accustomed to regard with attention, not to say with reverence." Accordingly, Mr. Chorley favours us with a ballad, something after the "Ancient Mariner" fashion, where a dead man steers a ship home, all its proper navigators being killed off in a very disagreeable manner. He finds the remains of an old wreck in another ballad, and has a long and interesting conversation with a ghost, who kindly gives him the particulars of the accident by which it was lost, and ends by calling up the spirits of the rest of the crew, much as Admiral Hosier's injured ghost did in a parallel case. Mr. Chorley, then, having these propensities towards the superhuman, had a dream. He saw "a vision of the night," in which the leading incidents of the "Wife's Litany" were presented "with such vivacity and completeness that, on waking, it was little more than an act of memory to retrace the received impression." The dream which thus formed the nucleus of the poem appears, as we infer from the poem itself, to have been on this wise. He saw an old chapel at midnight, in which a villanous knight, assisted by his domestic chaplain and an evil-minded retainer, were burying a victim. This victim would naturally be a gentleman who had been in love with the knight's wife before her marriage, and whom he had taken the opportunity to murder comfortably, with the chaplain's connivance, on his unexpected reappearance. To the party

thus pleasantly engaged enters the wife, in a state either of somnambulism or of demoniacal possession; for, from a conversation of certain highly indefinite "voices" a short time before, Mr. Chorley seems to attribute this sleep-walking to a very ill-disposed "Shadow," which makes the lights burn blue. The lady walks up to the altar, and, kneeling down before it, proceeds to utter her "litany," which, it need hardly be said, is not of a conciliatory tendency to her husband. She prays, in fact, in a very emphatic manner, that—

For the lips his breath has soiled,
On his lips be gall and blight;
And the worm that sleeps not, coiled
In his bosom day and night.

After a good deal of this, the bell strikes midnight, and the "unhallowed sprite" leaves her; she awakes, sees her lover lying dead, and, what is indeed the only course open to her under the circumstances, falls on his body and dies herself; the knight goes mad; and "the voices" inform us that the lady and her lover are going up to heaven without further trouble. The various scenes which lead up to this conclusion may be easily imagined. We certainly do not envy Mr. Chorley his dreams, which are unpleasantly suggestive of previous suppers. Admitting, however, that poets have a right to deal in shadows and voices and wild huntsmen and other anomalous beings, the story is well enough told. The form, it appears, is intended to be in imitation of Spanish comedy, and people who like to read pretty verses about such unsubstantial subjects may go through it without any danger of having their taste offended. We confess that dreamland seems to us to be rather too unsubstantial a district even to found poems upon; but Mr. Chorley may boast of having added one more to a list in which Kubla Khan is the only other example that we can at present remember.

Neither of the poems we have noticed can be considered as serious additions to our literature; but, as mathematicians say that one indefinitely small thing may bear an indefinitely great ratio to another, so two poor poems may be incomparably different in merit. Mr. Chorley is not a Shakespeare, nor even a Coleridge; but a talent for writing elegant verse without very much meaning, or very ambitious aim, is enough to establish a vast difference between its possessor and a writer of the unsuccessful prize-poem order. It is worth while to compare him with Mr. Brodie, in order to give him the gratitude due for what is, at first sight, the rather negative merit of not being more prosaic than prose itself.

From the Fortnightly Review.
AMERICA, FRANCE, AND ENGLAND.

M. TAINE speaks of certain conditions under which society becomes nothing more than *un commerce d'affronts*. Whilst there is reason to hope that the relations between man and man, or class and class, in any society of the present day, cannot be properly characterised as an interchange of insults, it is to be feared that the phrase is, to a sad degree, expressive of the relations subsisting between nations. Here the skies seem always angry, and the volleys of cannon alternate only with the hurtling of recriminations. The historian who shall live when there is a community of nations, will probably, in reading the Blue Books of these years, think of Saurian growlings and gnashings in primæval swamps. It is therefore with a natural anxiety that one of the leading nations is seen holding a brand, and hesitating whether, and whither, to throw it. It is undeniable that the United States stands in this attitude at the present moment, and that the world has reason to await with profound solicitude the decisions of the present Congress as to the foreign policy to be adopted by that nation. I cannot conceive of a legislative assembly gathered under more solemn circumstances than those which surround this Congress, or of one holding in itself more important issues.

Formation, material expansion, centralisation, and an ambition to lead in the affairs of the world, may be traced in history as the successive embryonic phases through which nations pass. Unfortunately history attests also many "arrests" on this line of development. America, however, has thus far advanced well, and has now reached the last form that precedes a settled nationality. Her foreign policy, hitherto relatively of the least, now becomes of the first importance; for while it seems inevitable that she should now be tempted to aspire to a leading position in the world, the temptation is reinforced by some provocations from without, and by certain strong inducements from within. The conditions for a war policy are so obvious that I have little doubt the nations immediately

concerned would be in certain expectation of it, were it not for the general belief that there are in America paramount domestic reasons against the adoption of such a policy. Such a course would increase the financial burdens, already very heavy, under which the country is now struggling; it would indefinitely postpone that return to a settled and normal condition of things which trade always craves, and especially after the losses consequent upon war; it would call again from their homes the soldiers who, after the wear and tear of four years of hardship and danger, are desirous of rest; it would cost more than any probable result of a foreign war could repay; it would involve the possibility of defeat, which would imply a humiliating downfall from the position and prestige which the United States has gained by the thorough suppression of the gigantic rebellion that threatened its existence. Nevertheless, convinced as the writer himself is, by these and higher considerations, that it would be wrong for the United States to enter upon a war with any foreign power, he is equally convinced that there are other considerations calculated to tempt the present Government at Washington to an opposite course, some of which may be briefly stated here.

It is an old idea with rulers that, in certain conditions, a foreign war is conducive to the health of a nation,—an idea which old countries have outgrown, but one that is sure to have powerful advocates in a young one. A civil war, says Lord Bacon, is like the heat of a fever; a foreign one, is like the heat of exercise. It need be no longer a secret that, in the few months succeeding the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and preceding the actual determination to coerce the South into the Union by military power, there was a powerful influence at Washington seeking to superinduce a war with England, with the object of uniting the discordant parties and sections by a direct appeal to the patriotism of both. This concession to the anti-English sentiment—which, for reasons to be hereafter stated, was hitherto confined to the South and its ally, the Northern Democratic party

— seemed a fine card to play at that juncture; and if the *Trent* affair could have occurred sooner than it did, that card might have been played. That it was not, at any rate, is due to the moral character of Mr. Lincoln, and to the strong friendship for England of the Chairman of the Senatorial Committee on Foreign Affairs, the Hon. Charles Sumner. It was plain, too, that New England, the centre of friendship for England at that time, would permit no war to be undertaken on such immoral grounds, and at the same time that she was determined to make the crisis that had come an occasion for settling the slavery question for ever. Thus the foreign war project for evading the national emergency was smothered. It was essentially a pre-slavery plan — though it might have encountered a powerful opposition from those Confederates of Virginia and the Carolinas who cared more for separation than for slavery — and had it succeeded in uniting the North and South, slavery would to-day be entering upon a new lease of existence instead of being abolished.

Just now the same temptation recurs. The status of the negro in the South is a subject for agitations and divisions nearly as fierce as those which preceded and resulted in the civil war. The South and its old ally, the Democratic party in the North, are demanding the return of the Southern States with their governments still committed exclusively to the whites: the Northern Republicans bitterly oppose this, maintaining that the humiliated slaveholders cannot be trusted to legislate justly for the blacks, without whose aid (in the declared opinion of President Lincoln) the rebellion could not have been suppressed. The issue is most important; for, once restored to the position of equal States, the Southern legislatures could — providing only that they did not contravene technically the law against chattel slavery — enact a system of serfdom, and retain the "Black Codes," which prohibit the education and prevent the elevation of the negroes, the North being powerless to interfere unless another war should arise to arm it with the abnormal right, which it now has, to control the section it has just conquered. The security proposed by the Northern Republicans is to give the negroes votes, which the Southerners and the Democrats furiously oppose. It will be seen at once that this political situation necessitates the continuance of a bitter sectional strife. The arguments of the Southern party about the constitutional rights of States to regulate

their own suffrage naturally provoke taunts concerning their four years' effort to overthrow the constitution; their talk about the inferiority of the negro leads their antagonists to place the barbarities of Andersonville prison by the side of the long patience of the negro; the alleged "unfitness of the negro to vote" is replied to with the *tu quoque* based on the disloyalty of the whites; and so long as this issue is before the country, the Northern press naturally parades every current instance of inhumanity to the negro, and every expression of hatred to the Yankees, of which its correspondents easily find enough in the South. All this of course wakes an angry and defiant spirit there; and thus the country is relegated to the dissension and agitation about the negro which had prevailed without intermission for more than a generation before the war.

There is no doubt that the late President Lincoln foresaw this issue, and he has left on record, in a letter recently published, his determination to have ended the negro agitation for ever by demanding equal rights in the seceded States for the negro. But President Johnson is a very different man. For more than thirty years a Southern slave-holder, a Democratic politician, and a steady voter in the Congress against all New England ideas, he nevertheless — simply from a pride in the old flag — opposed his own section. He vigorously resisted the rebellion, though it can scarcely be said that he clung to the North. The North rewarded his constancy by electing him to the Vice-Presidency. But now that the convulsion is over, he and the country are discovering that sudden changes are rarely thorough. So, in the present controversy on negro-suffrage, President Johnson takes the side that might be expected of a Tennessean Democrat, and opposes the party which elected him. Of course his cabinet are with him. Nevertheless President Johnson and his cabinet see that either by conceding the last hope of slavery — "a white man's government" — or by some other means, this controversy must terminate, at least for the present, in order that reconstruction, clamorously demanded by the national exchequer and by trade, may take place.

If it has been determined that negro-suffrage shall not be conceded, what "other means" remain? Suppose some great and overpowering national emergency were to occur — one involving the national pride or interest — would it not at once divert attention from the sectional issue? If the

Northern and the Southern man should fight side by side for a common cause, against a common foe, for some years—the longer the better—would not old differences be healed? And if to carry on such a war Southern States as well as Northern must furnish quotas of men and money, and raise crops for food, then Southern States must be at once reconstituted; and to effect this at once, must not the country be persuaded to *compromise* on the negro-suffrage question?

The influence at Washington—I need not mention names—which four years ago urged these considerations to prevent utter rupture between North and South, survives to suggest them as furnishing a possible escape from the dilemma of the administration which is hardly strong enough to encounter the present Congress—the most radical one that has ever assembled in America. And to this influence is now added another, urging a new class of considerations in favour of a foreign war; chiefly this: there are a number of able leading men in the South, each influential in his community, who are now in disgrace, and who, if the country settles down to peace, have nothing left but to live on in obscurity, unable to hold office, and without anything to mitigate the deep sense of humiliation or the wounds of pride. The flag at which Lee, Beauregard, Johnstone, Mosby, and many others struck, can float only to bring a shadow upon them. The greatest of them has already hidden himself in a fourth-class college. Already the North asks, Which shall we prefer, the negro who defended, or the white who trampled upon, our flag? A foreign war would be the rehabilitation of these Southern men. Indeed, emigration seems to be almost the only alternative which would enable them to emerge from their disgrace with the American people, recover position, and claim rights as defenders of the nation. Moreover, it is not at all certain but that they might—particularly in the case of a war with England—be able to cast a part of the cloud under which they now sit upon the people and leaders of New England, who have never applauded the motto, “Our country, right or wrong,” and who assuredly could not be brought to fight with anything like the earnestness lately displayed in their war with slavery, in an unnecessary or a doubtful war—not at all in one whose political objects would be precisely those which are most repulsive to the strong moral sense of that section.

My belief is that New England and the North-West may be relied upon to oppose any undisguised postponement by compro-

mise of the negro question; and if their Government should attempt to bring on a foreign war for the purpose of suppressing the agitation of that question, there would not be wanting clear-headed men to repeat throughout the country the story of how the original colonies compromised on the negro question in order that they might form a Union “for the common defence,”—that is, present an unbroken front to George III. should he seek to subjugate them,—and how that compromise has proved to have been pregnant with wrongs and agonies which make the tea-tax of our fathers ridiculous. To keep off King George they bowed to King Slavery: their posterity, still groaning under the terrible results of that “policy,” will be very unlikely to extemporise a King George for the purpose of repeating the blunder. When, however, the restoration of the Southern people and leaders, and the re-pledging them to the Union, are added to the first consideration, the North-West, to whose prosperity the loyalty of the Mississippi river and of both its banks to the Gulf is essential, may not prove to be of inflexible virtue.

A third reason why a foreign war might not be unwelcome to the Washington Government is, that it has now a large army already collected and to a certain extent drilled, which it is deemed inexpedient, for reasons connected with the internal condition of the country, to dissolve at once, and which is likely to be demoralized if it has nothing to do. Nor would the people of America be willing to support a large army and navy in idleness. And in this connection it may be said that whilst the rank and file of the American military force would be glad to remain, for a long time certainly, in their homes, a war would be more welcome to the vast number of officers whom the late conflict raised from obscurity, and for the most part created, and to the large majority of whom peace is sure to bring the obscurity which it brought them six years ago. The prominent generals of the United States were before the war railroad-presidents, surveyors, lawyers, &c.; hardly one of them, excepting Fremont, had a national reputation. It need not be a matter of wonder that so many among them, General Grant being of the number, are already widely and justly quoted as favourable to a foreign war policy.

As crowning all these considerations it must not be forgotten that the old undying dream of continental occupation, of which the “Monroe doctrine” is the familiar but inexact label, is at present producing more

exasperations and is under fewer restraints than ever before. The Romulus of the United States, whoever he may have been, did not surround the country with any furrow, and the Remuses had not in the first years even to leap, so long as their filibustering expeditions respected those boundaries which the average American regards as the natural ones of his country—i.e. the Pacific Ocean on the west, the Atlantic on the east, the Isthmus of Panama on the south, and the North Pole on the north. Since the Mexican war, and in recoil from the meanness and criminality which led to and attended the seizure of Texas, there has been in the United States a moral sentiment able to hold in check the disposition to encroach upon its neighbours, as those representatives of a Democratic administration who met at Ostend a few years ago and proposed to obtain Cuba by fair means or foul, discovered to their cost. But the moral sentiment which would have continued to shelter Mexico would not find a single American to plead its applicability to Maximilian, unless in the reverse of the obvious sense. And since it is understood that the expulsion of Maximilian by the power of the United States means the grateful self-annexation of Mexico (in some way) to the Union, it will be at once seen that the passion for expansion and the moral sentiment of the country jump together in a way that they never did before. On the other hand, whilst the desire for Canada is much feebler than that for Mexico, the restraint of international morality which would have protected it has been removed by the general sense of wrongs received at the hands of England, and the representatives of England in Canada, and by a current belief that annexation to the Union is desired by nearly all of the French Canadians and the Irish.

Whilst these considerations are being urged at Washington, those who are most strongly opposed to a foreign war, and were among the most trusted advisers of President Lincoln—as, for example, the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, before alluded to—are now without the ear of the President, and range in hostility to his plan of reconstruction. Of all the reasons that have been mentioned, the consideration which will weigh most strongly with the President and his Cabinet will be the hope of starving off the negro-agitation, and of securing the return of the Southern States without negro-suffrage. If negro-equality were to be placed beyond question by the present Congress, every cloud of war would clear away for the present, and the Mexican

Empire would be the only thing concerning which one could anticipate, even at a distant period, any collision between the United States and any nation of the Old World. Hence the friends of peace in America are as anxiously hoping for the settlement of the negro question on the only basis which can be final, and that will not remit the country to the bitter animosities and agitations of the past, as the friends of war are indifferent to or anxious to evade such settlement. The particular danger is that the Congress will decide to keep out the Southern States without imposing negro-suffrage as a condition of their return, in which case the President might be induced to try and alter the conditions under which the question would come before another Congress, by seeking, as above indicated, to weld the two sections, and purge the South of the stain upon its loyalty, with the fires of a foreign war. I confess that the probabilities affecting the question of war or peace between America and France or England seem to me slightly inclining to the side of war; and I am sure that the internal considerations enumerated, much more than the claim against England, or the Monroe doctrine—whose importance in the case I am far from undervaluing—will be the mainspring of the war policy, if it be adopted.

The next question of interest is whether a hostile movement, if determined upon, will be directed against France or against England.

There is in America a traditional friendliness towards France. At a celebration of the national American Thanksgiving-day, by Americans in Paris, December 7, the heartiest applause was awarded to a toast proposed by General Schofield in these words:—"The old friendship between France and the United States; may it be strengthened and perpetuated!" At the same festival the Hon. John Jay, the chairman, alluded to some of the associations which are stirred in every American's mind when France is mentioned. "Our patriotic assemblage," he said, "in this beautiful capitol, amid the splendours of French art and the triumphs of French science, recalls the infancy of our country, and the various threads of association that are so frequently intertwined in the historic memories of America and France. The French element was early and widely blended with our transatlantic blood, and it is a fact that two of the five commissioners who in this city signed the Treaty of Paris in 1783—that treaty by which England closed the war and recognised the American Republic—were

of Huguenot descent. In the war now closed, as in that of our Revolution, French and American officers fought side by side, and side by side in our House of Representatives hang — and will continue to hang, as a perpetual memento of the early friendship between the countries — the portraits of Washington and Lafayette. The territory of Orleans, including that vast and fertile valley extending from the gulf to the limits of Missouri, was ceded to us by the First Napoleon almost for a song, and there are still perpetuated in its names, habits, and traditions, pleasant memories of France." Mr. Jay did not, in Catholic France, hint why the Huguenots happened to be in America; he did not bring to any rude test of historic criticism the part played, literally, by the Marquis de Lafayette in the first, or by the young French chevaliers, who enjoyed their cigars and champagne with McClellan whilst the soldiers of the Union were being massacred before Richmond, in the second revolution; neither did he inquire whether at that time the Emperor of the French was making proposals to England to join him in an intervention favourable to the South, nor remember the hisses and cries in the French Assembly which drowned M. Pelletan's voice when he announced the downfall of Richmond (which M. Pelletan declared — mistakenly, it would appear — were so loud, that they would be heard across the Atlantic). But, in ignoring such questions and crowning his address with the toast "The Emperor of the French," Mr. Jay undoubtedly represented the general determination of his countrymen to put the best construction possible upon everything that France does, and their instinctive disposition to wink at her plainest offences. This disposition must be considered prominently in our calculations of the probable action of the United States upon the Mexican Empire. There can be no doubt that if any other nation than France had established that Empire, the end of the rebellion in America would have been swiftly followed by the march of Federal troops across the Rio Grande.

The Monroe doctrine was of gradual and natural development. The earliest expression of the sentiment out of which it grew was given by the First Napoleon, when he assigned as a chief reason for disposing of the territory of Orleans — the greater part of the Mississippi Valley — on the easy terms in which President Jefferson obtained it, that it was the manifest destiny of that territory to become a portion of the United States. He did but express, how-

ever, his perception of a growing feeling for territorial expansion among the Americans. But an element of even paramount importance in this feeling was a dread that the American Republic might have to struggle with powerful and hostile forms of government. The Monroe doctrine was really that for which few Europeans would give it credit — a conservative policy. Explicitly respecting powers already planted on that continent, it affirmed the limits of the right of intervention for itself, as well as for foreign powers. It was meant to be, and was, an especial check upon the westward aggressions of American filibusters, by implying that only their unjust encroachments from abroad could justify interference with other nations. It recommended itself to the most thoughtful men of the last generation in the United States, as the means of keeping for ever out of the Western hemisphere that grim political idol to which the peace of the old world had been so often sacrificed — the "balance of power." It assumed, indeed, the predominance of the United States on that continent, but then the United States opened its arms, its lands, its honours to the people of all nations. The Monroe doctrine was, then, conservative, in that it put a definite check upon the idea of absorbing surrounding countries, and limited the United States to the idea of predominance. Even this may seem arrogant, but it is difficult to see by what other means the New World could have been saved from becoming the mere duplicate of the Old. To permit the occupation of countries, which the United States has restrained herself from occupying, by foreign governments of forms essentially hostile, necessitates an injurious modification of her own. Any such Power, once admitted and established, must be watched; and to watch it implies expensive fortifications of long frontiers, standing armies, and young men supplying them — things utterly opposed to the spirit in which the American Republic was founded. A few ships might prevent the landing on those shores of a Power which, once fixed there, would require that the Union should become a centralized and military nation. Thus there is no principle that would protect California, or Texas, or Louisiana from French encroachment, that would not have equally have protected Mexico. The south-western states have only to be weak to become food for the further growth of "the Latin race," and the glory of its new Caesar. Hence garrisons, under General Weitzel, and others, are already on the south-western border, where

they must stay so long as the representative of French power stays. The best men in America are persuaded that it would be more favourable to the peace of the world if such garrisons should cease to exist, through the removal of the occasion for them.

The traditional friendship of the United States with France has undoubtedly been strained to the utmost by this invasion of Mexico, and by the circumstances under which it occurred. The subversion of the Mexican Republic was consummated in the face of three unequivocal declarations to the American Minister at Paris, that the Government then existing in Mexico should not be altered by the invasion; it was accomplished at a time when the United States was prevented from having any voice in the matter by the gigantic war which tied her hands; it was for the avowed purpose of building up a rival power on the North American continent; and it selected as the representative of that flagrant defiance of the principle which in America has a sanctity corresponding to that of the "balance of power" in Europe, a prince belonging to a House more unpopular among Americans, and more associated with the oppression of weaker peoples, than any that has reigned on the continent of Europe.

If it should ultimately appear that only by war can the empire thus attempted be expelled, war will surely come. But there are reasons why the United States will strain every nerve to secure that object by negotiation before resorting to armed force. The friendly feeling towards France already adverted to, the equally strong feeling among the Irish and the Roman Catholics generally, and the especial affection and gratitude to France of the Southerners—whom the foreign war, if undertaken, is expected to rehabilitate—would all make the conflict one for which the American people could have little heart. It would require repeated refusals of any other settlement on the part of Louis Napoleon to generate the amount of popular exasperation requisite for the war. At the same time I doubt not but that General Schofield and others will sufficiently convince the Emperor of the French that the American Government and people will never consent to the permanent existence of a foreign monarchy in Mexico. The willingness to postpone positive action in the matter is enhanced by the consideration that non-recognition and hesitation on the part of the United States, encouraging as they do the

Juarists to continue their resistance, injuriously affecting the Mexican loan, and accumulating the expenditure of France, constitute in themselves almost a forcible attack upon Maximilian. There is also something like a superstitious belief among the people that *no* government will stand long in Mexico until it is consigned by destiny to the United States; and I venture to predict that in that direction the United States will pursue the Micawber policy of waiting for something to turn up, and that this policy will be presently justified by the evacuation of Mexico by French troops, with Maximilian close upon their heels.

Much as I regret to say it, I cannot deny to myself that a war with England—were there any pretext for it, or anything to be gained by it—would unite all sections and classes in America more effectually than one with any other Power. The reasons for a war, so far as they are external, weigh against France; the *feeling*, against England. The traditional feeling in America toward England has been the reverse of what it has been toward France. The origin of this anti-English feeling is not wonderful. Next to those portraits of Washington and Lafayette, mentioned by Mr. Jay as hanging side by side in the Hall of Representatives at Washington, may be found several pictures of the American generals and English generals standing in less gentle relations to each other. But the ruscitation and increase of the ill-feeling toward England are due to causes which it may be well to explain, for there have been strong commercial and other reasons why all animosities between the countries should long ago have passed away. The jealousies which existed after the separation of 1782, were such as are often witnessed between parties just near enough to each other to make differences irritating—as the right and left wings, or old and new schools of Churches—but these tend to subside as the parties become more and more set and secure in their respective positions. As a matter of fact these jealousies had almost disappeared, and but few traces of them can be found in the generation that preceded this. The cause of the animosity between the Northern and Southern States was the cause also of the revival of an anti-English feeling in America—Slavery. English Quakers were among the first agitators for emancipation in the Union. The first abolitionist in America—Benjamin Lundy—had by his side Fanny Wright, who established in Tennessee a colony of liberated negroes with the intent of proving that they were fit for

freedom. The Anti-Slavery Society, which sprang up in the North, was materially assisted by the English societies; its watchwords were taken from the great anti-slavery leaders of England, and the utterances of Sharpe, Clarkson, Wilberforce, and others, were hurled with tremendous effect against the Southern institution. The Methodists were made to remember that Wesley had pronounced slavery to be "the sum of all villainies;" and everywhere it was held up as a token of the superiority of England that her air was "too pure for a slave to breathe." When the "pro-slavery re-action," as it is termed, set in—that is, when the invention of the cotton-gin (about the first part of this century) had gradually quadrupled the value of slaves, and the Southern politicians began to reverse the verdict of Washington, Jefferson, and Henry against slavery *per se*—mutterings against "English Abolitionists" began to be heard. The anti-slavery visits, in later times, of William Forster, Joseph Sturge, George Thompson, and other distinguished abolitionists, led to a fierce outcry in the South that her rights and institutions were threatened by "British abolitionists," "British emissaries," and "British gold." The writer can remember when every political gathering in Virginia, his native State, was lashed into fury by the use of these phrases. President Jackson, in a Message to Congress, denounced the interference of "foreign emissaries" with the institution of slavery. Boston, because of its anti-slavery character, was scornfully called "that English city." The pro-slavery re-action gained a complete sway of the Union about twenty years ago; since which time, until 1860, slavery elected every President, and was represented by large though gradually diminishing majorities in Congress. The commercial classes of the North were its violent adherents on account of the immense value of the Southern trade; and if any merchant became tarnished by a suspicion of his pro-slavery soundness, the *New York Herald* published his name—a proceeding which withdrew all dealings from him, and threatened him with ruin. Thus a vast majority, North and South, came to nourish a deep hostility toward England, for her policy of emancipation in her own colonies, and for her alleged interference with slavery in America. How furious the South was toward England was shown in those disgraceful scenes—not to be reported here—which are said to have attended the attempt of the Prince of Wales to visit Richmond, Virginia, and led

to his immediate withdrawal from that city, and a determination to proceed no farther into the Slave States. But meanwhile this feeling had a strong reinforcement. The Irish were thronging to America by thousands, and the Irish vote had become the deciding power in every general election. It is a dreary fact that the Irish elected every American President from 1844 to 1860. To win that Irish vote a political party had simply to take the ground of violent antagonism to England: that sure card the Democratic party had always been willing to play, and the Irish, almost without exception, voted for it and its *protégé*, Slavery. The denouncers of England in the North were notoriously the leading Democrats, who, for party purposes, fanned the hatred of this country which every Irishman was sure to bring with him to the United States. I have no idea that these demagogues really felt any sympathy with the Irish, or that they knew anything whatever about Ireland or its relations to England, whilst pouring out their invectives against "British Tyranny." The Fenians have, perhaps, by this time learned (if a Fenian can learn anything) how much reality there was in this profuse Democratic sympathy for Ireland; but when it is considered that there are five million Irish haters of England in America, and that to obtain this great electoral power the Democratic party has committed itself to every anti-English policy, it will be seen how vast an addition to the hatred of the enraged pro-slavery men has thus been made in these later years.

In all this time the only section of America that could be called friendly to England was New England, such friendliness having been frequently made the occasion for denouncing that group of States. The leading men of New England—Emerson, Channing, Phillips, Sumner, Garrison, Lowell—had been guests in the best English homes, and had entertained English gentlemen. The youth of the colleges and universities of New England were kindling with enthusiasm for Carlyle, Tennyson, Mill, and the Brownings. Along with her anti-slavery influence there went forth also from New England editions of English books and English modes of thought; and as the country at large was, in the years immediately preceding the war, gradually won to an anti-slavery position, England became, if not generally liked, at least the most respected of foreign nations. The virtues of Queen Victoria were especially a subject of frequent eulogium throughout the North; and everything bade fair to

bring about a reaction in the feeling towards the people over whom she ruled. Indeed the welcome given to the Prince of Wales at the time of which I now write, bore witness to the existence of a friendlier spirit regarding "the mother country" than any one would have ventured to predict a few years before. The gradual repression of the anti-English prejudice cost the Republicans of the North a long period of political weakness (for they too might have bid for the Irish vote); it was the result of the laborious diffusion of English literature, and I know that it was esteemed by the reflecting Americans to be a victory for mankind.

The reasons why this friendliness has been of late replaced by indignation and anger, in New England as well as elsewhere, are too well known to require much elucidation here. I am quite sure that if England had known as much about the United States five years ago as she knows now, the present unhappy relations between the two countries could not be subsisting. England sneered at those who had been her friends, who were fighting the last battles of a conflict begun by herself, and gave her sympathies to those who had denounced her for her love of freedom. Not going far enough to do more than repress for a moment the traditional animosity of the South, she went far enough to fill the North with indignant surprise, and has left in both sections a sentiment which might easily find vent in war, if any sufficient object to be gained thereby should present itself. If it were England that had occupied Mexico, war would have been declared against her ere now; hitherto, as I have intimated, whilst the war-interest has pointed to France, the war feeling in America has been toward England. The feeling of anger towards this country is so universal in the United States that I believe it would be impossible to find amongst its public men, or even its literary men, a single exception from it, — unless it be among a few who, having constant personal intercourse with England, know how little any quick generalisations concerning this country, its character, or its feeling, are likely to be correct. A few protests against the very general denunciation of England may have been uttered there, or sent there by Americans resident here; but they have been lost like chips in the rapids of Niagara. I write these things with profound regret; but I think the facts should be known.

There have been many instances in history where such a condition of popular

feeling has required the merest pretext to initiate war. In the present case there is something which is already regarded in America as a sufficient occasion for war (were war desirable), and may be presently regarded as an adequate cause for it. The United States has, although so young as a nation, presented more than a score of "claims" against other nations; and in every case, I believe, these claims have been ultimately adjusted to its satisfaction, though now and then refused at first. The late claim upon the English Government for damages committed by the *Alabama* — for those alone would probably have been insisted upon — meant much more than a pecuniary matter to the Americans. As for the merchants who had suffered losses by Confederate cruisers they were generally men who a few years ago were so patient and resigned when slavery was scuttling human hearts and homes, that many of us smiled with a grim satisfaction at their pathetic emotions when some defenceless sloop with its innocent family of bags and barrels was sent to the bottom. But withal the *Alabama* was regarded as the palpable symbol of that anti-American sentiment which had appeared at the outbreak of the war — a symbol which not the *Kearsage*, but England alone, could sink; and the claim for the losses by her signified also a reclamation for wounds rankling in every American heart.

I have no intention of discussing here the case of the *Alabama*; but the legal case as it stands in the correspondence between Earl Russel and Mr. Adams is so different from the moral case which is at this moment powerfully agitating the American mind, that it seems to me important to mention a few points recently laid by Mr. George Bemis, the eminent jurist of Boston, before his countrymen, which are more likely to poison the future relations between the two countries than any question raised in the diplomatic discussion referred to. This hitherto unwritten, or rather uncollected, chapter in the history of the *Alabama* is derived from the English Blue Book, and refers to the last two days' stay of that cruiser in British waters, after the Government had decided upon her detention, and after the alleged telegraphic order for her seizure had been sent to the officials of Liverpool.

The *Alabama* left Laird's dock in Liverpool in July, 1862, under pretence of taking out a pleasure party, and went to sea without ever returning to that port again. The American Minister having called upon

Earl Russell for an explanation of this, wrote home the following as the statement he received at that interview :—

"His lordship first took up the case of the '290' [the name by which the *Alabama* was first known], and remarked that a delay in determining upon it had most unexpectedly been caused by the sudden development of a malady of the Queen's Advocate, Sir John D. Harding, totally incapacitating him for the transaction of business. This made it necessary to call in other parties, whose opinion had been at last given for the detention of the gunboat, but before the order got down to Liverpool the vessel was gone." *

In the debate on the escape of the *Alabama*, which occurred in the House of Lords, April 29, 1864, Earl Russell gave this further explanation :—

"The United States Government had no reason to complain of us in that respect [in regard to the escape of the *Alabama*], because we took all the precaution we could. We collected evidence, but it was not till it was complete that we felt ourselves justified in giving the orders for the seizure of the vessel. These orders, however, were evaded. I can tell your lordship from a trustworthy source how they were evaded." [Earl Russell then proceeded to quote a passage from Fullam's 'Cruise in the Confederate States War Steamer *Alabama*' (p. 5), of which the last paragraph ran as follows] :—

"Our unceremonious departure [from Liverpool] was owing to the fact of news being received to the effect that the customs authorities had orders to board and detain us that morning."

[Upon which Earl Russell adds] :—

"That was the fact. However the owner came to be informed of it, it is impossible for me to say. There certainly seems to have been treachery on the part of some one furnishing the information."

On the morning of July 29th, 1862, the *Alabama* put out from the Liverpool docks, having on board several ladies and gentlemen of the family of Mr. John Laird, M. P., and enough of other invited guests to make a show of a pleasure party, and was towed by a steam-tug, the *Hercules*, to a point fourteen miles from Liverpool. There the party was transferred to the *Hercules*, and the Commander of the *Alabama* made an appointment with the *Hercules* to return to Liverpool and bring a large portion of his crew to Beaumaris Bay, about forty miles distant from the town. The *Hercules* reached Liverpool on the evening of the 29th, and anchored for the night. (It may

*The italics here and elsewhere, in paragraphs quoted from the Blue Book, are, of course, not in the originals.

be well to remind the reader here that, so early as July 4th, the British Government had promised Mr. Adams that the Custom House officials at Liverpool should keep a strict watch on the movements of the expected *Alabama*, and report any further information that could be collected concerning her.) The *Hercules* proceeds to fulfil her errand, but has not completed her shipping of men and warlike equipment until sometime during the morning of the 30th. During the forenoon, some hours before the *Hercules* starts, the American Consul has placed the following note under the eye of the head of the Custom House :—

"U. S. Consulate, Liverpool,

July 30, 1862.

"Sir, — Referring to my previous communication to you on the subject of the gunboat 'No. 290,' fitted out by Mr. Laird at Birkenhead, I beg now to inform you that she left the Birkenhead dock on Monday night [the 28th], and yesterday morning [the 29th] left the river, accompanied by the steam-tug *Hercules*. The *Hercules* returned last evening, and her master stated that the gunboat was cruising off Port Lynas, that she had six guns on board concealed below, and was taking powder from another vessel.

"The *Hercules* is now alongside the Wood-side landing-stage, taking on board men (forty or fifty), beams, evidently for gun carriages, and other things, to convey down to the gunboat. A quantity of cutlasses was taken on board on Friday last.

"These circumstances all go to confirm the representations heretofore made to you about this vessel, in the face of which I cannot but regret she has been permitted to leave the port, and I report them to you that you may take such steps as you may deem necessary to prevent this flagrant violation of neutrality.

"Respectfully, I am your obedient servant,

"THOMAS H. DUDLEY, Consul.

"The Collector of Customs, Liverpool."

In response to this urgent appeal, Mr. E. Morgan, Surveyor of the Port, seems to have been sent to visit the *Hercules*. The following is the record of his labours :—

"Copy of a Letter from Mr. E. Morgan, Surveyor, to the Collector, Liverpool.

"Surveyor's Office, 30 July, 1862.

"Sir, — Referring to the steamer built by the Messrs. Laird, which is suspected to be a gunboat intended for some foreign government, —

"I beg to state that since the date of my last report concerning her she has been lying in the Birkenhead docks fitting for sea, and receiving on board coals and provisions for her crew.

"She left the dock on the evening of the 28th instant, anchored for the night in the

Mersey, abreast the Canning Dock, and proceeded out of the river on the following morning, ostensibly on a trial trip, from which she has not returned.

"I visited the tug *Hercules* this morning, as she lay at the landing-stage at Woodside, and strictly examined her holds, and other parts of the vessel. She had nothing of a suspicious character on board — no guns, no ammunition, or anything appertaining thereto. A considerable number of persons, male and female, were on deck, some of whom admitted to me that they were a portion of the crew, and were going to join the 'gunboat.'

"I have only to add that your directions to keep a strict watch on the said vessel have been carried out, and I write in the fullest confidence that she left this port without any part of her armament on board; she had not as much as a single gun or musket.

"It is said that she cruised off Point Lynas 1st night, which, as you are aware, is some fifty miles from this port.

"Very respectfully,
(Signed) "E. MORGAN, Surveyor.

The Foreign Enlistment Act says very plainly that every ship "having on board, conveying, carrying, or transporting" any person or persons "enlisted, or who have agreed or been procured to enlist, or who shall be departing from his Majesty's dominions for the purpose or with the intent of enlisting," "shall and may be seized by the Collector," &c., (Stat. 59 George III. c. 69, s. 6). Mr. Morgan says some of the men on the *Hercules* admitted to him "that they were a portion of the crew, and were going to join the gunboat;" he knows that it is a gunboat, and that it has gone off "ostensibly on a trial trip;" and yet we find the following letter sent to the Commissioners of Customs in London:—

"Custom House, Liverpool,
30th July, 1862.

"Honourable Sirs, — Immediately on receipt of the foregoing communication [not given, or perhaps Consul Dudley's, qu. ?], Mr. Morgan, Surveyor, proceeded on board the *Hercules*, and I beg to enclose his report, observing that he perceived no beams, such as are alluded to by the American Consul, nor anything on board that would justify further action on my part.

"Respectfully,
(Signed) "S. PRICE EDWARDS."

The following telegram was laid before The Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury on the morning of July 29:—

"Liverpool, 29th July, 1862.
"No. 290."

"Sir, — We telegraphed you this morning

that the above vessel was leaving Liverpool. She came out of dock last night, and steamed down the river between 10 and 11 a. m.

"We have reason to believe she has gone to Queenstown.

"Yours obediently,
"DUNCAN, SQUAREY, & BLACKMORE."

Lastly, here is the record of how, when the horse was stolen, the stable-door was locked:—

"Thirty-first July, 1862, at about half-past seven, P. M.

"Telegrams were sent to the Collectors at Liverpool and Cork [at above date] pursuant to Treasury Order, dated 31st July, to seize the gunboat (290) should she be within either of those ports.

"Similar telegrams to the officers at Beaumaris and Holyhead were sent on the morning of the 1st August. They were not sent on the 31st July, the telegraph offices to those districts being closed.

"And on the 2d August a letter was also sent to the Collector at Cork, to detain the vessel should she arrive at Queenstown."

It is noticeable that only on the evening of the 31st of July was any word sent to Queenstown, where, according to the telegram of the 29th, the American agents in Liverpool "have reason to believe she (the *Alabama*) has gone!" And why was no telegram sent to Point Lynas on the night of the 30th? Three days were lost when all depended upon hours. Nay, there have been cases when England, feeling herself aggrieved by such ships, has — as those who remember the cases of the *Terceira* and the *Heligoland* know — pursued and destroyed them even in foreign waters. The feeling was of another kind in this case: the *Alabama* was followed through English and other waters, but with plaudits.

Now all this is far from pleasant reading to an American. Earl Russell himself, as quoted above, has said that there seems to have been "treachery" in the proceeding. Nay, in "Hansard" for February 16, 1864, he will be found to have classified it as a "belligerent operation," and as "a scandal and in some degree a reproach to British law." Is it wonderful then that the United States should prefer a claim, accompanied by a suggestion of arbitration, for the losses by this cruiser, which for a time swept American ships from the seas? Is it wonderful that it should interpret the refusal to admit the claim or the suggestion as a moral confession of judgment? Is it wonderful that, irrespective of the legal points of the case, Americans should perceive in the above facts the ex-

pression of a hostile *animus* toward her, as yet unalaid, so far as any official act is concerned, and that they should, with their deep sense of wrong, be eager to seize an occasion for retaliation?

The liberation of John Mitchell, at the request of the Fenians, by President Johnson, after he (Mitchell) had rendered himself so especially odious to the people of the United States by his treason, was attended with no popular outcry. It could never have been done had there not been a general feeling of resentment toward England. It is a straw only, but it shows the wind to be setting from a tempestuous quarter.

It may be supposed that the very causes which have operated to alienate the Northern States from England would imply a friendship for her in the South; but besides the old animosity of the South toward England, on account of her influence against slavery, she feels bitterly the sympathy of the English masses for the North, the cold shoulder given to her agents at the English Court, the repeated refusals of the British Government to join France in an intervention, and its refusal of any aid to prevent the South being crushed. Thus every class and section in America has a grievance against England.

There are, indeed, men in that country

whose thoughts reach beyond the vexations and passions of the moment, who may be counted on to do what they can to prevent such a dire calamity as a war between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race would be. But the fact may not be concealed that by the refusal to submit the case of the *Alabama* to arbitration, in the present state of American feeling, the wildest Irishman who would fire a hemisphere to boil his potatoes is made stronger than the most thoughtful statesman. To a point of ministerial dignity—for the dignity of a nation cannot depend upon shielding the blunders of a Cabinet or the "treachery" of its subordinates—it must be ascribed, that the entrance into Parliament of such friends of the United States as Mill, Hughes, and Fawcett, and of Forster into the Government, does not mark the beginning of an era of good-will between the two nations; that the sunken *Alabama* leaves a brood of her kind to be hatched out by the heat of the next English war, and to resuscitate a semi-barbarous mode of warfare which had seemed about to pass away; and that even this ugly programme is the least disastrous alternative to which the friends of peace can look forward.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

JANET'S QUESTIONS.

JANET! my little Janet!

You think me wise I know;
And that when you sit and question,
With your eager face aglow,
I can tell you all you ask me:
My child, it is not so.

I can tell my little Janet
Some things she well may prize;
I could tell her some whose wisdom
Would be foolish in her eyes;
There are things I would not tell her,
They are too sadly wise.

I can tell her of noble treasures
Of wisdom stored of old;
To the chests where they are hidden
I can give her keys of gold;
And as much as she can carry
She may take away untold.

But till her heart is opened,
Like the book upon her knee,
What is written in its pages
She cannot read nor see:
Nor tell till the rose has blossomed
If red or white 'twill be.

And till life's book is opened,
And read through every age,
Come questions, without answers,
Alike from child and sage:
Yet God himself is teaching
His children page by page.

I still am asking questions
With each new leaf I see;
To your new eyes, my Janet,
Yet more revealed may be.
You must ask of God the questions
I fail to answer thee.

— Good Words.

From the Quarterly Review.

A History of Caricature and Grotesque in Literature and Art. By Thomas Wright, Esq.; with Illustrations from various sources, drawn and engraved by F. W. Fairholt, Esq.

AMONG the many contributions which Mr. Thomas Wright has made towards English antiquarian research, and, in particular, towards the familiar delineation of the manners and customs of our ancestors, none is, perhaps, so popular or so well known as his two volumes entitled 'England under the House of Hanover, illustrated from the Caricatures and Satires of the day.' The very spirited woodcuts with which this book is adorned by Mr. Fairholt might alone have sufficed to make its fortune. Published only in 1848, it is already difficult to procure a copy. Encouraged by his success in this line, Mr. Wright has now attempted the wider enterprise announced in this title-page. We fear that in doing so he has been somewhat over ambitious. A history of the 'caricature and grotesque in literature and art,' extending over all countries and all time, comprising not only pictorial representations, but poetry, satire, the drama, and buffoonery of all descriptions, is a subject which, if it be attempted at all in a single octavo volume, could only be so in the form of a compact and well-reasoned essay, to which Mr. Wright's entertaining fragmentary sketches bear little resemblance. The 'immeasurable laughter' of nations, ancient and modern, cannot be reduced within so small a compass. We must therefore content ourselves with thanking Mr. Wright for his desultory but agreeable attempts for our enlightenment. And we propose, on the present occasion, to confine ourselves entirely to the artistic portion of them; enlivened, as it is, by a new series of Mr. Fairholt's excellent illustrations. Our inability to transfer these to our own pages places us, as we feel, at a great disadvantage: many words are required to explain to the reader the contents of a picture, which a few outlines by an able hand impress at once visibly on the recollection. Deprived of this advantage, we must confine ourselves as well as we can to the points on which caricature touches the history of social and political life, rather than those by which it borders on the great domain of Art, properly so called.

'The word caricature is not found in the dictionaries, I believe, until the appearance of that of Dr. Johnson, in 1755. Caricature is, of

course, an Italian word, derived from the verb *caricare*, to charge or load; and therefore it means a picture which is charged or exaggerated. ["*Kitratto ridicolo*," says Barotti's Dictionary, "in cui fienfi grandemente accresciuti i difetti."] The old French dictionaries say, "*c'est la même chose que charge en peinture*." The word appears not to have come into use in Italy until the latter half of the seventeenth century, and the earliest instance I know of its employment by an English writer is that quoted by Johnson from the 'Christian Morals' of Sir Thomas Brown, who died in 1682, but it was one of his latest writings, and was not printed till long after his death: "Expose not thyself by fourfooted manners unto monstrous draughts (i. e. drawings) and caricatura representations." This very quaint writer, who had passed some time in Italy, evidently uses it as an exotic word. We find it next employed by the writer of the Essay, No. 537, of the 'Spectator,' who, speaking of the way in which different people are led by feelings of jealousy and prejudice to detract from the characters of others, goes on to say "From all these hands we have such draughts of mankind as are represented in those burlesque pictures which the Italians call *caricaturas*, where the art consists in preserving amidst distorted proportions and aggravated features, some distinguishing likeness of the person, but in such a manner as to transform the most agreeable beauty into the most odious monster." The word was not fully established in our language in its English form of caricature until late in the last century." — p. 415.

This, no doubt, is a serviceable, artistic definition of the word; but its popular meaning is, perhaps, a little more limited. It would be difficult accurately to distinguish 'caricature' in composition, according to the above description, from what we simply term 'grotesque;' exaggeration, that is, of natural effects for the mere purpose of the ludicrous. In using the word caricature, we generally add to this notion that of satire; and the best definition for our purpose, as well as to suit ordinary apprehension, though not at all originating in the primary meaning of the word, will be, that 'caricature' implies the use of the grotesque for the purpose of satire: satire, of course, of many kinds, individual, moral, political, as the case may be.

Looking at our subject from this point of view, we must never eliminate from it all those amusing details respecting classical 'caricature,' to which Mr. Wright has devoted the first part of his work, and which a clever French writer, M. Champfleury, has just illustrated in a little book, superficial, entertaining, and 'cock-sure of everything,' as the manner of his nation is, entitled 'Histoire de la Caricature Antique.' The

ancients were passionately fond of the grotesque: the Greeks intermingled it strangely, but gracefully, with their inimitable creations of beauty: the Romans, after their nature, made it coarse and sensual, where not merely imitative of the Hellenic.

'The discourses of Socrates resemble the pictures of the painter Pauson.' Some one had ordered of Pauson the picture of a horse rolling on the ground. Pauson painted him running. The customer complained that the condition of his order had not been fulfilled. 'Turn the picture upside down,' said the artist, 'and the horse will seem to roll on the ground.' From this moderately facetious anecdote of Lucian; from a passage of Aristotle, in which it is said that 'Polygnotus painted men better than they are; Pauson, worse than they are; Dionysius, such as they are;' and, lastly, from a few lines of Aristophanes, in which some Pauson or other is jeered at for his poverty, assumed to be the lot of Bohemian artists in general; M. Champfleury has arrived at the rapid conclusion, that Pauson was the *doyen* of all caricaturists. And he vindicates him, eloquently, from the aspersions of the Stagirite. 'Aristotle,' says he, 'preoccupied with the idea of absolute beauty, has not expounded the scope of caricature, and its importance in society. This thinker, plunged in philosophical abstractions, despised as futile an act which nevertheless consoles the people in its sorrows, avenges it on its tyrants, and reproduces, with a satirical pencil, the thoughts of the multitude.'

Pliny the elder, after mentioning the serious compositions of the painter Antiphilus, informs us that '*idem* (Antiphilus) *jocosomine Gryllus deridiculi habitus pinxit. Unde hoc genus picturæ Grylli vocabantur.*' The meaning of this obscure passage—whether Gryllus was a ridiculous personage who had the misfortune to descend to posterity in some too faithful portrait by Antiphilus, or whether Gryllus was a serious personage, perhaps the son of Xenophon and hero of Mantinea, whose portrait was placed by the Athenians in the Ceramicus, whom Antiphilus had the audacity to caricature—has exercised the wits of plenty of antiquaries, and will no doubt give occupation to many more. However, it seems to be from this anecdote of Pliny that grotesque figures engraved on ancient gems have received the name of 'Grylli,' among the curious in modern times. This title has been particularly applied to those which represent figures 'composed of the heads and bodies of different animals capriciously united, so as to form monstrous and chim-

erical creatures.' In others, the desired effect is produced, not by these mere fabrications, but by grouping men and animals together in fanciful or ridiculous conjunctions. And these—conceived and executed with a prodigality of imagination amounting in many instances to genius—constitute, perhaps, the favourite, though by no means the only, style of comic art familiar to the classical ancients; one of which the known examples have of late years greatly multiplied, owing to the discoveries of ancient paintings at Pompeii and elsewhere. There is a pretty description of a picture of this sort in the '*Icones*' of Philostratus. It represents a 'number of Cupids riding races on swans: one is tightening his golden rein, another loosening it; one dexterously wheeling round the goal: you might fancy that you could hear them encouraging their birds, and threatening and quarrelling with one another, as their very faces represent: one is trying to throw down his neighbour; another has just thrown down his; another is slipping off his steed, in order to bathe himself in the basin of the hippodrome.*'

But, to revert to our original distinction, ancient art, though rich in the grotesque, does not produce on us the effect of caricature; either it has no definite satirical aim, or, if it has such, the satire is lost upon our ignorance. The attempts of antiquaries to explain its productions by giving them a supposed libellous meaning are among the most comical efforts of modern pedantry. A laughable scene on an Etruscan vase, representing a lover climbing a ladder to his mistress's casement, figures, we are told, Jupiter and Alcmena. The capital travesty of Æneas and Anchises as monkeys (Pompeii) is meant to satirise the imitative style of Virgil! The well-known and amusing scene in a painter's studio (*ibid.*) is 'an allusion to the decadence of art.' A pigmy and a fox (Gregorian Museum) are a philosopher and flatterer. An owl cutting off the head of a cock is Clytemnestra murdering Agamemnon; and a gra-shopper driving a parrot in a char (Herculaneum) is

* The '*Icones*' of Flavius Philostratus, a writer of the age of the Flavian Emperors, contain a rhetorical description of a series of pictures which he saw, or feigns himself to have seen, in, a '*stoa*,' or colonnaded building, 'of four or five stories,' situated 'in a suburb of the city Neapolis.' The subjects described are partly mythological, partly landscape. Some of them are identical with those of frescoes of Pompeii, overwhelmed at the same period; and the general description of the style of treatment such as to remind the reader closely of those beautiful and singular specimens of the art of a world gone by.

Seneca conducting Nero! Such are a few among the solemn interpretations which modern sagacity has put on these 'capricci, rather than caricatures,' as M. Champfleury truly calls them, with which the spirit of Greek antiquity, as playful as it was daring, loved to decorate the chamber and engrave the gem.

It is painful, and in some degree humiliating, to note the transition from the light and comparatively graceful character of ancient art, even in its comic forms, to the excessive grossness, meanness, and profanity, which characterised the corresponding branch of it in the middle ages in Western Europe. No doubt this change was partly a continuation of that which took place when the brief importation of Grecian models into the West had ceased, and the coarser Roman style succeeded it.

'The transition from antiquity to what we usually understand by the name of the middle ages,' says Mr. Wright, 'was long and slow: it was a period during which much of the texture of the old society was destroyed, while, at the same time, a new life was gradually given to that which remained. We know very little of the comic literature of this period of transition; its literary remains consist chiefly of a mass of heavy theology or of lives of Saints.

The period between antiquity and the middle ages was one of such great and general destruction, that the gulf between ancient and mediæval art seem to us greater and more abrupt than it really was. The want of monuments, no doubt, prevents our seeing the gradual change of the one into the other; but enough, nevertheless, of facts remain to convince us that it was not a sudden change. It is now, indeed, generally understood that the knowledge and practice of the arts and manufactures of the Romans were handed onward from master to pupil after the empire had fallen; and this took place especially in the towns, so that the workmanship, which had been declining in character during the later periods of the Empire, only continued in the course of degradation afterwards. Thus, in the first Christian edifices, the builders who were employed, or at least many of them, must have been pagans; and they would follow their old models of ornamentation, introducing the same grotesque figures, the same masks and monstrous faces, and even sometimes the same subjects from the old mythology, to which they had been accustomed. It is to be observed, also, that this kind of iconographical ornamentation had been encroaching more and more upon the old architectural purity during the latter ages of the Empire, and that it was employed more profusely in the later works, from which this task was transferred to the ecclesiastical and to the domestic architecture of the middle ages. After the architects themselves had become Chris-

tians, they still found pagan emblems and figures in their models, and still went on imitating them, sometimes merely copying, and at others turning them to caricature or burlesque. And this tendency continued so long that, at a much later date, where there still existed remains of Roman buildings, the mediæval architects adopted them as models, and did not hesitate to copy the sculpture, although it might be evidently pagan in character. The accompanying cut represents a bracket in the church of Mont Majour, near Nismes, built in the tenth century. The subject is a monstrous head eating a child, and we can hardly doubt that it was really intended for a caricature on Saturn devouring one of his children.' — pp. 40-49.

For our own parts, we should doubt greatly whether the sculptor in question had Saturn in his mind at all, any more than Dante had when he imagined Satan devouring a sinner with each of his three mouths: the illustrations of which passage, in early illuminations and woodcuts, are exactly like the copy in Mr. Wright's work of this Mont Majour sculpture. And generally, we doubt whether Mr. Wright does not attribute to classical recollections too large a share in the production of that monstrous style of art which furnishes our next remarkable chapter in the history of caricature — the Ecclesiastical Grotesque, such as it exhibited itself especially in France, England, and Germany. It has to our minds very distinctive marks of a rougher Northern original. However this may be, there is something humiliating, as we have said, in the degradation of skill and æsthetic perception which is evinced by these relics of generations to which we so often ascribe a peculiarly reverential character. No doubt its elements, so to speak, may be traced in part to some very ordinary propensities of the human mind. It has been said, probably with some truth, that when the most prevailing of all common motives was an intense fear of hell and of evil spirits, the most natural mode of relief, by reaction, was that of turning them into ridicule. And however impossible it may be, to intellects cultivated after the modern fashion, to reconcile these propensities with a strong sense of the majestic and the beautiful, yet we cannot doubt the fact that they were so reconciled. As Dante could intermingle his unique conceptions of supernatural grandeur with minute descriptions of the farcical proceedings of the vilest possible fiends with their pitchforks, so the same artists who produced, or at least ornamented, our cathedrals, with those glorious expressions of thought sublimed at once by

the love of beauty and the love of heaven, could furnish them out with the strangest, meanest, often filthiest images which a debased imagination might suggest. Fortunately, age has done so much to veil these debauches of skill with sober indistinctness, that they seldom strike the eye of a casual observer, in a sacred edifice, very offensively. But they lurk everywhere, and in disgusting multitudes; in the elaborate stonework of ceilings, windows, and columns; in battlements, bosses, and corbels; in the wood-carving of stalls, misericords, and often on the lower surface of folding subcellia; while they are equally to be found, strangest of all, where the Donna Inez of Lord Byron's 'Don Juan' found them, in the illuminated pages of missals, destined for purposes of daily devotion. So long as these were confined to mere burlesque, no great harm was done, and certainly none intended.

'The number and variety of such grotesque faces,' says Mr. Wright, 'which we find scattered over the architectural decoration of our old ecclesiastical buildings, are so great that I will not attempt to give any more particular classification of them. All this church decoration was intended especially to produce its effect upon the middle and lower classes, and mediæval art was, perhaps more than anything else, suited to mediæval society, for it belonged to the mass and not to the individual. The man who could enjoy a match at grinning through horse collars, must have been charmed by the grotesque works of the mediæval stone-sculptor and wood-carver; and, we may add, that these display, though often rather rude, a very high degree of skill in art, a great power of producing striking imagery.'—p. 148.

'In all the delineations of demons we have yet seen,' he says elsewhere, 'the ludicrous is the spirit which chiefly predominates; and in no one instance have we had a figure which is really demoniacal. The devils are droll, but not frightful; they provoke laughter, or at least excite a smile, but they create no horror. Indeed, they torment their victims so good-humouredly that we hardly feel for them. There is, however, one well-known instance in which the mediæval artist has shown himself thoroughly successful in representing the features of the spirit of evil. On the parapet of the external gallery of the cathedral church of Notre Dame in Paris, there is a figure in stone, of the ordinary stature of a man, representing the demon, apparently looking with satisfaction upon the inhabitants of the city as they were everywhere indulging in sin and wickedness. The unmixed evil—horrible in its expression in this countenance—is marvellously portrayed. It is an absolute Mephistopheles, carrying in his features a strange mixture of hateful qualities—malice,

pride, envy; in fact, all the deadly sins combined in one diabolical whole.'—p. 74.

The goat-like countenance of the archfiend is a common mediæval, as well as modern German, type; but whoever wishes to trace backward the conception of Retsch's Mephistopheles, should look in particular at an ivory carving, in the Maskell collection at the British Museum, of exquisite workmanship, styled the Temptation of Christ, by Christoph Angermair, 1616.

One more instance, and a very striking one, may be mentioned by way of exception to the ordinary meanness and vulgarity which characterise the mediæval representations of the supernatural. It is noticed and engraved by Malcolm, in his 'History of Caricature.' The missal of King Richard II., preserved in the British Museum, is full of grotesque illustrations of the ordinary cast, though beautifully executed. But among them is one of a higher and stranger turn of invention, the exact meaning of which is unknown. It represents the choir of a solemn Gothic chapel. A white monk is celebrating mass at the altar; another lies prostrate before it; ten of the order, seated in their stalls, sing the service. Above these appear, seated in a higher range of stalls, five figures dimly drawn, which on examination appear to be robed skeletons—two with the Papal tiara, two with coronets, one with a cardinal's hat. The effect of the whole is very terrific, after the fashion of the ghostliest conceptions of Jean Paul Richter, and other German masters of the spectral: and calling back to the mind, at the same time, the coincidence of the lines which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of the same monarch—

'For within the hollow crown

That wreathes the mortal temples of a King,
Keeps Death his court: and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp.'

But when the prevailing and violent quarrels between different classes of religious persons in the Church perverted the same tendency into a taste for licentious ribaldry—when it was no longer the Devil who was piously laughed at in these compositions, but monks, nuns, hermits, and so forth, who were introduced as symbols of everything degrading—when grotesque, assuming the attitude of satire, turned, according to our suggested distinction, into caricature properly so called—then the practice in question assumed a much darker complexion. The foulest of these representations, and they are only too numerous, can be barely

alluded to in a work like Mr. Wright's. An older publication, already noticed, Malcolm's very imperfect 'History of Caricature,' goes into more details respecting them. We will only say that those who enter on the subject had better not carry into the inquiry exaggerated notions respecting the decorum or the piety of the so-called 'Ages of Faith,' lest they should be too abruptly dispelled.

Gradually, and with the progress of enlightenment, a somewhat more serious, though still familiar, mode of dealing with subjects of this description became general; but the change was not so early as has been sometimes supposed, since the stalls of Henry VII.'s chapel at Westminster exhibit some of the very worst of this class of offences against taste and religious feeling. But in the fifteenth century, under the hands of its artists, the supernatural, though still tainted with the grotesque, germinated into the awful. The union of the two may still be traced in that marvellous but perishing series of representations, ranging over all the known and conjectured regions of life and eternity, which decorates the Campo Santo of Pisa—that 'Antechamber of Death,' as the Italians call it. From the same sources of thought arose the profuse crop of 'Dances Macabres,' dances of death, coarsely painted on thousands of cemetery walls, and drawn and engraved by numberless artists, with more or less of spirit; phantasmagorias, in which the love of the horrible was repulsively mixed with that of the ludicrous, but still far less ignoble in taste and character than those early grotesques of ecclesiastical sculpture, to which our attention has been hitherto drawn.

It is refreshing, however, to turn from this disagreeable class of subjects to the few specimens of a freer and healthier turn for the ludicrous, unmixed with profanity, which mediæval art has left us. Probably one of the earliest specimens of English caricature drawing, as distinguished from mere grotesque, is that described by Mr. Wright, as follows:—'It belongs to the Treasury of the Exchequer, and consists of two volumes of vellum, called Liber A and Liber B, forming a register of treaties, marriages, and similar documents of the reign of Edward I. The clerk who was employed in writing it seems to have been, like many of these official clerks, somewhat of a wag, and he has amused himself by drawing in the margin figures of the inhabitants of the provinces of Edward's crown, to which the documents referred. Some of these are plainly designed for caricature.' Two of them are evi-

dently Irishmen, their costume and weapon, the broad axe, exactly answering to the description given of them by Giraldus Cambrensis. Two are Welchmen—ludicrous figures enough, whose dress is equally in accordance with contemporary description, except in one curious particular, which writers have not noticed. The right legs are naked, like those of the German hackbutteers in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel':—

'Each better knee was bared, to aid
The warrior in the escalade.'

'When the official clerk who wrote this transcript came to documents relating to Gascony, his thoughts wandered naturally enough to its rich vineyards and the wine they supplied so plentifully, and to which, according to old reports, clerks seldom showed any dislike; and accordingly, in the next sketch, we have a Gascon occupied diligently in pruning his vine tree.'

From the sculptured and illuminated religious-grotesque of the Middle Ages to the German and Dutch woodcut-literature of the period of the Reformation, the transition is not a very wide one. The style is pretty similar, the profanity much the same, only a fiercer element has been added by controversial bitterness. Perhaps this class of works may be justly cited, in chronological series, as affording the real commencement of the art of modern political caricature, properly so called. On both sides of the question this method of ridiculing antagonists was most profusely resorted to. The jovial, popular figure of Martin Luther, in particular, formed, as it well might, a very favourite *pièce de resistance* for pictorial satirists in the old interest to work upon. One cut, preserved by Mr. Wright, 'taken from a contemporary engraving in wood, presents a rather fantastic figure of the demon playing on the bagpipes. The instrument is formed of Luther's head, the pipe through which the devil blows entering his ear, and that through which the music is produced forming an elongation of the reformer's nose. It was a broad intimation that Luther was a mere tool of the evil one, created for the purpose of bringing mischief into the world.'—p. 251. But, continues Mr. Wright, the reformers were more than a match for their opponents in this sort of warfare. Doctor Martin had been identified, for various cogent reasons, with Antichrist:—

'But the reformers had resolved, on what appeared to be much more conclusive evidence,

that Antichrist was only emblematical of the papacy: that under this form he had been long dominant on earth, and that the end of his reign was then approaching. A remarkable pamphlet, designed to bring this idea pictorially before the world, was produced from the pencil of Luther's friend, the celebrated painter Lucas Cranach, and appeared in the year 1521, under the title of "The Passionale of Christ and Antichrist." It is a small quarto, each page of which is nearly filled by a woodcut, having a few lines of explanation in German below. The cut to the left represents some incident in the life of Christ, while that facing it to the right gives a contrasting fact in the history of Papal tyranny. Thus, the first cut on the left represents Jesus in His humility, refusing earthly dignities and power, while on the adjoining page we see the Pope, with his cardinals and bishops, supported by his hosts of warriors, his cannon and fortifications, in his temporal dominion over secular princes. On another we have Christ washing the feet of his disciples, and in contrast the Pope compelling the Emperor to kiss his toe. And so on, through a number of illustrations, until at last we come to Christ's ascension into heaven, in contrast with which a troop of demons, of the most varied and singular forms, have seized upon the Papal Antichrist, and are casting him down into the flames of hell, where some of his own monks wait to receive him. — p. 254.

This style of pictorial satire, as the advancing art of wood-engraving began more and more to multiply specimens, attained, as we have said, much popularity in the sixteenth century in Germany, and extended itself from religious to political and purely social subjects. Its latest employment in those regions on a large and popular scale was perhaps during the Thirty Years' War; but the extremity to which that country was reduced by that dreary contest seems to have extinguished its very life. The works of this class, disseminated through broadsides, printed sheets, large illustrated folios and popular duodecimos, are frequently executed with considerable spirit as well as humour. But often, and especially towards the latter portion of the period, they exhibit a strong tendency to become pedantic and allegorical. When the art of caricature, becoming over-learned, addresses itself to particular classes only, and requires a special education in order to make its products understood, it may be safely pronounced in a declining condition.

Perhaps the most successful result of the early woodcut-grotesque was, that it led the way for greater achievements in art; and its influence may be especially traced in the designs of one who deserves, notwithstanding the inferiority of the department which

he chose, to rank among the most original as well as powerful of modern artists—the famous Jacques Callot, born at the end of the century, in 1592—a man, as Mr. Wright truly observes, who was destined not only to give a new character to the then recent art of engraving on copper, but also to bring in a new style of ludicrous and fanciful composition. Inimitable, however, as Callot's works are, they belong rather to the class of 'caprices,' or 'extravaganzas,' than of caricature in the sense in which we have used it; for his genius had not the satirical turn, properly speaking: and the same may be said of his most successful copyist, Della Bella, a clever artist, but who never succeeded in equalling his original. The works of Romain de Hooghe, who, brought up in the merely extravagant school of Callot, was extensively employed in producing satirical and emblematic representations of English political events after the Restoration, perhaps serve as the connecting link between the old 'caprice' and the modern political caricature.

The need for pictorial representations to stimulate the political feelings of the public, in times when literature was comparatively scanty, had been of course as keenly felt in England as in other countries; but it was kept in check, through the public contests of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, by the great inferiority of our artists, and particularly our engravers, to those of the Continent. Here and there we meet with striking exceptions. The woodcuts to the first edition of 'Fox's Martyrs' contain, among the fearful scenes which they generally represent, caricature likenesses of Gardiner, Bonner, and other well-known personages of the time, and are singularly powerful in execution. But the like of these are very few. One odd illustration, perhaps, of the need felt for these pictorial representations, and the defectiveness of the ordinary means for supplying it, is to be found in the peculiar taste of that age for employing elaborate devices on banners borne in procession or carried in the field, in order to stimulate the ardour of partisans. It will be remembered how the Scottish Protestant lords took the field against Queen Mary with (among others) a great standard, on which the catastrophe of the Kirk of Field was represented, with the figure of Darnley lying on the ground, and the words 'Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord.' In the Great Rebellion such standards were abundantly used, chiefly on the Royalist side, with devices both serious and

of the caricature order. Here is an example of the latter, taken by the Roundheads at Marston Moor, described by Rushworth:—

'A yellow coronet: in its middle a lion couchant, and behind him a mastiff seeming to snatch at him, and in a label from his mouth written, Kimbolton: at his feet little beagles, and before their mouths written, Pym, Pym, Pym: and out of the lion's mouth these words proceeding, Quousque tandem abutere patientiâ nostrâ?'

Another curious vehicle of political caricature in England, in the seventeenth century, generally of very inferior order, was that of playing-cards. 'The earliest of these packs of cards known,' says Mr. Wright, is one which appears to have been published at the very moment of the restoration of Charles II., and which was perhaps engraved in Holland. It contains a series of caricatures on the principal acts of the commonwealth, and on the parliamentary leaders.' The ace of diamonds, for instance, represents 'The High Court of Justice, or Oliver's Slaughterhouse.' Among other packs of a similar character which have been preserved, one relates to the Popish Plot, another to the Ryehouse Conspiracy (published in Holland), another to the South Sea Bubble.

Romain de Hooghe, already mentioned as a follower of Callot, became, together with others of his countrymen, as we have seen, the great exponent of English political satires during the events of the last Stuart reigns. Their productions must have been widely circulated in England; and, in fact, superseded in public estimation the very inferior articles of domestic manufacture. This period of Dutch supremacy among us may be said to have continued down to the date of the South Sea Bubble aforesaid—'the time,' says Mr. Wright, 'in which caricatures began to be common in England; for they had been before published at rare intervals, and partook so much of the character of emblems that they are not easily understood.' The earliest of these, and the best, were of Dutch manufacture, yet these were negligently executed. 'So little point is there often in these caricatures, and so great appears to have been the call for them in Holland, that people seem to have looked up old engravings destined originally for a totally different purpose, and, adding new inscriptions and new explanations, they were published as caricatures on the Bubble.*

* House of Hanover, i. 71.

English specimens of art, at first few and far between, began to make their way into favour among these foreign importations; and it is just at this period (the reign of George I.) that we find them first exhibiting the well-known advertisements, 'Printed for Carington Bowles, next the Chapter House in St. Paul's Church Yard, London,'—a house famous in the same line for full a century afterwards.

'It was a defect of the earlier publications of this class,' says Mr. Wright in his earlier work, 'that they partook more of an emblematical character than of what we now understand by the term "caricature." Even Hogarth, when he turned his hand to politics, could not shake off his old prejudice on this subject; and it would be difficult to point out worse examples than the two celebrated publications which drew upon him so much popular odium, "The Times." The reader will easily understand the distinction, though it cannot of course be traced out with absolute accuracy in comparing different pieces. A design, for example, in which political characters are represented under the guise of various animals, is generally emblematic or symbolical in character. This is a simple instance; but the symbolism is often complicated, and not easy of comprehension. Hence a necessity for long letterpress explanations in the form of labels issuing from the mouths of the characters, or otherwise—a device showing inferiority of skill. The most effective caricature explains itself, and exhibits point instead of allegory. The favourite plates of the first part of the Georgian era, which appeared periodically, about 1740, styled 'The Series of European State Jockies,' and so forth, were compositions of many figures, as hieroglyphical as the frontispiece to a prophetic almanac. The gradual way in which English comic art became emancipated from this somewhat pedantic mould may be illustrated by a later instance, out of Gillray's works. Charles Fox was represented by the caricaturists of his youth with a fox's head, as his father, Lord Holland, had almost invariably been before him. And so he is in one or two of Gillray's first prints. But Gillray almost immediately abandoned the old usage, and gave the patriot his own burly physiognomy. The gradual passage from the emblematic to the simply satirical completes the establishment of the modern English school of caricature.

The nature of the change cannot be better exemplified than by reference to a piece which had prodigious vogue in its day, and

is repeatedly mentioned with interest by Horace Walpole and other contemporaries. Copies of it are still common in collections: we have seen it even converted into the mounting of a lady's fan. This is headed 'The Motion, 1741,' and commemorates the failure of a famous attempt to upset Sir Robert Walpole's government. The background represents Whitehall, the Treasury, and the adjoining buildings as they then stood. (The spectator is looking down Whitehall from a point nearly opposite the modern Admiralty: to his left is a dead wall along the east side of the street, behind it private buildings, Scotland Yard, &c., extending as far as the Banqueting House; in front, the gateway over the entrance of what is now Parliament Street, with the inscription 'Treasury'.)

'Lord Carteret, in the coach, is driven toward the Treasury by the Duke of Argyll as coachman, with the Earl of Chesterfield as postilion, who, in their haste, are overturning the vehicle; and Lord Carteret cries "Let me get out!" The Duke brandishes a wavy sword, instead of a whip; and between his legs the heartless changeling, Bubb Dodington, sits in the form of a spaniel. . . . Lord Cobham holds firmly by the straps behind, as footman; while Lord Lyttelton follows on horseback, characterised equally by his own lean form, and that of the animal on which he strides. . . . In front, Pulteney, drawing his partisans by the noses, and wheeling a barrow laden with the writings of the Opposition, the Champion, the Craftsman, Common Sense, &c., exclaims, "Zounds, they're ours!"'

This once famous squib affords, as we have said, a good exemplification of the passage from the old and formal to the modern style of political caricature. It bears strongly the type of Dutch origin, but without the carefulness of Dutch execution. The idea is clever and suggestive, but the workmanship at once artificial and feeble. The likenesses were no doubt sufficiently good to amuse the public of that day; Horace Walpole calls them 'admirable;' but they are inexpressive. The wavy sword, a relic of the emblematic school, is a clumsy piece of allegory, spoiling the realism of the piece; and so is the figure of Pulteney, leading the Tory squires by cords passed through their noses. The only fun in the composition is to be found in the figures of Bubb Dodington as a spaniel, and Lord Lyttelton on horseback — 'so long, so lean, so lank, so bony,' as

described in the verses accompanying the print, which are wittier than the print itself. Its great success, however, was evinced by the numerous rival works of art of both political colours which it called forth, 'the Reason,' 'the Motive,' 'the Grounds,' &c. It may perhaps be said with truth to be the prototype of that whole class of pictorial satires, great favourites with Englishmen, in which the small revolutions of ministries and oppositions are travestied as scenes of popular life.

We need not delay over the other innumerable caricatures of the same reign; they are generally very ignoble ones; but the comparative novelty of the fashion in England rendered them extremely popular, and there was a kind of frank jollity predominant in the English body corporate just at that epoch — the epoch, as Hallam satisfied himself, of the maximum of physical well-being to be traced in our history among the mass of the people — which peculiarly suited this development of broad national humour. One or two specimens may detain for a moment the eyes of those who turn them over, rare as they have now generally become, in the collection at the British Museum, or in that far more valuable one amassed in many a year of busy collectorship by Mr. Hawkins, formerly of that establishment. There is a wild force in the very rough execution of the print on the original broadside of Glover's famous ballad, 'Hosier's Ghost,' in which the spirits of 'English captains brave,' really form a very spectral crew. Another may be noted for the quiet savageness of its insult to Lord George Sackville: it is entitled, 'A Design for a Monument to General Wolfe (1760), or, a Living Dog better than a Dead Lion.' The dead lion reclines below a bust of this hero: the living dog at his side is a greyhound, and on his collar is the word 'Minden.' And, lastly, one more, for the very oddity of the conception: 'Our late Prime Minister,' 1743. It is simply the jolly face of Sir Robert Walpole, without any accessories whatever, thrown back as against a pillow, and the jaws relaxed into a most contagious yawn, with the words, 'Lo, what are all your schemes come to?' and the lines from the Dunciad: —

'Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm
The vapour mild o'er each Committee crept,
Unfinished treaties in each office slept,
And chiefless armies dozed out the campaign,
And navies yawned for orders on the main.'

We cannot, however, pass over the period

* House of Hanover, I. 179.

of George II. without noticing that it seems to us to be the first in which that much enduring animal, the British lion, figures extensively as a popular character. As yet, people's eyes were not open to his ludicrous side, and artists accordingly made free with him in every variety of emblematic action. We have him roaring with indignation at the misdeeds of various Ministers; 'hocussed' apparently, and with the Spaniard paring his claws, in allusion to the matter of Jenkins's ears: frightening the Gallic cock, defending the Austrian eagle, led passive in a leash by the Duke of Newcastle; and, lastly, 'embracing George II.' (1745), to the discomfiture of the Pope and Pretender, who exclaim: 'We shall never be a match for George while that lion stands by him!'

Some of the names of the hack caricaturists of this epoch are preserved by Mr. Wright; most of them of as little notoriety as merit. Among them, however, are some amateurs of social position; and one dame of quality—a Countess of Burlington. 'She was the lady of the Earl who built Burlington House in Piccadilly; was the leader of one of the factions in the Opera disputes at the close of the reign of George I.; and is understood to have designed the well-known caricature upon Cuzzoni, Farinelli, and Heidegger, which was etched by Guppy, whom she patronised.'

Such were the very undistinguished characteristics and history of English art in the grotesque and comic line, when the appearance of Hogarth on the stage marked an entirely new epoch in its history. It would be superfluous here to recapitulate the details of the life or achievements of our great domestic painter; the more so, as his powers in the line of caricature, properly so called, though very great, were subordinate to his far higher merits as a painter of 'genre,' as the French phrase it, a delineator of popular scenes and incidents into which the humorous only entered as an ingredient, although a very important one. As a political caricaturist poor Hogarth made a fatal mistake: he took the wrong side:—

'It appears evident,' says Mr. Wright, 'that before this time (October, 1760) Hogarth had gained the favour of Lord Bute, who, by his interest with the Princess of Wales, was all powerful in the household of the young Prince. The painter had hitherto kept tolerably clear of politics in his prints, but now, unluckily for himself, he suddenly rushed into the arena of political caricature. It was generally said that Hogarth's object was, by displaying his

zeal in the cause of his patron, to obtain an increase of his pension; and he acknowledges himself that his object was gain. "This," he says, "being a period when war abroad and contention at home engrossed every one's mind, prints were thrown in the background; and the stagnation rendered it necessary that I should do some *timed* thing to recover my lost time, and stop a gap in my income." Accordingly he determined to attack the great minister Pitt, who had recently been compelled to resign his office, and had gone over to the opposition. It is said that John Wilkes, who had previously been Hogarth's friend, having been privately informed of his design, went to the painter, expostulated with him, and, as he continued obstinate, threatened retaliation.'

'The Times, No. 1,' was the first fruit of Hogarth's unlucky fit of loyalty; a labour-ed emblematic print, after the older fashion, to the glory of Lord Bute and discredit of Pitt. Wilkes attacked the artist in the 'North Briton'; Hogarth retorted—only too successfully—in this admirable print of Wilkes with the cap of liberty: 'eventu-que impalluit ipse secundo,' for Wilkes, with all his apparent fun and bonhomie, was a deadly enemy. The nettled patriot brought his friend Churchill, and a host more of libellers in letterpress and in copperplate, on the back of his unfortunate assailant:—

'Parodies on his own works, sneers at his personal appearance and manners, reflections upon his character, were all embodied in prints which bore such names as Hogg-ass, Hogzart, O'Garth, &c. . . . The article by Wilkes in the "North Briton," and Churchill's metrical epistle, irritated Hogarth more than the hostile caricatures, and were generally believed to have broken his heart. He died on the 26th of October, 1764, little more than a year after the appearance of the attack by Wilkes, and with the taunts of his political as well as his professional enemies still ringing in his ears.'—pp. 446-449.

Hogarth left no school of followers; his genius was of too independent and peculiar an order to admit of this. Perhaps the nearest to him was Paul Sanby; described by Mr. Wright as 'one of those rising artists who were offended by the sneering terms in which Hogarth spoke of all artists but himself, and foremost among those who turned their satire against him.' Sanby was one of the original members of the Royal Academy, and is best known as a topographical draughtsman; but Mr. Wright terms him the father of water-colour art in England. As a caricaturist he led the attack against Lord Bute and the Princess Dowager, as

well as against Hogarth; his sketch of the two Scotchmen travelling to London on a witch's broomstick, with the inscription, 'the land before them is as the Garden of Eden, and behind them a desolate wilderness,' is one of the best of the witticisms provoked by the miso-Caledonian movement of that day.

We cannot quite agree with Mr. Wright when he says that, 'with the overthrow of Bute's Ministry (1763) we may consider the English school of caricaturists as completely formed and fully established.' On the contrary, it seems to us, from such collections as we have examined, that the political branch of the art was at a particularly low standard for nearly twenty years after that event. The American war produced very little amusement of this kind; it was an affair into which the nation entered with a dogged and reluctant seriousness: and Washington and Franklin, Silas Deane and John Adams, afforded but drab-coloured subjects for the facetious limner. Social topics were just then much more in vogue; the extravagances in dress of the Macaronies and high-flying ladies of the day (the acme of absurdity, in modern costume, was certainly reached in the years 1770-1780), the humours of Vauxhall, and Mrs. Cornely's masquerades, diverted men's minds from the bitter disappointment of a contest in which nothing was to be gained either by persevering or giving way.* Perhaps the best specimen of the pictorial humour of that time was to be found, not in the shop window prints, but in the pages of the numerous magazines; some of these never appeared without an illustration or two of the jocose order, like the comic newspapers of our time. But when the incubus of the American war was removed, and domestic faction reappeared on the stage in all its pristine vivacity, the simultaneous appearance of the 'Rolliad' and its fellow satires in literature, and of Gillray and his fellow-workmen in art, heralded the advent of a new era.

We must hasten to him whom Mr. Wright terms, with perfect justice in our opinion, 'the greatest of English caricaturists, and perhaps of all caricaturists of modern times whose works are known — James Gillray.'

His father was an out-pensioner of Chel-

sea Hospital, and sexton of the Moravian burial-ground at Chelsea, where the caricaturist was born in 1757. Belonging by his origin, and still more by his loose and Bohemian habits, to a very ordinary sphere of life, it is certainly singular that he should have acquired such a close observation and intimate knowledge of events as they occurred, not only in the political, but in the fashionable world. His great sources of information were, no doubt, the newspapers; but occasionally he seems even to have anticipated the newspapers; more than one court scandal and state intrigue seems to have been blazoned first to public notice in the well-known shop windows of Humphreys or of Fores, always crowded with loiterers as soon as one of Gillray's novelties appeared. It is no doubt true, and affords a curious subject of speculation to any one who may think the inquiry worth pursuing, that, when Gillray's fame was established, many an amateur of the higher circles seems to have assisted him, not merely in furnishing hints, but also sketches, which Gillray etched and sold for his own profit. Some of his best caricatures, if we are not mistaken, are from outlines supplied by Bunbury, others were composed by Brownlow North. But these are exceptions only, and do not invalidate the general proposition as to the singularity of the circumstance that this drunken son of a sexton was for many years the pictorial Aristophanes of his day, and aided, at least, by those who were behind the scenes, of much which took place in the inner recesses of high life.

His fame as a political caricaturist was first established by his burlesque prints on Rodney's victory (1782). The rueful figure of the unlucky French admiral De Grasse, in one of them, is among the most characteristic of his performances. As we have said, it was some time before he thoroughly emancipated himself from the allegorical style; and another peculiarity of inferior artists haunted him a long time, the fashion, namely, of overloading his compositions with quantities of letter-press, oratorical or jocose, proceeding from the mouths of his characters, as if his pencil had not been fully powerful enough to speak for itself. He rushed with an energy all his own into the war of squibs which succeeded the Fox and North coalition, and then conceived those ideals of the leading patriot, and of his friend Burke, which he afterwards rendered popular in every corner of the kingdom by a thousand repetitions. A very admirable series of sketches, however, of these two

* In one of the caricatures of this period (reproduced by Mr. Wright in his former work) Lord Sandwich is represented with a bat in his hand, in allusion, we are told, to his fondness for cricket; but it is a curved piece of wood, much more resembling that with which golf is played. And the same peculiarly shaped instrument is put into the hand of a cricket-loving lady in a print of 1778 (Miss Wicket and Miss Trigger). What is the date of the bat now used?

and Lord North, as 'War, Peace, and Neither War nor Peace,' portraits scarcely touched with grotesque, though in skilfully exaggerated attitudes, commonly inserted in the bound volumes of Gillray's works, is, we are satisfied, not his; it bears much more the appearance of Sayer's workmanship. Fox and his personal following were peculiarly the objects of Gillray's aversion; and, not many years later than this, the unhappy circumstances of the Prince of Wales's matrimonial career provoked him into a series of the most popular, daring, and spirited of all his works; some of which, however, it is not easy in our decent age to indicate even by reference, though they seem to have been exposed without scandal in the most frequented thoroughfares of London. Gillray, however, was 'not a hired libeller,' says Mr. Wright, 'like Sayer and some other of the lower caricaturists of that time: he evidently chose his subjects in some degree independently, as those which offered him the best mark for ridicule; and he had so little respect for the ministers or the court, that they all felt his satire in turn.' After exhausting his power of pictorial invention against the heir apparent, he found a still more congenial subject of satire in the peculiarities of his Majesty George III. himself. Here, however, personal spite is said to have given the inducement.

'According to a story which seems to be authentic, Gillray's dislike of the King was embittered by an incident somewhat similar to that by which George II. had provoked the anger of Hogarth. Gillray had visited France, Flanders, and Holland, and he had made sketches, a few of which he had engraved. He accompanied the painter Louthembourg, who had left his native city of Strasburg to settle in England, and became the King's favourite artist, to assist him in making groups for his great painting of the 'Siege of Valenciennes,' Gillray sketching groups of figures while Louthembourg drew the landscapes and buildings. After their return, the King expressed a desire to see these sketches, and they were placed before him. Louthembourg's landscapes and buildings were plain drawings, and easy to understand, and the King expressed himself greatly pleased with them. But the King's mind was already prejudiced against Gillray for his satirical prints: and when he saw his hasty and rough, though spirited sketches of the French soldiers, he threw them aside contemptuously with the remark, "I don't understand these caricature fellows." Perhaps the very word he used was intended as a snarl upon Gillray, who, we are told, felt the affront deeply, and he proceeded to retort by a caricature which struck at once at one of the

King's vanities, and at his political prejudices. George III. imagined himself a great connoisseur in the Fine Arts, and the caricature was entitled "a connoisseur examining a Cooper." It represented the King looking at the celebrated miniature of Oliver Cromwell, by the English painter, Samuel Cooper. When Gillray had completed this print, he is said to have exclaimed, "I wonder if the Royal connoisseur will understand this!" It was published on the 18th of June, 1792, and cannot have failed to produce sensation at that period of revolutions. The King is made to exhibit a strange mixture of alarm with astonishment in contemplating the features of this great overthrower of kingly power, at a moment when all kingly power was threatened. It will be remarked, too, that the satirist has not overlooked the royal character for domestic economy; the King is looking at the picture by the light of a candle end stuck on a save-all.'

If there is any truth in the story, certainly never was artist's revenge more complete. The homely features of the poor old king — his prominent eyes, light eyebrows, protruding lips, his shuffling walk, his gaze of eager yet vacant curiosity — are even now better known to us through Gillray's caricatures than through anything which the Muses of painting and sculpture, in their serious moods, could effect for him or against him. Gillray's etchings, and Peter Pindar's verses, were for years among the minor plagues of royalty. Not, indeed, in the estimation of the stout-hearted monarch himself, as impervious to ridicule as to argument whenever he thought himself in the right; no man in his dominions laughed more regularly at each new caricature of Gillray than he; and a whole set, inscribed 'for the king,' forwarded to him as they came out, is said to be preserved at Windsor. But they were more keenly felt by his little knot of attached courtiers, and also by sober-minded people in general, seriously apprehensive, in those inflammable times, of anything which might throw ridicule on the Crown. One of the coarsest and most powerful, and which is said to have given especial offence at head-quarters, is that which represents Queen Charlotte as Milton's Sin, between Pitt as Death and Thurlow as the Devil. Others, of less virulence, such as 'Affability,' or the King and the Ploughman; the 'Lesson in Apple Dumplings,' the conjugal breakfast scene, where George is toasting muffins, and Charlotte frying sprats; the 'Anti-Saccharites,' where the Royal pair are endeavouring to coax the reluctant princesses (charming figures) to take their tea without sugar, — these, and numbers more, held up the Royal

peculiarities, especially the alleged stinginess of the Court, in a manner in which the usual coarseness of the execution rather tended to heighten the exceeding force and humour of the satire.

But when this country became seriously involved in hostilities with France, republican, and afterwards imperial, a change came over the spirit of Gillray's satire. Thenceforth he gradually ceased his attacks, not only on the Royal family, but on domestic objects of railery in general, and applied himself almost exclusively to sharpening the national spirit of hostility against the foreign enemy. His caricatures against the French are those by which he is best known, especially abroad, and occupy the greatest space in his works. This was, no doubt, the popular line to take, and Gillray worked for money; but it would be doing great injustice to the poor caricaturist's memory to suppose that money was his main object. The son of the old pensioner was full of the popular instincts of his class. It was not the French revolution or conquests that he opposed; it was the French themselves, whom he hated with all the vehemence of a Nelson or a Windham. These later compositions of his are, indeed, marvellous performances. But they are so rather from the intensity of imaginative fury with which they are animated, than from the ordinary qualities of the caricaturist.

They are comparatively destitute of his old humour and fun. 'Not that he had outgrown these. His few domestic caricatures are still full of them; such are those on 'All the Talents' (1806), one of which, the 'Funeral of Baron Broadbottom,' is among the most comic of all his productions. The last survivor of its procession of mourners, the late Marquis of Lansdowne, has now been dead for some years; the features of the remainder are quite unfamiliar to this generation; and yet it is scarcely possible to look at it even now without a smile, such as we bestow on the efforts of our coteremporaries Leech or Doyle. But when Gillray tried his vein on a French subject, he passed at once from the humorous to the grotesque, and thence to the hideous and terrible. One of his eccentric powers, amounting certainly to genius, comes out strongly in these later caricatures; that of bringing together an enormous number of faces, distorted into every variety of grimace, and yet preserving a wonderfully human expression. We would signalise particularly two, one almost tragical, the 'Apotheosis of Hoche'; one farcical, the 'Westminster Election' (1804). The tendency to the

wild and extravagant now grew on him. Doubtless it was sharpened by the effect on his brain of constant potations, which gradually brought on delirium tremens. His latest art-debauches — if such we may term them — have often a touch of phantasmagoric-pictorial nightmare, like those of Callot, Teniers, and Höllenbreughel. His last drawing is preserved in the British Museum, executed when he was quite out of his mind — a madman's attempt at a portrait, said to be that of Mr. Humphreys, the printseller. He died in 1815; and the inscription 'Here lies James Gillray, the caricaturist,' marks, or lately marked, the spot of his interment in the Broadway, Westminster. His works, once so popular, had fallen so much in fashion a few years ago that the plates were about to be sold for old copper, when they were rescued by Mr. J. H. Bohn, the publisher, who gave to the public those now well-known re-impressions which have procured for the artist a new lease of fame.

Gillray was the Rubens of caricature, and the comparison is really one which does no injustice to the inspired Fleming. The life-like realism of the Englishman's boldly-rounded, muscular figures, and the strong expression communicated to them by a few strokes of the pencil, are such as Antwerp in all her pride might not disdain. Any one who has studied some of Rubens's crowds of nude figures which approach nearest to the order of caricature — his sketches of the 'Last Judgment,' for instance, in the Munich Gallery — will appreciate the justice of the parallel. Gillray was undoubtedly coarse to excess, both in conception and execution; so much so, as to render his works mere objects of disgust to many educated in the gentler modern school. But there are also numbers of a taste more refined than catholic, who disclaim all admiration for Rubens on the very same grounds. And one quality Gillray possessed which was apparently discordant from his ordinary character. Many of his delineations of female beauty are singularly successful, and he seems to have dwelt on them with special pleasure, for the sake of the contrast with his usual disfigurements of humanity. His heroines are certainly not sylphs, but they often are, like the celestials of Rubens, uncommonly fine women. Let us refer to a few well-known instances only; such as his representations of Mrs. Fitzherbert at her best time, notwithstanding the prominence of the aquiline feature, which it was his business to enhance; of George III.'s daughters in the 'Anti-Saccharites,' and other prints; the Duchess of Richmond as the

'Height of Fashion'; the charming seated figure entitled 'Modern Elegance,' 1795 (said to be Lady Charlotte Campbell, but is it not an older person?), in which, though the costume is playfully exaggerated, the features are finely drawn; the beauty (evidently a portrait also) who is reading Monk Lewis's 'Tales of Wonder' to a bevy of very homely gossips (1802); and even the common ball-room figures in 'A Broad Hint of not meaning to Dance' (1804), in which, however, the design is Brownlow North's.

Still, we fear that Gillray must be generally comprehended in the somewhat audacious assertion of M. Champfleury, that 'satirists, from Molière down to Prudhon, only recognise two conditions for women — those of courtesan and housewife.' It will be seen that several of our instances are taken from what may be termed social, in contradistinction to political, caricatures, many of which are quite equally worthy of the master, although not those on which his popularity mainly rests. They are often of a libellous boldness, inconceivable now-a-days, and equally so in earlier times; for the generation to which Gillray belonged stood out in bad pre-eminence among all others in English domestic history in respect of this particular kind of coarseness — a generation which could see exposed in the shop-windows such shameless pictorial satires as those directed against Lady Archer, and other dames of gambling celebrity; or the representation of the dashing daughters of a countess as the 'Three Graces in a High Wind'; or of a titled beauty nursing her infant in a ball-dress, as the 'Fashionable Mamma'; or of Lady Cecilia Johnston, an inoffensive lady, of unobtrusive style as well as character, against whom it is said the artist had conceived some grudge, which induced him spitefully to represent her in all manner of ludicrous situations. Others of this class, it may be added, related to darker scandals behind the scenes, and may not now be met with in the ordinary collections of Gillray's works, though they excited little comment, and no disgust, in his day. To pass again, for one moment only, from Gillray's merit as an artist, to his specialty as a caricaturist; his strong power of seizing likenesses, and giving them a ludicrous expression, was, no doubt, the chief element of his popularity. In this he surpassed all his predecessors, though he has been equalled by one or two of his successors. But in one bye-quality we are inclined to think him unrivalled: the faculty of giving by a few touches a kind of double

expression to a countenance; cowardice underlying bravado; impudence, affected, modesty. See, as a specimen, the exceedingly comic representation of Addington and Napoleon, sword in hand, daring each other to cross the Channel which flows between them. A single figure of Burke as an 'Uniform Whig' (1791), admirably drawn in other respects, conveys much of this mingled meaning, though not quite so easily decipherable. The sage is leaning against a statue of George III.; he holds in one hand Burke's 'Thoughts on the Revolution,' in the other a cap of liberty; the motto, 'I preserve my consistency, by varying my means to secure the unity of my end.' The caricaturist's experience had attained for once to 'something like prophetic strain.' His facility of execution was wonderful. It must, no doubt, be added, as a natural qualification of such praise, that his drawing is often incorrect and careless in the extreme, even after all allowance for what we have never seen fully explained, the vast difference, in point of excellence, between various copies of what is apparently the same print. He is said 'to have etched his ideas at once upon the copper, without making a previous drawing, his only guides being sketches of the distinguished characters he intended to produce, made on small pieces of card, which he always carried about with him.'

Of Rowlandson (born 1756, died 1827), Mr. Wright speaks in high terms of praise, saying that he 'doubtless stands second to Gillray, and may, in some respects, be considered as his equal. . . . He was distinguished by a remarkable versatility of talent, by a great fecundity of imagination, and by a skill in grouping quite equal to that of Gillray, and with a singular ease in forming his groups of a great variety of figures. It has been remarked, too, that no artist ever possessed the power of Rowlandson of expressing so much with so little effort.' We are sorry that we cannot, for our own parts, subscribe to these eulogies. As a political caricaturist — to which line he resorted as a matter of trade, espousing the Whig side as others did the Tory — he seems to us dull enough. In general subjects he succeeded better, yet appears to us endowed with all Gillray's coarseness, but with little of his satirical power and none of his artistic genius.

James Sayer, coteremporary with these two as an artist, deserves mention as possessed of a certain amount of original talent, though not of a very high order. He was 'a bad draughtsman,' says Mr. Wright

—surely too sweeping a criticism—‘and his pictures are produced more by labour than by skill in drawing, but they possess a considerable amount of humour.’ His likenesses, generally produced by a small number of hard and carefully-executed lines, seem to us of great merit as such, though wanting in life and energy. He was almost exclusively a political caricaturist, and, unlike the reckless but independent Gillray, he turned his talents to good account, devoting himself to the cause of Pitt, who bestowed on him in return the ‘not un lucrative offices of Marshal of the Court of Exchequer, Receiver of the Sixpenny Dues, and Cursitor.’ His most famous production was the well-known ‘Carlo Khan’s Triumphant Entry into Leadenhall-street’ (on the occasion of Fox’s India Bill, 1783), still common in collections. But this succeeded chiefly because it fell in with the humour of the time; though the idea is good, the execution is cold, and it is encumbered with symbolical accessories, after the older fashion which we have described. Among his minor works, an unfinished proof of Boswell, Mrs. Piozzi, and others of the Johnsonian clique, with the ghost of the Doctor himself scowling at them from above, exhibits a good deal of his peculiar laborious talent.

Our catalogue of cotemporaries would hardly be complete without including in it the clever and goodhumoured amateur Henry Bunbury, though no dabbler in State affairs, like Gillray and Sayer. Bunbury had (as Mr. Wright says) ‘little taste for political caricature, and seldom meddled with it. He preferred scenes of social life and humorous incidents of cotemporary manners, fashionable or popular.’ It may be added that he does not seem to have often inserted portraits in his pieces. He was rather the forerunner of the modern French school of grotesque artists ‘de genre,’ of whom we shall have a word to say presently. His drawing, says Mr. Wright, ‘was often bold and good, but he had little skill in etching.’ After some early essays in that line, ‘his designs were engraved by various persons, and his own style was sometimes modified in this process.’ We have ourselves seen original drawings by his hand, very superior both in force and refinement to the coarse style of the ordinary plates which bear his name. Perhaps the best known and most ludicrous of his compositions are his illustrations of ‘Geoffrey Gambado’s Art of Horsemanship.’ Bunbury was brother to the baronet who married Lady Sarah Lennox, and himself

husband of one of Goldsmith’s favourite Miss Hornecks. He died in 1811, the date of his last work, ‘A Barber’s Shop in Assize Time,’ engraved by Gillray.

Passing over Isaac Cruikshank—a very prolific artist of the same period with Gillray, of whom he was a pretty close imitator—we arrive at his illustrious son George, who still survives to connect our era with the last. He is now almost forgotten as a political caricaturist, in which line he embarked, fifty years ago, under the auspices of his father, but soon abandoned it to achieve his peculiar and unique celebrity as an etcher of small figures, chiefly in the way of illustrations to letterpress, in which humour and the most exquisite appreciation of the ludicrous alternate with beauty and pathos of no common order. ‘The ambition of George Cruikshank,’ says Mr. Wright, ‘was to draw what Hogarth called moral comedies, pictures of society through a series of acts and scenes, always pointed with some great moral; and it must be confessed that he has, through a long career, succeeded admirably.’ Every one is aware of the zeal with which the amiable artist has devoted himself to promote the public good by this employment of his brain, of which an amusing illustration is furnished by the current story—for the truth of which, however, we will by no means vouch—that he insisted on formally presenting his ‘Drunkard’s Progress’ to her Majesty! And yet, to our taste, George Cruikshank’s most ambitious attempts in this line are scarcely equal to the trifling productions which he has now and then thrown off in mere exuberance of genius and animal spirits. The first edition of a little book, entitled ‘German Popular Stories,’ which appeared in 1834 (the letterpress was by the late Mr. Jardine), contains, on the minutest possible scale, some of the most perfect gems, both of humour and gracefulness, which are anywhere to be found. The reader need only cast his eye on ‘Cherry, or the Frog-Bride;’ the ‘Tailor and the Bear;’ ‘Rumpelstiltskin;’ and the inimitable procession of country folks jumping into the lake after the supposed flocks of sheep in ‘Pee-wit,’ to learn how much of fun, and grotesque, and elegance of figures also, and beauty of landscape, may be conveyed in how few lines.

The history of English caricature of the Georgian era would be incomplete without a notice of the various printsellers who supplied the material to the public, and whose shop-windows furnished, not so many years ago, favourite stages or stations, as it

were, for the wandering Cockney, on his peregrinations between East and West; and with this Mr. Wright has accordingly furnished us. Perhaps the most celebrated were Humphreys, of New Bond-street and Piccadilly (whom, however, Mr. Wright does not mention), and Fores.

'S. W. Fores dwelt first at No. 3, Piccadilly, but afterwards established himself at No. 50, the corner of Sackville Street, where the name still remains. Fores seems to have been most fertile in ingenious expedients for the extension of his business. He formed a sort of library of caricatures, and other prints, and charged for admission to look at them; and he afterwards adopted a system of lending them out in portfolios for evening parties, at which these portfolios of caricatures became a very fashionable amusement in the latter part of the last century. At times some remarkable curiosity was employed to add to the attractions of his shop. Thus, on caricatures published in 1790, we find the statement that "In Fores Caricature Museum is the complete collection in the kingdom. Also the *Head and Hand of Count Struenzee*. Admission, one shilling." Caricatures against the French revolutionists, published in 1793, bear imprints stating that they were "published by S. W. Fores, No. 3, Piccadilly, where may be seen a *Complete Model of the Guillotine*. Admission, one shilling." In some this model is said to be six feet high.'

Mr. Wright closes his list with George Cruikshank, as the last representative of the great school of caricaturists formed in the reign of George III. But there is another, still living among us, whose experience as an artist goes very nearly back to that reign, and who may be in the most literal sense called the last of the political caricaturists as he is considered by many the best — Mr. Doyle, the world-famous H.B. of the past generation. Those who belonged to it can well remember the height of popularity which his lithographed sketches achieved, the little blockades before the shop-windows in St. James's-street and the Haymarket whenever a new one appeared, and the convenient topic of conversation which it was sure to afford to men of the clubs, when meeting each other on the pavement. For it was to critics of this class that H.B. particularly addressed himself. His productions wanted the popular vigour of those of Gillray and his school. But it is to Mr. Doyle's high honour that they were also entirely free from the scandalous coarseness of his predecessors, and that he showed the English public how the purposes of political satire could be fully secured without departing a hand's breadth from the dignity of the artist or the charac-

ter of the gentleman. As a delineator of figures, we cannot esteem him very successful. They run too much into the long and lanky; portions of the outline, the extremities in particular, are often almost effeminate in their refinement: when he attempts a really broad, bluff personage, he is apt to produce the effect of a fine gentleman masquerading as a Falstaff. But it was in the likeness of his portraits, and their expression, that his chief and singular merit consisted. And in these, again, his success was extremely various. His fortune, in a professional sense, may be said to have been made by three faces — those of the Duke of Wellington, King William IV., and Lord Brougham. The provoking, sly no-meaning, establishing itself on the iron mask of the first; the good-humoured, embarrassed expression of the second; the infinite variety of grotesque fancies conveyed in the contorted features of the third; these were reproduced, week after week, for years, with a variety and fertility perfectly astonishing. In other cases he never could succeed in hitting off even a tolerable likeness: of his hundred or so representations of the late Sir Robert Peel, we do not recollect one which conveys to us any real remembrance of the original. The Peel of caricaturists in general, not only of H.B., was a conventional personage; as is, though in a less marked degree, the Gladstone of our present popular artists. Still more remarkable was the failure of H.B., in common with his predecessors, in catching the likeness of George IV. In all the countless burlesque representations of that personage, from the handsome youth of 1780 to the puffy veteran of 1827, there are scarcely any which present a tolerable resemblance. The courtly Lawrence succeeded in portraying him well enough; the caricaturists, usually so happy, never. H.B.'s published sketches amount to some nine hundred, and afford a capital key to the cabinet and parliamentary history of England, from the Ministry of Wellington to the end of Lord Melbourne's. While numbers of them do credit to the artist's political sagacity as well as his skill, we cannot forbear to notice one which, to our present notions, illustrates the '*nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ*' — produced when the Tories, to whom H.B. appertained with all his heart, anticipated the triumphs of French over English diplomacy under the conduct of our then Foreign Secretary: it is No. 171 in the series, '*The Lame leading the Blind*:' Lord Palmerston, guided into a ditch by Talleyrand.

With the renowned H.B. the line of regu-

lar British caricaturists closes. The taste of the nation has sought another direction. But do not let us be misunderstood. The spirit of the art survives, and will do so as long as England is a free country and Englishmen retain a sense of the ludicrous; but its form is so completely changed, by the substitution of the cheap illustrated newspaper for the comparatively expensive broad-sheet of the last century, that a more convenient moment could not be found, for closing the old chapter in artistic history and beginning a new one, than that in which Doyle ceased his labours and the 'Punch' school of satirists began theirs. The very distinct mode of treatment which the small size of the modern comic newspaper, compared with the old sheet, necessarily requires, combines with other causes of difference to render this new school something quite apart from the old one. Its success must needs be obtained more through skill in the delineation of individual faces, and compactness of wit in the 'motive' of the composition, than through breadth of treatment, or (generally speaking) through talent for grouping. In the delineation of faces, however, and especially in portrait, which is the specialty of political caricature, the designers with whom we are now dealing have an immense advantage over those of former times, in being able to use the results of the art of photography. Photographs of faces and figures, always at hand, are a very superior class of auxiliaries to those hasty 'drawings on bits of card' with which Gillray was wont to content himself. The popularity which our present favourites have earned is probably more real, certainly much more extensive, than that gained by their most successful predecessors, from Hogarth to Cruikshank: with whose names that of Leech, so lately lost to us, and of his living associates and rivals, of whom we need only name Doyle the younger and John Tenniel as specimens, will assuredly find their places in the future annals of art. But, arrived at this turning point, we must take farewell of our subject, devoting only a few pages more to the cotemporary history of modern French caricature, on which Mr. Wright (to our regret) does not enter. We had hoped to derive considerable assistance for this purpose from a new publication of our friend M. Champfleury, entitled '*Histoire de la Caricature Moderne*,' which has just fallen into our hands; but although the title is thus comprehensive, the contents reduce themselves to a few lively pages of panegyric on two or three recent artists, which seem to be dictated in great measure by personal feelings.

The general subject can be nowhere so well studied in a summary way as in the two volumes of M. Jaime ('*Musée de la Caricature*'), with very fairly executed illustrations, to which we can only apply the ancient reproach, '*tantamne rem tam negligenter*;' for M. Jaime has but treated the matter in a perfunctory way, as if afraid of dwelling too much on it. It has not, however, the interest which attaches either to the coarser but bolder style of art inaugurated by the Germans in the sixteenth century, or to that which prevailed in the great English age of political caricature. Callot was indeed a Frenchman, by race at least, though born in Lorraine, then independent; but his associations were more with the school of the Netherlands than that of France. Nor had he any followers of note in the latter country. The jealous wakefulness of French government, and the cold and measured style which French art derived from a close addiction to supposed classical models, were both alike unfavourable to the development of the artistic empire of 'Laughter, holding both his sides.' French artists of the eighteenth century for the most part touched ludicrous subjects in a decorous and timid way, as if ashamed of them. As the literature of the country is said to abound in wit, while it is poor in humour, so its pictorial talent found vent rather in the neat and effective '*tableau de genre*' than in the irregularity of the grotesque; or, to employ another simile, French comic art was to English as the genteel comedy to the screaming farce. And the same was the case (to treat the subject briefly) with that of other nations over which France exercised predominant influence. Chodowiecki was the popular German engraver of domestic scenes in the last century, and his copper-plates have great delicacy of execution and considerable power of expression. He was in high vogue for the purpose of illustrating with cuts the novels and the poetry of the great age of German literature, and his productions are extraordinarily numerous. But he habitually shrank from the grotesque. His admirers styled him the German Hogarth — a comparison which he, we are told, rejected with some indignation, and which Hogarth, could he have known it, would certainly have rejected likewise; for Chodowiecki, with all his other merits, very seldom approaches the ludicrous, and never soars to the height or descends to the depth of caricature.

The unbounded licence of the first French Revolution, and the strange mixture of the burlesque with the terrible which attended

its progress, gave of course for some years the most favourable opportunities possible for the exercise of pictorial wit, so far as the nation possessed it. There can be no greater treat to one who loves to tread the by-ways of history, often the shortest cuts to truth, than to turn over the series of those magnificent volumes in the Imperial Library of Paris, in which the whole pictorial annals of the last century or so in France are preserved; everything arranged as nearly as may be in order of date, and not of subjects: portraits, festal shows and triumphs, processions, battles, riots, great events, represented under every form down to the rough newspaper woodcut and street caricature, unrolling in one vast phantasmagoria before the eye. We have much that is valuable and useful in our Museum, but nothing, in the matter of historical art, comparable to this collection. An inadequate idea of it only can be formed from the miscellaneous contents of the well-known three folio volumes of prints, entitled '*Tableaux de la Révolution Française*.' The earlier part of the caricatures of that age are the most humorous and also the best executed. As the tragedy deepened, fun became more and more out of place; and the satirists who had seen its outbreak having most of them lost their heads or fled the country, the business fell into the hands of more vulgar workmen. One of the first (1788) may be mentioned, not so much for its execution, which is tame enough, as because it is (as far as we know) the real original of a piece of wit which has since made its fortune in every language, and been falsely attributed to many facetious celebrities. Calonne, as a monkey, has assembled his 'notables,' a flock of barn-door fowl. '*Mes chers administrés, je vous ai rassemblés pour savoir à quelle sauce vous voulez être mangés.*' '*Mais nous ne voulons pas être mangés du tout.*' '*Vous vous écarterez de la question.*'

But French art, as we have seen, refined and softened into effeminacy under the class civilization of the *ancien régime*, and rendered prudish also by its adherence to classical models, had its decorum soon shocked by too coarse intermixture of the grotesque. Indeed, the reason often given by Frenchmen of the last generation for the acknowledged inferiority of their caricatures to ours, was the superiority of French taste, which could not accommodate itself to 'ignoble' exaggeration. On the whole, therefore, those of the revolutionary series of which we have been speaking are more interesting historically, and also from the keen wit often developed in them, than from their execution. There

is no French Gillray or Rowlandson. Here and there, however, among a multitude of inferior performances, the eye is struck by one really remarkable as a work of a higher order than our English cotemporary series could furnish. Such is the famous '*Arrestation du Roi à Varennes*,' 1791. The well-known features of the Royal party, seated at supper with lights, are brought out with a force worthy of Rembrandt, and with slight but marked caricature; while the fierce, excited patriotic figures, closing in on them from every side, have a vigour which is really terrific. Another, in a different style, is the '*Intérieur d'un Comité Révolutionnaire*,' 1793. It is said, indeed, to have been designed by a first-rate artist, Fragonard, one who doubtless wrought with a will, for he had prostituted his very considerable talents to please the luxurious profligacy of the last days of the ancient *régime*, and the stern Revolution had stopped his trade, annihilated his effeminate customers, and reduced him to poverty. Fragonard's powers as a caricaturist are characterised by a well-known anecdote. He was employed in painting Mademoiselle Guimard, the famous dancer, as Terpsichore; but the lady quarrelled with him, and engaged another to complete the work. The irritated painter got access to the picture, and with three or four strokes of his brush turned the face of Terpsichore into that of a fury. The print now in question is a copper-plate, executed with exceeding delicacy of touch. A dozen figures of men of the people, in revolutionary costume, are assembled round a long table in a dilapidated hall of some public building. A young '*ci-devant*,' his wife and child, are introduced through an open door by an usher armed with a pike. If the artist's intention was to produce effect by the contrast of these three graceful figures with the vulgar types of the rest of the party, he has succeeded admirably. They are humbly presenting their papers for examination; but it is pretty clear that the estimable committeeman, to whom the noble is handing his passport, cannot read it. The cunning, quiet, lawyer-like secretary of the committee, pen in hand, is evidently doing all its work. At the opposite end of the table an excited member is addressing to the walls what must be an harangue of high eloquence; but no one is listening to him, and the two personages immediately behind him are evidently determined to hear no noise but their own. But our favourite figure — and one well worthy of Hogarth — is that of the sentinel off duty: he is seated beside a bottle, pike in hand, enjoying his long pipe,

and evidently, from the expression of his face, far advanced from the excited into the meditative stage of convivial patriotism. A placard on the door announces, somewhat contradictorily as well as ungrammatically, 'Ici on se tutoient : fermez la porte s'il vous plaît !' Altogether there is much more of the comic than the ferocious about the patriots ; and one may hope that the trembling family, for whom it is impossible not to feel an interest, will this time be 'quittes pour la peur.'

The popular governments — Revolutionary and of the First Empire — easily tamed the spirit of caricature, as they did that of more dangerous enemies, and it only revived when France was replaced under the tyranny of legitimacy. There is a great deal of merit in those on the Bonapartist side, of 1814 and 1815 ; many of them appear to be executed by some one clever artist, to us unknown. We will only notice one of them, the 'Vœu d'un Royaliste, ou la seconde entrée triomphante.' Louis XVIII. is mounted behind a Cossack — the horse and man are admirably drawn — while the poor King's expression, between terror and a sense of the ludicrous of his position, is worthy of the best efforts of Gillray or Doyle.

Caricature continued to be a keen party weapon in France through the period of the Restoration, and in the early years of Louis Philippe. The latter monarch's head especially, under the resemblance of a pear, which Nature had rendered appropriate, was popularised in a thousand ludicrous or ignominious representations ; his Gillray was Honoré Daumier, a special friend and favourite of M. Champfleury, but in whom we are unable ourselves to recognize more than secondary merit. 'Entre tous, Daumier fut celui qui accommoda la poire aux sautes les plus diverses. Le roi avait une honnête physionomie, large et étouffée. La caricature, par l'exagération des lignes du masque, par les différents sentimens qu'elle prêta à l'homme au toupet, le rendit typique, et laissa un ineffaçable relief. Les adversaires sont utiles. En politique, un ennemi vaut souvent mieux qu'un ami.' The genius of Daumier had some analogy with that of the sculptor-caricaturist Dantan.

But the liberty of art, like that of the Tribune, degenerated into licence, and France has never been able in her long age of State tempests to maintain the line between the two. Political caricature was once more extinguished in the Orleans reign, with the applause of decent people in general, by the so-called laws of Sep-

tember. It had a brief and feverish revival under the Republic of 1848 ; some of its productions in that period are worth a moment's notice, both from their execution and good humour : we remember two of the class of general interest ; the 'Apparition du Serpent de Mer,' a boat full of kings, startled by the appearance of the new Republic as the 'problematical monster of the deep ;' and the 'Ecole de Natation,' in which the various Kings and Emperors of Europe are floundering in a ludicrous variety of attitudes among the billows of revolution, while the female rulers of Britain, Spain, and Portugal are kept afloat by their crinolines. But under the decorous rule of the Empire, no such violation of the respect due to constituted authorities at home is any longer tolerated, while ridicule, even of foreign potentates, is permitted only under polite restrictions. Debarred from this mode of expressing itself, French gaiety finds one of its principal outlets, in the more innocent shape of social caricature, which was never so popular, or cultivated by artists of so much eminence, as within the last thirty years. And here we must notice a singular change in French workmanship, which appears to us to have been occasioned chiefly or wholly by the introduction of lithography. We have already observed how much difficulty its artists found in departing from the rules of classical outline and correct drawing, so long as the old-fashioned line engraving prevailed, and the consequent inferiority of French to English caricature in breadth, its superiority in correctness. The introduction and great popularity of lithography in France seems to have altogether changed the popular taste. Artists now dash off, rather than embody, their humorous conceptions in the sketchiest of all possible styles, and that which affords the greatest licence for grotesque distortions of figure and face. Boilly, a clever and fertile lithographer, was perhaps the first to bring this style of composition into vogue. But to such an extent has the revolution now gone, while we, on the other hand, have been pruning the luxuriance of the old genius of caricature, that the positions of the two countries seem to have become reversed, and England to be now the country of classic, France of grotesque art ; in the comic line of which any reader may judge for himself, by comparing the style of the cuts in 'Punch,' for instance, with those in the 'Charivari.' We cannot say that we find the change on the other side of the Channel an improvement, or that we have

been enabled to acquire a taste for the hasty lithographed caricatures of popular figures and scenes which encumber French print-shops. The works of Bunbury, among English artists of this kind of renown, perhaps most nearly approach them; but these, rough though they are, have, at all events, a body and substance, and consequently a vigour, which their Gallic successors appear to us to lack, and which they endeavour too often to supply by loose exaggeration. However, it is idle to set up our own canons of taste in opposition to that of a nation, and a foreign nation into the bargain; and we may do our readers more service by giving them a few short notices of the leading artists who have risen to popularity in modern France by this style of composition.

Nicolas Toussaint Charlet had an education and parentage somewhat like those of our Gillray; born in 1792, the son of an old dragoon of Sambre-et-Meuse, he began his career in a not very noble occupation, being employed in the office where military recruits were registered and measured: and it was in that function, possibly, that he picked up and stored in his memory those thousand types of grotesque young conscripts and old grognards, 'enfants de troupe,' 'tourlourous,' and 'gamins,' with which he filled the shop-windows while amusing the multitude with their darling 'scènes populaires.' He was not exactly a caricaturist in the peculiar sense which we have given to the word, but an artist 'de genre;' in his own peculiar line few have surpassed him. It must be noticed that his sturdy Bonapartism evinced itself in some ambitious attempts at more serious compositions; one of which, 'La Garde meurt et ne se rend pas,' established his fame in 1816, while an 'Episode de la Campagne de Russie' (1836) is ranked at the head of his works by some of his admirers. But for our part, we greatly prefer the exquisite naïveté, though without much of the English vigour, which characterises some of his popular scenes; such — to quote one among a thousand — as that in which a peasant, looking down with the utmost gravity on a comrade who is lying in the road, helplessly drunk, exclaims, 'Voilà pourtant comme je serai dimanche!' Charlet, who died in 1845, left some two thousand lithographed designs, besides numerous water-colours and etchings.

Paul Chevalier Gavarni, born in 1801, ranks at the head of the living caricaturists of France, unless the Vicomte Amédée de

Noé (under his *nom de plume*, or rather *de crayon*, of 'Cham,' Ham the son of Noah) be supposed to contest with him that eminence. The journal 'Les Gens du Monde' (1835), and subsequently the 'Charivari,' owed to him the greater part of their celebrity. If not equal to Charlet in the 'naïf' and simply popular style, Gavarni excels him in satirical force and in variety. Twenty-five years hence (says Théophile Gautier) 'it is through Gavarni that the world will know of the existence of Duchesses of the Rue du Helder, of Lorettes, students, and so forth.' Gavarni visited England in 1849, where, according to his biographer M. de Lacaze (in the 'Nouvelle Biographie Générale'), he took so profound a dislike to our English aristocratic social system (it was the year, be it remembered, in which the doctrine 'la propriété c'est le vol,' took some short hold on Parisian spirits), that he fell into a fit of 'le spleen,' became misanthropic, and produced nothing for a long time but sketches of 'gin-shop frequenters, thieves, street-sweepers, Irishmen, and the beggars of St. Giles's and Whitechapel;' but we are happy to learn, from the same authority, that he soon recovered his gaiety in the less oppressive atmosphere of Paris. His 'Œuvres Choiesies' were published as long ago as 1845, in four volumes. 'Déjà,' says Champfleury, 'son œuvre est curieuse à consulter comme l'expression d'un peintre de mœurs épris d'idéal élégant dans une époque bourgeoise.'

Completing these brief notices of modern French caricaturists with the mere mention of the great artist Gustave Doré, who has lately condescended to some clever extravagances allied to caricature, and of that eccentric novelty Grisct, we must now conclude our hasty retrospect of the art in general. The institution of the 'comic illustrated newspaper' has now made the tour of the world; the United States furnish abundant specimens; Germany and Italy toil manfully in the wake of France and England; we have even seen political caricatures from Rio de Janeiro nearly as good as the ordinary productions of either. But it is impossible to follow a subject so greatly widening in its dimensions; and as cheapness of execution, while it extends the popularity of this class of compositions, diminishes the labour expended on them, we have not to expect for the future either productions of so much interest, or artists of such celebrity, as some of those dealt with in this article.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—HEB. iv. 9.

DEAR the storm-won calm of autumn
Brooding o'er the quiet lea;
Sweet the distant harp-like murmur
Trembling from the charmed sea.
Nestling breezes clog the branches;
Leaves lie swooning on the air;
Nature's myriad hands are folding
O'er her gentle heart, for prayer.

New-born on the lap of silence,
Cradled on a hoary tomb,
Lo! babe evening craves a blessing
As the day forsakes the gloom;
As one lingering sunbeam flashes
The grey spire to golden red,
And the motto "peace" is blazoned
Glorious o'er the resting dead.

Peace be to the shapeless ashes,
Perfect once in valour's mould;
Once on fire for truth and duty,
Now without a spark, and cold.
Smiting was the hero smitten,
Swordless hands now cross his breast;
Share we his mute supplication;
Weary, may the soldier rest!

Peace to him who braved the tempest,
Polar ice, and tropic wave;
Long the homeless sea who traversed,
Then came home to find a grave!
In this calmest roadstead anchored,
May no more the sailor rove,
Till he lose himself for ever
"In the ocean of God's love!"

Peace to him, the tried and saintly;
Wise to counsel, apt to cheer;
With a sober smile for gladness,
With a hope for every tear.
Earth lies lightly on his bosom,
Faith bedecks his priestly tomb
With the sacred flowers that symbol
Life, and light, and deathless bloom.

Peace to him who bears no legend
Carved above his lowly bed,
Save that he was found, unsheltered
From the storm and winter, dead.
Peace to him, that unknown brother,
Quit of want, and woe, and shame;
Trust we that the nameless stranger
Bears in heaven a filial name!

From the four winds assembled,
Kindred in the fate to die;
Eld and infant, alien, homebred,
Neighbours now, how calm they lie!
Valour, beauty, learning, goodness,
With the weight of life opprest,

Make the lean grave sleek with treasure,
Whilst they, weary, take their rest.

Dead they are not; only sleeping,
Dull although their senses be,
Yet they for the summons listen,
Calling to eternity.
Brothers, sleeping in the Saviour,
Sound their dreamless sleep and blest;
But we trust, when this is broken,
There remaineth still a rest!

THE BITTER AND THE SWEET.

Come, darling Effie,
Come, take the cup:
Effie must drink it all—
Drink it all up.

Darling, I know it is
Bitter and bad;
But 'twill make Effie dear
Rosy and glad.

Mother would take it all
For her wee elf—
But who would suffer then?
Effie herself.

If Effie drinks it,
Then, I can tell,
She will go out to play
Merry and well.

Drink, and then, darling,
You shall have this,—
Sweet after bitter:
Now, first, a kiss.

Ah, darling Effie,
God also knows,
When cups of bitterness
His hand bestows,

How His poor children need
Urging to take
Merciful draughts of pain,
Mixed for their sake.

He, too, gives tenderly
Joy after pain,
Sweet after bitterness,
After loss gain.

—Sunday Magazine.

L. C.

From the Spectator.

WERE WOLVES.*

In this remarkable little book, remarkable for a power its external aspect does not promise and an interest its name will not create, Mr. Baring-Gould, an author known hitherto chiefly by his researches in Northern literature, investigates a belief, once general in Europe, and even now entertained by the majority of the uneducated class. In widely separated places, and among races the most distinct, a belief has been traced in the existence of beings who combine the human and the animal character, who are in fact men changed either in form or in spirit into beasts of prey. The belief, though strong still, was strongest in the Middle Ages, when men were more unrestrained both in their acts and their credulities. In the extreme North it was so powerful that Norwegians and Icelanders had a separate name for the transformation, calling men gifted with the power or afflicted with the curse men "not of one skin." Mr. Baring-Gould pushes his theory far when he connects the story of the Berserkir with the theory of were wolves, the Berserkir being extant to this day in Asia, calling themselves Ghazis, and keeping up their fury as the Berserkir probably did, with drugs; but all Scandinavia undoubtedly believed that men had upon occasion changed into animals, and exhibited animal bloodthirstiness and power. So did the Livonians. So down to the very end of the sixteenth century did all Southern Europe, where the Holy Office made cases of metempsychosis subject of inquiry and of punishment. The very victims often believed in their own guilt. One man in 1593, Jacques Roulet, of Angers, stated in his confession that though he did not take a wolf's form he was a wolf, and as a wolf committed murders, chiefly of children. Even now the peasants in Norway believe as firmly in persons who can change themselves into wolves as the peasants in Italy do in the evil eye, the Danes think persons with joined eye brows liable to the curse, the people of Schleswig-Holstein keep a charm to cure it, the Slovaks, Greeks, and Russians have popular words for the were wolf, and Mr. Baring-Gould was himself asked at Vienne to assist in hunting a *loup garou*, or wolf who ought to have been a human being. In India the belief is immovable, more particularly in Oude, where the mass of evidence collected is so extraordinary that it shook

for a moment the faith of a man so calm as the Resident, Colonel Sleeman, and induced him to give currency to a theory that wolves might suckle and rear the children of human beings, who thenceforward would be wolves. Ultimately, we believe, he abandoned that notion, but not before he had puzzled all India with his collection of exceptional facts, and riveted the superstition of the people of Oude.

A belief so universal and so lasting suggests some cause more real than a superstitious idea, and Mr. Baring-Gould believes he has discovered one. He holds that in every human being there is some faint trace of the wild-beast nature, the love of destruction and of witnessing the endurance of suffering. Else why do children display cruelty so constantly, string flies on knitting-pins, and delight in the writhings of any animal? In the majority this disposition is eradicated either by circumstances, by training, or by the awakening of the great influence we call sympathy. In a minority the desire remains intact but latent, liable to be called out only by extraordinary incidents or some upset of the ordinary balance of their minds. In a few it becomes a passion, a sovereign desire, or even a mania entitled to be ranked as a form, and an extreme form, of mental disease. It was the latter exhibition which gave rise to the belief in the were-wolves, who were, in Mr. Baring-Gould's opinion, simply raving maniacs, whose wildness took the form either of a desire to murder or of a belief in their own power of becoming beasts of prey. So late as 1848 an officer of the garrison in Paris was brought to trial on a charge of rifling graves of their bodies and tearing them to pieces, and the charge having been proved on conclusive evidence, his own confession included, was sentenced to one year's imprisonment. He was mad, but had he lived before madness was understood he would have been pronounced either a vampire or a *loup garou*. Madness miscomprehended was the cause of the facts which supported the monstrous belief, a theory almost demonstrated by the history of the case of Jacques Roulet. The extract is long, but the story is complete:—

"In 1593, a year memorable in the annals of lycanthropy, a trial took place in Angers, the details of which are very terrible. In a wild and unfrequented spot near Cande, some countrymen came one day upon the corpse of a boy of fifteen, horribly mutilated and bespattered with blood. As the men approached, two wolves, which had been rending the body, bounded away into the thicket. The men gave

* *Were Wolves*. By Sabine Baring-Gould. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

chase immediately, following their bloody tracks till they lost them; when suddenly crouching among the bushes, his teeth chattering with fear, they found a man half naked, with long hair and beard, and with his hands dyed in blood. His nails were long as claws, and were clotted with fresh gore and shreds of human flesh. This is one of the most puzzling and peculiar cases which come under our notice. The wretched man, whose name was Roulet, of his own accord stated that he had fallen upon the lad and had killed him by smothering him, and that he had been prevented from devouring the body completely by the arrival of men on the spot. Roulet proved on investigation to be a beggar from house to house, in the most abject state of poverty. His companions in mendicancy were his brother John and his cousin Julien. He had been given lodging out of charity in a neighbouring village, but before his apprehension he had been absent for eight days. Before the judges, Roulet acknowledged that he was able to transform himself into a wolf by means of a salve which his parents had given him. When questioned about the two wolves which had been seen leaving the corpse, he said that he knew perfectly well who they were, for they were his companions, Jean and Julien, who possessed the same secret as himself. He was shown the clothes he had worn on the day of his seizure, and he recognized them immediately; he described the boy whom he had murdered, gave the date correctly, indicated the precise spot where the deed had been done, and recognized the father of the boy as the man who had first run up when the screams of the lad had been heard. In prison, Roulet behaved like an idiot. When seized, his belly was distended and hard; in prison he drank one evening a whole pailful of water, and from that moment refused to eat or drink. His parents, on inquiry, proved to be respectable and pious people, and they proved that his brother John and his cousin Julien had been engaged at a distance on the day of Roulet's apprehension. 'What is your name, and what your estate?' asked the judge, Pierre Hérault. — 'My name is Jacques Roulet, my age thirty-five; I am poor, and a mendicant.' — 'What are you accused of having done?' — 'Of being a thief — of having offended God. My parents gave me an ointment; I do not know its composition.' — 'When rubbed with this ointment, do you become a wolf?' — 'No; but for all that, I killed and ate the child Cornier: I was a wolf.' — 'Were you dressed as a wolf?' — 'I was dressed as I am now. I had my hands and my face bloody, because I had been eating the flesh of the said child.' — 'Do your hands and feet become paws of a wolf?' — 'Yes, they do.' — 'Does your head become like that of a wolf — your mouth become larger?' — 'I do not know how my head was at the time; I used my teeth; my head was as it is to-day. I have wounded and eaten many other little children; I have also been to the sabbath.'

Jacques Roulet would have been found insane by any modern jury, and there is scarcely in mediæval literature a case of lycanthropy which cannot be explained upon this simple theory, — the one at last adopted, and in our judgment proved, by Colonel Sleeman in Oude, but a more difficult question remains behind. Is it quite certain that all cases of long-continued and outrageous cruelty presuppose madness? Is cruelty in fact a natural quality, which can be cultivated, or an abnormal desire, the result of extreme and gradual depravation of the passions and the reason? Take the well known case of Gilles de Retz in 1440. If evidence can prove anything it is certain that this man, head of the mighty House of Laval, lord of entire counties and of prodigious wealth, did throw up a great position in the public service to wander from town to town and seat to seat kidnapping children, whom he put slowly to death to delight himself with their agonies. He confessed himself to *eight hundred* such murders, and his evidence was confirmed by the relics found. He was betrayed by his own agents, and in the worst age of a cruel cycle his crimes excited a burst of horror so profound that he, a noble of the class which was beyond the law, so powerful that he never attempted to escape, was burnt alive. Was he mad, or only bad beyond all human experience? Mr. Baring-Gould inclines evidently to the former theory, and it is at all events a pleasing one, but it is difficult for thinking men to forget that power has in other instances produced this capacity of cruelty, to refuse credence to all stories of the cruelty of Cæsars, and Shahs, and West Indian slaveholders. It is possible, and we hope true, that the genuine enjoyment of pain is rare among the sane, though the Roman populace felt something like it, and though we are ever and anon startled by cases of wilful cruelty to animals, but genuine indifference to it is frequent, and granted the indifference, any motive may give it an active form. The thirst for domination is the most common impulse, but in well known instances jealousy, fear, hatred, religious bigotry, and even vanity, have been equally efficacious. At all events the passion differs from madness in that it is restrainable. Hardly one genuine case on a great scale has been recorded in a civilized country for many years, and it seems certain that the restraints of order prevent it from acquiring its full sway, and that therefore it is rather the depravation of nature than nature itself which is its origin. Gilles de

Retz is possible, if he were sane, only in a class which can indulge every impulse with impunity, and at a time when law is no longer to be feared. It may be true that he belonged to the were-wolf genus, the men afflicted with homicidal mania, but he may also have belonged to a class now almost as exceptional, the men in whom unrestricted power has developed that thirst for testing it in its highest, its most frequent, and its most visible form, the infliction of slow death-agonies upon powerless human beings. It was, we fear, the madness of a Caesar rather than of a were wolf which influenced Gilles de Retz, and Mr. Baring-Gould would, we think, have exemplified his theory more perfectly had he excluded stories which testify not so much to the instability of human reason as to the depths of evil lurking in the human heart. He argues indeed that Gilles de Retz is the link between the citizen and the were wolf, but then in so doing he assumes one tremendous datum, that madness always shows itself in the extreme development of the latent heart, and not in its radical perversion. One of its commonest forms nevertheless is intense hatred of those whom the patient has most genuinely and fondly loved, and the balance of probability is that insanity as often perverts as intensifies the secret instincts of its victim. Mr. Baring-Gould has, we think, demonstrated that madness misapprehended was the root of the were-wolf delusion, but not that homicidal mania is the ultimate expression of an inherent tendency in universal human nature.

From the Spectator.

SCIENCE AND MIRACLE.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY, in the remarkable lecture on "improving natural knowledge" delivered to the working classes at St. Martin's Hall, and since published in the *Fortnightly Review*, states with a candour and moderation worthy of all praise, certain notions destructive of all worship, — except that very impossible kind of worship recommended by Professor Huxley, worship of the Unknown and Unknowable, — which have been gaining more and more hold of merely scientific men for many generations, and which, we need not say, are absolutely inconsistent with admitting the activity of any supernatural will in the Universe, and still more the actual occurrence of miracle.

Now it is a matter worth a little consideration how far men of pure science are trustworthy on matters of this kind, how far their evidence is what we should call on other subjects the evidence of *experts*, or not: On a medical subject, we should never think of adopting absolutely any theory rejected by a very large and, perhaps increasing, number of the most eminent men in the medical profession. On a historical subject, we should think it absurd to take up with a view against which every fresh historian of learning and eminence began with clearer and clearer conviction to protest. How far, then, even if it be true, as it possibly may be, that the tendency of the highest and calmest scientific thought is increasingly anti-supernatural, can we consider this the tendency of a class entitled to special intellectual deference, or the reverse? Mr. Brooke Foss Westcott, in a very thoughtful volume which he has just published on the *Gospel of the Resurrection*,* freely admits that "a belief in miracles decreases with the increase of civilization," but maintains, amidst other weaker and less defensible positions, that the accuracy of comprehensive views of nature as a whole, is not only not secured, but may be even specially endangered, by too special and constant a study of given parts of nature. "The requirements," he says, "of exact science bind the attention of each student to some one small field, and this little fragment almost necessarily becomes for him the measure of the whole, if indeed he has ever leisure to lift his eyes to the whole at all." And undoubtedly the man who has been studying, say, for the sake of a definite example, the chemical effects of light all his life, and who knows that every different substance when burnt yields a different spectrum, so that you may know by the number and situation of the dark lines exactly what substance it is that is burning, might be inclined to look at the possibility of miracle, and at faith in the supernatural will, from a narrow point of view. He will say to himself, 'If one of these spectra were suddenly to change its appearance, if such a dark line vanished, and such others appeared, should I not know with a certainty to me infallible, — a certainty on the absoluteness of which I should never hesitate to risk my own life or that of my family, — that some other element had been introduced into the burning substance? Could anything persuade me that the change was due to divine volition apart from the presence of a new

* Macmillan.

element or new elements in the burning substance? Must not the Almighty himself, if He chose to make the change, make it by providing the characteristic element for the purpose,—just as if He chose to alter the moral traits of a human character, He could only do it by a process that would alter the character itself, and not by making a stupid and ignorant man give out all the characteristic signs of wisdom and learning, or a malignant and cruel man put forth all the moral symptoms of warm benevolence and charity.' So the scientific man would argue, and we are disposed to think would argue rightly. For, admitting that the physical qualities of things are realities at all, we should say that to make the physical qualities of one thing interchange with the physical qualities of another, *without* interchanging the things, is, if it be logically and morally possible, as the Transubstantiationists believe and most other men disbelieve, a piece of divine magic or conjuring, and not a miracle. But then, do not many great scientific men like Professor Huxley really infer from such trains of reasoning far more than they will warrant? All that such reasonings do tend to show, is, that if you truly conceive the natural *constitutions* of things, there are changes which you cannot make without destroying those very things altogether, and substituting new ones. As a miracle which should make two and two five is intrinsically impossible (Mr. Mill and the *Saturday Review* in anywise notwithstanding), so also (though less certainly) a miracle which should make oxygen a combustible gas instead of a supporter of combustion, and quite certainly a miracle which should make it right to do what is known to be wrong, or wrong to do what is known to be right, is intrinsically impossible. But the modern scientific inference goes much further than this, and immediately extends the conception of these inherent constitutions of certain things and qualities to the whole Universe,—assuming, for instance, that it is just as impossible, just as much a breach in the inherent constitution of some one or more things, for one who has been dead to live again, for the phenomena of decomposition to be arrested, the heart once silent to begin to beat, as for oxygen itself to burn without ceasing to be oxygen. The way in which this view would be defended would be that all matter and all its qualities are now almost proved to be modes of force, and all force indestructible, so that any kind of supernatural change in the phenomena of matter would appear to

be equivalent to the positive alteration in the essence of a mighty whole, as really astounding in itself as the change which could make oxygen burn (that is, *oxidise*) or two and two equal to five.

Now this is, we take it, something less than conjecture,—indeed demonstrable scientific error, if science be taken to include anything more than the laws of physical phenomena. It is probably true indeed that in some sense the physical forces of the Universe are an invariable quantity, which only alter their forms, and not their sum total. If I move my arm, the motion, says the physiologist, is only the exact equivalent of a certain amount of heat which has disappeared and taken the form of that motion. If I do not move it, the heat remains for use in some other way. In either case the stock of force is unchanged. This is the conviction of almost all scientific men, and is probably true. But whether the stock of physical force is constant or not, the certainty that human will can change its direction and application—can transfer it from one channel to another—is just the same. And what that really means, if Will be ever free and uncaused, though of course not unconditioned,—which is, we take it, as ultimate and *scientific* a certainty as any in the Universe,—is no less than this,—that a strictly supernatural power alters the order and constitution of nature,—takes a stock of physical force lying in a reservoir here and transfers it to a stream of effort there,—in short, that the supernatural can change the order and constitution of the natural,—in its essence *pure miracle*, though miracle of human, and not of divine origin. For example, almost every physiologist will admit the enormous power that pure Will has over the nervous system,—that it can prolong consciousness and even life itself for certain short spaces, by the mere exertion of vehement purpose. Physicians tell you constantly that such and such a patient may no doubt, if it be sufficiently important, by a great effort command his mind sufficiently to settle his affairs, but that it will be at the expense of his animal force,—in short, that it will be a *free transfer of force* from the digestive and so to say vegetating part of his system, to that part of his physical constitution, his nervous system, which lies closest, as it were, to the will. Nay, we have heard physicians say that patients, by a great effort of pure will, have, as they believe, prolonged their own life for a short space, that is, have imparted, we suppose, through the excitement pro-

duced by the will on the nervous system and so downwards, a certain slight increase of capacity to assimilate food to the failing organic powers of the body. In other words, we conclude, just as the organism is failing to draw supplies of physical force from the outward world, its power of doing so may be slightly prolonged, — the outward world drained of a small amount of force it would otherwise have kept in stock, and the organism compelled to absorb it — by a pure volition. Can there be a clearer case of action of the supernatural on the natural, — even granting that the sum total of physical force is not altered, but only its application changed?

What more do we want to conceive clearly the room for Christian miracle, than the application of precisely the same conception to God and Christ? The students of the Universe appear to us to be in precisely the same condition with regard to the Universe, as a scientific observing mind secreted in some part of a human body (not the mind moving that body, but some other) would be in with relation to the structural, chemical, mechanical laws of that body. Suppose an atom of your blood able to retain its identity constantly in a human body, and to travel about it on a tour of scientific observation. It would very soon arrive at the conclusion that there were great laws of circulation of the blood and the fluids which supply it, — such as we see in nature in the astronomical laws, — great laws of force by which the legs and arms are moved, like the forces of tides or falling waters in the Universe, — great structural laws, by which different tissues, like the hair, the skin, nails, the nervous and muscular tissues, grow up out of the nourishment supplied them, just as we notice the growth of trees and flowers out of the earth, — and great though somewhat uncertain laws of alternation between activity and repose, — like the laws of night and day; — and such a scientific particle as we have supposed would undoubtedly soon begin to say that the more deeply it studied these things, the more the reign of pure law seemed to be extended in the universe of the body, so that all those uncertain and irregular phenomena (which we, however, really know to be due to the changes effected by our own free self-governing power), must be ascribed, it would say, not to any supernatural influence, but to its own imperfect knowledge of the more complex phenomena at work. And such a scientific particle would be perfectly justified in its inferences; for we have sup-

posed it only an intellectual observing machine, not a free will with *knowledge* of its own that there is a power which is not caused, and which can effect real modifications in the relation even of physical forces which never vary in amount. But nevertheless it would be wrong, and could never know the truth, namely, that the ordering of the succession in these physical forces, — the interchanges between one and the other, — the physical influences over the body exerted by the command of the appetites and passions, were all of them really traceable in great part to supernatural power, though to supernatural power which does not either add to or subtract from the sum total of physical force present in the Universe. And we maintain that the men of pure science, as they are called, — the men who study everything *but* Will, — fall into precisely the same blunder as such a rationalizing particle of a human body, and for the same reason. They are quite right in their inferences from their premises, but their premises are radically defective.

In truth the room for miracle remains as wide as ever. Admit all the discoveries of science, and still they only prove a certain constancy in the amount of physical force, and a certain invisible law of succession between the *same* phenomena. But just as a man who puts forth a great effort to retain his consciousness and reason or even life for a short time longer than he would otherwise do, may succeed, — succeed, that is, in pumping up the failing supply of physical force from the Universe to his system for a few minutes or hours, when without such an effort it would have fled from his body and passed away into other channels, — so miracle only assumes that a supernatural power infinitely greater than man's will might, on sufficient reason, — which every Christian believes to be far more than sufficient, — do the same thing infinitely more effectually, and for a far longer time. Miracle is in essence only the directing supernatural influence of free mind over natural forces and substances, whatever these may be. In *man* we do not call this miracle, only because we are accustomed to it, — and in nature scientific men refuse to believe that any such directing power exists at all. But nevertheless, every accurate thinker will see at once, that free will, Providence, and Miracle do not differ in *principle* at all, but are only less or more startling results of the same fact, — which true reason shows to be fact, — that above nature exist free wills, pro-

bably of all orders of power, which do not, indeed, ever *break* the order of nature, but can and do transform, — as regards man by very small dribblets, — but as regards higher than human wills in degrees the extent of which we cannot measure, — natural forces from one phase of activity into another, so as greatly to change the *moral* order and significance of the Universe in which we live.

From the Economist, 6 Jan.

THE DURATION OF OUR SUPPLY OF COAL.

UNDER the title of "The Coal Question," Mr. Jevons* has furnished the public with a number of well-arranged and for the most part indisputable facts, and with a series of suggestive reflections, which every one interested in the future progress and greatness of his country will do well to ponder seriously. Few of us need to be reminded how completely cheap coal is at the foundation of our prosperity and our commercial and manufacturing supremacy. Coal and iron make England what she is; and her iron depends upon her coal. Other countries have as much iron ore as we have, and some have better ore; but no country (except America, which is yet undeveloped) has abundant coal and ironstone in the needed proximity. Except in our supply of coal and iron we have no natural suitabilities for the attainment of industrial greatness; nearly all the raw materials of our manufactures come to us from afar; we import much of our wool, most of our flax, all our cotton and all our silk. Our railroads and our steamboats are made of iron and are worked by coal. So are our great factories. So now is much of our war navy. Iron is one of our chief articles of export; all our machinery is made of iron; it is especially in our machinery that we surpass other nations; it is our machinery that produces our successful textile fabrics; and the iron which constructs this machinery is extracted, smelted, cast, hammered, wrought into tools, by coal and the steam which coal generates. It is believed that at least half the coal raised in Great Britain is consumed by the various branches of the iron trade.

With these facts present to our mind we

shall readily understand that the vital questions for the wealth, progress, and greatness of our country are these: — "Is our supply of coal inexhaustible? and if not, how long will it last?" — Mr. Jevons enables us to answer both these questions. It is very far from being inexhaustible; it is in process of exhaustion; and, if we go on augmenting our consumption from year to year at our present rate of increase, it will not last a hundred years. Our geological knowledge is now so great and certain, and what we may term the *underground* survey of our islands has been so complete that we know with tolerable accuracy both the extent, the thickness, and the accessibility of our coal fields, and the quantity of coal annually brought to the surface and used up. The entire amount of coal remaining in Great Britain, down to a depth of 4,000 feet, is estimated to be 80,000 millions of tons. Our annual consumption was in 1860 about 80 millions. At that rate the available coal would last for 1,000 years. But our consumption is now steadily increasing at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, and will in 1880 be, not 80 millions, but 160 millions; and, *if it continues thus to increase*, will have worked out the whole 80,000 millions before the year 1960. Nay it would reach this climax probably some time earlier; for our calculation includes all the coal down to 4,000 feet; and no coal mine has yet been worked at a greater depth than 2,500 feet; and we do not believe that mines can be worked profitably, and we have little reason to think they can be worked at all, at such a depth as 4,000 feet.

Of course we know that, practically, our coal-fields will *not* be worked out within this period. Of course we are aware that our present rate of annual augmentation cannot be maintained. Every year we have to go deeper for our supply; and going deeper means incurring greater and greater expense for labour, for machinery, for ventilation, for pumping out the water, for accidents, &c. Going deeper, therefore, implies an enhanced price for the coal raised, and that enhancement of price will check consumption. *But it is precisely this imminent enhancement of price, and not ultimate exhaustion, that we have to dread*; for it is this enhancement which will limit our rate of progress and deprive us of our special advantages and our manufacturing supremacy. Let us see a little in detail the *modus operandi*. The difficulty of working and raising coal increases rapidly as the mine grows deeper, or as inferior mines have to be worked; the heat grows more insupporta-

* The Coal Question. By W. Stanley Jevons, M. A. Macmillan, 1865.

ble, the shafts and passages longer, the danger greater, the ventilation more costly, the quantity of water to be kept out or got out more unmanageable. A very short period may raise engine coal and smelting coal from 5s to 10s per ton. Now a cotton mill of ordinary size will often use for its steam-power 80 tons of coal per week. This at 5s is 1,000*l* a year; at 10s per ton, it is 2,000*l*. But the cotton mill is full of machinery; and one great element in the cost of this machinery is the coal used in smelting and working the iron of which the machinery is made. The railroads which bring the cotton to the mill and take the calico and yarn back to the place of exportation are made of iron and worked by coal: so are the steamboats which bring the cotton to our shores and export the yarn to Germany; — the cost of carriage, therefore, which is a very large item in the contingent expenses of our factories, will be greatly increased both directly and indirectly by a rise in the price of coal. An advance in that price from 5s to 10s per ton, may be estimated to be equivalent to 2,000*l* a year on the working cost of a good-sized cotton mill. That is, as compared with the present state of things, and as compared with foreign countries, every manufacturer would have a burden of 2,000*l* a year laid upon him, and would have to raise the cost of his goods to that extent. How long could he continue to compete with his rivals under this disadvantage, or (it would be more correct to say) with his present advantage taken away from him? And how long would coal continue to be supplied even at 10s a ton?

And, be it observed, the check to the consumption of coal — the retardation *i. e.* in our progress towards ultimate and absolute exhaustion — can only come from increase of price, and the moment that it does come, the decline of our relative manufacturing pre-eminence has begun. We shall avoid the extinction of our coal in the short period of a century; but we shall do so only by using less now; — and using less now means producing less iron, exporting less calico and woollens, employing less shipping, supporting a scantier population, *ceasing our progress*, receding from our relative position. We may, it is true, make our coal last a thousand years instead of a hundred, and reduce the inevitable increase in its price to a very inconsiderable rate; *but we can do so only by becoming stationary*; and to become stationary implies letting other nations pass us in the race, exporting our whole annual increase of population, growing relatively, if not positively, poorer and feebler.

Nor does there seem any escape from these conclusions theoretically, nor any way of modifying them practically. We may, it is said, economise in the use of coal. But, in the first place, the great economies that can be reasonably looked for have been already introduced. In smelting iron ore we use two-thirds less coal than formerly, and in working our steam engines one-half less; and, in the second place, it is only a rise in the price of coal that will goad us into a more sparing use of it; and this very rise of price is the proof and the measure of our danger. "Export no more coal," it is suggested, and so husband your stores. But we could not adopt this expedient, even if it were wise to do so, or consistent with our commercial policy, without throwing half our shipping trade into confusion by depriving them of their ballast trade; and even then the evil would be scarcely more than mitigated? "Why," ask others, "should we not, when our own stores of coal are exhausted, import coal from other countries which will still be rich in mineral fuel, and thus supply our need?" Simply because of all articles of trade and industry coal is the most bulky in proportion to its value; and that it is the fact of *having it at hand*, of having it in abundance, of having it cheap, of having it without the cost of carriage, that has given us our manufacturing superiority. With coal brought from America, with coal costing what coal then would cost, we could neither smelt our iron, work our engines, drive our locomotives, sail our ships, spin our yarn, nor weave our broad cloths. Long before we had to import our fuel the game would be up.

Of 136 millions of tons now annually raised throughout the world, Great Britain produces 80 millions and the United States only 20. But this is only because we have had the first start, and because our population is far denser, and because our iron and our coal lie conveniently for each other and conveniently for carriage. As soon as America is densely peopled, to America must both our iron and our coal supremacy — and all involved therein — be transferred; for the United States are in these respects immeasurably richer than even Great Britain. Their coal-fields are estimated at 196,000 square miles in extent, while ours are only 5,400. But this is not all: their coal is often better in quality and incomparably more accessible than ours, especially in the Ohio valley. In some places the cost *at the pit's mouth* even now is 2s per ton in America, against 6s in England.

From the Spectator.

HAIRDRESSING IN EXCELSIS.

It is not easy to understand the differences in the popular appreciation of the minor trades. Why is a tailor considered rather contemptible, when no idea of ridicule attaches to a bootmaker? Both make clothes, and in trade estimation the tailor, who must always be something of a capitalist, is the higher man of the two, but the popular verdict is against him. Nobody calls a hosier the eighteenth part of a man, yet strictly speaking his business is only a minor branch of tailoring. No ridicule attaches to a hatter, notwithstanding the lunatic proverb about his permanent mental condition, but everybody laughs internally as he speaks of a hairdresser. Is it because hairdressers were once popularly supposed to be all Frenchmen, and therefore share the contempt with which dancing-masters are regarded by people who, while they express it, would not for the world fail to profit by their instructions? A singing-master is allowed to be an artist, often one of the first class, but a dancing-master is considered a cross between an artist and a monkey. Or are hairdressers despised, like men milliners, because their occupation, especially in modern Europe, where men have abandoned wigs, long locks, and the careful arrangement of the hair, is essentially feminine? That may be the explanation, for nobody despises the lady's-maid more or less because if she is "very superior" she can dress hair as well as any hairdresser. Or is the sufficient cause to be sought in their pretensions, in their constant but unsuccessful claim to be considered artists, something a little lower than professionals, but a great deal higher than mere tradesmen, a claim which induces them to indulge in highflown advertisements and the invention of preposterous names, usually Greek, but not unfrequently Persian, for totally useless unguents? The claim is allowed in France, but in England, like the similar one of the cook and the confectioners, it has always been rejected, a rejection which excites the profession every now and then to somewhat violent and therefore ridiculous self-assertion. They perceive an opportunity just at present. For a good many years past the business of the coiffeur has been comparatively a very simple affair, rising scarcely to the dignity of a trade and entirely outside the province of art. Men all over Europe have adopted the fashion of the much ridiculed Roundheads, cut their hair habitually close, till the assertion that

a man's hair is naturally as long as a woman's strikes them with a sense of surprise, and have almost ceased to dress it. They use pomade still, or at least hairdressers say so, and a few of them, unaware that a mixture of cocoa-nut oil and thin spirit is in all ways the absolutely best unguent, waste cash upon costly coloured oils, but hairdressing for men is out of fashion. The average hairdresser contemptuously turns over the male head to some beginner, who snips away till hair and tournure are got rid of with equal speed. Up to 1860, too, women wore their hair, even on occasions demanding a grand toilette, after a very simple fashion, one which the majority of them could manage very well for themselves, and which required only careful brushing. This fashion was not perhaps altogether in perfect taste. Simplicity has charms, but still a custom which compelled women with Greek profiles and complexions of one shade only and girls with cherry cheeks and turned-up noses equally to wear their hair like Madonnas, was open to some slight attack on artistic grounds. Madonnas should not have laughing blue eyes, or pouting lips, or flaxen hair, or that look of *espieglerie* which accompanies a properly turned-up nose, — not a snub, that is abominable, but just the *nez retroussé* which artists detest and other men marry. The Second Empire, however, does not approve simplicity, and gradually the art of dressing hair has come again into use. The fashion of wearing hair à *l'Impératrice* was the first blow to the Madonna mania, and young women with no foreheads, and with pointed foreheads, and with hair-covered foreheads, all pulled their unruly locks straight back because an Empress with a magnificent forehead chose to make the best of it. Anything uglier than this fashion in all women with unsuitable foreheads and all women whatever with black hair it would be hard to conceive, and the mania did not as a mania last very long. Then came the day of invention, the use of false hair, the insertion of frisettes, the introduction of golden dyes, the re-entry of the vast combs prized by our great grandmothers, the admiration of pins stolen from the Ionian and Pompeian head-gear, and a general attention to the head-dress which we can best describe by quoting from the *Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece* a paragraph on the hairdressing of Athenian women: — "On nothing was there so much care bestowed as upon the hair. Auburn, the colour of Aphrodite's tresses in Homer, being considered most beautiful, drugs were invented in

which the hair being dipped, and exposed to the noon day sun, it acquired the coveted hue, and fell in golden curls over their shoulders. Others, contented with their own black hair, exhausted their ingenuity in augmenting its rich gloss, steeping it in oils and essences, till all the fragrance of Arabia seemed to breathe around them. Those waving ringlets which we admire in their sculpture were often the creation of art, being produced by curling-irons heated in ashes; after which, by the aid of jewelled fillets and golden pins, they were brought forward over the smooth white forehead, which they sometimes shaded to the eyebrows, leaving a small ivory space in the centre, while behind they floated in shining profusion down the back. When decked in this manner, and dressed for the gunæitis in their light flowered sandals and semi-transparent robes, they were scarcely farther removed from the state of nature than the Spartan maids themselves."

The grand triumph of the Ionic barbers, the invention of a mode of plaiting which occupied many hours, and could therefore be repeated only once a week, and required those who wore it to sleep on their backs with their necks resting on wooden trestles, hollowed out lest the bed should derange the hair, has not indeed been repeated, though under the fostering care of Mr. Carter even that perfection may one day be attained. Still we have the auburn dyes, and the pins, and all the Athenian devices, and it is not quite certain that the "chignon," the nasty mass of horsehair and human hair which women have learnt to stick on the back of their heads, and which is actually sold in Regent Street attached to bonnets, is not an additional triumph over nature. We have a picture somewhere of a chignon more than three thousand years old, but if we are not mistaken there are feathers on it as well as hair, the very idea which the President of the Hairdressers' Academy on Tuesday reinvented, and for which he was so heartily applauded. Of course, with the new rage for artificial arrangement, false hair, dyes, chignons, hair *crêpe*, hair *frisé*, and we know not what, the hairdresser's art is looking up, and the sensible tradesmen who practise it, sensible in all but their grandiloquence — which is, we take it, half-comic, half a genuine effort at self-assertion — are making the most of their opportunity.

The *soirée*, or "swarry," as the doorkeeper persisted in calling it, of the Hairdressers' Academy, held in the Hanover Square Rooms on Tuesday, was really a noteworthy

incident in the annals of modern folly. Some thirty women had their hair dressed in public by the same number of men — not, we are sorry to say, to the accompaniment of slow music, — an improvement we recommend to Mr. Carter's attention — and some two hundred men and women looked on and applauded the result. There was in the middle of the room a long table covered with a white cloth, as it were for some sort of experiment, but upon the table could be seen nothing but hand-mirrors, which looked indigestible. So long were other visitors in coming that one visitor, who was conscious of wanting the scissors and of a total absence of bear's grease, was afraid that one of the many gentlemen who in winning costume, and faultless "eads of air," and unmistakable hairdressing propensities, hovered near the door, would insist upon his having his hair cut and dressed forthwith, merely to wile away the time. But fortunately, just as a gentleman with a "ead of air" which would have done credit to any wax figure in any shop window, was approaching with sinister looks, visitors, masculine and feminine began to pour in. Then there was diffused around the room an odour of bear's grease, and probably costlier unguents, and from the look of the ladies' hair the writer was under the impression that he beheld the victims who had been immolated upon the shrine of hairdressing, and who were to exhibit the effects of the sacrifice. But not so. Awhile, and then there came in, each leaning upon the arm of the cavalier who was to "dress her," about thirty-two ladies, from an age to which it would be ungallant to allude down to (one can hardly say "bashful") fifteen. Their hair was in some instances apparently just out of curl-papers, but for the most part hanging unconfined except at the back, where it was fastened close to the crown, and then hung down like a horse's tail. Among the thirty were one or two magnificent chevelures, but we did not see one that quite realized the painter's ideal, one which the wearer could have wrapped round her as Titian's model must have done, or one on which the owner could have stood, as on a mat, as Hindoo women have been known to do. Their comic appearance, and the clapping of hands which arose thereat, showed one at once that they were the victims or (if you please) the heroines. They sat at the white-cloth-covered table, and the cavaliers drew from black bags combs, and puffs, and hair-pins, and what looked like small rolling-pins, and tapeworms, and bell-ropes, and cord off window-curtains, and muslin

and tissue-paper, and flowers and fruits of the earth imitated in green and gold. Then the "dressing" began, and the spectator saw with awe and amazement what art can do for hair, then one repented of ever having doubted the truth of ladies who at balls say, with a significant glance at head-dresses, "Why, how do you do, dear? I really did not know you." Some people may think that hair, however plenteous or however scanty, looks better in its natural state than when it is made into a flower garden; and others may hold that no kind of hair is improved by being interwoven with tape-worms or bell-ropes, or even the cord off window-curtains. But it is certain that by the use of muslin and other materials already spoken of a result may be obtained which would justify a man in cutting his mother (on the score of non-recognition, if on no other), and which would lead one to believe that so long as a lady has a couple of handfuls of hair left she may, with the help of art, hold her own against Berenice. When all the ladies were "dressed" one of the "dressers" made an unexceptionable little speech in unexceptionable English (for which our experience of hairdressing had not prepared us), concluding by saying that the ladies in their "dressed" state would walk round the table each leaning on the arm of her "dresser," so that the spectators might all have a full view. As he said, so did they; nay, they went further, and walked round twice, amidst the applause of the assembled witnesses. We were disappointed that no prize beyond applause was given; we had thought that at least a small-tooth, comb, after the fashion of those said by Miss Emmeline Lott to be used in the Turkish harems, would have been bestowed. But perhaps it would have been dangerous to have given so decided a preference to the hair of one lady over that of another, for after all it must be with some difficulty that the subjects of the exhibition are collected. After the "swarry" came a ball, at which whosoever danced with the ladies who had their heads powdered was, if he disliked dust, to be pitied. The company seemed to be, for the most part, or at any rate to a considerable extent, connected with the hairdressing interest, and that they should do all they could to bring their craft to perfection is not only pardonable, but commendable. Would it, however, be well if society in general should patronize such exhibitions? Opinions happily differ, but we cannot help thinking evil would come of it. What manner of woman, is it that must study such matters as hairdressing, if

she would entice our "golden youth" (or our golden age, for the matter of that)? What manner of woman, then, would set the fashion in hairdressing? And we know what has been the consequence in France (if we are not nearly as bad here) of following in small matters the lead of the *demi-monde*. On the other hand, two convictions at all events we acquired from the spectacle. One is that modern hairdressing in its highest form is a branch of jewellery, the real art being shown not in the arrangement of the hair, but in the addition of things which are not hair — combs, ribbons, flowers, dewdrops, and gilt insects — the last a taste essentially inartistic and depraved. The other was that it is not safe for any man to make a proposal in the evening. So utterly were some of the "subjects" changed by the act of the operators, that the possibility of not knowing in the morning the betrothed of the evening seemed very real indeed, and the mistake would be an awkward one for both parties.

From the Economist, 27 January.

THE ANALOGY BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONS.

THE Emperor of the French has said many remarkable things, but few more remarkable than the short sentence in which he hints that there is some analogy between the Constitution of France and that of the United States. The statement has been received in England with an impatience which is a little unjust, and is caused by too exclusive an attention to surface differences. Those differences are of course patent to every one; but the analogy is not the less real and striking. The key-note of the American Constitution is the existence of an Executive which during its term of office is irresponsible to the people, which acts by its own volition, which can pursue if necessary a policy diametrically opposed to the wishes of those who elected it. That also is the key-note of the system established by the Second Empire. The President does as he pleases in all matters within his province just as the Emperor does, and like him is irresponsible to the Legislature — need not, indeed, explain to the representatives of the people his own official acts. His ministers are his

ministers or clerks, bound to obey his orders; not bound to pay any heed, and frequently, not paying any heed, to votes passed by the popular body. Of course, in America as in France this absolute disunion between the Executive and the body which controls the purse is very inconvenient, and it has in each country been met in the same way. In France the Minister without a portfolio explains to the Corps Legislatif the plans of departments which he does not control, and in America a friend or connection or political ally of the President performs the same function, Mr. Raymond for example occupying as nearly as possible that position in Congress, which M. Rouher occupies in the French Chamber. It is true the French spokesman is a recognised official, and the American spokesman is not, but the recognition does not diminish "responsibility" in the English parliamentary sense, but rather increases it. It is true Mr. Johnson cannot effect through Congress what the Emperor can effect through his Legislature, but that is because he has not a majority and the Emperor has. In theory the French Chamber has as much right to reject a bill proposed by the Imperial Government as Congress has, and were the Emperor less dreaded it would frequently do so. At the present moment Mr. Johnson is trying to "make a majority" to support his policy by means quite as strong as those used in French elections. He has ordered that no radical recommendation for office shall be listened to, and has it is said threatened that unless his opponents give way he will dismiss every official throughout the Union who owes his election to the recommendation of an opponent, a measure which has daunted his stoutest adversaries as fatal to their re-election. They will be in fact, as in France, struck out of the Government list. Indeed the prerogative of the President is in many ways greater than that of the Emperor. Each is commander-in-chief, but the President can deprive any officer of his commission by decree, and the Emperor cannot. A French officer's grade is his "property," and though the law has 'once or twice been violated, it could not be broken through except for a State necessity. Emperor and President are alike masters of the Civil Service, but the President can and does dismiss at will, and the bureaucracy of France is permanent. An order, such as Mr. Johnson is said to have threatened to give, would in France have aroused an unconquerable resistance. No doubt the Emperor of the

French can do things infinitely more high-handed than the President could attempt, but that is not by virtue of the idea of the French Constitution, but by reason of his control over a system essentially and radically despotic, which he did not make, and which his predecessors also used, the French police. Mr. Johnson has no such organisation at his disposal, but when it existed during the first two years of the war it was used without much regard to anything but the safety of the Federation. Without the police and the immense army, and with a hostile majority in the Chamber, the Emperor would be almost precisely in the position of the President.

But the latter is subject to removal at the expiration of his term? No doubt Mr. Johnson is, and has therefore a great temptation to make his policy accord with the policy approved by the electors, and so has the Emperor Napoleon, who follows opinion quite as anxiously; but that deference is no part of the Constitution, which provides for change in the individual, but not for change in the absolute independence of the office. In changing our Premier, we ensure a change of policy, because if the new man disobeys, he also can be dismissed next day; but in changing the President, America merely places one independent and irremovable official in place of another. The theories of the Imperial and Republican systems are identical, except in the illogical peculiarity of the French Constitution, that it introduces the hereditary element into the Executive, whereas the right of election logically includes a right of dismissal at periods fixed by mutual agreement. But the freedom of the Press, of speech, of association? Well, these things exist in America and do not exist in France; but it is not in consequence of the Constitution, but of the popular will. Nothing prevents an American President, with Congress at his back, from subverting the freedom of the Press, by means, for example, of remissible taxes, if they think that policy sound. The Emperor and his first Chamber did think it sound, and so freedom in France ended, a fact greatly no doubt to be regretted, but in no way proving that the principles of the American and French Constitutions are not analogous. One very remarkable power indeed is possessed by the American Legislature which is not possessed by the French, and that is the right of passing a law by a two-third vote, in defiance of the President. But the French Chamber is theoretically just as strong, for it could insist on a certain law being passed, under penalty of a rejection.

tion of the Budget, and the Emperor must either yield, or appeal to a plebiscite, that is, strike a *coup d'état* upsetting the Constitution, which gives the Chamber such a right of control. That the two sets of institutions are *worked* in a different way, and with a different spirit, is too obvious for remark; but that does not destroy the theoretic analogy to which the Emperor points.

The truth is that apart from the operation of the State system, which with many faults still organises popular resistance, the President of the United States is, during his term of office, an excessively powerful monarch, and the fact, revealed only by the war, has evidently struck forcibly on the imagination of the Emperor of the French. As he acknowledges in his speech he still dislikes Parliamentary Government, for which he is himself singularly unfitted, and he glances at the Union with a passing thought that if he ever grants "liberty," it will be in the American and not in the English form. Should the thought ever become active, it is astonishing how little he will have to do to restore "liberty" after the American model as it would appear were the Union a republic one and indivisible. He would have to introduce laws establishing the freedom of the press, and the right of association, and the liability of all officials to prosecution for illegal acts done in their official capacities; and the exemption of all citizens from arrest except on criminal charges, and the constitutional change would be theoretically almost complete. The remaining changes which would be necessary—such as abstinence from interference in the elections, recognition of the right of debate, and restoration of the legislative initiative to individual members—are scarcely constitutional. These changes once accomplished, France would be in possession of a great amount of practical liberty, of the control of her own Legislature, and of an Executive terribly strong indeed, but not stronger than that of the American Union; rather less strong, because hampered by the legal rights of the army, and the customary rights of the civil bureaucracy. That is not a form of Government we admire, because it lacks the one strength of the Parliamentary system, the absolute identity of the Legislature and the Executive power; but it is one which might suit France for a time, and would have the immense advantage of permitting free thought and its expression, and some activity of Parliamentary life without the previous dismissal of the Napoleonic dynasty, which will never, we fear, consent to that incessant intellectual conflict

by which alone a constitutional monarch can acquire great individual power. At all events, should circumstances ever compel the Emperor to relax the overstrictness of his *regime*, it is to the American rather than to the British form of freedom that he appears likely to feel his way.

From the Saturday Review, Jan. 27.

MEXICO.

THE position which the Government of the United States is prepared to take up with regard to Mexico is at last clearly and finally established, and it is one that is calculated to excite some apprehension for the future peace of the world. During the autumn months of last year, Mr. SEWARD was continually urging on the Federal Government the expediency of the speedy withdrawal of the French troops; and, with many sincere protestations of the most friendly feeling towards France, he gave the EMPEROR to understand that, if his troops were to stay much longer where they were, a rupture between the two countries was inevitable. The EMPEROR would be only too glad to get his troops away if he could do so without compromising his own honour, and that of France; and it seemed to him that the best way of arranging the matter would be that the French troops should go, and that the United States should recognise the Emperor MAXIMILIAN. The Mexican Empire, being thus placed on a friendly footing with the only Power it has to dread, might hope to establish itself and prosper, if prosperity in Mexico is possible for it. France would have succeeded, or, at least, would not have openly and conspicuously failed; and all jealousy between Washington and Paris would have been at an end. But Mr. SEWARD has distinctly and decisively rejected this proposal. The United States will not recognise the Emperor MAXIMILIAN, nor treat him on any but a hostile footing. In the eyes of the Americans, he is an intruder, and an enemy of an injured and friendly Republic, and they can never be content until his enterprise has wholly failed. Congress, as Mr. SEWARD remarks, must exercise its legitimate influence on the Government of the PRESIDENT; and the PRESIDENT has not only to announce his own decision, but that of the American people and its representatives; and the opinion of the American people is violently against the

Mexican Empire. Of this there can be no doubt; for even if the accusations continually brought up in Congress against the Emperor MAXIMILIAN were true, instead of being, as for the most part they are, gross misrepresentations, still the vehemence and pertinacity with which they are urged show clearly enough how deep is the animosity that prompts them. If the whole question were simply one of the continuance of the Mexican Empire, it might be worth while to discuss these accusations, and to show how very slight is the basis on which they have been reared; but all matters of detail are swallowed up in the gravity of the declaration which the United States have now issued. The view of the Government of the United States is, that the French have violated the MONROE doctrine in its proper and original sense. There was a Republic established in Mexico, holding its territory unopposed, in harmony with the country, dear to the inhabitants, and in the most friendly relations with the United States. The French came to pull down this Republic, and to set up a Monarchy, and they persist in remaining in Mexico to force this alien Empire on an unwilling Republican people. This is the mode in which the United States have determined, after full deliberation, to regard the recent history of Mexico; and they will not allow any compromise by which their adherence to this view might seem to be weakened. So long as France stays in Mexico, forcing an Empire on the Republicans of a contiguous State, America will treat France exactly as she would expect France to treat her if she sent a fleet, and landed troops, to set up a Republic in Belgium. Much, it is acknowledged, is to be borne from France, which would not be borne from any other country. It will be only in the last resort that the language of America would become hostile to a country endeared to her by so many traditions, and bound to her by so many ties. The tone of Mr. SEWARD's letter is very conciliatory, and the Government of President JOHNSON has been resolute in preventing any indirect breaches of amity. The export of arms from California has been prevented, and still more recently a considerable portion of the troops in Texas has been disbanded. France has nothing to complain of in small things; there is only the one great point of difference between her and the United States, that she has violated a doctrine to which the United States attach the greatest importance, and which they are resolved to uphold. They now merely ask that the French troops shall be

withdrawn; but if this is not done, the time must come when they will insist on having their wishes fulfilled.

This uncompromising language of the American Government has placed the Emperor of the FRENCH in a very difficult position. He cannot seem to yield to threats; but still he knows that, if any way of withdrawing his troops with honour can be found, he must use it. He has, therefore, set earnestly to work to disprove the view which the American Government has adopted. He denies altogether that he ever wished to set up a Monarchy in Mexico, or to crush a Republic. But the Republican Government had insulted and offended him, plundered and murdered his subjects, gave no compensation, and perhaps was too weak, poor, and anarchical to give any. He interfered merely to get redress, but he did not see how it was possible to hope for redress from such a Government as then existed in Mexico. Several leading Mexicans proposed to establish a Monarchy, and he concurred in the idea because he thought a Monarchy, which had long been a favourite notion of many Mexicans, offered the best chance of getting a Government strong, durable, and enlightened enough to pay him what he was owed. This is all. He no more wishes to put down a Republic in Mexico than he does to put down a Republic at Washington; he merely wished, and wishes, to have an instrument ready to provide him with the redress he asked. The Emperor MAXIMILIAN and his Court, and his Orders of the Eagle and Gaudalupe, are only pretty bits of machinery for the recovery of money owing to Frenchmen; and it must be owned that, if this is all, they are about as expensive a piece of machinery, in comparison with the object to be effected, as was ever invented. But then, as the EMPEROR said in his speech, this machinery has answered, or very nearly answered. There is now in Mexico an enlightened Government triumphant over all opposition, with a French commerce trebled in an incredibly short space of time, plentifully supplied with troops, and quite ready to pay off all that is due to France. A few more arrangements have still to be made with the Emperor MAXIMILIAN, so that the stipulated payments may be fully secured, and then the French troops will be finally and honourably withdrawn. The ecstatic visions of M. CHEVALIER, and the ardent proclamations of Marshal FOREY, are forgotten, or utterly neglected. We hear no more of the spread of French influence over the Western hemisphere, of the necessity of enabling

the Latin race to confront the Anglo-Saxon race in the New World. The Americans are told that all that has been done in Mexico has been done simply to redress the wrongs and support the claims of Frenchmen; the French themselves are told that this most desirable end has been accomplished, and that the troops who have rendered its accomplishment possible may soon be expected home. But it is scarcely necessary to say that neither the Americans nor the French will be satisfied. The Americans think, and think with perfect truth, that the experiment of recovering French debts by shooting Republicans until the Austrian Archduke was made Emperor would never have been tried unless it had been supposed that it could be tried without the United States being able to interfere with it. The French know that at least twenty millions of French money have been sunk in the experiment, and that if their troops were withdrawn it would be a great deal more difficult to recover the new debt than it was to recover the old one. The EMPEROR, by adopting the view that he is merely trying to get his just dues from Mexico, has done something to conciliate the Americans; yet he has made it even harder than before to justify to France the withdrawal of the troops. To throw away twenty millions in the attempt to get back a tenth of that sum is as deplorable an investment, and as conspicuous a failure, as he could well make. The last Mexican loan of about six millions sterling was almost entirely subscribed by the French poor, on the direct solicitation of the local officials of the Government, and it would most seriously impair the confidence of the lower classes in the EMPEROR's policy if it ended in a loss to them of money which they only subscribed because he seemed to ask for it himself.

The EMPEROR must, therefore, risk something. He might risk either a war with America, or a blow to his prestige in France. His speech was very judiciously worded, and he seemed to be preserving a firm attitude, and consulting the dignity of his country, while he prepared a mode of escape from his embarrassment by asserting that his work was done in Mexico, and that the Emperor MAXIMILIAN was firmly established there. It will now naturally be his first object to get the Emperor MAXIMILIAN to share this opinion; and the story may be true that he has sent over a special envoy to represent to the Emperor of MEXICO that he must consent to the withdrawal of the French troops, and try his chance of empire from

his own resources. If the Emperor MAXIMILIAN would but announce that he was now quite sure of his throne, and that French aid was no longer necessary to him, the French might undoubtedly retire without dishonour. They could not retire at once, but it may be presumed that the Americans would be quite satisfied if a Convention like the September Convention with Italy were agreed on, and if it were arranged that all French troops should have quitted Mexico by the end of the present year. If the French went, the Austrians and Belgians must go too—not necessarily at the very same time, but before very long; as it is obvious that, if the French have been guilty of coming to American soil to trample down a Republic and set up a Monarchy, so have they. The Emperor MAXIMILIAN would therefore have to decide whether he could possibly hold his own with native troops against his domestic enemies; and secondly, whether, if he thought it possible to succeed, he would also think it worth while to try. It may be assumed, perhaps, that the Emperor of the FRENCH would be able to provide that Mexico should be left alone, and that, if he did not go there, neither would the Americans. But if all foreign troops were withdrawn, the EMPEROR would have to fight Mexicans with Mexicans. His Mexicans would feel no enthusiasm for him, would regard him as a foreigner, and would with difficulty be induced to believe that his cause was the winning one. His adversaries would be ardent, stimulated by the encouragement of the Americans, panting for revenge, and able to take advantage of that general disposition to go against the existing Government, whatever it may be, which pervades all nations of Spanish descent. But even if the EMPEROR thought that, after a very long and protracted fight, he might possibly hold his own, and retain a precarious possession of some of the richer parts of the Mexican territory, he might very probably hesitate before he embarked on so dangerous an adventure, and might begin to examine whether it could possibly answer to him to take the risk. If he stayed as long as the French stayed, and found that the pressure of the Americans was depriving him even of his Austrians and Belgians, he would incur no disgrace by resigning a position that he might fairly consider untenable. But the French could scarcely withdraw altogether if he went. They could not acknowledge that their attempt to obtain redress had been entirely in vain, and all their money wasted; and they would naturally seek to make some arrang-

ment with the United States by which, if a Government favoured by the United States was set up, a return to mere anarchy should be prevented, and the right of the French to enjoy some sort of guarantee for the settlement of their claims should be recognized.

[From another article in the same paper, we copy the French Emperor's address.]

THE French EMPEROR's address to his Legislature is generally an interesting study. It is feebler and less clever this year than usual, but still it is interesting. The august author of these compositions has the art of touching all great questions of European concern in a tone of frankness and generosity, and noble sentiments in a Royal or Imperial speech are always pleasant and refreshing. What, for example, can be more considerate or delicate than the manner in which he handles the Americans? They are reminded of a century of friendship, and it is politely suggested that Imperialism is only the Constitution of the United States in a French Court dress. The Mexican expedition is explained in a manner that ought to disarm the most suspicious Yankee, and it seems as if all had been a mistake about the Latin race, as it was about the proposed recognition of the South. Somebody did say something about the Latin race, which has evidently been misconstrued a good deal; but the "American people" will now comprehend that "the expedition, in which we invited them to join, was not opposed to their interests." France "prays" sincerely for the prosperity of the great Republic, and, just as a French Emperor is only an American President in disguise, so Imperialism in Mexico has been founded "on the will of the people." Mr. SEWARD very likely never swears. His talent lies chiefly in the line of making other people swear. But it is possible that some less courteous Anglo-Saxons in Washington and in New York, who are anxious about the MONROE doctrine, after reading all these high-minded expressions, and especially the one about the French praying for them, will feel inclined, in the language used in the *School for Scandal* by the friends of JOSEPH SURFACE, to observe, "Damn your sentiments." However this may be, and whatever may be the turn the Mexican difficulty is taking, one thing is clear, that the French EMPEROR puts his sentiments neatly and well.

From the Spectator, 27th January.

THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

THE Emperor of the French has opened the Session of his Chambers for the thirteenth time, and for the thirteenth time his speech is the political fact in the European history of the week. Its interest turns mainly upon three paragraphs, those relating to Mexico, to Italy, and to his pledge of one day "crowning the edifice" by conceding liberty. Of course he says other things, but they are so vague or so formal that they add nothing to our knowledge either of his purposes or his position. He will "remain a stranger" to the internal disputes of Germany, "provided French interests are not directly engaged," but as he is the sole judge whether they are so or not, this amounts only to a pledge that France will not interfere with Prussia until her Emperor chooses, an assertion which makes a very small draft upon our political faith. He promises to restore the right of association for industrial purposes, but the liberty thus regained is to be "outside politics," and to be limited "by the guarantees which public order requires" i. e., by any guarantee the Emperor thinks expedient. He announces a reduction of the Army, but it has been effected without a reduction of numbers, and declares that a financial equilibrium has been secured by the surplus of revenue, for which surplus his Minister of Finance only just ventures to hope on condition that everything goes right for two more years. He suggests that France is governed very much like the United States, but does not attempt to explain wherein he finds the analogy between a Constitution which changes its Executive every four years, and leaves the entire legislative power to the representatives of the people, and a Constitution which was intended to make the executive power hereditary, and which intrusts the initiative of legislation entirely to the man who is to carry that legislation out. On all these subjects, Germany, finance, co-operation, and the Constitution, the Emperor's utterance is suggestive, without clearly instructing either his subjects or the world. No one, for example, could tell without knowing facts which the Emperor does not reveal whether his paragraph on Germany is a hint to Count von Bismark to go on in his course and prosper, or a menace that France would not bear a Union of Northern Germany against which its interests are directly engaged.

Even on the three points we have excepted the Emperor, as his wont is, gives the world a riddle to read. What, for instance, is the meaning of the sentence which says that France "has reason to rely on the scrupulous execution of the Treaty with Italy of the 15th September, and on the indispensable maintenance of the power of the Holy Father?" Does it mean that Napoleon regards the temporal power as indispensable, or only the spiritual; that he will put down internal revolt in Rome, or suffer Italy to garrison the city, provided only the Pope is left spiritually independent? Is his dictum a threat to the Revolution or a threat to the priests? Reading it by the light of the Emperor's character, we should believe the sentence intended only to ward off opposition until the evacuation of Rome was complete, but read by the facts in progress, by the recruiting for Rome going on in France, and the pressure employed in Florence to make Italy accept the Papal debt, we should believe it implied that while Napoleon will retire, the Pope must remain independent King of Rome. The maintenance of the Pope's power is declared indispensable, but nothing is said of the invisible means by which it is to be maintained.

So with the Mexican declaration. The Emperor, we admit, is upon this point placed in a most difficult position. He made the singular blunder made by the *Times* and by the majority of English politicians, but not made by the people he rules. Careless of principle and forgetting precedent, rejecting the idea that freedom must conquer slavery, and overlooking his uncle's adage that twenty-five millions must beat fifteen if they can once get at them, he convinced himself that the South must break up the Union. Consequently he invaded Mexico, and placed his nominee on its throne. As his subjects, with the strange instinct which supplies to great populations the place of wisdom, had from the first foreseen, he erred in his first essential datum. The South did not break up the Union, but the Union broke up the South, and Napoleon finds himself compelled either to withdraw from a great undertaking visibly baffled and repulsed, or to accept a war with the oldest ally of France — a war in which, if defeated, he risks his throne, and if successful, can gain nothing except financial embarrassment. Neither alternative seems to him endurable — the former as fatal to the reputation for success which is essential to his personal power, the latter as bringing him into direct conflict with the wishes of all his people. He strives therefore to find some mid-

dle course, and the object of this part of his speech is simply to soothe Americans into waiting until he can retreat with honour. He who three years ago spoke only of strengthening a branch of the Latin race to resist Anglo-Saxon aggression, now anxiously repudiates any idea of hostility to the Union. He recalls to the Americans "a noble page in the history of France," her assistance to the Republic in its great rebellion, reminds them that he requested them to take a part in reclaiming Mexican debts, and almost implores them to recollect that "two nations equally jealous of their independence ought to avoid any step which would implicate their dignity and their honour." Is that an assurance or a menace? For a French Sovereign to speak of possible contingencies as "implicating French dignity and honour" is a very serious thing, but then why these unusual professions of regard for the Union? It is true in a preceding paragraph Napoleon has affirmed that he is arranging with the Emperor Maximilian for the recall of his army, but then their return must be effected when it "will not compromise the interests which France went out to that distant land to defend." When is that? Do the interests to be defended include the reinvigoration of the Latin race? Nothing is clear from the speech, and according to the Yellow Book, which is always supposed to explain the speech, the French Army is only to return from Mexico when the President of the Union has recognized the Mexican Empire, an act which he has refused to do, and which Congress has specifically forbidden him to perform. There is nothing in the speech inconsistent with that interpretation, and if it is correct the Americans will simply contrast the compliments offered them in words with the impossible proposal submitted in fact, and be less content than ever. All they obtain is a promise that at some time not specified, when a result they dislike has been accomplished, the Emperor will, if consistent with his honour, withdraw the troops through whom he has been able to accomplish it — not a very definite or very satisfactory pledge.

It is on the "crowning of the edifice" alone that the Emperor is partially explicit. He will not grant a responsible Ministry. That system of government, always abhorrent to him, has not become more pleasant of late years, and he declares for the tenth time that "with one Chamber holding within itself the fate of Ministers the Executive is without authority and without spirit," the "one" being inserted either to avoid a di-

rect sarcasm upon the English Constitution, or from a sudden recollection of the part played by the Prussian Chamber of Peers. He believes that his system has worked well, that France, tranquil at home, is respected abroad, and, as he adds with singular audacity, is without political captives within or exiles beyond her frontiers. Are, then, the Duc d'Aumale, M. Louis Blanc, and the author of *Labienus* at liberty to return to France? Consequently nothing will be changed, but the Emperor, resolving to "improve the conditions of labour," will await the time when all France, being educated, shall abandon seductive theories, and all who live by their daily toil, receiving increasing profits, "shall be firm supporters of a society which secures their well-being and their dignity." No one can complain of any obscurity in that apology for the Empire. Its central ideas are all expressed, and all expressed with truthful lucidity. The Emperor is to rule "with authority and spirit." There is to be no political freedom, no discussion even of "theories of government, which France for eighty years has sufficiently discussed." Intelligence and capital are still to remain disfranchised, but in return the labourer's condition is to be improved. "Bread to the cottage, justice to the palace," was the promise of the Venetian Ten, and Napoleon, if he changes the second, adheres to the first condition. His offer is also bread to the cottage, provided only that there is silence in the palace. It is for France to decide whether she accepts an offer which is not a small one, which if honestly made is capable of fulfillment, and which would pledge her Government to the best *ad interim* occupation it could possibly pursue. Only we would just remind her that education in the Emperor's mouth has hitherto meant only education through priests, and improvement in the condition of the labourer only a vast expenditure out of taxes which the labourer pays, that the first result of these works has been the reckless over-crowding of all towns, and that of these promises there is not one which liberty could not also secure.

From the Saturday Review.

THE BEAU-MONDE AND THE DEMI-MONDE IN PARIS.

THE Paris journals lately surprised their French, and startled their foreign, read-

ers by an announcement for which, after all, both should have been prepared. No one who is at all conversant with the ordinary course of Parisian life — we do not say familiar with its inner mysteries — ought to have been astonished at hearing that certain *grandes dames* of French society had sought for invitations to a masqued ball which was to be given by a distinguished leader of the *demi-monde*. We have had, in our own country, certain faint and partial indications of the same curiosity, revealed in an awkward and half-hesitating sort of way. English great ladies once made an off-night for themselves at Cremorne, in order to catch a flying and furtive glance, not of the normal idols of those gay gardens, but of the mere scenic accessories to their attractions and triumphs. But as yet we have never heard that the matrons of English society have sought an introduction to the Lais of Brompton or the Phryne of May-fair, even under the decorous concealment of mask and domino. Nor has it yet been formally advertised, here that the motive of so unusual a request was a desire to learn the arts and tactics by which the gilded youth — and, it might be added, the gilded age — of the country is subjected to the thrall of venal and meretricious beauty.

That such a rumour should be circulated and believed in France is — to use the current slang — "highly suggestive." It suggests a contrast of the strongest, though it is far from a pleasing, kind between the society of to-day and the society of other days. It was long the special boast of the French that with them women enjoyed an influence which in no other part of the world was accorded to their sex, and that this influence was at least as much due to their mental as to their physical charms. The women of other nations may have been more beautiful. To the Frenchwomen was specially given the power of fascination; and it was the peculiar characteristic of her fascination that its exercise involved no discredit to the sense or the sensibility of the men who yielded to it. A power which showed itself as much in the brilliance of *bons mots* and repartee as in smiles and glances, a grace of language and expression which enhanced every grace of feature and of attitude, a logic which played in the form of epigram, and a self-respect which was set off rather than concealed by the maintenance of the most uniform courtesy to others — such were the arts and insignia of the empire which the most celebrated Frenchwomen, from the days of Maintenon and De Sévigné to those of

Madame Deffand and Madame Roland or those of Madame Recamier, exercised over the warriors, sages, and statesmen of France. The homage paid by the men to the brilliant women who charmed the society which they had helped to create may not always have been perfectly disinterested. The friendship of the women for their illustrious admirers may not always have been perfectly Platonic. There may have been some impropriety—or, as our more Puritan friends would say, some sin—in the intercourse of some of the most celebrated Frenchmen and Frenchwomen. Yet even this could not have been predicated of all. Madame de Sévigné's reputation comes out clear and spotless even from the foulest assault of wounded vanity and slighted love. We do not forget the comprehensive loves and the deliberate inconstancy of Ninon. But Ninon, corrupt as she may have been, was not venal. She did not ruin her lovers by her covetousness, and then receive their wives and sisters in her *salons*. She was courted by elegant and virtuous women, because she was the single and solitary instance as yet known of a woman possessing every grace and every charm save the grace and charm of virtue. Whatever may have been the relations between the sexes in those days, it was at least free from grossness. The charms which attracted men to the Maison Rambouillet were not those of sense alone, or in a special degree. They were those of conversation at once spirited, graceful, elegant, and vivacious. To an accomplished man there is perhaps no greater social treat than to hear good French spoken by an educated and clever Frenchwoman. In her hands a language of which both the excellences and the defects eminently qualify it for the purposes of conversational combat becomes a weapon of dazzling fence. Those delicate turns of phrase which imply so much more than they express fly like Parthian shafts, and the little commonplaces which may mean nothing do what the pawns do when manipulated by a clever chess-player—everything. And in the age when the empire of Frenchwomen rested upon their grace and power in conversation, there was ample matter to task their remarkable talents. It was an age of new ideas. Government, religion, and philosophy; the administration of the kingdom and the administration of the universe; the rights of kings to be obeyed by their people and the right of the Creator to the adoration of his creatures; the claims of privilege and the claims of prerogative; the pretensions of rank and the pretensions

of the *roturier*; the conflicts of science and theology—all these furnished materials for the tongues of the clever women, materials of which the clever women fully availed themselves. The final result was not, indeed, wholly satisfactory. How many a short sharp sarcasm, shot from the tongue of brilliant *causeuses*, rebounded on the gilded rooms wherein it first hurtled! How many a satire, sugared with compliment, at which rival beaux chuckled in delight, came back with its uncovered venom to the hearts of those whose admiration had first provoked it! How many a gibe of reckless truth, aimed at courts and nobles, distilled through laquais and waiting-maids into the streets of Paris, to whet the after-wrath of that fierce canaille! Many of those clever women had better been silent; many of those pungent epigrams had better been unsaid. Still, while the spirited talk went on, life was illumined by no common brilliance; and vice not only decked itself, but forgot itself, in the guise of intelligence and wit.

But what a change is it now! There are drawing-rooms in Paris which are more brilliant and gorgeous than any that De Sévigné or Recamier ever sat in. But their brilliance and splendour are not of such airy impalpabilities as genius or wit. They are solid, substantial, tangible. They are the brilliance and the splendour, not of able men and clever women, but of the upholsterer, the mechanician, and the decorator. There is gold, there is marble, there is lapis lazuli; there are pictures, statues, ormolu-clocks; there are rich velvets and cloud-like lace, and a blaze of amethysts, rubies, and diamonds. There are trains of Imperial dimensions and tiaras of Imperial brightness. And in whose honour is all this grand display? To whom is the court paid by this mob of sombre-clad and neatly-gloved men of every age, from twenty to sixty? Who have taken the place of the great female leaders of society whose names have added lustre to France? Strange as it may seem, their successors are second-rate or third-rate actresses, opera-dancers, and singers at public rooms and public gardens. We do not intend to undertake the superfluous task of penning a moral diatribe, or inveighing against the immorality of the age. Sermons there are, and will be, in abundance on so prolific and provoking a theme. In every age actresses and ballet-girls have had their admirers. In every age, probably, they will continue to have admirers. But what is worthy of note is this. Formerly this admiration was of

an esoteric kind. The worshippers adored their divinities in secret. The temples of the goddesses were, at any rate, not obtruded on the public eye, nor in possession of the most open, public, and splendid streets. The cult, too, was confined to a narrower circle. But now all this is changed; the fanes of the divinities are splendid and in the most splendid streets; the cult is open, avowed, public. The worshippers are of every age, and are all equally indifferent to secrecy. There is no restriction and no exclusion, save on two grounds—those of poverty and intelligence. There is a kind of intellect admitted into this gorgeous coterie, but it is intellect in livery. The dramatic author and the dramatic critic are now as much appendages to the dramatic courtesan as her coachman and her *femme de chambre*. Where professional reputation depends on scenic effect, and scenic effect depends upon the *équivoque* put into the actress's mouth, and the applause with which their delivery is received, the man who concocts the *équivoque* and the man who criticises their delivery become equally objects of attention to the actress who is looking out for a *clientèle*. Saving these necessary exceptions, these assemblies are comprised of rich old men anxious to dissipate the money which they have made, and rich young men as anxious to dissipate the wealth which they have inherited. And now we hear that the wives and sisters of these men seek admission to these Paphian halls.

It is, indeed, not an unnatural, though it is far from a decent, curiosity which prompts ladies entitled to the reputation of virtue to examine something of the life and domestic economy of those ladies whose very existence presupposes an entire repudiation of virtue. The married women naturally desire to know something of the manners and mein and language of the rivals whose arts have diverted their own husbands' treasures into alien and obnoxious channels. When a wife hears that her husband has, at one magnificent stroke on the Bourse, carried off one or two millions of francs, she is curious to ascertain the process by which no inconsiderable proportion of these winnings has been "affected" to the payment of Madlle. Théodorine's debts or to the purchase of Madlle. Valentine's brougham. And the anxious mother, who has long dreamed of the ceremony which might unite the fortunes of her dear Alcide with the *dot* of her opulent neighbour's daughter, is tortured between the misery of frustrated hopes and curiosity to understand the mo-

tives which impel Alcide to become the daily visitor of Madlle. Gabrielle in the Rue d'Arcade, and her daily companion when riding in the Bois de Boulogne. Certainly the subject is a very curious one. But does the solution of the problem quite justify the means taken to solve it? Might not enough be inferred from the antecedent history of those who are the subjects of it to dispense with the necessity of a nearer examination? Take a number of women of the lower classes from the different provinces of France—with no refinement, with a mere shred of education, and with but small claim to what an English eye would regard as beauty—but compensating for lack of knowledge, education, and refinement by a vivacity and a coquetry peculiarly French. Take these women up to Paris, tutor them as stage supernumeraries, and parade before them the example of the arts of the more successful Lorettes. The rest may be imagined. From these general premises it is not difficult to conjecture the product obtained; to conceive that manner on which *jeunes gens* dote, a manner made up of impudence and grimace; that repartee which mainly consists of a new slang hardly known two miles beyond the Madeleine; those *doubles entendres* of which perhaps memory is less the parent than instinct, and that flattery which is always coarse and always venal. It would be erroneous to say that we have here given a complete picture of the class which certain leaders of Paris fashion wish to study. There are, in the original, traits and features which we could not describe, and which it is unnecessary for us to attempt to describe, as they are portrayed in the pages of the satirist who has immortalized the vices of the most corrupt city at its most corrupt era. Juvenal will supply what is wanting to our imperfect delineation. English ladies may read him in the vigorous paraphrases of Dryden and Gifford; while their French contemporaries may arrive at a livelier conception of what we dare not express, if only they stay till the supper crowns the festal scene of the masqued ball. If they outstay this, they will have learned a lesson the value of which we leave it for themselves to compute.

It is idle to say that curiosity of this kind is harmless because it is confined to a few. Only a few, indeed, may have contemplated the extreme step of being present at the Saturnalia of the *démi-monde*. But how many others have thought of them and talked of them? To how many leaders of society are the doings of these women the

subjects of daily curiosity and daily conversation? How many patrician—or, at all events, noble—dames regular attendants at mass, arbiters of fashion, and ornaments of the Church, honour with their inquisitiveness, women of whose existence, twenty years ago, no decent Frenchwoman was presumed to have any knowledge? And do these noble ladies suppose that this curiosity is disregarded by the adventuresses from Arles or Strasburg, Bordeaux or Rouen, whom successful prostitution has dowered with lace, diamonds, carriages, and opera-boxes? Do they suppose that the professed admiration of the young Sardanapali for the *ex-conturières* and ballet-girls of Paris has not a more potent effect when combined with the ill-concealed interest of their mothers and sisters? And what that effect is on the men in one class, and on the women in another, a very slight knowledge of human nature is sufficient to suggest. That girls of moderately good looks will contentedly continue to fly the shuttle at Lyons, or to drudge as household servants in Brittany, or to trudge home to a supperless chamber in Paris with the bare earnings of a supernumerary or a *coryphée* at a small theatre, when a mere sacrifice of chastity may enable them not only to ruin young dukes and counts, but to become the theme and admiration of duchesses and countesses, is a supposition which involves too high a

belief in human virtue; and the conditions we have named are found to be fatal to the virtue of the poorer Frenchwomen. And as for the men, what must be the effect on them? Debarred from the stirring conflict of politics; exiled, so to speak, from the natural arena of patriotic ambition; knowing no literature save that of novels in which courtezans are the heroines, and caring for no society but that of which courtezans are the leaders; diversifying the excitement of the hazard-table and the betting-room with the excitement of the *coulisses*; learning from their habitual associations to lose that reverence for women and that courteous attention to them which are popularly supposed to have at one time characterized the gentlemen of France—they partially redeem the degradation which they court by showing that even a mixture of vapid frivolity, sensual indulgence, and senseless extravagance is insufficient to corrupt a nation, unless also the female leaders of society conspire to select for their notice and admiration those creatures for whom the law of the land would better have provided the supervision of the police and the certificate of professional prostitution. When virtuous women of birth and position rub shoulders with strumpets, protests are useless and prophecies are superfluous; for the taint which goes before destruction is already poisoning the heart of the nation.

THE COVERT.

THE eagle beats his way
Strong-winged through the burning blue:
All through the heat of the day
In the covert the wood-doves coo.
Take the wings of the dove, my soul!
Take the wings of the dove!
For the sun is not thy goal,
But the secret place of love.

Close to the earth and near,
And hidden among the flowers,
By the brink of the brooklet clear,
The dove in her covert cowers.

Take the wings of the dove, my soul!
Take the wings of the dove!
For the sun is not thy goal,
But the secret place of love.

Flee not afar, my soul
Flee not afar for rest!
The tumult may round thee roll,
Yet the dove be in thy breast.
Take the wings of the dove, my soul!
Take the wings of the dove!
For the sun is not thy goal,
But the resting place of love.

Good Words;

IN MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE
MARTYR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED
STATES.

*Oration of the Hon. GEORGE BANCROFT,
at the request of both Houses of Congress,
in the Hall of the House of Representatives
of the United States, on Monday,
Feb. 12, 1866.*

Senators, Representatives, of America:—

GOD IN HISTORY.

THAT God rules in the affairs of men is as certain as any truth of physical science. On the great moving power which is from the beginning hangs the world of the senses and the world of thought and action. Eternal wisdom marshals the great procession of the nations, working in patient continuity through the ages, never halting, and never abrupt, encompassing all events in its oversight, and ever affecting its will, though mortals may slumber in apathy or oppose with madness. Kings are lifted up or thrown down, nations come and go, republics flourish and wither, dynasties pass away like a tale that is told; but nothing is by chance, though men in their ignorance of causes may think so. The deeds of time are governed as well as judged, by the decrees of eternity. The caprice of fleeting existences bends to the immovable omnipotence which plants its foot on all the centuries, and has neither change of purposes nor repose. Sometimes like a messenger through the thick darkness of night, it steps along mysterious ways; but when the hour strikes for a people, or for mankind, to pass into a new form of being, unseen hands draw the bolts from the gates of futurity; an all-subduing influence prepares the mind of men for the coming revolution; those who plan resistance find themselves in conflict with the will of Providence, rather than with human devices; and all hearts and all understandings, most of all the opinions and influences of the unwilling, are wonderfully attracted and compelled to bear forward the change which becomes more an obedience to the law of universal nature than submission to the arbitrament of man.

GROWTH OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

In the fulness of time a republic rose up in the wilderness of America. Thousands of years had passed away before this child of the ages could be born. From whatever there was of good in the systems of former centuries she drew her nourishment: the wrecks of the past were her warnings. With the deepest sentiment of faith fixed

in her inmost nature, she disenthralled religion from bondage to temporal power, that her worship might be worship only in spirit and in truth. The wisdom which had passed from India through Greece, with what Greece had added of her own; the jurisprudence of Rome; the mediæval municipalities; the Teutonic method of representation; the political experience of England; the benignant wisdom of the expositors of the law of nature and of nations in France and Holland, all shed on her their selectest influence. She washed the gold of political wisdom from the sands wherever it was found; she cleft it from the rocks; she gleaned it among ruins. Out of all the discoveries of statesmen and sages, out of all the experience of past human life, she compiled a perennial political philosophy, the primordial principles of national ethics. The wise men of Europe sought the best government in a mixture of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy; and America went behind these names to extract from them the vital elements of social forms, and blend them harmoniously in the free Commonwealth, which comes nearest to the illustration of the natural equality of all men. She intrusted the guardianship of established rights to law; the movements of reform to the spirit of the people, and drew her force from the happy reconciliation of both.

TERRITORIAL EXTENT OF THE REPUBLIC.

Republics had heretofore been limited to small cantons or cities and their dependencies; America, doing that of which the like had not before been known upon the earth, or believed by kings and statesmen to be possible, extended her republic across a continent. Under her auspices the vine of liberty took deep root and filled the land; the hills were covered with its shadow; its boughs were like the goodly cedars, and reached unto both oceans. The same of this only daughter of freedom went out into all the lands of the earth; from her the human race drew hope.

PROPHECIES ON THE CONSEQUENCES OF SLAVERY.

Neither hereditary monarchy nor hereditary aristocracy planted itself on our soil; the only hereditary condition that fastened itself upon us was servitude. Nature works in sincerity, and is ever true to its law. The bee hives honey, the viper distils poison; the vine stores its juices, and so do the poppy and the upas. In like manner, every thought and every action ripens its seed, each in its kind. In the individual man,

and still more in a nation, a just idea gives life, and progress, and glory; a false conception portends disaster, shame, and death. A hundred and twenty years ago, a West Jersey Quaker wrote: "this trade of importing slaves is dark gloominess hanging over the land; the consequences will be grievous to posterity." At the North the growth of slavery was arrested by natural causes; in the region nearest the tropics it thrived rankly, and worked itself into the organism of the rising States. Virginia stood between the two; with soil, and climate, resources demanding free labour, and yet capable of the profitable employment of the slave. She was the land of great statesmen; and they saw the danger of her being whelmed under the rising flood in time to struggle against the delusions of avarice and pride. Ninety-four years ago, the Legislature of Virginia addressed the British king, saying that the trade in slaves was "of great inhumanity," was opposed to the "security and happiness" of their constituents, "would in time have the most destructive influence," and "endanger their very existence." And the king answered them, that "upon pain of his highest displeasure, the importation of slaves should not be in any respect obstructed." "Pharisaical Britain," wrote Franklin in behalf of Virginia, "to pride thyself in setting free a single slave that happened to land on thy coasts, while thy laws continue a traffic whereby so many hundreds of thousands are dragged into a slavery that is entailed on their posterity." "A serious view of this subject," said Patrick Henry in 1773, "gives a gloomy prospect to future times." In the same year George Mason wrote to the Legislature of Virginia: "The laws of impartial Providence may avenge our injustice upon our posterity." In Virginia, and in the Continental Congress, Jefferson, with the approval of Edmund Pendleton, branded the slave trade as piracy; and he fixed in the Declaration of Independence as the corner stone of America: "All men are created equal, with an unalienable right to liberty." On the first organization of temporary governments for the continental domain Jefferson, but for the default of New Jersey, would, in 1784, have consecrated every part of that territory to freedom. In the formation of the National Constitution Virginia, opposed by a part of New England vainly struggled to abolish the slave trade at once and forever; and when the ordinance of 1787 was introduced by Nathan Dane, without the clause prohibiting slavery, it was through the favourable dis-

position of Virginia and the South that the clause of Jefferson was restored, and the whole Northwestern Territory—all the territory that then belonged to the nation—was reserved for the labor of freemen.

DESPAIR OF THE MEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

The hope prevailed in Virginia that the abolition of the slave trade would bring with it the gradual abolition of slavery; but the expectation was doomed to disappointment. In supporting incipient measures for emancipation, Jefferson encountered difficulties greater than he could overcome; and after vain wrestlings, the words that broke from him, "I tremble for my country, when I reflect that God is just, that his justice cannot sleep forever," were words of despair. It was the desire of Washington's heart that Virginia should remove slavery by a public act; and as the prospect of a general emancipation grew more and more dim he, in utter hopelessness of the action of the State, did all that he could by bequeathing freedom to his own slaves. Good and true men had, from the days of 1776, thought of colonizing the negro in the home of his ancestors. But the idea of colonization was thought to increase the difficulty of emancipation; and in spite of strong support, while it accomplished much good for Africa, it proved impracticable as a remedy at home. Madison, who in early life disliked slavery so much that he wished "to depend as little as possible on the labor of slaves;" Madison, who held that where slavery exists "the republican theory becomes fallacious;" Madison, who in the last years of his life would not consent to the annexation of Texas, lest his countrymen should fill it with slaves; Madison, who said, "slavery is the greatest evil under which the nation labors, a portentous evil, an evil—moral, political and economical—a sad blot on our free country," went mournfully into old age with the cheerless words: "No satisfactory plan has yet been devised for taking out the stain."

NEW VIEWS OF SLAVERY.

The men of the Revolution passed away. A new generation sprang up, impatient that an institution to which they clung should be condemned as inhuman, unwise and unjust; in the throes of discontent at the self-reproach of their fathers, and blinded by the lustre of wealth to be acquired by the culture of a new staple, they devised the theory that slavery, which they would not abolish, was not evil, but good. They turned

on the friends of colonization; and confidently demanded, "Why take black men from a civilized and Christian country, where their labor is a source of immense gain and a power to control the markets of the world, and send them to a land of ignorance, idolatry, and indolence, which was the home of their forefathers, but not theirs? Slavery is a blessing. Were they not in their ancestral land naked, scarcely lifted above brutes, ignorant of the course of the sun, controlled by nature? And in their new abode, have they not been taught to know the difference of the seasons, to plough, to plant and reap, to drive oxen, to tame the horse, to exchange their scanty dialect for the richest of all the languages among men, and the stupid adoration of follies for the purest religion? And since slavery is good for the blacks, it is good for their masters, bringing opulence and the opportunity of educating a race. The slavery of the black is good in itself; he shall serve the white man forever." And nature, which better understood the quality of fleeting interest and passion, laughed, as it caught the echo: "man" and "forever!"

SLAVERY AT HOME.

A regular development of pretensions followed the new declaration with logical consistency. Under the old declaration every one of the States had retained, each for itself, the right of manumitting all slaves by an ordinary act of legislation; now, the power of the people over servitude through their legislatures was curtailed, and the privileged class was swift in imposing legal and constitutional obstruction, on the people themselves. The power of emancipation was narrowed or taken away. The slave might not be disquieted by education. There remained an unconfessed consciousness that the system of bondage was wrong, and a restless memory that it was at variance with the true American tradition, its safety was therefore to be secured by political organization. The generation that made the Constitution took care for the predominance of freedom in Congress, by the ordinance of Jefferson; the new school aspired to secure for slavery an equality of votes in the Senate; and while it hinted at an organic act that should concede to the collective South a veto power on national legislation, it assumed that each State separately had the right to revise and nullify laws of the United States, according to the discretion of its judgment.

SLAVERY AND FOREIGN RELATIONS.

The new theory hung as a bias on the foreign relations of the country; there could be no recognition of Hayti, nor even the American colony of Liberia; and the world was given to understand that the establishment of free labor in Cuba would be a reason for wresting that island from Spain. Territories were annexed; Louisiana, Florida, Texas, half of Mexico; slavery must have its share in them all, and it accepted for a time a dividing line between the unquestioned domain of free labor and that in which involuntary labor was to be tolerated. A few years passed away, and the new school, strong and arrogant, demanded and received an apology for applying the Jefferson proviso to Oregon.

SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY.

The application of that proviso was interrupted for three administrations; but justice moved steadily onward. In the news that the men of California had chosen freedom, Calhoun heard the knell of parting slavery; and on his deathbed he counselled secession. Washington, and Jefferson, and Madison, had died despairing of the abolition of slavery; Calhoun died in despair at the growth of freedom. His system rushed irresistibly to its natural development. The death struggle for California was followed by a short truce; but the new school of politicians who said that slavery was not evil, but good, soon sought to recover the ground they had lost, and confident of securing Texas, they demanded that the established line in the territories between freedom and slavery should be blotted out. The country, believing in the strength and enterprise and expansive energy of freedom, made answer, though reluctantly: "Be it so; let there be no strife between brethren; let freedom and slavery compete for the territories on equal terms, in a fair field under an impartial administration;" and on this theory, if on any, the contest might have been left to the decision of time.

DRED SCOTT DECISION.

The South started back in appallment from its victory; for it knew that a fair competition foreboded its defeat. But where could it now find an ally to save it from its own mistake? What I have next to say is spoken with no emotion but regret. Our meeting to-day is, as it were, at the grave, in the presence of Eternity, and the truth must be uttered in soberness and sincerity,

In a great republic, as was observed more than two thousand years ago, any attempt to overturn the state owes its strength to aid from some branch of the government. The Chief Justice of the United States, without any necessity or occasion, volunteered to come to the rescue of the theory of slavery. And from his court there lay no appeal but to the bar of humanity and history. Against the Constitution, against the memory of the nation, against a previous decision, against a series of enactments, he decided that the slave is property, that slave property is entitled to no less protection than any other property, that the Constitution upholds it in every territory against any act of a local Legislature, and even against Congress itself; or, as the President tersely promulgated the saying: "Kansas is as much a slave State as South Carolina or Georgia; slavery, by virtue of the Constitution, exists in every territory." The municipal character of slavery being thus taken away, and slave property decreed to be "sacred," the authority of the courts was invoked to introduce it by the comity of law into States where slavery had been abolished; and in one of the courts of the United States a judge pronounced the African slave trade legitimate, and numerous and powerful advocates demanded its restoration.

TANEY AND SLAVE RACES.

Moreover, the Chief Justice, in his elaborate opinion, announced what had never been heard from any magistrate of Greece or Rome — what was unknown to civil law, and canon law, and feudal law, and common law, and constitutional law; unknown to Jay, to Rutledge, Ellsworth and Marshall — that there are "slave races." The spirit of evil is intensely logical. Having the authority of this decision, five States swiftly followed the earlier example of a sixth, and opened the way for reducing the free negro to bondage; the migrating free negro became a slave if he but touched the soil of a seventh; and an eighth, from its extent and soil and mineral resources, destined to incalculable greatness, closed its eyes on its coming prosperity, and enacted — as by Taney's decision it had the right to do — that every free black man who would live within its limits must accept the condition of slavery for himself and his posterity.

SECESSION RESOLVED ON.

Only one step more remained to be taken. Jefferson and the leading statesmen of his day held fast to the idea that the enslavement of the African was socially, morally

and politically wrong. The new school was founded exactly upon the opposite idea; and they resolved first to distract the democratic party for which the Supreme Court had now furnished the means, and then to establish a new government, with negro slavery for its corner stone, as socially, morally and politically right.

THE ELECTION.

As the presidential election drew on, one of the old traditional parties did not make its appearance; the other reeled as it sought to preserve its old position; and the candidate who most nearly represented its best opinion, driven by patriotic zeal, roamed the country from end to end to speak for union, eager at least to confront its enemies, yet not having hope that it would find its deliverance through him. The storm rose to a whirlwind; who should allay its wrath? The most experienced statesmen of the country had failed; there was no hope from those who were great after the flesh; could relief come from one whose wisdom was like the wisdom of little children?

EARLY LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The choice of America fell on a man born west of the Alleghanies, in the cabin of poor people of Hardin county, Kentucky — Abraham Lincoln.

His mother could read, but not write; his father could do neither; but his parents sent him, with an old spelling-book, to school, and he learned in his childhood to do both.

When eight years old he floated down the Ohio with his father on a raft which bore the family and all their possessions to the shore of Indiana; and, child as he was, he gave help as they toiled through dense forests to the interior of Spencer county. There in the land of free labor he grew up in a log cabin, with the solemn solitude for his teacher in his meditative hours. Of Asiatic literature he knew only the Bible; of Greek, Latin, and mediæval, no more than the translation of *Æsop's Fables*; of English, John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. The traditions of George Fox and William Penn passed to him dimly along the lines of two centuries through his ancestors, who were Quakers.

HIS EDUCATION.

Otherwise his education was altogether American. The Declaration of Independence was his compendium of political wisdom, the life of Washington his constant study, and something of Jefferson and Madison reached him through Henry Clay, whom

he honoured from boyhood. For the rest, from day to day, he lived the life of the American people; walked in its light; reasoned with its reason, thought with its power of thought; felt the beatings of its mighty heart; and so was in every way a child of nature—a child of the West—a child of America.

HIS PROGRESS IN LIFE.

At nineteen, feeling impulses of ambition to get on in the world, he engaged himself to go down the Mississippi in a flat boat, receiving ten dollars a month for his wages, and afterwards he made the trip once more. At twenty-one he drove his father's cattle as the family migrated to Illinois, and split rails to fence in the new homestead in the wild. At twenty-three he was a captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk war. He kept a shop; he learned something of surveying; but of English literature he added to Bunyan nothing but Shakespeare's plays. At twenty-five he was elected to the Legislature of Illinois, where he served eight years. At twenty-seven he was admitted to the bar. In 1837 he chose his home at Springfield, the beautiful centre of the richest land in the State. In 1847 he was a member of the national Congress, where he voted about forty times in favour of the principle of the Jefferson proviso. In 1854 he gave his influence to elect from Illinois to the American Senate a democrat who would certainly do justice to Kansas. In 1858, as the rival of Douglas, he went before the people of the mighty Prairie State, saying: "This Union cannot permanently endure, half slave and half free; the Union will not be dissolved, but the house will cease to be divided." And now, in 1861, with no experience whatever as an executive officer, while States were madly flying from their orbit, and wise men knew not where to find counsel, this descendant of Quakers, this pupil of Bunyan, this child of the great West was elected President of America.

He measured the difficulty of the duty that devolved on him, and was resolved to fulfil it.

HE GOES TO WASHINGTON.

As on the eleventh of February, 1861, he left Springfield, which for a quarter of a century had been his happy home, to the crowd of his friends and neighbours whom he was never more to meet, he spoke a solemn farewell: "I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty has devolved upon me, greater than that which has de-

volved upon any other man since Washington. He never would have succeeded, except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. On the same Almighty Being I place my reliance. Pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain." To the men of Indiana he said: "I am but an accidental, temporary instrument; it is your business to rise up and preserve the Union and liberty." At the capital of Ohio he said: "Without a name, without a reason why I should have a name, there has fallen upon me a task such as did not rest even upon the Father of his country." At various places in New York, especially at Albany before the Legislature, which tendered him the united support of the great Empire State, he said: "While I hold myself the humblest of all the individuals who have ever been elevated to the Presidency, I have a more difficult task to perform than any of them. I bring a true heart to the work. I must rely upon the people of the whole country for support; and with their sustaining aid even I, humble as I am, cannot fail to carry the ship of State safely through the storm." To the Assembly of New Jersey, at Trenton, he explained: "I shall take the ground I deem most just to the North, the East, the West, the South, and the whole country, in good temper, certainly with no malice to any section. I am devoted to peace, but it may be necessary to put the foot down firmly." In the old Independence Hall of Philadelphia he said: "I have never had a feeling politically that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence, which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but to the world in all future time. If the country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I would rather be assassinated on the spot than surrender it. I have said nothing but what I am willing to live and die by."

IN WHAT STATE HE FOUND THE COUNTRY.

Travelling in the dead of night to escape assassination, Lincoln arrived at Washington nine days before his inauguration. The outgoing President, at the opening of the session of Congress had still kept as the majority of his advisers men engaged in treason: had declared that in case of even an "imaginary" apprehension of danger from notions of freedom among the slaves, "disunion would become inevitable." Lin-

coln and others had questioned the opinion of Taney; such impugning he ascribed to the "factious temper of the times." The favorite doctrine of the majority of the democratic party on the power of a territorial legislature over slavery he condemned as an attack on "the sacred rights of property." The State Legislatures, he insisted, must repeal what he called "their unconstitutional and obnoxious enactments," and which, if such, were "null and void," or "it would be impossible for any human power to save the Union!" Nay! if these unimportant acts were not repealed, "the injured States would be justified in revolutionary resistance to the government of the Union." He maintained that no State might secede at its sovereign will and pleasure; that the Union was meant for perpetuity; and that Congress might attempt to preserve, but only by conciliation; that "the sword was not placed in their hands to preserve it by force;" that "the last desperate remedy of a despairing people" would be "an explanatory amendment recognizing the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States." The American Union he called "a confederacy" of States, and he thought it a duty to make the appeal for amendment "before any of these States should separate themselves from the Union." The views of the Lieutenant-General, containing some patriotic advice, "conceded the right of secession," pronounced a quadruple rupture of the Union "a smaller evil than the reuniting of the fragments by the sword," and "eschewed the idea of invading a seceded State. After changes in the Cabinet, the President informed Congress that "matters were still worse;" that "the South suffered serious grievances," which should be redressed "in peace." The day after this message the flag of the Union was fired upon from Fort Moultrie, and the insult was not revenged or noticed. Senators in Congress telegraphed to their constituents to seize the national forts, and they were not arrested. The finances of the country were grievously embarrassed. Its little army was not within reach—the part of it in Texas, with all its stores, were made over by its commander to the seceding insurgents. One State after another voted in convention to go out of the Union. A peace Congress, so-called, met at the request of Virginia, to concert the terms of capitulation for the continuance of the Union. Congress in both branches sought to devise conciliatory expedients; the territories of the country were organized in a manner not to conflict with any pretensions

of the South, or any decision of the Supreme Court; and, nevertheless, the seceding States formed at Montgomery a provisional government, and pursued their relentless purpose with such success that the Lieutenant-General feared the city of Washington might find itself "included in a foreign country," and proposed, among the options for the consideration of Lincoln, to bid the seceded States "depart in peace." The great republic seemed to have its emblem in the vast unfinished capitol, at that moment surrounded by masses of stone and prostrate columns never yet lifted into their places: seemingly the monument of high but delusive aspirations, the confused wreck of inchoate magnificence, sadder than any ruin of Egyptian Thebes or Athens.

HIS INAUGURATION.

The fourth of March came. With instinctive wisdom the new President, speaking to the people on taking the oath of office, put aside every question that divided the country, and gained a right to universal support, by planting himself on the single idea of Union. That Union he declared to be unbroken and perpetual; and he announced his determination to fulfil "the simple duty of taking care that the laws be faithfully executed in all the States." Seven days later, the convention of confederate States unanimously adopted a constitution of their own; and the new government was authoritatively announced to be founded on the idea that slavery is the natural and normal condition of the negro race. The issue was made up whether the great republic was to maintain its providential place in the history of mankind, or a rebellion founded on negro slavery gain a recognition of its principle throughout the civilized world. To the disaffected Lincoln had said: "You have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors." To fire the passions of the Southern portion of the people the confederate government chose to become aggressors; and on the morning of the 12th of April began the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and compelled its evacuation.

UPRISING OF THE PEOPLE

It is the glory of the late President that he had perfect faith in the perpetuity of the Union. Supported in advance by Douglas, who spoke as with the voice of a million, he instantly called a meeting of Congress, and summoned the people to come up and repossess the forts, places and property which had been seized from the

Union. The men of the North were trained in schools; industrious and frugal; many of them delicately bred, their minds teeming with ideas and fertile in plans of enterprise; given to the culture of the arts; eager in the pursuit of wealth, yet employing wealth less for ostentation than for developing the resources of their country; seeking happiness in the calm of domestic life; and such lovers of peace that for generations they have been reputed unwarlike. Now, at the cry of their country in its distress, they rose up with unappeasable patriotism: not hirelings—the purest and of the best blood in the land; sons of a pious ancestry, with a clear perception of duty, unclouded faith and fixed resolve to succeed, they thronged round the President to support the wronged, the beautiful flag of the nation. The halls of theological seminaries sent forth their young men, whose lips were touched with eloquence, whose hearts kindled with devotion to serve in the ranks, and make their way to command only as they learned the art of war. Stripplings in the colleges, as well as the most gentle and the most studious; those of sweetest temper and loveliest character and brightest genius passed from their classes to the camp. The lumbermen sprang forward from the forest, the mechanics from their benches, where they had been trained by the exercise of political rights to share the life and hope of the Republic, to feel their responsibility to their forefathers, their posterity and mankind, went forth resolved that their dignity as a constituent part of this republic should not be impaired. Farmers and sons of farmers left the land but half ploughed, the grain but half planted, and, taking up the musket, learned to face without fear the presence of peril and the coming of death in the shocks of war, while their hearts were still attracted to the charms of their rural life, and all the tender affections of home. Whatever there was of truth and faith and public love in the common heart broke out with one expression. The mighty winds blew from every quarter to fan the flame of the sacred and unquenchable fire.

THE WAR A WORLD-WIDE WAR.

For a time the war was thought to be confined to our own domestic affairs; but it was soon seen that it involved the destinies of mankind, and its principles and causes shook the politics of Europe to the centre, and from Lisbon to Peking, divided the governments of the world.

GREAT BRITAIN.

There was a kingdom whose people had

in an eminent degree attained to freedom of industry and the security of person and property. Its middle class rose to greatness. Out of that class sprung the noblest poets and philosophers, whose words built up the intellect of its people; skillful navigators, to find out the many paths of the ocean; discoverers in natural science, whose inventions guided its industry to wealth, till it equalled any nation of the world in letters, and excelled all in trade and commerce. But its government was become a government of land, and not of men; every blade of grass was represented, but only a small minority of the people. In the transition from the feudal forms, the heads of the social organization freed themselves from the military services which were the conditions of their tenure, and throwing the burden on the industrial classes, kept all the soil to themselves. Vast estates that had been managed by monasteries as endowments for religion and charity were impropriated to swell the wealth of courtiers and favorites; and the commons, where the poor man once had his right of pasture, were taken away, and, under forms of law, enclosed distributively within their own domains. Although no law forbade any inhabitant from purchasing land, the costliness of the transfer constituted a prohibition; so that it was the rule of that country that the plough should not be in the hands of its owner. The church was rested on a contradiction, claiming to be an embodiment of absolute truth, and yet was a creature of the statute book.

HER SENTIMENTS.

The progress of time increased the terrible contrast between wealth and poverty; in their years of strength, the laboring people, cut off from all share in governing the State, derived a scanty support from the severest toil, and had no hope for old age but in public charity or death. A grasping ambition had dotted the world with military posts, kept watch over our borders on the northeast, at the Bermudas, in the West Indies, held the gates of the Pacific, of the Southern and of the Indian Ocean, hovered on our northwest at Vancouver, held the whole of the newest continent, and the entrances to the old Mediterranean and Red Sea; and garrisoned forts all the way from Madras to China. That aristocracy had gazed with terror on the growth of a commonwealth where freeholds existed by the million, and religion was not in bondage to the state; and now they could not repress their joy at its perils. They had not one word of sympathy for the kind-hearted

poor man's son whom America had chosen for her chief; they jeered at his large hands, and long feet, and ungainly stature; and the British secretary of state for foreign affairs made haste to send word through the palaces of Europe that the great republic was in its agony, that the republic was no more, that a head stone was all that remained due by the law of nations to "the late Union." But it is written: "Let the dead bury their dead;" they may not bury the living. Let the dead bury their dead; let a bill of reform remove the worn-out government of a class, and infuse new life into the British constitution by confiding rightful power to the people.

HER POLICY.

But while the vitality of America is indestructible, the British government hurried to do what never before had been done by Christian powers, what was in direct conflict with its own exposition of public law in the time of our struggle for independence. Though the insurgent States had not a ship in an open harbor, it invested them with all the rights of a belligerent, even on the ocean; and this, too, when the rebellion was not only directed against the gentlest and most beneficent government on earth, without a shadow of justifiable cause, but when the rebellion was directed against human nature itself for the perpetual enslavement of a race. And the effect of this recognition was that acts in themselves piratical found shelter in British courts of law. The resources of British capitalists, their workshops, their armories, their private arsenals, their shipyards, were in league with the insurgents, and every British harbor in the wide world became a safe port for British ships, manned by British sailors, and armed with British guns, to prey on our peaceful commerce; even on our ships coming from British ports, freighted with British products, or that had carried gifts of grain to the English poor. The prime minister in the House of Commons, sustained by cheers, scoffed at the thought that their laws could be amended at our request, so as to preserve real neutrality; and to remonstrances now owned to have been just, their secretary answered that they could not change their laws *ad infinitum*.

RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND.

The people of America then wished, as they always have wished, as they still wish, friendly relations with England; and no man in Europe or America can desire it more strongly than I. This country has always yearned for good relations with Eng-

land. Thrice only in all its history has that yearning been fairly met; in the days of Hampden and Cromwell, again in the first ministry of the elder Pitt, and once again in the ministry of Shelburne. Not that there have not at all times been just men among the peers of Britain — like Halifax in the days of James the Second, or a Granville, an Argyll, or a Houghton in ours; and we cannot be indifferent to a country that produces statesmen like Cobden and Bright; but the best bower anchor of peace was the working class of England, who suffered most from our civil war, but who, while they broke their diminished bread in sorrow, always encouraged us to persevere.

FRANCE AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

The act of recognizing the rebel belligerents was concerted with France; France, so beloved in America, on which she had conferred the greatest benefits that one people ever conferred on another; France, which stands foremost on the continent of Europe for the solidity of her culture, as well as for the bravery and generous impulses of her sons; France, which for centuries had been moving steadily in its own way towards intellectual and political freedom. The policy regarding further colonization of America by European powers, known commonly as the doctrine of Monroe, had its origin in France; and if it takes any man's name, should bear the name of Turgot. It was adopted by Louis the Sixteenth, in the cabinet of which Vergennes was the most important member. It is emphatically the policy of France; to which, with transient deviations, the Bourbons, the First Napoleon, the House of Orleans have ever adhered.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AND MEXICO.

The late President was perpetually harassed by rumors that the Emperor Napoleon the Third desired formally to recognize the States in rebellion as an independent power, and that England held him back by her reluctance, or France by her traditions of freedom, or he himself by his own better judgment and clear perception of events. But the republic of Mexico, on our borders, was, like ourselves, distracted by a rebellion, and from a similar cause. The monarchy of England had fastened upon us slavery which did not disappear with independence; in like manner, the ecclesiastical policy established by the Spanish council of the Indies, in the days of Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second, retained its vigor in the Mexican Republic. The fifty years of civil war under which she had languished was due to the bigoted system which was the

legacy of monarchy, just as here the inheritance of slavery kept alive political strife, and culminated in civil war. As with us there could be no quiet but through the end of slavery, so in Mexico there could be no prosperity until the crushing tyranny of intolerance should cease. The party of slavery in the United States sent their emissaries to Europe to solicit aid; and so did the party of the church in Mexico, as organized by the old Spanish council of the Indies, but with a different result. Just as the republican party had made an end of the rebellion, and was establishing the best government ever known in that region, and giving promise to the nation of order, peace, and prosperity, word was brought us, in the moment of our deepest affliction, that the French emperor, moved by a desire to erect in North America a buttress for Imperialism, would transform the republic of Mexico into a secundo-geniture for the house of Hapsburgh. America might complain; she could not then interpose, and delay seemed justifiable. It was seen that Mexico could not, with all its wealth of land, compete in cereal products with our northwest, nor, in tropical products, with Cuba; nor could it, under a disputed dynasty, attract capital, or create public works, or develop mines, or borrow money; so that the imperial system of Mexico, which was forced at once to recognize the wisdom of the policy of the republic by adopting it, could prove only an unremunerating drain on the French treasury for the support of an Austrian adventurer.

THE PERPETUITY OF REPUBLICAN INSTITUTIONS.

Meantime, a new series of momentous questions grows up, and forces themselves on the consideration of the thoughtful. Republicanism has learned how to introduce into its constitution every element of order, as well as every element of freedom; but thus far the continuity of its government has seemed to depend on the continuity of elections. It is now to be considered how perpetuity is to be secured against foreign occupation. The successor of Charles the First of England dated his reign from the death of his father; the Bourbons, coming back after a long series of revolutions, claimed that the Louis who became king was the eighteenth of that name. The present emperor of the French, disdaining a title from election alone, is called the third of his name. Shall a republic have less power of continuance when invading armies prevent a peaceful resort to the ballot box? What force shall it attach to intervening legislation? What validity to debts contracted

for its overthrow? These momentous questions are by the invasion of Mexico thrown up for solution. A free State once truly constituted should be as undying as its people; the republic of Mexico must rise again.

THE POPE OF ROME AND THE REBELLION.

It was the condition of affairs in Mexico that involved the Pope of Rome in our difficulties so far that he alone among temporal sovereigns recognized the chief of the Confederate States as a president, and his supporters as a people; and in letters to two great prelates of the Catholic Church in the United States gave counsels for peace at a time when peace meant the victory of secession. Yet events move as they are ordered. The blessing of the Pope at Rome on the head of Duke Maximilian could not revive in the nineteenth century the ecclesiastical policy of the sixteenth; and the result is only a new proof that there can be no prosperity in the State without religious freedom.

THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA.

When it came home to the consciousness of the Americans that the war which they were waging was a war for the liberty of all the nations of the world, for freedom itself, they thanked God for the severity of the trial to which he put their sincerity, and nerved themselves for their duty with an inexorable will. The President was led along by the greatness of their self-sacrificing example; and as a child, in a dark night on a rugged way, catches hold of the hand of its father for guidance and support, he clung fast to the hand of the people, and moved calmly through the gloom. While the statesmanship of Europe was scoffing at the hopeless vanity of their efforts, they put forth such miracles of energy as the history of the world had never known. The navy of the United States drawing into the public service the willing militia of the seas, doubled its tonnage in eight months, and established an actual blockade from Cape Hatteras to the Rio Grande. In the course of the war it was increased five fold in men and in tonnage, while the inventive genius of the country devised more effective kinds of ordnance, and new forms of naval architecture in wood and iron. There went into the field, for various terms of service, about two million men; and in March last the men in service exceeded a million; that is to say, one of every two able-bodied men took some part in the war; and at one time every fourth able-bodied man was in the field. In one single month,

one hundred and sixty-five thousand were recruited into service. Once, within four weeks, Ohio organized and placed in the field, forty-two regiments of infantry — nearly thirty-six thousand men; and Ohio was like other States in the east and in the west. The well-mounted cavalry numbered eighty-four thousand; of horses there were bought, first and last, two thirds of a million. In the movements of troops science came in aid of patriotism; so that, to choose a single instance out of many, an army twenty-three thousand strong, with its artillery, trains, baggage and animals, were moved by rail from the Potomac to the Tennessee, twelve hundred miles in seven days. In the long marches, wonders of military construction bridged the rivers; and wherever an army halted, ample supplies awaited them at their ever changing base. The vile thought that life is the greatest of blessings did not rise up. In six hundred and twenty-five battles, and severe skirmishes blood flowed like water. It streamed over the grassy plains; it stained the rocks; the undergrowth of the forest was red with it; and the armies marched on with majestic courage from one conflict to another, knowing that they were fighting for God and liberty. The organization of the medical department met its infinitely multiplied duties with exactness and despatch. At the news of a battle, the best surgeons of our cities hastened to the field, to offer the zealous aid of the greatest experience and skill. The gentlest and most refined of women left homes of luxury and, ease to build hospital tents near the armies, and serve as nurses to the sick and dying. Besides the large supply of religious teachers by the public, the congregations spared to their brothers in the field the ablest ministers. The Christian Commission, which expended five and a half millions, sent four thousand clergymen chosen out of the best, to keep unsoiled the religious character of the men, and made gifts of clothes and food and medicine. The organization of private charity assumed unheard of dimensions. The Sanitary Commission, which had seven thousand societies, distributed, under the direction of an unpaid board, spontaneous contributions to the amount of fifteen millions, in supplies or money — a million and a half in money from California alone — and dotted the scene of war from Paducah to Port Royal, from Belle Plain, Virginia, to Brownsville, Texas, with homes and lodges.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

The country had for its allies the River

Mississippi, which would not be divided, and the range of mountains which carried the stronghold of the free through Western Virginia and Kentucky and Tennessee to the highlands of Alabama. But it invoked the still higher power of immortal justice. In ancient Greece, where servitude was the universal custom, it was held that if a child were to strike its parent, the slave should defend the parent, and by that act recover his freedom. After vain resistance, Lincoln, who had tried to solve the question by gradual emancipation, by colonization, and by compensation, at last saw that slavery must be abolished, or the Republic must die; and on the 1st day of January, 1863, he wrote liberty on the banners of the armies. When this proclamation, which struck the fetters from three millions of slaves reached Europe, Lord Russell, a countryman of Milton and Wilberforce, eagerly put himself forward to speak of it in the name of mankind, saying: "It is of a very strange nature;" "a measure of war of a very questionable kind;" an "act of vengeance on the slave owner," that does no more than "profess to emancipate slaves where the United States authorities cannot make emancipation a reality." Now there was no part of the country embraced in the proclamation where the United States could not and did not make emancipation a reality. Those who saw Lincoln most frequently had never before heard him speak with bitterness of any human being; but he did not conceal how keenly he felt that he had been wronged by Lord Russell. And he wrote, in reply to another caviller: "The emancipation policy, and the use of colored troops, were the greatest blows yet dealt to the rebellion. The job was a great national one; and let none be slighted who bore an honorable part in it. I hope peace will come soon, and come to stay; then there will be some black men who can remember that they have helped mankind to this great consummation."

RUSSIA AND CHINA.

The proclamation accomplished its end, for, during the war, our armies came into military possession of every State in rebellion. Then, too, was called forth the new power that comes from the simultaneous diffusion of thought and feeling among the nations of mankind. The mysterious sympathy of the millions throughout the world was given spontaneously. The best writers of Europe waked the conscience of the thoughtful, till the intelligent moral sentiment of the Old World was drawn to the side of the unlettered statesman

of the West. Russia, whose emperor had just accomplished one of the grandest acts in the course of time by raising twenty millions of bondmen into freeholders, and thus assuring the growth and culture of a Russian people, remained our unwavering friend. From the oldest abode of civilization, which gave the first example of an imperial government with equality among the people, Prince Kung, the secretary of state for foreign affairs, remembered the saying of Confucius, that we should not do to others what we would not that others should do to us, and in the name of the Emperor of China closed its ports against the warships and privateers of "the seditious."

CONTINUANCE OF THE WAR.

The war continued, with all the peoples of the world for anxious spectators. Its cares weighed heavily on Lincoln, and his face was ploughed with the furrows of thought and sadness. With malice towards none, free from the spirit of revenge, victory made him importunate for peace; and his enemies never doubted his word, or despaired of his abounding clemency. He longed to utter pardon as the word for all, but not unless the freedom of the negro should be assured. The grand battles of Mill Spring which gave us Nashville, of Fort Donelson, Malvern Hill, Antietam, Gettysburg, the Wilderness of Virginia, Winchester, Nashville, the capture of New Orleans, Vicksburg, Mobile, Fort Fisher, the march from Atlanta and the capture of Savannah and Charleston, all foretold the issue. Still more, the self-regeneration of Missouri, the heart of the continent; of Maryland, whose sons never heard the midnight bell chime so sweetly as when they rang out to earth and heaven that, by the voice of her own people, she took her place among the free; of Tennessee, which passed through fire and blood, through sorrows and the shadow of death, to work out her own deliverance, and by the faithfulness of her own sons to renew her youth like the eagle—proved that victory was deserved and would be worth all that it cost. If words of mercy uttered as they were by Lincoln on the waters of Virginia, were defiantly repelled, the armies of the country, moving with one will, went as the arrow to its mark, and without a feeling of revenge struck a deathblow at rebellion.

LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

Where, in the history of nations, had a Chief Magistrate possessed more sources of consolation and joy, than Lincoln? His countrymen had shown their love by choos-

ing him to a second term of service. The raging war that had divided the country had lulled; and private grief was hushed by the grandeur of its results. The nation had its new birth of freedom, soon to be secured forever by an amendment of the Constitution. His persistent gentleness had conquered for him a kindlier feeling on the part of the South. His scoffers among the grandees of Europe began to do him honor. The laboring classes every where saw in his advancement their own. All peoples sent him their benedictions. And at the moment of the height of his fame, to which his humility and modesty added charms, he fell by the hand of the assassin; and the only triumph awarded him was the march to the grave.

THE GREATNESS OF MAN.

This is no time to say that human glory is but dust and ashes, that we mortals are no more than shadows in pursuit of shadows. How mean a thing were man, if there were not that within him which is higher than himself—if he could not master the illusions of sense, and discern the connections of events by a superior light which comes from God. He so shares the divine impulses that he has power to subject interested passions to love of country, and personal ambition to the ennoblement of man. Not in vain has Lincoln lived, for he has helped to make this Republic an example of justice, with no caste but the caste of humanity. The heroes who led our armies and ships into battle—Lyon, McPherson, Reynolds, Sedgwick, Wadsworth, Foote, Ward, with their compeers—and fell in the service, did not die in vain; they and the myriads of nameless martyrs, and he, the chief martyr, died willingly "that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

THE JUST DIED FOR THE UNJUST.

The assassination of Lincoln, who was so free from malice, has from some mysterious influence struck the country with solemn awe, and hushed, instead of exciting, the passion for revenge. It seemed as if the just had died for the unjust. When I think of the friends I have lost in this war—and every one who hears me has, like myself, lost those whom he most loved—there is no consolation to be derived from victims on the scaffold, or from any thing but the established union of the regenerated nation.

CHARACTER OF LINCOLN.

In his character Lincoln was thorough and thorough an American. He is the first native of the region west of the Alleghanies to

attain to the highest station; and how happy it is that the man who was brought forward as the natural outgrowth and first fruits of that region should have been of unblemished purity in private life, a good son, a kind husband, a most affectionate father, and, as a man, so gentle to all. As to integrity, Douglas, his rival, said of him, "Lincoln is the honestest man I ever knew."

The habits of his mind were those of meditation and inward thought, rather than of action. He excelled in logical statement, more than in executive ability. He reasoned clearly, his reflective judgment was good, and his purposes were fixed; but like the Hamlet of his only poet, his will was tardy in action, and for this reason, and not from humility or tenderness of feeling, he sometimes deplored that the duty which devolved on him had not fallen to the lot of another. He was skilful in analysis, discerned with precision the central idea on which a question turned, and knew how to disengage it and present it by itself in a few homely, strong old English words that would be intelligible to all. He delighted to express his opinions by apothegm, illustrate them by a parable, or drive them home by a story.

Lincoln gained a name by discussing questions which, of all others, most easily led to fanaticism; but he was never carried away by enthusiastic zeal, never indulged in extravagant language, never hurried to support extreme measures, never allowed himself to be controlled by sudden impulses. During the progress of the election at which he was chosen President, he expressed no opinion that went beyond the Jefferson proviso of 1784. Like Jefferson and Lafayette, he had faith in the intuitions of the people, and read those intuitions with rare sagacity. He knew how to bide his time, and was less apt to be in advance of public opinion than to lag behind. He never sought to electrify the public by taking an advanced position with a banner of opinion; but rather studied to move forward compactly, exposing no detachment in front or rear; so that the course of his administration might have been explained as the calculating policy of a shrewd and watchful politician, had there not been seen behind it a fixedness of principle which from the first determined his purpose and grew more intense with every year, consuming his life by its energy. Yet his sensibilities were not acute, he had no vividness of imagination to picture to his mind the horrors of the battle-field or the sufferings in hospitals; his conscience was more tender than his feelings.

Lincoln was one of the most unassuming of men. In time of success, he gave credit for it to those whom he employed, to the people, and to the providence of God. He did not know what ostentation is; when he became President he was rather saddened than elated, and his conduct and manners showed more than ever his belief that all men are born equal. He was no respecter of persons; and neither rank, nor reputation, nor services overawed him. In judging of character he failed in discrimination, and his appointments were sometimes bad; but he readily deferred to public opinion, and in appointing the head of the armies he followed the manifest preference of Congress.

A good President will secure unity to his administration by his own supervision of the various departments. Lincoln, who accepted advice readily, was never governed by any member of his Cabinet, and could not be moved from a purpose deliberately formed; but his supervision of affairs was unsteady and incomplete; and sometimes, by a sudden interference transcending the usual forms, he rather confused than advanced the public business. If he ever failed in the scrupulous regard due to the relative rights of Congress, it was so evidently without design that no conflict could ensue, or evil precedent be established. Truth he would receive from any one; but, when impressed by others, he did not use their opinions till by reflection he had made them thoroughly his own.

It was the nature of Lincoln to forgive. When hostilities ceased, he who had always sent forth the flag with every one of its stars in the field, was eager to receive back his returning countrymen, and meditated "some new announcement to the South." The amendment of the Constitution abolishing slavery had his most earnest and unwearied support. During the rage of war we get a glimpse into his soul from his privately suggesting to Louisiana that "in defining the franchise some of the colored people might be let in," saying: "They would probably help, in some trying time to come, to keep the jewel of liberty in the family of freedom." In 1857 he avowed himself "not in favor of" what he improperly called "negro citizenship:" for the Constitution discriminates between citizens and electors. Three days before his death he declared his preference that "the elective franchise were now conferred on the very intelligent of the colored men and on those of them who served our cause as soldiers;" but he wished it done by the States themselves, and he never harbored

the thought of exacting it from a new government as a condition of its recognition.

The last day of his life beamed with sunshine, as he sent by the speaker of this House his friendly greetings to the men of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific slope; as he contemplated the return of hundreds of thousands of soldiers to fruitful industry; as he welcomed in advance hundreds of thousands of emigrants from Europe; as his eye kindled with enthusiasm at the coming wealth of the nation. And so, with these thoughts for his country, he was removed from the toils and temptations of this life and was at peace.

PALMERSTON AND LINCOLN.

Hardly had the late President been consigned to the grave, when the Prime Minister of England died, full of years and honours. Palmerston traced his lineage to the time of the conqueror: Lincoln went back only to his grandfather. Palmerston received his education from the best scholars of Harrow, Edinburgh, and Cambridge; Lincoln's early teachers were the silent forest, the prairie, the river, and the stars. Palmerston was in, public life for sixty years; Lincoln for but a tenth of that time. Palmerston was a skilful guide of an established aristocracy; Lincoln a leader or rather a companion of the people. Palmerston was exclusively an Englishman, and made his boast in the House of Commons that the interest of England was his Shibboleth; Lincoln thought always of mankind as well as his own country, and served human nature itself. Palmerston from his narrowness as an Englishman did not endear his country to any one court or to any one people, but rather caused uneasiness and dislike; Lincoln left America more beloved than ever by all the peoples of Europe. Palmerston was self-possessed and adroit in reconciling the conflicting claims of the factions of the aristocracy; Lincoln, frank and ingenuous, knew how to poise himself on the conflicting opinions of the people. Palmerston was capable of insolence towards the weak, quick to the sense of honour, not heedful of right; Lincoln rejected counsel given only as a matter of policy, and was not capable of being wilfully unjust. Palmerston, essentially superficial, delighted in banter, and knew how to divert grave opposition by playful levity. Lincoln was a man of infinite jest on his lips, with saddest earnestness at his heart. Palmerston was a fair representative of the aristocratic liberality of the day, choosing for his tribunal, not the conscience of humanity, but the House of Commons; Lincoln took to heart

the eternal truths of liberty, obeyed them as the commands of Providence, and accepted the human race as the judge of his fidelity. Palmerston did nothing that will endure; his great achievement, the separation of Belgium, placed that little kingdom where it must gravitate to France; Lincoln finished a work which all time cannot overthrow. Palmerston is a shining example of the ablest of a cultivated aristocracy; Lincoln shows the genuine fruits of institutions where the laboring man shares and assists to form the great ideas and designs of his country. Palmerston was buried in Westminster Abbey by the order of his Queen, and was followed by the British aristocracy to his grave, which after a few years will hardly be noticed by the side of the graves of Fox and Chatham; Lincoln was followed by the sorrow of his country across the continent to his resting-place in the heart of the Mississippi valley, to be remembered through all time by his countrymen, and by all the peoples of the world.

CONCLUSION.

As the sum of all, the hand of Lincoln raised the flag; the American people was the hero of the war; and therefore the result is a new era of republicanism. The disturbances in the country grew not out of anything republican, but out of slavery, which is a part of the system of hereditary wrong, and the expulsion of this domestic anomaly opens to the renovated nation a career of unthought of dignity and glory. Henceforth our country has a moral unity as the land of free labour. The party for slavery and the party against slavery are no more, and are merged in the party of Union and freedom. The States which would have left us are not brought back as conquered States, for then we should hold them only so long as that conquest could be maintained; they come to their rightful place under the Constitution as original, necessary and inseparable members of the State. We build monuments to the dead, but no monuments of victory. We respect the example of the Romans, who never, even in conquered lands, raised emblems of triumph. And our generals are not to be classed in the herd of vulgar conquerors, but are of the school of Timoleon and William of Orange and Washington. They have used the sword only to give peace to their country and restore her to her place in the great assembly of the nations. Our meeting closes in hope, now that a people begins to live according to the laws of reason, and republicanism is intrenched in a continent.

To the Editor of the Living Age.

I think thou wilt agree with me that the following poem is worthy of a place in thy miscellany. Its author, as the lines indicate, is both blind and deaf, and I know not where to look for a more pathetic, or, with the exception of Milton's sonnets and Samson Agonists, a more sublime description of the double solitude of night and silence.

J. G. W.

DARKNESS AND SILENCE.

"Silence and darkness, solemn sisters, twins
From ancient night, who nurse the growing
thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve,
(That column of true majesty in man,)
Assist me; I will thank you in the grave;
The grave your kingdom; there this frame shall
fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine."
YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

I.

WHERE is the harp that once with dirges
thrilled,
But now is hushed in leaden slumbers,
Save when the withered hand old *age hath
chilled
Sweeps o'er its chords in broken numbers?
It hangs in halls where shapes of sorrow dwell,
Where echoless silence tolls the muffled knell
Of dead delights and fleeting years.
Go, bring it me, sweet friend; and, ore we part,
A tale I'll weave so sad 'twill wring thy heart
Of all its pity, all its tears.

As fitful shadows round me gather fast,
And solemn watch my thoughts are holding,
Dear Memory comes, lone hermit of the past,
The rising morn of life unfolding.
Now fade from view all living joy and strife;
Time past is now my present, death my life;
All that exists is obsolete;
While o'er my soul there steals the pensive
glow
Of sainted joys that young years only know;
And past scenes looming dimly rise, and throw
Their lengthening shadows at my feet.

I see a morn domed in by sunny skies;
The dew is on its budding pleasures;
The fresh warm light all glad some on it lies;
And to it from this dark my pent soul flies,
As misers nightly to their treasures.
With airy pace in one long glittering train,

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE. VOL. XXXII. 1479.

Winding along the dream-lit shadowy plain,
Like ghosts of hope and youth and bloom,
Year after year, all beautiful and bright,
In phantom silence stealing on my sight,
Comes gliding, gliding from the tomb;
And, trooping by, their lines of fading light
Remind of youth's decay and beauty's blight,
Till, like spent meteors shimmering through
the night,
The vision melts in closing gloom.

Another day, in sable vesture clad,
All drear with new-blown pleasures blighted,
Comes blindly groping through the twilight
sad,
Like one in moonless mists benighted.
Oh, day unhappy! could oblivion roll
Its leaden billows o'er my shrinking soul,
Living or dying I'd ne'er forget!
For life bereft of light no memory needs
To tell of night that ne'er to morning leads,
Or day that is for ever set.

From yonder sky the noonward sun was torn,
Ere day dawn's rosy hue had fled;
A midnight blotted out my spreading morn,
Ere childhood's dewy joys had vanished.
No slow-paced evening ushered in the night;
Like a spangled web, the heavens were swept
from sight;
The mild moon fled and never waned,
And all of earth that's beautiful and fair
Became as shadows in the empty air:
A boundless, blackened blank remained.

I heard the gates of Night with sullen jar
Close on the smiling Day for ever;
Hope from my sky dropped like a falling star,
Again to reach her zenith never.
For she, blithe offspring of the jocund Day,
Was loath to enter with obtrusive ray,
Where Night, swart goddess, held unsocial
sway;
And things of beauty, grace, and bloom,
And fair-formed joys that once around me
danced,
Bewildered grew where sunbeams never glanced,
And lost their way in that thick gloom.

Pensylla, o'er me many sunless years
Of faithless hopes and soul-benumbing fears
Have flown, since last a beam of Heaven,
The coming-on of morn mid smiles and tears,
The soft descent of dreamy even;
Or sight of woods and meads in green arrayed,
Valley or hill or stream or dewy glade,

Or vernal sunshine or autumnal shade,
 Or winter's gloom or summer's blaze;
 Or bird or beast or creeper of the sod,
 Or all those works that trophy man's abode,
 Or him divine the image of his God,
 Answered my failing gaze.

Look, gentle guide, thou seest the impatient
 Sun
 Forth sending far his ambient glory,
 O'er laughing fields and frowning mountains
 dun,

O'er glancing streams and woodlands hoary.
 In orient clouds is steeped his amber hair;
 His beams, far-slanting through the flaming air,
 Bid Earth, with all her hymning sounds, de-
 clare

The praise of everlasting light.
 On my bared head I feel his pitying ray;
 He gently shines on my benighted way;
 But ah, Pensylla, he brings me no day, —
 Nor yet his setting, deeper night.

O thou that veil'st the dread eternal throne,
 And dost of him in sense remind me!
 From me, O Light of Heaven! why hast thou
 flown,

To these dark shades why hast resigned me?
 On pinions of surpassing beauty borne,
 When Nature hails the glad ascent of morn,
 In thine unsullied loveliness
 Thou comest; but to my darkened eyes in vain:
 My night, e'en in the noon of thy domain,
 Yields not to thee; for joy of thine again
 Can ne'er my dayless being bless.

II.

Next Silence, fit companion of the night,
 In dismal nought my being steeping,
 Like the felt presence of an unseen sprite,
 With muffled tread comes creeping, creep-
 ing.

Before me close her smothering curtain swings,
 And o'er my life a shadeless shadow flings,
 Descending pitilessly slow,
 To shroud this last sweet glimpse of earth and
 man,

And trammel me within the narrow span,
 An arm's length here below.

Oh, whither shall I fly this stroke to shun!

Where turn me this side death and heaven!
 Almost I would my course on earth were run,
 And all to night and silence given!
 I turn to man. Can he but bless and mourn?
 Like me he's helpless; and, like bubbles borne,
 We to a common haven float.

To Him, the All-seeing and All-hearing One,
 Behold, I turn. More hid than he there's
 none,

More silent none, none more remote.

Alas, Pensylla, stay that pious tear!
 Now, hither come, I fain thy voice would hear.
 Like music when the soul is dreaming,
 Like music dropping from a far-off sphere,

Like music heard when the close of life is near,
 It faintly comes, — a spirit's seeming.
 The sounds that once delighting round me
 stole,

Lifting to heaven in silent praise my soul;
 The rush of winds and waves, the thunder's
 roll,

The steed's proud neigh, the lamb's meek
 plaint,

The insect's hum, the vesper hymn of birds,
 The rural harmony of flocks and herds,
 The sounds of mirth, and man's inspiring
 words, —

Come to me fainter, yet more faint.

Was my poor soul to God's great works so dull
 That they from her must hide for ever?
 Is earth too bright, too fair, too beautiful,

For me ingrate, that we must sever?
 By blossom-scented gales that round me blow,
 By vernal showers, the sun's impassioned glow,
 And smell of woods and meads, alone I know

Of Spring's approach and summer's bloom;
 And by the pure air void of odors sweet,
 By noontide beams low slanting without heat,
 By rude winds, yielding snows, and hazardous
 sleet,

Of autumn's blight and winter's gloom.

As at the entrance of a yawning cave

I shrink; so still is all and sombre:
 This death of sense makes life a breathing
 grave,

A vital death, a waking slumber.
 Yet must I yield. Though fled for e'er the
 light,

Though utter silence bring me double night,
 Though to my insulated mind

Knowledge no more her precious leaves unfold,
 And cheering face of man I ne'er behold,
 Yet must submit, must be resigned.

III.

Thou sad, blind Milton, solemn son of night,
 Great exile once from day's dominion bright,
 Though from thine eyes earth's beauteous form
 was veiled,

And thickening shadows round thee blindly
 sailed,

Yet thou, in lone effulgence beaming,
 From that proud height unscaled by mortal
 man,

As with an angel's ken at will didst scan

Wide heaven in solid glory gleaming.
 When seraph harps with loud hosannas thrilled,
 And Eden with descending echoes filled,
 Or at Jehovah's voice were sweetly stilled;

When envy peace celestial marred,
 And on swift wings the embattled hosts of
 heaven

With untried arms to unwonted war were
 driven,

When with that fall the empyreal walls were
 fiven,

Which hell to its black welkin jarred;
 And when in ether God from chaos hurled

The wondrous fabric of a new-born world,
And yon star-spangled firmament unfurled,
E'en then thou wert, O mighty bard !

O'er earth thy numbers shall not cease to roll
Till man to live, who to them hearkened ;
Thy fame no less immortal than thy soul,
Shall shine when yon proud sun is darkened,
Methinks I see thee now, O bard divine !
Where ripen no fair joys that are not thine,
And God's full love delights on thee to shine.
Still by the heavenly muses fired.
And in obedience swift to high command,
Thou sweep'st the sacred lyre with matchless
hand,
While seraphs in mute rapture round thee
stand,
As one by God alone inspired.

And thou Beethoven wizard king of sound,
Once exiled from thy realms, but not dis-
crowned,

Assist me ; for my spirit, thrilling
With thy surpassing harmony, is mute,
As when the echoes of a dreaming lute
With music weird the ear is filling.
When Silence clasped thee in her dismal spell,
And earth-born Music sang her sad farewell,
Thy mighty genius, as in scorn,
Arose in silent majesty to dwell,
Where from harmonious spheres thou heardest
to swell

Sounds scarce by angels heard, e'en in their
dreams,

Which at thy bidding wove a thousand themes,
And, flowing down in rich pellucid streams,
Filled organ grand and silvery horn,
With limpid sweetness touched each dulcet
string,

Made martial bugle and wild clarion ring,
Soft flute provoked, like some lone bird of
spring,

To breathe the love-lays of hope forlorn ;
Woke shrilly reed to many a pastoral note,
Thrilled witching lyre, and lips melodious
smote,

Till earth in tuneful ether seemed to float,
As first when sang the stars of morn ;
Till wondering angels were entranced to chime
With harp and choral tongue thy strains sub-
lime,

And bear thy name beyond the blight of time,
Heaven's halls harmonious to adorn.

Ah me ! could I with ken angelic scan
Celestial glories hid from mortal man,
I'd deem this night a day supernal !
Could music, born in some far-singing sphere,
Float sweetly down and thrill my stricken ear,
I'd pray this hush might be eternal !

IV.

And now, with iridescent points of fire,
The sun red-sinking tips yon distant spire ;
O'er wooded hills and lawny meadows
Shoots wide and level his expiring beams ;
Then sinks to rest, like one sure of sweet
dreams,

'Mid pillowing clouds and curtaining sha-
dows.

Night's ebon wings brood darkling o'er the
earth ;

The stars gleam out, the meek-eyed moon
comes forth ;

The evening hymn of praise, the song of mirth,
Rise gratefully from man's abode.

O Night ! I love her sombre majesty ;
'Tis sweet, her double solitude to me !
Pensylla, leave me now, alone I'd be,
Alone with darkness and my God !

O thou whose shadow is but light's excess,
The echo of whose voice but silentness,
To one, for whom in vain thy lamps now burn,
A hearing deign, nor from thy footstool spurn
The offering of a sorrowing mind !

And as but now in darkness downward whirled,
Thy likeness dim, that thereby might the world,
Behold thy star-dropt firmament unfurled.

So in my night let me but find
New realms, where thought and fancy may re-
joice ;

Let its long silence ne'er displace thy voice
But in my soul pour radiance from above ;
Me so inspire with truth, faith, courage, love,
That thou and man my work shall well ap-
prove, —

And I shall be resigned
Though smitten deaf and blind !

And now, O harp of the mournful voice, fare-
well !

As night-winds wailing down some spectred
dell,

In memory still my spirit haunting,
I hear thine echoes burdened with the swell
Of long-sung monody and long-tolled knell,
And dirges o'er the dead past chanting.

I'll hang thee up again in Sorrow's hall,
Where Night and Silence spread oblivion's pall
O'er joys that, one by one, like sere leaves fall,
And leave the stricken soul to weep.

Henceforth I sing in happier, bolder strains.
What's lost to me is God's ; what yet remains,
Still his own gifts. In endless light he reigns,
And reck'ning of my long and voiceless
night will keep.

MORRISON HEADY.

Elk Creek, Spencer County, Ky.

From the British Quarterly Review.

1. *Pamphlets on England, Ireland, and America; On Russia, etc.* By RICHARD COBDEN. Ridgway. 1836.
2. *Speeches of Mr. Cobden on Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform.* 1849.
3. *History of the Anti-Corn Law League.* By H. PRENTICE. Manchester. 1847.
4. *Biography of the Late R. Cobden, Esq., M. P.* By JOHN MCGILCHRIST. 1865.

THE saying of Lord Bacon, that 'Death opens the gate of Fame, and shuts the gate of Envy after it,' is but half true of politicians. On the evening of a statesman's funeral Jealousy and Grudge drink their last cup of malice; and through the aisles of the cathedral Echo faintly sings, 'His name liveth evermore.' But is it always so? Talleyrand, Castlereagh, Metternich, Pozzo di Borgo, — the men who plied the loom of Europe's diplomatic fate at Paris and Vienna, and upon whose very *bon mots* governments and nations hung, — who thinks or speaks of any of them now? 'They are all gone,' in the words of Carlyle, 'sunk down, down, with the tumult they made; and the rolling and the trampling of ever new generations passed over them, and they hear it not any more forever.'

But there is a distinction solid and real to be drawn between the men who have spent their lives in diplomatic or executive work and those who, though they have never worn the livery of office, have either as publicists or legislators, or both, wrought important changes in the condition of their country, and in the plight of their fellow-men. One may even distinguish between the tribute which popular memory pays to the longevity of good in a man's works, and to the comparative evanescence of result in those performances of his which attract more attention and win more praise at the time. Tradition tells but a confused tale of Alfred's heroic ousting of the Dane; but through the lapse of centuries it has never faltered in its thanks to the founder of popular order and popular right, of free school learning and of jury-made law. Of the subtle statecraft of King Cromwell, how little is remembered now? but who forgets his agitator life in contraband conventicle at Yarmouth or the Fens, and the part he bore in the great strife of words at Westminster? For what is Napoleon remembered gratefully by Western Europe? Not for Marengo, Austerlitz, or Wagram, but for that imperishable code of just and

equal laws which he had the wisdom to devise, the industry to elaborate, and the humanity to impose wherever ruined feudalism had left society an unsheltered wreck. And when we look down the roll of public-men since the Revolution, we are constrained to ask ourselves again and again, how little trace has been left upon the sands of time by the great majority of those who have held power, as it is called, in their day! Even of Walpole and Pitt, how much is practically remembered? — less by the educated many than of Burke, Adam Smith, Wilberforce, or Macintosh. The year gone by has seen the last of two of our foremost men, each in his way without compeer, but in their ways so entirely different that, save for the sake of contrast, they can hardly be spoken of together. This is not the place or the fitting opportunity to speak of the illustrious minister whose mortal career has lately closed. Nor would it be a gracious or a grateful task on our part, to inquire what the probable effect of time may be upon his reputation. At present we have to perform another duty — that of endeavouring to recall the features of a man who, without any of the adventitious aids of birth or fortune, raised himself, in the most aristocratic and money-worshipping country in the world, to a position of influence and power the like of which no man without rank or office has of late years exercised amongst us. If Richard Cobden be forgotten, it will be because the good that men do does *not* live after them; and this we are bound to disbelieve. Whatever he accomplished in public life was not only professedly, but on all hands was confessedly for the uplifting of the people, and for the rendering permanently better their condition, and that of their neighbours. Purer and nobler and wider aims no man ever cherished. That he sometimes mistook the best way to their accomplishment, and sometimes miscalculated the odds and chances of the political game, is only to say that he was fallible, and at the same time enthusiastic. But his errors, now that he is gone, his severest critics cheerfully acknowledge to have been mistakes of intellect, not of heart, and of but passing moment, not of enduring evil.

The family of Copden is traceable in the territorial records of Sussex through several centuries. With other yeomen of substance we find one of them offered as surety for the payment by Sir Roger de Covert, Lord of the Manor, for whose charges or fines by tenure of chivalry distress had been levied by the Crown. In 1313, Thomas Copden

was sent to Westminster to serve in Parliament for the episcopal city of Chichester; and when the fear of Spanish invasion kindled the pride and pluck of all classes in the land, five and twenty pounds, a large sum in those days, were subscribed by Thomas Copden, to prepare for resisting the Armada. The like spirit warmed his illustrious descendant when, repudiating the charge of indifference to the inviolability of the realm, he said in a speech advocating naval retrenchment, — 'I would never consent to our fleets being reduced to less than an equality with those of any two other maritime powers. But with that, I think, we ought to be content.' The orthography of the patronymic seems to have changed early in the seventeenth century; but the characteristic self-reliance, thrift, and contempt for social affectation remained unchanged. In 1629, when Charles I. resorted to the device for raising money, of offering knighthood to many persons among the smaller and wealthier yeomanry, with the alternative of paying so much money to be excused, Thomas Copden preferred to pay his fine rather than assume a title which would not have rendered him the happier, but which might have tended in some sort to alienate the sympathy, if not to excite the envy, of his farming neighbours. The sturdy self-respectful instinct, as we know, did not die out in his descendants. No man in our time who has been so feted and flattered, showed less desire to forget the measure of the family hearth by which in childhood he had played, or to have it forgotten. Ambition he had abundantly; and if not covetous of riches, he was not insensible to their value, or wanting in the self-denying energy and perseverance calculated to secure the immunity from privation they afford to those he loved. But readily and without a sigh he abandoned the pursuit of wealth to nobler objects; and when the opportunity presented itself of choosing a permanent residence for the evening of his days, his heart naturally turned to the old family home, in whose quiet and seclusion he felt more happiness and pride than he could have done in the showiest suburban villa, with its bronze gates, flower-houses, and *rococo* finery. He used to say that he valued a man above all other things for his having a backbone: the want of almost every other member might be in some degree supplied; wig, false teeth, glass eye, stuffed arm, and wooden leg — all might be had for a trifle round the corner; but if a man was born without a backbone, you could never put it into

him, or get him to stand for half an hour as if he had one.

In his own demeanour, conduct, language, and life, he was the most consistently regardless man of the pretensions and of the unrealities of rank we have ever known. There was not a spark of envy or grudge in his disposition; and if ever he thought of levelling, it was in the sense only of raising up those below him, not of undermining or despoiling those above him.

At the Grammar School of Midhurst, under the mastership of Mr. Philip Knight, he had the reputation of an open-hearted, unassuming boy, steady and diligent at the tasks set him, but evincing less quickness of parts than his elder brother Frederick. At twelve he was transferred to Mr. Clarkson's Seminary at Greta, in Yorkshire, where he remained three years. He had no turn for classical acquirements, the value of which in after years he was rather disposed to depreciate. What he loved best, and what he most completely mastered, was geography, of which he probably knew more than all the rest of his classfellows put together. The value he set on this branch of study is noticeable throughout all his after-life. He was the comparative anatomist of modern civilization; and not only believed in the worth of international sympathy as a humanizing sentiment, but in the policy and wisdom of international knowledge as indispensable to a full reciprocity of benefits. At a public meeting a friend incidentally made use of the expression once, that as it was not in the sight of Heaven good for man to be alone, neither was it right or wise for a community to try to dwell apart. He cheered the expression vehemently, and afterwards commended in warm terms the maxim conveyed in the illustration. To use his own words, 'No nation, however strong or good, can afford to play the hermit.' No wonder that he continued throughout life to prize what had been, as it were, in his mind the ground-plan of his whole political system. In his last speech at Rochdale he dwelt at considerable length upon the neglect of geographical teaching in our schools, and told the tale of his search, when visiting Attica, for the stream of the storied Iliussus, and of his amusement when at last he discovered the insignificant brook hardly containing water enough to serve the purposes of some dozen laundresses: and yet, as he chidingly observed, too many of our fine young English gentlemen who, fresh from College, undertake to legislate for the wants of the Empire and its relations with the rest of the civilized world, know more

of the course of this classic land-drain than they do of the Amazon or the Mississippi. For this he was soundly rated in the columns of the daily and weekly press, as if he had been guilty of inculcating some darkening heresy, or wished to discredit scholastic learning. But this was not his meaning or his aim. He thought indeed that the uniform drill of upper class intellect in Greek prosody, Latin verse, and the religion of Olympus, was an inadequate substitute for modern knowledge, in the youth of a ruling class. No man had a greater respect for true scholarship of any and of every kind; but he knew that one-half the young men who, by the right divine of territorial rank or fortune, enter Parliament at an early age, have never willingly spent an hour in the study of the Classics, which at Eton and Christchurch they regard simply as the plague of their idle lives. And being a man wholly devoid of superstition, whether social or educational, he could not help laughing aloud at that which prescribes a uniform system of mental training, so barren of flower or fruit, to the exclusion or neglect of teachings that might prove less irksome and that might fairly be expected to serve a more practical purpose.

At sixteen he began his unindentured apprenticeship to trade under his uncle, who was an extensive warehouseman in East-cheap. The knowledge derivable from books was regarded at that time as wholly out of place in a youth bound to follow business and nothing else. There might be nothing actually wrong in his skimming through a novel once in a way; and of course it was all right to read a chapter or a Psalm on a Sunday night before going to bed; always provided that he was not too sleepy to forget to put out the candle, a circumstance fairly presumable. But as for study of any kind, or the collecting of information, even about trade, from books, pamphlets, or newspapers, the thing was deemed an absurdity or an affectation; and when the beardless youth betrayed leanings that way, he incurred at first pity for his want of sense, and then reproof for his obdurate wilfulness in thus misusing his time. Luckily for himself and for the world, however, he still went his way, working hard and well by daylight and by dusk, and never neglecting the business of his relative till the doors of the warehouse closed. But when his companions had betaken themselves to the amusements befitting their time of life, or were glad to enjoy an early sleep, he loved to occupy himself with such books of travels, biography, and his-

tory, as his limited opportunities enabled him to obtain: and very early his mind became attracted by the study of those branches of knowledge which furnish the materials of industrial philosophy. Opinions he could be hardly said to have thought of forming. Although, if we knew all, it is probable that we should be able to trace very early the seemingly haphazard shedding of seed, which in his genial mind quickly struck root and slowly but steadily grew, although unnoticed and unnoticeable for many a year to come. In the fluctuations of trade the old merchant proved unfortunate; while his studious nephew, having belied his forebodings and thriven as well as risen in life, had the gratification of repaying his anxious though undiscerning care by contributing to his comfort in his declining years.

On quitting his uncle's warehouse, young Cobden undertook the duties of a commercial traveller, and showed so much activity and discrimination in that capacity, that he was early enabled to obtain a junior partner's share in a house trading both in Manchester and London. He threw himself with energy into the development of the particular branch of manufacture with which his name was subsequently associated; and in a few years the firm, mainly owing to his personal skill, perseverance, and enterprise, had acquired a high reputation. In his leisure hours he continued to enlarge his stock of general information, and from the outset felt longings he could not wholly restrain, to have his say about what was publicly passing around him. He saw the children of the working classes growing up without any species of instruction, and when they drew near the verge of maturity left without any species of intellectual relaxation, or any means of qualifying themselves to enjoy it. He applied himself with zeal to the local remedy of both evils. His voice, his pen, and his purse were devoted to the encouragement of free schools in Manchester; and he was one of the founders of the Athenæum in that city, one of the first institutions of the kind established in England. For the purpose of extending the connections of his house he made several journeys abroad, by which his views were greatly expanded, and as he used himself to say, his islander vanity and pretension cut down. Love of country was with him not an exclusive, but a preferential love. He did not want to grow rich himself by overreaching others or by grinding them down, and he did not want his country to do as it would not be done by. He had a thorough faith in the doc-

trine that for all who will work honestly and intelligently the world is wide enough, and that there is room to spare. He gloried in the thought that England was the most successful merchant adventurer of the nations; but he reprobated the narrow and short-sighted maxims that so long bade her exult in her strength as a means of jostling competitive industries in the race, or throwing them out of the running. He wished to see his country occupying, not the hated place of commercial tyrant or monopolist, but the noble and beloved position of chief among brethren.

He first visited America in 1835, making a rapid tour through the principal seaboard States, and the adjacent portions of Canada, during the months of June and July. His early impressions of the great commonwealth of the West were alike vivid and permanent, some of them finding their way to publicity in the course of the following year.

His first appearance as an author was in the character of a Manchester manufacturer, under which name he published a remarkable pamphlet, entitled 'England, Ireland, and America.' His aim was to advocate in foreign affairs the policy of strict non-intervention, based upon considerations of an industrial and commercial rather than of a political kind. Mr. Fox and Lord Grey had resisted armed intermeddling in the affairs of the Continent, when interference sprang from dynastic and anti-democratic motives; and Mr. Canning had, from considerations of expediency, refused to interpose in Italy and Spain, even when he felt called upon most loudly to protest against the intrusion of French and Austrian bayonets. But non-interference was defended by these statesmen on specific grounds alone, and not in assertion of any general rule. The right to apply the resources of their own country to the vindication of neighbouring liberty they hardly seemed to have ever doubted; and however they might differ about the fitness of opportunities, or the adequacy of means, they generally assented to the standing maxims handed down from the Revolution, that England's duty and interest lay in maintaining the balance of power in Europe. The truth of these maxims Mr. Cobden boldly challenged. In his view the whole history of the grand alliances and continental wars in which, from the days of Marlborough to those of Wellington, we had engaged, at an infinite cost of blood and treasure, was but a record of disappointment and labour in vain. We should have

been, as he believed, far stronger and freer, and abler to render real service as leader of the nations in the march of freedom, had we kept minding our own affairs instead of meddling with theirs, and by our example been content to show them a more excellent way. He particularly strove to arouse resistance to the struggle he saw impending on the shores of the Bosphorus, in defence of Ottoman rule. He viewed with mingled contempt and aversion the supremacy of the Moslem in Asia Minor and Roumelia, which he cited the testimonies of many travellers and publicists to show, had been but one long protracted blight and burden. How different would the once crowded, opulent, and busy shores of the Levant become were they subject to Christian institutions, and re-animated by industrial enterprise! Russian ascendancy might not in itself have anything to recommend it, but neither was it, he thought, to be seriously feared in any sense as a source of danger to Great Britain. At all events, it was not our business to squander money or life in defending the Ottoman. He had failed in every sense as a ruler, in the fairest and most fertile region of the world. If he could not keep his ruffian hold, let him go; the cause of civilization, commerce, and of Christian freedom, could not be in any way injured thereby. We had a tariff to reform, a press to liberate from statutable thralldom, a colonial system to reconstruct, and many other great works of domestic policy demanding our undistracted care. Let these suffice, and let us leave the political dead to bury their dead.

While extolling the frugality of the American government, and its adherence to the principle of non-intervention in the affairs of its neighbours, consequent upon the essentially popular character of its constitution, Mr. Cobden emphatically disclaimed all idea of holding up Republicanism as a model for English imitation. The worship of rank pervaded, he was convinced, every grade of the middle and working classes; there were no real elements of democracy amongst us; and he could see no gain in deposing from power patricians by descent, if it were only to make way for rich men of yesterday. But some things in American rule he regarded as eminently deserving the consideration of our statesmen—the reliance upon small armaments by sea and land in time of peace for the maintenance of national dignity, and the equality assured to all forms of belief in the eye of the law. At the time he wrote, the small national debt originally contracted by the

United States in their struggle for independence had been entirely paid off; and contrasting their perfect exemption from the necessity of raising taxes upon that account, with the vast sums our own people were compelled to pay every year only to keep down the interest upon our foreign war debt, he indulged in the expression of a fear lest our national industry should one day find itself overweighted in the race with its Transatlantic competitor. How strangely it would have sounded in his ears had any one told him that he should live to see the odds reduced almost to nothing in this respect, not by England's abatement of wasteful expenditure, but by America's self-imposition of a public debt, amounting to three-fourths of our own!

In the unreclaimed condition of Ireland, and in the unredeemed plight of the mass of her people, we had more than enough to do, if all our energies were devoted to the work of wiping out, though late, that national scandal and shame. With rapid and vigorous hand, he etched the narrative of English misrule, wilfully destructive of Celtic industry, and blindly preventive of social and religious amelioration. The existence of a Church Establishment alien to the belief of the people, and maintained by the mere brute force of conquering power in defiance of their feelings, was in itself, he argued, a more than sufficient recounting cause for ceaseless discontent, agitation, and crime. Would Englishmen be found devoted to adventure and trade with the traditional steadiness which has so long characterised them, if, through any political misfortune, they were compelled to behold their cathedrals and parish churches occupied by a priesthood whose tenets they disapproved, and to see the vast wealth derivable from church lands and tithes sequestered for the maintenance of a hated faith? He hoped not; and that from sire to son they would hand down the pledge of discontent and detestation until the evil were removed. Believing moreover, as he did fervently, that Ireland would be happier and better and richer if it were Protestant, he deprecated the continuance of that ecclesiastical imposition which above and beyond all other causes, had contributed to render the spread of the doctrines of the Reformation in that country impossible. 'So long as the Church of England possesses the whole of the religious revenue of Ireland, there cannot be — nay, judging of the case as our own, there ought not to be — peace or prosperity for its people; and what is of still more vital importance, there

can be, judging by the same rule, no chance of the dissemination of religious truth in that country.'

After passing in review the various palliatives and pretexts for doing nothing effectual then in vogue, he summed up his appeal for doing justice to Ireland before seeking distant objects of national interposition, in the following terms:— 'Our efforts have been directed towards the assistance of States for whose welfare we are not responsible; whilst our oppression and neglect have fallen upon a people over whom we are endowed with the power and accountable privileges of government. . . . Does not the question of Ireland in every point of view offer the strongest possible argument against the national policy of this country, for the time during which we have wasted our energies, and squandered our wealth upon all the nations of the Continent, whilst a part of our own empire, which more than all the rest of Europe has needed our attention, remains to this hour an appalling monument of our neglect and misgovernment?' This remarkable *brochure* quickly attracted attention, and in a few months went through several editions.

His next pamphlet, entitled 'Russia, Turkey, and England,' evinced an equal diversity of information, and comprehensive breadth of view. It contains many passages of great power and eloquence, intermingled with others less careful in their style, and less calculated perhaps to win general approval. His description of the attenuation of Muscovite power by the rapid and unconsolidated extension of territory, is admirably contrasted with the growth during the same period, of the United Kingdom and the United States, in concentrated wealth and population. He argues truly, that in such concentration has ever lain the greatest strength of nations; and he relies upon the logical converse as a sufficient reason for treating with indifference the threatening aspect of Russian aggrandizement. But while discounting the military strength of the Cossack empire, he endeavours to show in how many ways it stands superior to the stolid and stifling oppression of the Turk, against whom his bill of indictment is as terrible as true. If a choice must be made, he contends that it would be better for the Czar to reign at Constantinople than the Sultan; and that English interests, neither present nor future, would in any way be damaged by the change. Of any other alternative he takes no note. This is perhaps the weak point in his argument, which, whenever it was repeated an after

years struck dispassionate listeners, and checked their disposition to adopt his policy. For ourselves, we could never understand why either set of oppressors should reign forever over the most beautiful and prolific country in the world. Admitting all that can be said against the Turks — and we are far from being prepared to dispute any portion of it — we cannot see the necessity of transferring all Greece and Asia Minor to Scythian rule. ‘Constantinople,’ said Lord Palmerston, during the Crimean war, ‘may be truly described as very inferior to St. Petersburg; and the cause of the inferiority may be truly assigned to misrule; but that is no reason why Russia should have both.’ When the Manchester Manufacturer wrote, railroads were a Western luxury, of which the half-peopled plains of the Volga and the Neva did not dream. Already considerable lines have been laid down in various districts, and ten years hence all the chief places in European Russia will be connected by electricity and steam. It must be owned that this will make an essential difference in the question, whether it be safe for Europe to allow any one Power to have her fortified arsenals on the Sea of Marmora and the Baltic, with the instantaneous means of knowledge as to what is going on at either extremity, and the power of concentrating in the course of a few hours on any point of her frontier the whole avalanche of her disciplined ambition. Nevertheless, for the time in which he wrote, and having regard to the diplomatic doctrines then in vogue respecting foreign policy, there cannot be a doubt that the vigorous utterance of opinions till then almost unheard was of infinite use, and that the good thus done has not and will not pass away.

He spent the winter of 1836–7 in Egypt, Syria, and Greece. Possessing little classical knowledge, and but a niggard love of antiquities, his wanderings among the monuments and ruins of bygone times were perhaps less pleasurable than they usually are to men of a different caste of mind. On the other hand, there was for him in the gaunt remains of dead civilization, extinguished commerce, and abandoned art, a world of suggestion and teaching. He understood too thoroughly what the far-reaching commerce of Phœnicia and Greece must have been in the days of its glory not to people with a phantom crowd of busy speculators and labourers the wharves of harbours now choked with sand, and the half-ruined highways leading from city to city. Few visitors to the Le-

vant were so capable of realizing the busy life of which it was anciently the scene, or of measuring therefore the depth of political and social degradation that has since befallen its shores. He returned to England detesting Turkish barbarism, and the infamy of forced labour and the slave-market, more intensely than he had ever done when merely reading of such things in books. He brought home with him a thousand fresh facts and new ideas; and his was a mind on which the impression of realities was never lost, and from which the photograph once imprinted never passed away.

Before entering on the course of commercial agitation in which his best energies were so soon to be absorbed, he felt a desire to freshen his earlier impressions of the comparative anatomy of neighbouring industrial States. About the middle of May, 1840, he visited Havre and Rouen, proceeding thence to Paris and the southern cities of France. Subsequently he visited Savoy and Switzerland, the Rhine towns, and the chief places of commerce in Holland. He was not wanting in appreciation of the beauties of external nature, but the sight of Genoa and Geneva, Cologne and Amsterdam, stirred in him deeper thoughts, and dwelt more vividly in his recollection than the Passes of the Alps or Schaffhausen Falls. He was by nature, habit, and feeling a man of action; not in the vulgar sense which associates energy and ambition with incessant stir and noise; he was neither talkative or restless, greedy of excitement or afflicted with the feverish thirst of fame. The key to his life is to be found in the earnestness of his sympathy with his kind, — with their sufferings and struggles, their hopes and fears, their wrongful humiliations and noble aspirations; with all, in short, that, whether for individuals or communities, goes to make up the wear and tear, the trials and the triumphs of our nature. He was called an economist, and so he was; his reason being convinced that the greatest service he could render mankind was to keep them clear of errors in the application of their industry and skill. But it was not for the sake of the theory of rule or with any mere intellectual pride in victorious casuistry that he inquired, computed, argued, and, when necessary, made costly sacrifices of time and health and fortune. With him the actuating motive was from first to last the accomplishment of the greatest possible amount of good to others in his day and generation. He thought habitually

through his feelings, and no one ever succeeded in engaging his co-operation or alliance who failed to show him that his efforts, if successful, would alleviate some misery, or vindicate some questioned right, or help to give a better dinner to the working man, or strike down the uplifted arm of violence or oppression. He had the heart of a woman, with the intellect of a man; and those who knew him best well knew what depths of tenderness for those he loved lay within him, unobserved by the many, and often dark and silent as unopened fountains. Of his private griefs he spoke seldom and little; his instincts recoiled from utterances that had for him something of the sense of exposure. Even when receiving the generous and gentle tribute of sympathy, he would remain mute until his fixed eye began to fill; and then, when he could bear the agony of unspoken gratitude no longer, he would quietly murmur some expression of assent and turn away, as though to break the spell.

It was not until the general election of 1841 that Mr. Cobden obtained his seat in Parliament. The agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws was then beginning to assume somewhat of the menacing proportions by which it was afterwards known, and the newly-returned member for Stockport was the life and soul of the agitation. His first speech in the House of Commons was an earnest appeal to men of both parties on behalf of the manufacturing population, then suffering acutely from want of work. The Whigs had, on the eve of the general election, offered an 8s. fixed duty as a compromise; but their bidding came too late to appease commercial discontent, and the newly-formed Association had bound itself to be satisfied with nothing short of the total abolition of the tax on bread. Its members authorized him, moreover, to declare — as he did openly in his maiden speech — that they would give all the political support they could command to whichever party in the State should first concede the great principle at stake. A meeting of ministers of religion of all denominations had likewise confided to him the presentation to Parliament of their remonstrances and prayers on behalf of their famished flocks. A majority of the new Parliament, elate with party triumph and confiding in the pledges of Sir Robert Peel to maintain Protection, received the most touching statements of popular suffering with depressive cheers; and the outgoing Whigs were in no humour to lend support to a

man who avowed his indifference to party combinations, and his readiness to sacrifice party interests for the attainment of what they were accustomed to designate as an economic crotchet. Lord Melbourne had but a few months before told the House of Lords that the man must be mad who would think of the entire repeal of the Corn Laws; and he had told the Queen that the men who proposed it would take the crown off her head: and Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister. But Cobden cared for none of these things. The agitation spread and grew as the distress deepened. Every month during the dismal winter of 1841–42 brought new recruits to its standard. Not a few of the squeamish politicians who had lisped on the hustings their condescending assent to an 8s. duty, and got well beaten for their pains, sent in their subscriptions with an intimation that they were now ready to stand, whenever an opening offered, on thorough-going Free Trade principles; and in this manner some of them actually did find their way back to Westminster.

We need not dwell upon the five years' wordy war against monopoly, which ended in the conversion of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Gladstone to the doctrines of the Anti-Corn Law League; and of the consequent disintegration and overthrow of the most powerful Conservative party which had existed in England since the death of Mr. Pitt. No such moral triumph has ever been accomplished, without the loss of a single life or the striking of a single blow, within the same brief space. Religious freedom was the slow work of generations. Parliamentary reform took nearly half a century in its partial accomplishment. The emancipation of trade had been indeed begun, and was pursued tentatively during the twenty years preceding the formation of the League; but the abolition of a tax on corn, to keep up the rent of land for the benefit of the classes who possessed nine-tenths of the seats in the Legislature, was a task which to the most experienced and enlightened men of the Liberal party seemed desperate, and which nothing but the combined wisdom and enthusiasm of true political genius could have accomplished. The story has, however, so often and so well been told that it needs not to be told again. On the eve of his fall from power, the conscience-stricken opener of the gates of Protection, which he had spent his prime in endeavouring to bar, confessed in the House of Commons that no one had con-

tributed so much to bring about that result as Mr. Cobden.

The work, indeed, was done, and the nation was not unmindful or ungrateful. For its achievement it had been necessary to neglect the profitable pursuits of business and to sacrifice leisure, gain, and mercantile opportunities of every kind. It was felt that the man who had, without ever once alluding to these things, practised unflinchingly such self-denial, ought not to go uncompensated; and a very large sum was accordingly subscribed, chiefly though not altogether in the manufacturing districts, as a tribute of acknowledgement for the immeasurable benefits conferred.

The Whigs resumed power, and could find no room in the Cabinet for the man by whose courage, energy, and eloquence, more than that of any other man, their restoration had been brought about. They offered him the subordinate post of Vice-President of the Board of Trade, which he of course declined. Before the struggle was over, Sir Robert Peel addressed to him a letter, as remarkable for its contents as for the signature and superscription, in which he reiterated the acknowledgments he had made in the House of Commons, that from Mr. Cobden he had tardily learned the wisdom and necessity of Free Trade in corn. He explained with his accustomed clearness and completeness the considerations by which he had been governed in breaking with his party, and renouncing power for the sake of accomplishing a great national good; and concluded by expressing a wish that he and his correspondent might in future meet as private acquaintances, if not friends. Mr. Cobden replied in befitting terms to this communication; but he went abroad before any opportunity arose of meeting the ex-minister; and on his return, from some cause unexplained, no further step, we believe, on either side was taken towards a *rapprochement*.

On his way to Paris he had an interview with Louis Philippe at the Château d'Eu. 'The king was very civil and communicative,' but left on his visitor the impression that he 'did not like to discuss the Free-trade question.' The diplomatizing, by the grace of *gold*, charter, monopoly, and corruption, was too wary to commit himself to a triumphant tribune on his travels; and whatever may have been his wishes or convictions, he was too much afraid of setting any new stone rolling in France, and too much out of humour just then with Palmerston and his colleagues, to

let fall anything that might be turned into an encouragement of even economic agitation in his ignitable dominions.

On the 18th of August the Duc d'Harcourt presided at a public dinner given to Mr. Cobden, by the chiefs of the Liberal party and leading economists of France. M. Horace Say occupied the vice-chair, and amongst those present were Baron Billing, MM. Dupéron and Renouard (peers), and MM. Garnier Pagès, Leon Faucher, G. Beaumont, M. Chevalier, and other men of distinction. He received much attention from M. Duchatel, the Minister of the Interior, and the Duc de Broglie, who impressed him as being 'a man of elevated moral and religious sentiments, but wanting in the masculine qualities requisite to sway a French political party.' Of the Abbé de Lamennais he speaks 'as a meek little man, religious in a certain sense, and with a heart.*' He was naturally struck with the want of knowledge on economical questions betrayed by many of the ablest politicians he encountered; but, on the whole his visit to the French capital was one unceasing round of compliment and congratulation.

After a brief stay at Bordeaux, where likewise he was entertained in public by the leading merchants and bankers of the City of the Vine, he crossed into Spain. At Madrid another festival in his honour awaited him, at which several of the leading politicians of the Chamber of Representatives took part. While in the Spanish capital he witnessed a bull-fight for the first time. The spectacle pained him deeply. 'So long,' he wrote, 'as this continues to be the popular sport of high and low, so long will the people be indifferent to human life, and have their civil contests marked with displays of cruelty which make other nations shudder.† Narvaez struck him as the man of 'most practical sense and knowledge' of the politicians he met with at Madrid; for he admitted many of the evils of the prohibitive system, and owned that one-fourth of the population of Andalusia were more or less engaged in contraband trade; but he argued that none but a very strong government could reform the tariff in Spain, and that, if one administration fell in the attempt, no other could be formed for many years that would touch it. The aspect of the Peninsula and its people, in the eyes of the Manchester Manufacturer, was not encouraging: 'The Spaniards of the last two centuries seem literally to have done nothing

* 'Diary,' 1846.

† 'Diary,' 16th October, 1846.

but glorify themselves for the deeds of their ancestors, or loll in the shades of their olives and vines, and leave to nature the task of feeding and clothing them.' Entertainments awaited him at Cadiz and Malaga, and by the end of the year he had completed his tour in Southern Spain.

At Genoa, on the 16th January, 1847, the Marquis d'Azeglio presided at the feast wherewith the descendants of the old merchant princes of the Gulf welcomed him to their shores. A still more inspiring ovation was given in his honour at Rome, in the following month, which, considering that it took place almost under the walls of the Vatican, and apparently without provoking the slightest jealousy on the part of the newly-elected Pope or his advisers, seemed to him 'the most charming proof of the wide-spread sympathy for Free-trade principles which he had seen in the course of his travels.* Among other notabilities, he was introduced, during his stay in Southern Italy; to the Count of Syracuse, a younger member of the Bourbon family of Naples. He found him, 'for a king's brother, a very clear-headed, well-informed man.'† Pío Nono received him on the 22d of February, 1847, at an audience which lasted a good while. He was habited in a simple dress of white flannel, spoke unaffectedly and with much earnestness of the good work which had lately been accomplished in England by the abolition of the Corn Laws, and dwelt with especial emphasis on the means whereby so great a change had been effected. His visitor called his attention to the desecration of hallowed memories in Spain, where bull-fights were constantly held, as the public advertisements declared, in honour of the Virgin, or the patron saint of the locality. The Pope said he was obliged for the suggestion, and promised to mention the matter to his Nuncio. On the day after this interview, Mr. Cobden dined with the ill-fated Count Rossi, then French Ambassador at Rome. After Naples he was much struck by what he saw in the Pompeian Museum. 'In a couple of hours spent in these rooms, I became better acquainted with the ancient Roman people than I could have been by reading all the histories ever written about them.‡

King Ferdinand desired to see him, and tried to make him believe that he too had become a proselyte to Free-trade, as did most of the men of political and literary distinction at his Court. They asked many questions about the solution of the Irish dif-

ficulty; for the apprehended famine, whose coming shadow had scared Sir Robert Peel into surrendering the last outworks of monopoly, was still impending; the failure of the State trials to crush agitation was still fresh in men's minds; and though less energetic and threatening than in former days, O'Connell still lived. Everywhere interrogatories were put to Mr. Cobden about the condition of Ireland and its future. Twenty years are come and gone since then, and English statesmanship during that time, to its shame be it spoken, has never dared to look that question in the face. The month of April was spent in Florence, where he was received with open arms by the men of letters, and many of the foreign residents of that delightful city. The first public dinner said to have been ever given there, was that in his honour, under the presidency of M. Peruzzi; La Farina, the historian, Prince Poniatowski, and many other individuals of distinction, being present. The report of the proceedings was delayed for some days, and was not permitted to appear until the consent of the Grand Duke had been formally signified, in consequence of his name having been mentioned in some of the speeches; yet his was considered, and in point of fact actually was, the best beloved and respected of the old governments of Italy. Leghorn was not wanting in hospitality to the traveller, and there he found once more, for the first time since he had quitted England, the greeting of fellow countrymen of his own class and calling, who could appreciate more vividly than many of his Southern entertainers the amazing difficulties he had had to encounter in his long struggle for the emancipation of commerce, and the specific worth of what he had done. At Turin he spent many pleasant and instructive days. Among the first who called on him were Scialoja, and Charles Cavour, — 'a young man,' as he observed, 'with a sound, practical head.' The incipient statesman clutched eagerly at the opportunity of learning all he could from lips so ready to impart information. He had recently visited England, and studied her industrial and political institutions; and although as yet he did not pretend any more than the rest of his class to see his way to national independence, he already believed in the possibility of working up to constitutionalism and to agricultural and commercial freedom in Piedmont. The administration was still indeed in the hands of the ultra partisans of resistance; and the king, who had never recovered his early disenchantment with popu-

* 'Diary,' 1847. † 'Diary,' 13th February, 1847.

‡ 'Diary,' 4th March, 1847.

lar efforts, was too weak and wavering to originate any measure of importance in the direction of progress. Cavour spent most of his time with Mr. Cobden or his family during their stay, and frequently accompanied them in their walks and drives into the country; and with his uncle, the Marquis Cavour, with whom he then lived, and MM. Balbo, Collobiano, Polloni, Battista, Bignon, the future minister attended the banquet on the 24th May, to do honour to the Apostle of Free Trade. A like celebration followed in the ensuing week at Milan, and also at Venice. At Vienna he was treated with every mark of distinction by Prince Metternich, as at St. Petersburg by Count Nesselrode. At Berlin, Humboldt, Ranke, Eichhorn, Bodelschwing, and most of the eminent men engaged in the administration, were prompt in paying their respects; and he was entertained at dinner by the king. His long tour ended with a visit to Hamburg; and by the middle of October 1847, he found himself once more at home. It was a moment of extreme depression and anxiety. The deferred famine had more than decimated the population of Ireland; and gold had been sent out of the country to buy corn in such quantities, that the Bank of England was, under the Act of 1844, compelled to raise the rate of discount to 10 per cent., and was only enabled to reduce it to 8 per cent. by a Treasury minute suspending the operation of the statute.

In Parliament he never took any part in debates respecting the currency; and in private he used sometimes to say playfully, 'When a man begins by telling me that we can do nothing right until the Bank Charter is annulled, I always suspect that he is a little mad, at least on one point; and so I try to turn the conversation.' He had voted for Peel's Bank Act in 1844, hoping that it would be an improvement on previous legislation; but after twenty years' experience he inclined to regard it as a failure, and to anticipate that, whenever pressure or panic should cause its suspension a third time, it must be virtually abandoned.

In the new Parliament which met in November 1847, Mr. Cobden took his seat as member for the West Riding of Yorkshire, for which, in his absence, he had been chosen, and for which he continued to sit for the ten following years. It was not in human nature that he should be unconscious of the comparative neglect and disparagement, wherewith he was treated by the privileged politicians of his own country, and which

contrasted so strongly and so strangely with what he had experienced abroad. That he never condescended to notice it outside the inner circle of friendship and intimacy, does not touch the question — how such folly and such injustice came to pass? No proposal was made to him to join the administration; and though he gave it his general support, his remonstrances against certain measures which he disapproved, were on more than one occasion, repelled in a tone and in terms little short of insulting. In the discussions on the Alien Act, and on the Bill which for the first time constituted open and advised speaking on political subjects sufficient proof of 'treason-felony'; on many items of domestic expenditure, and on many important points of colonial policy; on the memorable affair of compensation to M. Pacifico; on the Ecclesiastical 'Titles' Bill, and generally on the question of Parliamentary Reform, he differed from the Whigs: and the estrangement thus engendered continued to the end, without bitterness or resentment on his part, but not without consequences which it would lead us too far to enter into here.

By many, whose prejudices he offended in the earnest pursuit of objects he deemed politically just, he was called a demagogue. They saw the proofs of his popularity, and they measured his self-love by their own; they felt that the self-made man was able to wield a power which, with all the adventitious aids of birth and wealth and station, they could not gain; and they could not persuade themselves that the exercise of this power had not created an appetite which must ever yearn and crave. They felt the keen edge of his argumentative eloquence in debate: and they would not believe that the man who could thus overthrow opponents did not love the encounter and exult in victory. They knew not the man, or the spirit that animated him. There never was any one who had in him less of the love of ambition, or the lust of triumph. He neither feared nor shunned the fight; and he rejoiced with child-like glee in the success of his cause. But it was the triumph of the cause, not of Cobden, that he fought for; and far from relishing the opportunity of giving battle, or exulting in the humiliation of adversaries, he would readily, at any moment, have secured success by the timely conversion of opponents to sound views, rather than have hazarded the result of public contention. To say that he did not value personal influence, founded as his was, on personal ability and worth alone, would indeed be untrue; and

to say that he was insensible to the tribute of popular sympathy and admiration, would be idle. But the gratification these were capable of affording him was essentially transitory and subordinate to that which other and more enduring instincts craved. He delighted in quiet, and he loved love. In the happy faces of the children who never feared him, and the genial talk of friends with whom he never differed sharply, it was his delight to pass his time. Society, so-called, rather bored him; and public display was to him, a matter of penance, not of pride. The proceedings he originated in the House of Commons were not numerous; and the total number of his speeches there, considering the length of time he sat in that assembly, will be found to have been, by comparison with other notabilities, but few. In some degree this may perhaps be accounted for, by his extreme aversion to taking part in debate, without having fully matured what he had to say, 'and the best way of putting it,' as he was wont to phrase it. But a good deal must likewise be set down to the account of his reluctance to provoke angry dispute with men, towards whom he could never bring himself to feel anything like hostility. He might laugh at their follies and make merry with their inconsistencies, in his own limited circle of intimate friends; but when urged to expose their errors publicly, and to resist the impolicy they recommended, he was rarely known to indulge in sarcasm or scoff; for he thought that a legislator's words, like those of a judge, should, as Bacon says, be 'wise, and not taunting.' At heart he disliked conflict; and there was for him no pleasure in inflicting pain. His blows were heavy when they fell, and, roused by a sense of indignation at oppression or injustice, he dealt them with a will. Yet he oftentimes — oftener than the world at large could easily have been persuaded — generously forbore. He not only could make great allowance for educational and social habits of expression, thought, and action not in accordance with his own, but he practically did so; and while no man was less swayed by the influence of society around him, he was content with the enjoyment of his own simple-minded liberty, without cavilling at the fopperies, affectations, or antipathies of those who he knew disliked him.

One evening, as he drove to the House of Commons, to take part in a debate which it was expected would be of the sharpest, his companion, who probably looked forward to the coming struggle with some-

what of bellicose enthusiasm, rallied him gently on being what he called dull; and strove to rekindle his spirit, by anticipating the weakness and waywardness in blundering which their adversaries were certain to betray, and by holding forth the promise of inevitable triumph. He was not to be roused from his dejection, however, and he said calmly — 'I know you can enjoy it all, and perhaps it is so best; but I hate having to beard in this way hundreds of well-meaning, wrong-headed people, and to face the look of rage and loathing with which they regard me. I had a thousand times rather not have to do it; but it must be done.'

It was in this spirit that in 1854 he took a course that for the time undoubtedly lessened his general popularity, by opposing the Russian war. From his first entrance into public life he had questioned the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston, primarily and especially with reference to the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire; and when at length that long-slumbering question came to issue, the complete antagonism between them was more than ever revealed.

In the spring of 1856, there befell him a calamity whose lingering shadow overcast all his remaining years:—

'One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that
throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our
woes;
To which life nothing darker or brighter
can bring,
For which joy hath no balm, and affliction
no sting.'

His only son, a youth of singular promise, and endeared to him by every tie of pride and affection, was suddenly struck down by illness at Weinheim, where he was at school; and the same letter that brought intelligence of the fact, conveyed also the tidings of his death. It was long before the bereaved father recovered from this heavy blow. By degrees indeed he learned resignation; and, consoled by the sympathy of a numerous and attached circle of friends, he manfully strove to battle with his grief, and to soothe that of those loved ones who needed his example and his care.

In the autumn of the same year a congress was summoned to meet at Brussels, of the friends of international interchange and amity, at which his recent bereavement rendered it impossible for him to appear. In declining, about the same period, a kind invitation from friends at Paris, he alluded with his usual unselfishness to the weight that

hung upon his own spirits and those of his domestic circle:—‘We must throw upon our friends as little as possible of the burden of our grief; for who has not his own share of sorrow at some period of his life to endure? The same circumstance will prevent me from going to Brussels, as I should have otherwise liked to do. His interest in the progress of opinion was not, however, quenched even in affliction. In the same letter he seemed to revive, as he thought of the efforts then making in Belgium by the mercantile community there, to promote the great cause with which his name was identified: ‘We cannot help admiring the noble attitude of that little kingdom, in thus offering its capital and its public halls as the place of rendezvous for kindred minds from all parts of the world. . . . I have been a good deal struck with the energy and talent displayed by the iron-traders of Belgium, in their agitation. It seems a *bonâ fide* movement in which the manufacturers and merchants are taking a leading part. The best thing they can do for the cause of Free Trade is to *carry out the principle in their own country*; and thus set a good example to their neighbours.’

The culminating point of his opposition to Lord Palmerston, as a minister, was not reached until the famous controversy regarding the *lorcha*, called the *Arrow*, the seizure of whose crew, while bearing the British flag, in the Canton river, led to the bombardment of the town by Admiral Seymour's fleet, and to a great destruction of property and life. Lord Clarendon, with the sanction of Lord Palmerston, praised and thanked the English authorities, civil and military, in China, for their promptitude and vigour. A vote of censure, on the ground of inhumanity and needless violence, was carried in the House of Lords; and on the motion of the member for the West Riding, supported by Mr. Gladstone, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Sydney Herbert, a similar condemnation was carried in the Commons by a majority of sixteen. Parliament was dissolved. The West Riding, it was believed, would not again return the man who had conferred on its industry so many benefits, and he was asked to stand for Huddersfield, where, to the surprise and mortification of his friends, he was defeated by a ministerialist whose local influence was great. The current of popular feeling ran so strong that Messrs. Bright and Gibson were unseated at Manchester; Messrs. Layard, Miall, W. J. Fox, and others lost their seats; and but for Mr. Cob-

den's timely interposition, Sir James Graham would have given way at Carlisle. The wrong thus inflicted would, it was supposed, be soon repaired by some other constituency; but months rolled by, and the national reproach of his exclusion from the legislature was not effaced. He felt that exclusion deeply. In a letter addressed to the writer in the following year, who had inquired after his health and pursuits at Dunford, he wrote, in bitterness of heart, that—‘He was learning to promote the happiness of pigs, and to give them better food than they had had before; and he had this encouragement—that *they* could not make him feel that they were ungrateful.’ It was not until the general election of 1859 that he was restored to his place in Parliament, being chosen, during his absence in America, member for Rochdale. Before his return to England the new Parliament had met; and by the combination of parties inaugurated at a meeting held at Willis' Rooms, Lord Derby and his friends were driven from power, and Lord Palmerston was again placed at the head of affairs. Seats in the Cabinet were conceded to Lord Russell, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. M. Gibson, who, in 1858, had aided in the overthrow of the noble Viscount's former Administration by their votes of censure on the Conspiracy Bill; and it was announced that the Presidency of the Board of Trade was reserved for Mr. Cobden. On his arrival at Liverpool he learned for the first time the administrative change, that had taken place, and received the Premier's invitation to join his Government. In an interview with Lord Palmerston a few days afterwards, while acknowledging in frank and courteous terms the value of the compliment, he stated fully the reasons why he felt it would be incompatible with his sense of self-respect, and his character for consistency, to take confidential office under the man whose policy he had always opposed as wasteful and dangerous. Lord Palmerston would have had him reconsider the matter; but he declined, saying that his resolution was fixed, and that he thought any other course would only involve them both in embarrassment and ridicule. Those who never wished to see him in the Cabinet affected to take this refusal as proof that he was an impracticable man who could find fault with the work of others, but who would never himself incur the responsibilities of official life. Nothing could be more foreign to his disposition or feeling than such an inference, and an occasion soon arose for its disinterested refutation in a way equally unexpected and remarkable.

The suggestion having been publicly made by Mr. Bright, that the first step towards a reduction of armaments, and the cultivation of more intimate ties between England and France, would probably be found in a Treaty of Commerce between the two countries, M. Michel Chevalier wrote to Mr. Cobden assuring him of the favourable disposition of the Imperial Government, and encouraging him to urge upon the English Administration the expediency of making the attempt. After due reflection he resolved to do so. Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone entered into his views, and authorized him to visit Paris, using his own discretion in feeling his way with those in authority there, towards the attainment of so desirable an object. Accompanied by his family, he took up his residence for the winter in the French capital, and put himself in communication with the ministers of Napoleon III. For some time little progress was made. The wall of prejudice in favour of prohibition and protection looked higher and more hard to scale when near its base than it had done at a distance. Men like M. Rouher and M. Fould appreciated the importance, moral and material, of multiplying ties of reciprocal profit between the two nations; but others holding equal or higher political rank dissented from them, and discountenanced as far as in them lay the project of a treaty. Weeks were consumed in preliminary discussions; and in weariness of spirit, the untitled, unsalaried, and unpretentious plenipotentiary of England oftentimes was ready to despair. He was supported, however, by the consciousness of being engaged in an endeavour to accomplish an unmixed good, and by the noble ambition of showing that, without being disciplined in diplomatic forms, a man who thoroughly understood the interests of his country might be its best diplomatist.

One evening, on his return home, he asked a friend whom he found awaiting him, whether he could guess in whose company he had spent the last hour. 'You must keep it a secret,' he said, laughing; 'by which I mean that you must really tell nobody. For although, as you know, I hate mysteries, it would make me very uncomfortable if the thing were talked of.' His companion guessed in vain, and was at last told that the volunteer envoy had had an interview with the Emperor. Strange to say, a rumour of the fact ran through the clubs and *cafés* the same night; and his confidant being questioned on the point, could hit upon no more innocent way of throwing

public curiosity off the scent, than by suggesting gravely, that the blunderer who had watched at the gate of St. Cloud might have mistaken Lord Brougham for Mr. Cobden. It is not, perhaps, surprising that he was dot proof enough against the fascination of manner and of calm indomitable will that has contributed so much to the creation, and still more to the consolidation, of all but unlimited power in the present ruler of France. The interview had been desired by his Majesty; and it was valued at the moment by the ardent Free Trader, not as a compliment to the reputation he had already earned, but as the expression of a sagacious wish to be further informed by competent authority how the revenue of a country might be secured with lightened taxation, and how the wages of labour might be enhanced while invested capital, long used to the artificial shelter and forcing-beds of protection, was exposed to the all-penetrating breath of free competition. Besides the political hazard attendant on any failure of a financial experiment, Napoleon III. had, by the necessity of his position, to incur the greatest amount of personal responsibility — we had almost said peril — in the matter. No one believed, and no one could be made to believe, that the idea of revolutionizing the commercial system of France originated with any minister or any party in or out of doors. What Turgot had so memorably tried and failed to do in the days of Legitimate Absolutism, there was no man who would venture officially to recommend under the new order of things. Republicans and Constitutionists had always been divided in opinion about the theory of trade; and the traditions of the First Empire all seemed to bar the way. The compact weight of vested interests lay heavily in one scale; and there was little of any weight in the other but a conviction of truth and right and policy in the mind of the taciturn and undemonstrative sovereign. What must have been the incisive force, unaided and self-adequate, that wrought in such a mind as that of the Emperor's such a conviction! What would we not give for a snatch of the first conversation, to be followed up in due time by others of like import, between two men so utterly and intensely opposite in their ways of thought and action! On more than one occasion invitations to the Imperial table were proffered, and a wish was intimated through the proper quarter that Mr. and Mrs. Cobden might be included among the autumnal guests at Compiègne. But the repugnance to court ceremony and state of every kind

was too inveterate to be overcome. He had never been recognized as worthy of such honour in his own country, he said, and how could he accept it therefore in another? Lest his refusal should in any sense be taken amiss, he supplemented his political apology with one on the score of health, which he pleaded as disabling him from enjoying just then the excitement of so luxurious and glittering a sphere.

During his stay in Paris, he was beset with applications for his name and influence in the promotion of joint-stock companies of various kinds. Hardly a day passed without letters from sanguine projectors, offering him directorships in their promissive undertakings, with the usual guarantee against loss, and upon any terms as to shares he chose to name. His sense of what was due to himself, to his character as the representative of his country, and to the cause he had in hand, rendered it impossible that he should entertain any of these proposals. He referred them all to his friend Mr. Ellison, with whom an intimacy of many years had begotten confidence the most completely unreserved; and by him they were generally answered. Ordinary speculators were thus easily got rid of, and were heard of by him no more, his friend's position as a banker in Paris enabling him to discriminate in what terms each of the various applications ought most fitly to be declined. There were some whose imposing air and provoking tone of *bienfaisance* disturbed for the moment the negotiator's equanimity. One day he received a courteous but somewhat condescending intimation, that one of the greatest financial adventurers of the day intended to call on him on the morrow, with the view of laying before him a forthcoming scheme of more than ordinary magnificence, and which, in the slang of the Bourse, would be found to present features of peculiar importance to those who might be fortunate enough to be connected with it. Mr. Cobden requested his confidential adviser to be present at the interview, which the latter declined upon the ground that his doing so would probably prove a restraint, and would consequently lead only to a second visit or a correspondence, both of which it was desirable to avoid. But he consented to be within reach should anything occur rendering reference to him necessary. At the hour appointed the subtle weaver of golden dreams appeared, bowed benignantly to the unworldlywise diplomatist, whose single-heartedness he probably pitied, while he thought it might be turned to account as a

cutwater for the gorgeous and heavy-laden barge he was about to launch; and, having seated himself and thrown open his furred pelisse, he began his revelations in the customary strain. His host listened with ill-concealed impatience, and eventually cut short the interview by unconditionally refusing to take the matter into consideration, stating his opinion that, if any public man in France or England lent his sanction to the speculation, he would be guilty of complicity in something little short of swindling. The scheme, however, was too splendid to be abandoned. It did not fail; but not very long afterwards its author did, under circumstances that gave rise to litigation in many ways remarkable. When informed of the catastrophe, Mr. Cobden only remarked that he had sometimes regretted not having kept his temper a little longer at the interview above described, for he should have liked to know the price at which the fellow had 'valued his honesty.'

One letter only out of a great number that now lie before us we shall give in *extenso*. Some temptations are irresistible. Is not this one? He had promised Mr. Ellison to let him know the moment the Treaty was actually signed. There had been many delays, and to the last some misgivings. At length it was a great fact accomplished; and the haste of joy is obvious in the wording of the following note:—

'23rd January, 1860.

'Private.

'MY DEAR SIR, —

'The Treaty is signed, and will, I hope, in a few years change and improve the commercial relations of the two countries. I have lost no time, according to promise, in giving you this information. Believe me,

'M. Maurice Ellison.

'COBDEN.'

It is hardly worth while recalling now the forebodings of failure, and the thwartings of faction and folly on our own side of the Channel, which had beset every step of the protracted negotiation. Even after the Treaty was signed, there were many in Parliament and in the press who strove to depreciate its importance, and to misrepresent it as a departure from true economic principle. The public judgment, however, was not disturbed by these cavillings, and the tangible proofs of the worth of the new international compact became month after month more and more incontestable in the returns of the Board of Trade. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in acknowledging the obligation which Mr. Cobden had conferred on the country and the Government,

felicitously noted the rare fortune which, after an interval of many years, had a second time enabled the same man to render a signal and splendid service to the State. Lord Palmerston was permitted by the Queen to offer a baronetcy and the rank of Privy Councillor to Mr. Cobden, as some recompense for that service, but he would have none; and, with his accustomed gentleness and absence of wordy egotism, he begged that he might be excused. Among the many congratulations from eminent persons abroad, came one especially cordial, both on political and personal grounds, from Mr. Charles Sumner, who, when in Europe, had entered fully into Mr. Cobden's anxiety to allay international feelings of distrust, and his unbelief in the danger of French invasion. 'I am happy,' he wrote, 'in your true success. You are the great volunteer, with something in your hand better than a musket. This Commercial Treaty seems like a harbinger of glad tidings. Let that get into full operation, and the war system must be discontinued.'

The following winter and spring he spent at Algiers, for the benefit of his health. He had become of late years more susceptible of cold, which affected him with loss of voice, and at times with difficulty of breathing. In the charming climate of the southern shore of the Mediterranean he eluded for the time the attacks of his only enemy; and in the enjoyment of that best of material blessings, — the unconsciousness of physical weakness. He seemed, on his return to England in May 1861, to have grown young again.

His correspondence, like his conversation, at this period was full of solicitude about the course of events in America, and the consequences to Europe. An anti-slavery President had been elected, and the civil war had begun. From the outset he avowed his conviction that the geographical difficulties in the way of separation between North and South would prove insurmountable. The Western States, he thought, would never agree to leave the gates of their export trade, as he termed the mouths of the Mississippi, in hands that might at any time be hostile. He knew from personal acquaintance, that communities living by agriculture were less likely to be soon depressed by the financial changes incident to civil war than their brethren of the seaboard. He regarded President Lincoln as the impersonation of their indomita-

ble will, and felt persuaded that they would persist in the prolongation of the war until the overmatched Confederates were exhausted. The proposal of the French Government to ours for joint intervention he strongly disapproved, not only on general grounds of principle, but because he was satisfied that it would fail. It would be impossible, as he conceived, to transport across the Ocean any force capable of coercing the United States into separation. The improvements made in the munitions of war tended greatly, in his view, to strengthen those who stood on the defensive against assault from a distant enemy. The engines of warfare had become so vast and so complicated in their appliances, that they were not easily conveyed for a long distance from home. This was, he thought, a salutary tendency in human affairs, as it was to be presumed 'that they who fought on their own soil were more likely to be in the right, than they who went far away from home to find a battle-field.'

He sympathised intensely with the sufferings of Lancashire, and pleaded hard, though long in vain, that the factory hands should by timely measures be saved from sinking to the level of pauperism before receiving public aid. In this as in other instances his wise council was disregarded, until many of the evils it would have averted had been realized; and then the truth, officially re-discovered, was tardily confessed, and its demands conceded.

But we must bring our recollections to a close. His last speech in public was addressed to his constituents at Rochdale early in November 1864. The weather was inclement and the place of meeting cold. He spoke at greater length than usual on the various topics of the day; and after the excitement and exertion were over he felt a chill which he was unable for many hours to shake off. He returned to Dunford, and, yielding to the advice of his physician, hardly left his house for the three ensuing months. When the proposal was made in Parliament, however, to vote large sums of money for fortifications in Canada, his desire to take part in opposing the scheme outweighed all considerations of prudence; and on one of the coldest days of the coldest March within our recollection he came to town. The consequences of that fatal journey are well known. After a few days' suffering he sunk to rest, his life-work done — such work as few in any age or country have been good and great enough to do.

* 16th February, 1860.

From the Reader, 27th January.

We are indebted to the *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes* for the knowledge of a rising poet in the far west, of whom we believe none of our readers have yet heard, but whose name will certainly ere long become familiar to all lovers of true poetry. Two years ago, in the midst of the great American struggle between North and South, a society was formed of men residing in the Western States who had been educated at any of the great public schools of the Republic. The society, which numbers between 500 and 600 members, held its second annual meeting in June last, and issued an octavo pamphlet of 108 pages, under the title of "Oration, Poem, and Speeches delivered at the Second Annual Meeting of the Associated Alumni of the Pacific Coast, held at Oakland, California, June 6, 1865. Published by the Association. (San Francisco: Towne and Bacon.)" Mr. Edward Rowland Sill, a young banker of San Francisco, wrote the poem on President Lincoln's death, which we quote at length from the pages of our German contemporary, extracted probably from the only copy of the pamphlet to be met with on this side of the Atlantic. We have headed it:—

THE NOBLEST SOUL OF ALL.

WERE there no crowns on earth,
No evergreen to weave a hero's wreath,
That he must pass beyond the gates of death,
Our hero, our slain hero, to be crowned?
Could there on our unworthy earth be found
Naught to befit his worth?

He the noblest soul of all!
When was there ever, since our Washington,
A man so pure, so wise, so patient, one
Who walked with this high goal alone in sight,
To speak, to do, to sanction only Right,
Though very heaven should fall?

Ah, not for him we weep;
What honour more could be in store for him?
Who would have had him linger in our dim
And troublesome world, when his great work
was done?
Who would not leave that worn and weary one
Gladly to go to sleep?

For us the stroke was just;
We were not worthy of that patient heart;
We might have helped him more, not stood
apart,
And coldly criticised his works and ways—
Too late now, all too late, our little praise
Sounds hollow o'er his dust.

Be merciful, our God!

Forgive the meanness of our human hearts,
That never, till a noble soul departs,
See half the worth, or hear the angel's wings,
Till they go rustling heavenward as he springs
Up from the mounded sod.

Yet what a deathless crown
Of Northern pine and Southern orange-flower
For victory, and the land's new bridal hour
Would we have wreathed for that beloved
brow!
Sadly upon his sleeping forehead now
We lay our cypress down.

O martyred one, farewell!
Thou hast not left thy people quite alone,
Out of thy beautiful life there comes a tone
Of power, of love, of trust, a prophecy,
Whose fair fulfilment all the earth shall be,
And all the future tell.

THE LOSS OF THE ARGO.

THE vane, it pointed southward;
The breeze, it cheerily blew;
The skipper was standing beside me—
The skipper and all his crew.

It was up with the jib and the topsail;
It was up, and sheet home, and belay;
The skipper he laughed as the breeze came aft,
And the clipper she bowled away.

She was all that he had or he cared for;
His mother had never loved him,
With a love more watchful and tender than his
For his clipper staunch and trim.

And gaily she went and quickly,
Till half the voyage was o'er;
Till she neared those treacherous latitudes
Midway 'twixt shore and shore.

For there and then:—but well you ken—
Confusion all on deck:
'Tis an old, old tale—up came the gale—
And down, down went the wreck.

He was not drowned, the skipper—
Nor I, who tell you the tale;
But he thrilled with a mortal agony,
And his cheek was deadly pale.

For—ask not how I consoled him,
Probe not what lies beyond—
It was our little Harry sailing his ship
Across Green Brier Pond!

From the Saturday Review.

LORD CLARENDON'S LIFE.*

WE made some remarks not very long ago on Lord Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*. His autobiography — which is partly supplementary to, and partly a continuation of, his more famous work — throws a good deal of additional light on the character of the author and on the age in which he lived. There are three principal periods which the memoirs illustrate. First, the early part of his life, down to the meeting of the Long Parliament (birth, 18th February, 1609, to November, 1640). Secondly, some parts of the history of the Long Parliament and the civil war, and of the residence of Charles II. abroad (1640–1660). Thirdly, the Restoration, the early years of Charles II.'s reign (1660–1667), and the six years which Clarendon passed in banishment, until his death on December 9th, 1673.

The first period is much the most entertaining. Clarendon was not industrious in his youth. He learnt very little at College, where indeed he was a mere boy; and his life as a law student "was without great application to the study of the law for some years, it being then a time when the town was full of soldiers. . . . And he had gotten into the acquaintance of many of those officers, which took up too much of his time for one year." He read some "polite literature and history," however, and, as he remarked in his old age, "lived *cautè* if not *castè*." He had, however, the means of seeing good society. He was connected by marriage with the family of the Marquis of Hamilton, and he was brought very early in his career into business of importance. In particular, he vindicated before the Privy Council the rights of the merchants of London in a dispute which affected the revenue; and, in consequence of his management of the case, he was introduced to Archbishop Laud. His professional success and distinction put him in very pleasant circumstances. "He grew every day in practice, of which he had as much as he desired; and, having a competent estate of his own, he enjoyed a very pleasant and a plentiful life, living much above the rank of those lawyers whose busi-

ness was only to be rich, and was generally beloved and esteemed by most persons of condition and great reputation." His account of these pleasant days is by far the most interesting passage of his writings. It is composed of characters of Ben Jonson, Selden, Sir Kenelm Digby, May, the historian of the Long Parliament, Lord Falkland, Waller the poet, Sheldon, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, Hales, Chillingworth, and some others of less note. The accounts of Falkland and Chillingworth are memorable passages in English literature, and deserve to be described as portraits of the highest excellence. The other characters are rather collections of remarks than pictures. Clarendon's *History* and his *Memoirs* are full of interest, but their interest is that of the conversation of an experienced public man, who was, besides, one of the strongest of all conceivable partisans. It is not the interest of a work of art. Moreover, his extreme gravity and stateliness, though it allowed him to be sarcastic and occasionally humorous, prevented him from devising any of those pointed vigorous expressions which, as Mr. Carlyle says of some of Mirabeau's, make a complete portrait in three scratches and a dot. This renders his portraits far less amusing than they would otherwise have been, and in some respects less instructive. That Clarendon's partisanship continually blinded his judgment is painfully obvious. This appears strikingly in the worship which he lavished on Charles I.; but he partially redeems his fault by his views of the Stuart family in general, and of Charles II. in particular. His account of him and his brother is an admirable specimen of the sarcastic vein which he sometimes indulged:—

It was the unhappy fate of that family that they trusted naturally the judgments of those who were as much inferior to them in understanding as they were in quality. . . . They were too much inclined to like men at first sight, and did not love the conversation of men of many more years than themselves, and thought age not only troublesome but impertinent. They did not love to deny, and less to strangers than to their friends; not out of bounty or generosity, which was a flower that did never grow naturally in the heart of either of the families—that of Stuart or the other of Bourbon—but out of an unskillfulness and defect in the countenance; and when they prevailed with themselves to make some pause rather than to deny, importunities removed all resolution, which they knew not how to shut out nor defend themselves against, even when it was evident enough that they had much rather not consent. . . . If the Duke seemed more

* *The Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon, Lord High Chancellor of England, and Chancellor of the University of Oxford*. Containing 1. An Account of the Chancellor's Life from his Birth to the Restoration in 1660; 2. A Continuation of the same, and of his History of the Great Rebellion from the Restoration to his Banishment in 1667. Written by Himself. Oxford: 1761.

fixed and firm in his resolutions, it was rather from an obstinacy in his will than from the constancy of his judgment.

A delightful character, from the most faithful servant and most zealous partisan that ever any family had.

We get, however, from Clarendon a very pleasing notion of his early friends. Perhaps the most characteristic point about them is their great intellectual activity, and the extraordinary degree of learning that some of them attained to. Falkland appears to have formed a kind of centre for the whole party, when he was little over twenty; and the well-known passage in which his pursuits are described is so beautiful that we transcribe it:—

His whole conversation was one continued *convivium philosophicum* or *convivium theologicum*, enlivened and refreshed with all the facetiousness of wit and good humour, and pleasantness of discourse, which made the argument itself (whatever it was) very delectable. His house, where he usually resided (Tew or Burford in Oxfordshire), being within ten or twelve miles of the University, looked like the University itself, by the company that was always found there. There were Dr. Sheldon, Dr. Morley, Dr. Hammond, Dr. Earles, Mr. Chillingworth, and indeed all men of eminent parts and faculties at Oxford, besides those who resorted thither from London; who all found their lodgings there as ready as in the colleges; nor did the lord of the house know of their coming or going, nor who were in his house, till he came to dinner or supper, where all still met; otherwise there was no troublesome ceremony or constraint to forbid men to come to the house, or to make them weary of staying there; so that many came thither to study in a better air, finding all the books they could desire in his library, and all the persons together whose company they could wish, and not find in any other society. Here Mr. Chillingworth wrote and formed and modelled his excellent book against the learned Jesuit Mr. Knott, after frequent debates upon the most important particulars.

Lord Falkland's own studies were remarkable:—

There were very few classic authors in the Greek or Latin tongue that he had not read with great exactness; he had read all the Greek and Latin fathers, all the most allowed and authentic ecclesiastical writers, and all the Councils, with wonderful care and observation; for in religion he thought too careful and too curious an inquiry could not be made amongst those whose purity was not questioned—

and whose authority was appealed to on both sides. The sentence meanders on for

thirteen lines more, which we spare our readers; but this is what it comes to. This passage—to which other well-known facts correspond—as, for instance, the prodigious learning of Selden, and the curiously minute acquaintance with all the details of English history which was shown in the great Parliamentary debates of the period, and of which Mr. Forster's *Life of Eliot* supplies numerous illustrations—raises the question whether men in those days were more energetic and industrious than in our own. To discuss it at length would lead us far from our present subject, but Clarendon's *Life* throws some light upon the matter. There would seem to have been hardly any light literature in those days, plays excepted; and the common subjects of education were fewer than at present. Falkland, for instance, who was carefully educated at Dublin, knew no Greek till he taught it himself long afterwards. Clarendon learnt French only during his second exile, “not” he says, “towards speaking it, the defect of which he found many conveniences in, but for the reading any books.” A man might get through a great deal of reading if there were no circulating library works, no periodical literature, and only one language besides his own, or at most two, which he had any occasion to understand.

Next to his own immediate friends, the most interesting personages described in the early part of Clarendon's *Life* are Archbishop Laud and Clarendon himself. He was very fond of Laud; he “had so great an affection and reverence for his memory” that he “believed him to be a man of the most exemplar virtue and piety of any of that age.” Laud took notice of him as he was just rising into large business at the Bar, and when life in general must have looked very bright to him; and probably some of the rays of that brightness fell upon the Archbishop. The only fault that he could, or would, see in him was the roughness of his manner. Clarendon probably secretly liked him all the better for defects which he was conscious of not sharing, though he had a certain tendency towards them, corrected by education. Of Laud he observes, in a well-known passage:—

It is the misfortune of most persons of that education (how worthy soever) that they have rarely friendships with men above their own condition, and that their ascent being commonly sudden from low to high, they have afterwards rather dependants than friends, and are still deceived by keeping somewhat in reserve to themselves even from those with whom they seem most openly to communicate, and, which

is worse, received for the most part their informations and advertisements from clergymen who understand the least, and take the worst measure of human affairs of all mankind that can write and read.

It is easy to trace in this celebrated passage the inward satisfaction with which Clarendon contrasted his own social advantages with the somewhat narrow education of Laud. His own temper apparently had something of the same sort of roughness in it, for he continually boasts of his habitual plainness of speech. The following account of himself is one of the oddest passages that ever were written :—

He was in his nature inclined to pride and passion, and to a humour between wrangling and disputing, very troublesome; which good company in a short time so much reformed and mastered, that no man was more affable and courteous to all kinds of persons; and they who knew the great infirmity of his whole family, which abounded in passion, used to say he had much extinguished the unruliness of that fire. That which supported and rendered him generally acceptable was his generosity (for he had too much a contempt of money), and the opinion men had of the goodness and justice of his nature which was transcendent in him, in a wonderful tenderness and delight in obliging. His integrity was ever without blemish, and believed to be above temptation. He was firm and unshaken in his friendships; and though he had great candour towards others in the differences of religion, he was zealously and deliberately fixed in the principles both of the doctrine and discipline of the Church.

Few men have sung their own praises with such calm assurance. A person who says, "Upon mature reflection, I pronounce myself to be a man of transcendent goodness and justice, wonderful tenderness, unblemished integrity, a firm friend, and as candid as I am strict in my religious views," must really be a sort of phenomenon. In every part of his autobiography Clarendon shows a solid, deliberate admiration of himself, which it seems hardly fair to call vanity, because it is so calm and grave, but which, so far as we know, is unrivalled by any other writer.

The great blemish of the early part of the Memoirs is that they throw very little light either upon the logical groundwork of Clarendon's earlier life or on the nature of his change. Perhaps the most plausible guess—for, after all, it is little more that can be made—as to his frame of mind, is that he was one of the very few who clearly understood the nature of the struggle be-

tween the King and the Parliament, and took part emphatically and passionately for the King; and this although, in the earlier part of his career, he was as well aware as any one of the existence of great abuses which required a remedy. All study of that period leads to the conclusion that the real question was the question of sovereignty. Was the King or the Parliament to be the substantive or the adjective? Clarendon took the Royal side, perhaps, all the more warmly because he had sufficient faith in it to wish to reform collateral abuses, like the Courts of the Earl Marshal and those of the President of the North, and the Council of Wales. He appears really and honestly to have believed that it was an everlasting divine decree that the King and the Bishops should direct, substantially and really, all the temporal and spiritual affairs of the nation, and that it was in the highest degree morally wicked, and even impious, to try to alter this arrangement. Nothing is more difficult for us, at this distance of time, to realize than the view, which in those days a man like Clarendon took of a man like Hampden. What Hampden thought of Clarendon we do not know, but Clarendon obviously considered Hampden as a wicked man, a rebel, a traitor, and a hypocrite. In a curious summary of his life with which the book concludes, he says, in language too ample for quotation, that he began by "so great a tenderness and love towards mankind" that he believed every one to be virtuous, but that his Parliamentary experience soon taught him that men "upon whose ingenuity and probity he would willingly have deposited all his concerns of this world" were "totally false and disingenuous;" that "religion was made a cloak to cover the most impious designs, and reputation of honesty a stratagem to deceive and cheat others who had no mind to be wicked." It is true that he adds that the Court was "as full of murmuring, ingratitude, and treachery against the best and most bountiful master in the world as the country and the city;" but scores of passages might easily be quoted from his works which show that he was utterly unable to believe that the Parliamentary party could have any conscientious belief at all in their own principles. This intense zeal is the more difficult to explain because he stood almost alone in it. Falkland, for instance, was obviously in great doubt as to the course which he had taken; but perhaps the most curious case was that of Sir Edmund Verney, the standard-bearer. On the march to Edge Hill he complimented

Hyde on his cheerfulness, adding that, for his own part, he could not be cheerful:—

"You," said Verney, "have satisfaction in your conscience that you are in the right; that the King ought not to grant what is required of him . . . but for my part, I do not like the quarrel, and do heartily wish that the King would yield, and consent to what they desire. . . . I will deal freely with you. I have no reverence for the Bishops for whom this quarrel subsists."

Clarendon's intense partisanship for the King and the Bishops, wherever he got it, certainly went a very long way, for it made him thoroughly disingenuous in his subsequent account of the transactions in which he was concerned. No one would ever guess from his writings that he had voted for Strafford's attainder, or for the Bill for perpetual Parliaments. Other instances of great forgetfulness or deceitfulness have been exposed elaborately by Mr. Forster, in his *Life of Eliot*. It ought, however, to be observed that both his *History* and his *Life* are exceedingly imperfect. He omits many matters which ought to have found a place in his writings. For instance, he does not even allude to the Act for abolishing feudal tenures.

In the second stage of his life—the civil war, and the years of exile which followed it—the autobiography adds little to the *History of the Rebellion* except a certain number of personal anecdotes. The most interesting relate to his residence at Jersey, where he employed himself, between 1646 and 1648, in writing his *History*. As usual, he commends his own industry with that grave, measured self-esteem which was peculiar to him:—

He seldom spent less than ten hours in the day [amongst his books and papers], and it can hardly be believed how much he read and writ there; inasmuch as he did usually compute that during his whole stay in Jersey, which was some months above two years, he writ daily little less than one sheet of large paper with his own hand.

Creditable enough, but nothing to make a marvel of, one would think.

The third part of Clarendon's *Life* stands alone, relating as it does, to a period subsequent to the termination of his *History*. It relates to the first years of the reign of Charles II. It is a good deal occupied with Clarendon's own personal affairs, which have now fallen much out of date. He finds it necessary, for instance, to go with

extreme minuteness into most of the points on which his impeachment was grounded, and to show, step by step, how unreasonable they were, and how hardly he was used. This he does successfully enough, but at wearisome length to a modern reader. One only of the personal scenes of the book is curious enough to be worth particular reference. It is the one in which he describes his behaviour on hearing of his daughter's private marriage to James II. When informed of the fact by the Marquis of Ormond and the Earl of Southampton, at the desire of Charles II., he behaved in a manner which it takes him two pages to describe, the nature of which is sufficiently indicated by the marginal notes which illustrate them. "The Chancellor struck with it to the heart" is the summary of about half a page; "and breaks out into a very immoderate passion" is the summary of the remainder. It is a most appropriate one, for the concluding sentences, the stately style of which are in strange contrast to their character, are:—

He hoped their Lordships would concur with him that the King should immediately cause the woman to be sent to the Tower, and to be cast into a dungeon, under so strict a guard that no person living should be permitted to come to her; and then that an Act of Parliament should be immediately passed for the cutting off of her head, to which he would not only give his consent, but would very willingly be the first man to propose it; and whoever knew the man will believe that he said all this very heartily.

He also observed "that he had much rather his daughter should be the Duke's whore than his wife," as, in the first case, he might turn her out of doors, and have done with her; whereas, in the second, his duty as a loyal subject, and as first Minister of the Crown, would be to get her head cut off. This story is often told as a proof of the passionate, bigoted loyalty of Clarendon. We agree with Lord Campbell in thinking that his lordship did protest too much, and that in truth he was by no means so angry as he professed to be. The worst part of his whole character—and the fault is illustrated in endless ways—is his frequent insincerity. No doubt the events of his life afforded much excuse for it, but it shows itself continually, and almost always in the same form. He keeps continually saying, almost in so many words but at all events indirectly—"I am a rough, honest, passionate, plainspoken man, proud of my sincerity, perhaps too secure

in my good conscience. My frank harshness of manner was the cause of all my misfortunes." The slyness which lurks under this sort of roughness is the shiest thing in the whole world.

The general view which the latter part of the Life affords of the state of the country at the Restoration is exceedingly interesting. When attentively read, it shows what an immense change had been made by the civil war in the position of Royalty, notwithstanding the eagerness with which Charles was welcomed back in the first instance. It has been usual to represent Clarendon as the grave Mentor, the partisan of decency and order, who was driven into exile by the gross ingratitude and wickedness of a King who could not bear his own vices to be reproved, and of a Court which was the natural enemy of all decency and gravity. In all this there is a good deal of truth, but it is not quite the whole truth. There are many indications which it is impossible to mistake, though it would be difficult to exhibit them at full length in a moderate compass, that, apart from and over and above the offence given by Clarendon's well-deserved rebukes of Charles and his vices, Charles perceived that he did not enter into the spirit of the times, but belonged to a different age. Throughout the whole of his book he speaks of the Presbyterian party in a tone of rancorous moral condemnation. They had, he says in one place, no title to their lives except the King's mercy. All his policy was in the same direction. He never could look upon any of the doings of the Long Parliament with toleration. For instance, the Triennial Act was then as much a part of the law of the land as any other; yet Charles said, in so many words, apparently with the full concurrence of his Chancellor, that he would never permit a Parliament to assemble under its provisions, because they were derogatory to the Royal power. So Clarendon continually tried to get the King to dissolve the Parliament elected after his return—the second Long Parliament, as it was called. This seemed, and perhaps in some respects actually was, a constitutional measure, but Charles's reasons for not doing so show what the real issue between himself and his Chancellor was. He refused to dissolve the Parliament because he thought he could govern through it. His other counsellors told him "that he would never have such another Parliament, where he had near one hundred members of his own menial servants and their near relations, who were all at his

disposal." Clarendon would, no doubt, have liked the Parliament to have greater purity and less power. Charles felt that the Parliament could never again recede to the position which it had occupied in the early part of the century, and that the only chance of maintaining his power was by the use of influence. The honestest man of the two was less favourable to freedom than the other. A remarkable summary of Clarendon's own views is given in the latter part of the book:—

He did never dissemble from the time of his return with the King, whom he had likewise prepared and disposed to the same sentiments, whilst His Majesty was abroad, that his opinion was that the late rebellion never could be extirpated and pulled up by the roots till the King's regal and inherent power and prerogative should be fully avowed and vindicated, and till the usurpations in both Houses of Parliament, since the year 1640, were disclaimed and made odious; and many other excesses which had been affected by both before that time, under the name of Privileges, should be restrained or explained.

This was the leading idea of all his policy, and it is to be traced, in a variety of minute ways, in all that he has to say on the subject of the management of public affairs. He could not forgive Charles for being less of a Tory than himself:—

The King had in his nature so little reverence or esteem for antiquity and did, in truth, so much condemn old orders, forms, and institutions, that the objections of novelty rather advanced than obstructed any proposition.

There are a good many incidental remarks in Clarendon's Life which throw light on the manners of the age which he describes. He gives an account, for instance, of his way of spending his time when he began to get business at the Bar—i. e. at some period being between 1630 and 1640. How he spent his mornings does not appear; but he saw his friends at dinner, in the middle of the day. The afternoons "he dedicated to the business of his profession," and he read "polite learning" at night. "He never supped for many years before the troubles brought in that custom." His vacation he passed in study, except two months in the summer, when he went out of town. He afterwards speaks of the House of Commons rising at four as a "disorderly hour," and refers to dinners given by the popular leaders after the House had risen. Probably this is what he means by the troubles bringing in

the custom of supping. During the civil war there was a rapid transport of despatches, "when gentlemen undertook the service, which they were willing enough to do," between London and York. Letters went out at twelve on Saturday night and the answer returned at ten on Monday morning. Clarendon, too, gives us the first notice of newspapers:—

After he [the King] had read his several letters of intelligence, he took out the prints of diurnals, and speeches, and the like, which were every day printed at London.

After the Restoration, he speaks of bankers as—

A tribe that had risen and grown up in Cromwell's time, and never were heard of before the late troubles, till when the whole trade of money had passed through the hands of the scriveners.

He thinks it necessary to explain the word "million" as often as he uses it, by adding, in a parenthesis, "Ten hundred thousand."

In concluding a notice of Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, some time ago, we gave a specimen of his occasional eloquence. We will conclude this notice of his *Life*, which is far from being an eloquent book, with a specimen of the wonderful clumsiness into which he habitually allowed himself to slide when he wrote under no special excitement. As a clue to the labyrinth, we may observe that Clarendon meant that Lord Falmouth despised Pen, and that Mr. Coventry supported him:—

The Earl of Falmouth and Mr. Coventry were rivals who should have most interest in the Duke, who loved the Earl best, but thought the other the wiser man, who supported Pen (who disoblged all the courtiers), even against the Earl, who contemned Pen.

Here are five "whos" in one sentence, and each refers to a different antecedent—namely, 1, Falmouth and Coventry; 2, The Duke of York; 3, Coventry; 4, Pen; and 5, Falmouth.

From the Examiner.

Shadows of the Old Booksellers. By Charles Knight. Bell and Daldy.

In his *Lives* of his three famous brothers, Roger North deploras the degradation of

the bookseller's calling from its condition in his younger days. "Then," he says, "Little Britain was a plentiful and perpetual emporium of learned authors, and men went thither as to a market, where they seldom failed to meet with a greater conversation. And the booksellers themselves were knowing and conversible men, with whom, for the sake of bookish knowledge, the greatest wits were pleased to converse." Thomas Guy, with whose memoir Mr. Knight's book opens, was not one of these. His life, however, was well worth telling. The son of a Thames lighterman who died when he was eight years old, he was apprenticed in 1660 to a bookseller in Cheap-side. In 1668, just after the Great Fire, he began business on his own account as master of a little shop "near Stocks Market," at the corner of Cornhill and Lombard street. The office of King's printer, carrying with it a monopoly in the printing of Bibles, having continued in one careless family for more than a century, the volumes had come to be so "very bad, both in letter and in paper," that they were hardly legible. Guy was the most enterprising of several booksellers who started a profitable trade in Bibles, printed in Holland. "But this, trade," says Maitland, "proving not only very detrimental to the public revenue, but likewise to the King's printer, all ways and means were devised to quash the same; which, being vigorously put in execution, the booksellers, by frequent seizures and prosecutions, became so great sufferers that they judged a further pursuit thereof inconsistent with their interest." Guy found it his interest to abandon the trade very early. He made a compromise with the monopolists and obtained leave to print Bibles in London, with types imported from Holland. Thereby he soon grew rich. Mr. Knight mistrusts the common stories of his stinginess, and finds him guilty of nothing but "the most scrupulous frugality." He boldly denies the other stories to the effect that he made a great part of his wealth by buying as cheaply as he could the paper with which it was the custom to pay sailors, and then converting them into money at something like their real value. That, says Mr. Knight, was a practice of Charles the Second's day, but not of Queen Anne's. Guy doubtless enriched himself partly by the sale of Bibles, and yet more by investing the profits of that sale in the buying of Government stock and other lawful ways of making money on 'Change. In 1720 he spent 45,500*l.* in buying South Sea stock at 120*l.* for the 100*l.* share. He

began to sell out when the shares were worth 300*l.*, and disposed of the last of them for 600*l.* apiece.

In that year, however, he was seventy-six years old, and he had long before become famous for his wealth. It is clear that, apart from penuriousness in his personal affairs, he was willing to use freely his wealth, however gotten. "As he was a man of unbounded charity and universal benevolence," says Maitland, "so was he likewise a great patron of liberty and the rights of his fellow subjects; which, to his great honour, he strenuously asserted in divers Parliaments, whereof he was a member." He sat in the House of Commons, as member for Tamworth, from 1695 to 1707. In 1705 he built some almshouses at Tamworth. In 1707 he added three new wards to St. Thomas's Hospital, and in 1720 his South Sea gains encouraged him to buy ground for a new building. Guy's Hospital, completed very soon after his death in 1724, cost 19,000*l.* in erection, and was endowed by him with 220,000*l.* Even if there were some irregularities in the acquiring of his money, the good uses to which it was applied helped to excuse them.

But Thomas Guy, at best, had little besides prosperity in common with most of the booksellers of his time. The King of these was Jacob Tonson, whose house at Barn Elms, near Barnes, was the summer meeting place of the Kit-Cat-Club.

Tonson's villa has gone into ruin, with the famous room which he built for the meetings of the Club, whose walls were hung with the portraits of the members. Nearly half a century ago, their condition was described with some graphic power, by Sir Richard Phillips. He says: "A lane, in the north-west corner of the common, brought me to Barnes' Elms, where now resides a Mr. Hoare, a barker of London. The family were not at home; but, on asking the servants if that was the house of Mr. Tonson, they assured me, with great simplicity, that no such gentleman lived there. I named the Kit-Cat-Club, as accustomed to assemble here; but the oddity of the name excited their ridicule, and was told that no such Club was held there; but perhaps, said one to the other, the gentleman means the Club that assembles at the public house on the Common. Knowing, however, that I was at the right place, I could not avoid expressing my vexation that the periodical assemblage of the first men of their age should be so entirely forgotten by those who now reside on the spot; when one of them exclaimed, 'I should not wonder if the gentleman means the philosophers' room!'" He was conducted across a detached garden, and brought to a handsome structure, evidently the building, which he sought. The

decayed door was unfastened, and he entered a once elegant hall, whose ceiling had partially fallen. He ascended a dilapidated staircase, not without danger. "But," he continues, "I was well repaid for my pains. Here I found the Kit-Cat-Club-room, nearly as it existed in the days of its glory. It is eighteen feet high, and forty feet long by twenty feet wide. The mouldings and ornaments were in the most superb fashion of its age; but the whole was falling to pieces, from the effects of the dry rot. My attention was chiefly attracted by the faded cloth-hanging of the room, whose red colour once set off the famous portraits of the Club that hung around it. Their marks and sizes were still visible, and the numbers and names remained as written in chalk, for the guidance of the hangers. Thus was I, as it were, by these still legible names, brought into personal contract with Addison, Steele, and Congreve, and Garth, and Dryden, and with many hereditary nobles, remembered only because they were patrons of those *natural* nobles."

Of the Kit-Cat Club and its leading members Mr. Knight gives some interesting notices. His book is specially rich in details about the "old booksellers" of that time, the time of Dryden, Steele, and Swift. Thence he passes to the generation in which Richardson was the most famous bookseller, and one of the most famous authors as well, so famous that Edward Young is reported to have said to him, "Suppose in the title-page of the 'Night Thoughts' 'you should say, 'Published by the Author of Clarissa.'"

About William Hutton, the self-taught and self-made printer of Birmingham, the world knows less. This is part of Mr. Knight's excellent account of his up-hill work:

He took a shop at Southwell, fourteen miles from Nottingham, paying for its use twenty shillings a year. Here he deposited his stock of tattered volumes, and "in one day became the most eminent bookseller in Southwell." He was not, however, a resident in this little town, now better known than it was a century ago by being the scene of the first sensible experiment in the administration of the Poor Laws. The resolute and prudent man thus describes his course of life during a rainy winter: "I set out from Nottingham at five every Saturday morning, carried a burthen of from three to thirty pounds weight to Southwell, opened shop at ten, starved in it all day upon bread, cheese, and half a pint of ale; took from 1*s.* to 6*s.*, shut up at four, and by trudging through the solitary night and the deep roads five hours more, I arrived at Nottingham by nine, where I always found a mess of milk porridge by the fire, prepared by my valuable

sister." But as might be expected, the labour of such a life was great and the profit small. In 1750, therefore, he made a journey to Birmingham, where he found that three booksellers were thriving. One of these, Mr. Warren, I have mentioned as having been associated with the early literary efforts of Samuel Johnson. He was one of three mentioned by Hutton as the "great men" of that active, prosperous, and intelligent community. He thought, however, that there might be room for a fourth in a small way. His way was, indeed, a small one. He agreed to pay a shilling a week for the rent of half a very little shop. His stock was not an expensive one. Upon the invitation of a dissenting minister, with whom his sister had once lived as a servant, he walked to Gainsborough, and there purchased of his sister's old master a lot of books at his own price. He estimates their weight at two hundred pounds, and he pays for them by the following note: 'I promise to pay to Ambrose Rudvall one pound seven shillings when I am able.'

It is difficult to imagine a more forlorn condition of life than that of William Hutton as he sat amongst his old books, looking in vain for customers. There was not a face that he knew in this populous town. He was separated from his sister. He saw little hope of making his way in the world without money and without friends. But gradually two or three young men came to know the intelligent bookseller, and to talk with him upon subjects something higher than those belonging to an ordinary retail trade. A popular demand for literature was growing up. The dealer in second-hand books had odd volumes of poets and essayists to tempt the youth who had a sixpence or a shilling to lay out; and if Hutton could purchase any books of greater value, he could smarten them up by his skill in binding. By the most rigid economy he found himself at the end of the first year twenty pounds better than when he began business. He felt that he was at the beginning of a prosperous career. But suddenly there arose a dark cloud which threatened to shut out all the sunshine of his hopes. There were official tyrants a hundred and fifteen years ago, who have continued to exist up to this very time, although their power of injury has been gradually diminishing. He has described this crisis, in which the fortunes of one of the greatest benefactors of Birmingham were very nearly wrecked: "The overseers, fearful I should become chargeable to the parish, examined me with regard to my settlement, and, with a voice of authority, ordered me to procure a certificate, or they would remove me from the town. Terrified, I wrote to my father, who returned for answer, 'that All Saints, in Derby never granted certificates.' I was hunted by ill-nature two years. I repeatedly offered to pay the levies (rates), which was refused. A succeeding overseer, a draper, of whom I had purchased two suits of clothes, value 10*l.*, consented to take them. The scru-

ple exhibited a short sight, a narrow principle, and the exultation of power over the defenceless." The adroit purchase of two suits of clothes from the draper in office was an unquestionable assurance of William Hutton's "respectability." The next year he took a better shop and a dwelling house. He had now a prosperous trade, and read the signs of the times aright when he set up the first Circulating Library established in Birmingham.

Contemporary with Hutton was Edward Cave, the starter of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and Dodsley and Newberry were only a few years younger. Of them and others Mr. Knight speaks in his later chapters. The last chapter is upon James Lackington, son of a journeyman shoemaker, born in 1746. He began life as a baker's boy:

His first steps in the paths of bookselling are thus described: "During the time that I lived with the baker, my name became so celebrated for selling a large number of pies, puddings, &c., that for several years following, application was made to my father for him to permit me to sell Almanacks a few market days before and after Christmas. In this employ I took great delight, the country people being highly pleased with me, and purchasing a great number of my almanacks, which excited envy in the itinerant vendors of Moore, Wing, Poor Robin, &c., to such a degree, that my father often expressed his anxiety lest they should some way or other do me a mischief. But I had not the least concern; for possessing a light pair of heels, I always kept at a proper distance. O, my friend, little did I imagine at that time, that I should ever excite the same poor mean spirit in many of the booksellers of London and other places."

At fourteen he left the baker to become a shoemaker's apprentice at Taunton. In due time he set up a shop of his own at Bristol, and soon began to sell old books as well as new boots. Before 1780 he removed to London, to open a shop for the sale of books alone, the boots being altogether abandoned. This shop, often enlarged, was burnt down some years ago; but Mr. Knight describes it as he knew it in his youth:

At one of the corners of Finsbury square, which was built in 1789, there was a block of houses which had been adapted to the purposes of a great shop or warehouse, and presented an imposing frontage. A dome rises from the centre, on the top of which a flag is flying. This royal manifestation (now become common to suburban public-houses), proclaims that this is no ordinary commercial establishment. Over the prin-

cial entrance is inscribed, "Cheapest Booksellers in the World." It is the famous shop of Lackington, Allen and Co., "where above Half a Million of Volumes are constantly on Sale." We enter the vast area, whose dimensions are to be measured by the assertion that a coach and six might be driven round it. In the centre is an enormous circular counter, within which stand the dispensers of knowledge, ready to wait upon the country clergyman, in his wig and shovel-hat; upon the fine ladies, in feathers and trains; or upon the bookseller's collector, with his dirty bag. If there is any chaffering about the cost of a work, the shopman points to the following inscription: "The lowest price is marked on every Book, and no abatement made on any article." We ascend a broad staircase, which leads to "The Lounging Rooms," and to the first of a series of circular galleries, lighted from the lantern of the dome, which also lights the ground floor. Hundreds, even thousands, of volumes are displayed on the shelves running round their walls. As we mount higher and higher, we find commoner books, in shabbier bindings; but there is still the same order preserved, each book being numbered according to a printed catalogue. This is larger than that of any other booksellers, and it comes out yearly.

We must make no more extracts from this entertaining book. Let those we have made commend it to all who care to understand the history of bookselling. Its interest also is doubled when we recognize in it the work of one who will himself hereafter take the first place among booksellers who have earned for themselves the truest honour and have done the most essential service to their country.

PRETTY WOMEN AND WITTY WOMEN.

THERE are two words, somewhat irreverently made use of when describing a royal and illustrious lady, which will perhaps suggest themselves to the reader's imagination when the shade of the good old Queen Charlotte floats before his mind's eye. "Snuffy and plain," — "plain and snuffy;" sometimes the sentence runs this way, sometimes that; but in any case it is an irreverent, and, as we hope to prove, an unjust sentence upon the little princess, who came chirping so blithely from her dingy German home, to take her place amongst us as the first lady in the land. Ladies who have been younger, and now are — what shall we say? — *older*, — not *old*, of course; ladies are never old in "London Society"

— hear what was once said about the young bride who became afterwards so "snuffy and plain," such a homely little German "frau." "Pretty and witty" carried the day then; for, above the thunder of the welcome which England gave to the royal bride, Horace Walpole heard "nothing but proclamations of her beauty;" an opinion which he confirms after his introduction on the same day at St. James's, adding to the remark, "She looks very sensible, cheerful, and is remarkably genteel." This last word sounds strangely in our ears, when issuing from a patrician pen. Even the *Times*, which (ignoring the wrath of the Saturday Reviewer) still insists upon the birth of "a prince," never sank so deep in the "Jeames" phraseology as to describe our princess, in all her graceful loveliness, as "remarkably genteel." But it has been the abuse of the word, not the use of it, which has made it revolting to our ideas of refinement. It has been made to stand for some of the great shams which have been held up to everlasting ridicule in Thackeray's "Snob Papers," and as the outward sign of superficial refinement only we have rejected it from our vocabulary with contempt. The description of the arrival of the Princess Charlotte is not uninteresting now, with the welcome of our own fair bride to our shores still fresh in our recollections. We seem to hear again "the noise of the coaches, chaises, horsemen, and mob," that assembled to see her pass through the town with clamour "so prodigious" that, like the bachelor of Strawberry-hill on the occasion of the arrival of "Madame Charlotte," we could "hardly distinguish the guns." It was too dark for the weary spectators to notice whether the Princess Alexandria turned pale, when the royal towers of Windsor loomed grandly on her expectant gaze; but as it was also too dark for her to distinguish them, the probabilities are that she did not. But then her bridegroom was at her side, the prince of her romance, as in a fairy tale. In the other case, the unknown wooer was a stranger, and a king; and we read that, as the bride elect caught the first glimpse of his palace, that she "trembled and turned pale." The Duchess of Hamilton smiled at her distress; upon which the princess naively remarked, "My dear duchess, you may laugh — you have been married twice; but it is no joke to me." When the king had grown old, and roamed about his palace — feeble, blind, mad — did the good wife, the homely German frau, ever call to mind the halcyon days of her youth, or

think that it might have been the forecast shadow of time which made her tremble and turn pale then? She was nervous when her bridesmaids and future court were presented to her, and exclaimed aloud, "Mon Dieu! il y en a tant! il y en a tant!" The bridesmaids, who were particularly distinguished for their beauty of figure and face, were Lady Caroline Russell, Lady Sarah Lenox, and Lady Elizabeth Keppel. Of Lady Sarah, Walpole says, that "she was by far the chief angel;" and as she was once supposed to have entertained hopes of engaging the royal affections herself, it was particularly amiable in her to look angelic on that occasion. The Duchess of Hamilton was radiant that day, and "almost in possession of her former beauty." The absence of three of the celebrated beauties, Lady Waldegrave, Lady Kildare, and Mrs. Fitzroy was calculated, according to Mr. Walpole, to reassure the new Queen upon the subject of her own charms, which, without being particularly striking, could, in his opinion, hold their own with most of the women whom she saw assembled round her on that eventful occasion. Surely this praise is not to be despised when coming from the cynical Horace, who was not apt to exaggerate, excepting where his prejudices or passions had been keenly excited, which could not have been the case, either for or against, in the case of the German princess. — *London Society*.

MR. URQUHART AND THE TURKISH BATH.

WHEN we consider the immense energy and perseverance which must be applied in order to obtain due attention to, much more to obtain acceptance of, a new therapeutical means, we cannot but congratulate Mr. Urquhart on the encouraging success which he has already had, both with the medical profession and with the public. It is now some years since Sir John Fife, having satisfied his own mind of the efficacy of the Turkish Bath in the treatment of disease, induced the committee of the Newcastle Infirmary to construct such a bath for the hospital. A continued experience since that time has strengthened his convictions of the value of the bath; from

what he has witnessed of its effects in health for training, in convalescence for enabling the valetudinarian to commence exercise, and in disease as a remedy or palliation, "I am not afraid," he says, "to stake my professional character by declaring my belief in its efficacy." Accordingly, he has collected, from the writings and speeches of Mr. Urquhart, an account of the principles of its action, a description of the best mode of its construction, and practical instructions as to its employment, and has edited the whole as a "Manual of the Turkish Bath." Its beneficial effects appear to be most remarkable in diseases of the liver and the kidney; the dropsy attending the latter certainly sometimes disappearing as if by magic under its regular use. In all diseases of a rheumatic nature, however, the bath is likely to produce improvement; in most cutaneous diseases it is an effectual remedy or an important auxiliary of treatment; and Sir John Fife has found it to be most valuable in bronchial and laryngeal affections. The book contains also the testimony of other physicians to the benefit which they have witnessed from the therapeutical use of heat by means of the bath. Mr. Urquhart, with that enthusiastic faith which is so useful in a reformer, appears to believe that no disease, not hydrophobia, nor cholera, nor consumption, nor cancer, could long withstand the proper use of the Turkish Bath at a sufficiently high temperature; and certainly this strong faith is no wise surprising in one who believes himself to have been more than once rescued from the very jaws of death by its means. Though it cannot quite be admitted that the use of heat, however carefully graduated in its application, and however high the temperature may be raised, will do all that Mr. Urquhart claims for it, and is in every case as harmless as he seems disposed to think; and, though assent must be withheld from some of the startling physiological principles which he boldly enunciates, yet every one must heartily sympathize with that unparalleled energy and unfaltering perseverance which has succeeded in forcing the acceptance of a great boon in spite of strong prejudice and general opposition. What is most needed now, however, is that the medical profession, having accepted the bath as a valuable remedial agent, should no longer vaguely extol it, but determine, by exact investigation of its effects, those diseases in which it may be properly used. — *Westminster Review*.

FENIAN LITERATURE.

Street Ballads, Popular Poetry, and Household Songs of Ireland. Collected and arranged by Duncathail (Dublin, M'Glashan & Gill.)

FENIAN literature has not attracted its fair share of attention. Whilst the prisoners who profess to despise and defy British law are occupying the Four Courts on all the technicalities of *certiorari*, *mandamus*, and criminal information, it would be a mistake to imagine that the copious legal arguments with which the Irish journals abound are the only contributions for which the reading public are indebted to the Fenians. The abortive rebellion of '48 was more of a literary imposture than any thing else. The Young Ireland party wrote so well that they managed to excite the interest of all classes except the people of Ireland. In this country we became familiar with the anti-English ballads of Davis and Duffy. The song beginning

Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight ?

and the stirring verses of Ferguson, McCarthy, and Barry were very generally read here, and they were criticized as literary efforts, in no unfriendly spirit, by English writers. But we all fell into the delusion, as the authors themselves are now ready to acknowledge, that these political poems were known to the masses in Ireland. The people knew very little about the authors, and less about their works. They had heard of Gavan Duffy as an opponent of O'Connell, but they never heard of 'The Muster of the North,' or 'The Voice of Labour.' It was only when some of these gentlemen got down to Ballingarry that their eyes were opened to the political blindness of the peasantry. The people looked with astonishment and doubt upon such totally unknown leaders as O'Gorman, O'Brien, and Dillon. It is said that some grey-haired farmers, when the rumour spread that fighting was intended, asked "if Boney was come across?" and others inquired "if Lord Edward was really come back?" or "if the Counsellor (meaning O'Connell) was a friend of theirs?" Then the briefless barristers and clever young gentlemen who had never grown tired of repeating, with a little verbal alteration, the dictum of Fletcher of Saltoun, "Let me make the ballads and I care not who make the laws," began to discover the difference between making ballads and securing readers. The move-

ment suddenly collapsed in the disgust of the would-be leaders and the laughter of officials and friends of the Government who for months previously had been in a state of ignorant terror.

The mistake that the British public made in giving undue importance to the rebellious literature of the Young Ireland party, and thus overrating the strength of the agitation, was not, however, greater than the mistake now universally made in the opposite direction. The vast mass of our readers will learn with surprise that not only is there in Ireland a collection of Fenian writings published in 1865 quite equal in point of literary ability to anything in the same strain published from 1843 to 1848, but (which is far more important than any question of literary merit) a collection of writings which has found its way into the cabins and whiskey-shops of the lower classes.

In '48 a good many editors of newspapers were arrested, but not one ballad-singer. In '65 only one disloyal editor, Mr. Clark Luby, has been arrested; but the arrests of ballad-singers in Cork, Dublin, Tralee, Limerick, and the country towns of the south have given constant employment to the police. Not a fair is held in Ireland now at which the authorities do not take precautions for seizing upon the ballad-singers and confiscating their seditious wares. Amongst the most peremptory orders sent from the Castle to the stipendiary magistrates are those touching the suppression of popular ballads. This gives to the Fenian conspiracy a character far graver than the affair of '48, and recalls some of the features of the times of Wolfe Tone. The Wexford insurgents of 1798 never saw a treasonable newspaper; but they were familiar with the rebellion-teaching verses of M'Birney, and such ballads as 'The Wearing of the Green.' Indeed the latter may be found even now amongst the street literature reprinted by the Fenians and purchased extensively by the people. The Young Irelanders never would have re-published such lines as these, —

Then forward stepped young Boney,
And took me by the hand,
Saying, "How is old Ireland,
And how does she stand?"
"It's as poor, distressed a nation
As ever you have seen,
They are hanging men and women
For the wearing of the Green!
For the wearing the Green!
For the wearing the Green!
They are hanging men, and women too,
For wearing of the Green!"

But that the Fenians should have circulated these verses with their own halfpenny productions, shows that they have had a more correct appreciation of the popular taste. Of their own street ballads, the following is one which has attained extensive popularity. As a ballad slip it appears anonymously; but Mr. M'Glashan's publication gives its authorship to a Fenian with an extraordinary name, Mr. Charles J. Kickham, of Mullinahone, — the same Mr. Charles J. Kickham, we presume, who was arrested with the famous Head Centre and prison-breaker, Stephens : —

PATRICK SHEEHAN.

My name is Patrick Sheehan,
My years are thirty-four ;
Tipperary is my native place,
Not far from Galtymore ;
I came of honest parents,
But now they're lying low ;
And many a pleasant day I spent
In the Glen of Aherlow.

My father died ; I closed his eyes
Outside our cabin door ;
The landlord and the sheriff too
Were there the day before !
And then my loving mother,
And sisters three also,
Were forced to go with broken hearts
From the Glen of Aherlow.

For three long months, in search of work,
I wandered far and near ;
I went then to the poor-house,
For to see my mother dear ;
The news I heard nigh broke my heart ;
But still, in all my woe,
I blessed the friends who made their graves
In the Glen of Aherlow.

Bereft of home and kith and kin,
With plenty all around,
I starved within my cabin,
And slept upon the ground ;
But cruel as my lot was,
I ne'er did hardship know
'Till I joined the English army,
Far away from Aherlow.

"Rouse up there," says the Corporal,
"You lazy H Irish hound ;
Why don't you hear, you sleepy dog,
The call 'to arms' sound ?"
Alas, I had been dreaming
Of days long, long ago ;
I woke before Sebastopol,
And not in Aherlow.

I groped to find my musket —
How dark I thought the night !
O blessed God, it was not dark,

It was the broad daylight !
And when I found that I was *blind*,
My tears began to flow ;
I longed for even a pauper's grave
In the Glen of Aherlow.

O blessed Virgin Mary,
Mine is a mournful tale ;
A poor blind prisoner here I am,
In Dublin's dreary gaol ;
Struck blind within the trenches,
Where I never feared the foe ;
And now I'll never see again
My own sweet Aherlow !

— There is a touch of genius in the shadowy way in which the author announces the death of the three sisters in the lines beginning,

The news I heard nigh broke my heart.

As to the political effect of such a ballad, we have no hesitation in declaring our conviction that there is more danger in the disaffection that this artfully-told story of Patrick Sheehan may produce, than in all the writings of the Young Ireland party, and all the contemptible blusterings of the now so-called national organs — the *Nation* and the *Irishman*. In this ballad Mr. Kickham undoubtedly constructs his verses so as to touch the heart of the class to which, we believe, he himself belongs.

Of an apparently ruder stamp, but composed with equal cunning, is a street ballad called 'By Memory Inspired.' It is copied from a broad-sheet which was found hawking about the country, headed with a rude woodcut of two men leaning pensively on a table, and a standing cavalier, with a glass in one hand and bottle in the other, supposed to be engaged singing to them. Its anonymous author has boldly mixed up the moral-force tribune with Mitchell and the men of '98 : —

By Memory inspired,
And love of country fired,
The deeds of MEN I love to dwell upon ;
And the patriotic glow
Of my spirit must bestow
A tribute to O'Connell that is gone, boys, gone !
Here's a memory to the friends that are gone.

In October, 'Ninety-seven —
May his soul find rest in Heaven —
William ORR to execution was led on :
The jury, drunk, agreed
That IRISH was his creed ;
For perjury and threats drove them on, boys,
on :
Here's the memory of John Mitchell that is gone !

In 'Ninety-eight — the month July —
 The informers pay was high;
 When Reynolds gave the gallows brave Mac-
 Cann;
 But MacCann was Reynolds' first —
 One could not allay his thirst;
 So he brought up Bond and Byrne that are
 gone, boys, gone:
 Here's the memory of the friends that are gone!

We saw a nation's tears
 Shed for John and Henry Shears;
 Betrayed by Judas, Captain Armstrong;
 We may forgive, but yet
 We never can forget
 The poisoning of Maguire that is gone, boys,
 gone —
 Our high Star and true Apostle that is gone!

How did Lord Edward die?
 Like a man, without a sigh;
 But he left his handiwork on Major Swan!
 But Sirr, with steel-clad breast,
 And coward heart at best,
 Left us cause to mourn Lord Edward that is
 gone, boys, gone:
 Here's the memory of our friends that are gone!

September, Eighteen-three,
 Closed this cruel history,
 When Emmett's blood the scaffold flowed upon:
 Oh, had their spirits been wise,
 They might then realize
 Their freedom — but we drink to Mitchell that
 is gone, boys, gone:
 Here's the memory of the friends that are gone!

This ballad is a key to the historical knowledge or historical ignorance of the multitude by whom it is eagerly read. The leaders of the Young Ireland party — Smith O'Brien, Meagher, Gavan Duffy — are all (with the suggestive exception of Mitchell) totally ignored. No reference is made to Grattan, Charlemont, or Flood. The only real popular heroes appear to be O'Connell and a set of uncompromising rebels. There are some lines in it which show that the author has thoroughly grasped the genius of his countrymen: for example, that episode in the death of Lord Edward —

"But he left his handiwork on Major Swan!"

That line conveys no small amount of consolation to the Irish mind.

Between these Fenian writs and the other Irish Nationalists there is another point of difference. The writers of the old *Nation* newspaper aspired to be orators as well as authors. They were constantly leaving the editor's desk to move resolutions and deliver fervid addresses at public meetings.

Their paltry successors in the combined line of business are to be found brawling and boasting at national associations and town councils. But not so the Fenian contributors to this little volume or to the columns of the suppressed journal, the *Irish People*. Luby, O'Leary, Stephens, and their associates, never condescended to attend public meetings or take any part in the clap-trap of the ordinary Irish agitations. They confined their publication to the pages of their weekly organ, and we must not shut our eyes to the fact that that organ, the *Irish People*, presented a contrast to other anti-Saxon newspapers. As a literary production, the Fenian paper was well written. Its principles of rebellion were decided and clear; but its style, though earnest, was apparently moderate and calm. When Dr. Cullen wrote an inflammatory pastoral, denouncing England and the English, and telling the people that they were grossly misgoverned, but winding up by only asking for a collection towards the Catholic Bishop's pet university, the *Irish People* coldly dissected the Archbishop's pastoral, and, in much better English, drew the logical conclusion from his Grace's violent premises. Hence the sweeping charge which a certain section of the Roman Catholic party in Ireland have been making against the rebels. As far as this volume, edited by "Duncathail," and the numbers of the *Irish People* are concerned, we have failed to discover those incitements to assassinating priests and landlords of which so much has been said; and indeed it seems that the only evidence produced goes the other way, for it turns out to be merely a private letter written to Luby, expostulating with him for not hinting at the advantage of thus disposing of the clergy and proprietors. The most vigorous onslaught on the landlords which this Fenian volume contains is the following: —

THE NEW RACE.

O ye who have vanquished the land, and retain
 it,
 How little ye know what ye miss of delight!
 There are worlds in her heart — could ye seek
 it or gain it —
 That would clothe a true noble with glory and
 might.
 What is she, this isle which ye trample and rav-
 age,
 Which ye plough with oppression, and reap
 with the sword,
 But a harp never strung in the hall of a savage,
 Or a fair wife embraced by a husband abhorred?

The chiefs of the Gael were the people embodied !
 The chiefs were the blossoms, the people the root ;
 Their conquerors, the Normans, high-souled and high-blooded,
 Grew Irish at last from the scalp to the foot.
 And ye ! — ye are hirelings and satraps, not nobles !
 Your slaves, they detest you ; your masters, they scorn !
 The river lives on — but the sun-painted bubbles
 Pass quick, to the rapids incessantly borne.

— And who is the author of this fiery admonition to the Irish landlords ? No one can suspect him of being a Head Centre. He is a professor in the Catholic University ; he is even one of the territorial class ; he is — it is only fair to add — a highly-cultivated gentleman. Mr. Aubrey De Vere. Duncathail, the Fenian editor, avows in his Preface, that he publishes the compilation to “ cheer the reposing soldier amid the camp-fires of the bivouac ; to sing to the listening ears of Age the songs of memory and of hope, to Youth the song of love, to Manhood and Womanhood that of patriotism and duty, to the Child the strain which he may not forget, and which may win him to his home, should he stray, and bind him to Ireland in weal or woe ; ” to pour the precious balm of love upon the weary feet of Ireland ; and to “ cheer the hearts of those who may be capable of serving her *with more than words or songs.* ” In doing this he has acted judiciously in mingling with such popular strains as ‘ Mackenna’s Dream,’ ‘ The Green Little Shamrock,’ ‘ The Boys of Wexford,’ ‘ The Galloping O’Hogan,’ ‘ The Western Winds,’ and ‘ Arthur McCoy,’ some of the less directly rebellious poems of writers like Mr. De Vere. Very few, however, of his verses have penetrated the ears of the peasantry. The only one, indeed, that seems to have caught the fancy of the common people is a mysterious little effusion, in which he speaks of Ireland under her mystical names. —

THE LITTLE BLACK ROSE.

The Little Black Rose shall be red at last ;
 What made it black but the March wind dry,
 And the tear of the widow that fell on it fast ?
 It shall redden the hills when June is nigh !

The Silk of the Kine shall rest at last ;
 What drove her forth but the dragon-fly ?
 In the golden vale she shall feed full fast,
 With her mild gold horn and her slow, dark eye.

The wounded wood-dove lies dead at last !
 The pine long-bleeding, it shall not die !
 This song is secret. Mine ear it passed
 In a wind o’er the plains at Athenry.

These lines, so unintelligible, no doubt, to most of our readers, indicate Mr. De Vere’s thorough appreciation of the Celtic mind ; but the following passage in a more ambitious poem, ‘ The Bard Ethell,’ is, if possible, still more characteristic : —

*I forgive old Cathbar, who sank my boat ;
 Must I pardon Feargal, who slew my son —
 Or the pirate, Strongbow, who burned Granote,
 They tell me, and in it nine priests, a nun,
 And (worst) St. Finian’s old crosier staff ?
 At forgiveness like that I spit and laugh !*

One of the ablest of the Irish Judges, Mr. Justice Keogh, in charging the jury at the Special Commission in Dublin, remarked that, though rebellious ideas may exist in the mass of the people, such ideas have received no encouragement whatever from any intelligent or educated quarter. We are compelled to differ from this eminent authority — for reasons now given.

From the Victoria Magazine.

A STORM.

“ Oh, I have suffered
 With those that I saw suffer ! A brave vessel,
 Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
 Dash’d all to pieces. Oh ! the cry did knock
 Against my heart. Poor souls, they perished.”

OFTEN during the summer months just past, and while looking at the gentle rippling surface of Carmarthen Bay, I have heard the exclamation, “ How I should like to see a storm ! ” The summer visitors went their way, however, without being gratified by witnessing that grandest of all nature’s sights, a storm at sea ; but winter has come in with a noisy herald, and the trumpet voice of the blast that proclaimed the last month of 1865 will long be remembered.

For nearly a fortnight there had been warning voices in the air, “ the sea and the waves roaring,” hungry for human prey. The heavens one hour hung with heavy black clouds ; another, great white pillow masses, between which drifted a fleecy veil. Then again an even grey pall would be drawn across the ethereal blue ; earth and heaven would seem to unite ; and the va-

poury screen press almost palpably upon you; hiding away the fierce blast, you knew, by the action and tremble in the thick hot air, must be blowing somewhere.

How the sea muttered and thundered upon the sands at low water; and then as the tide rose again, what a sheet of angry foam there came up, as if the depths had been at war; foam which, caught by the sudden gusts of wind, was whirled high up the cliffs and hung upon the many-hued rocks and yellow furze.

There is not usually much sea-rack here, but we have had plenty of it these three weeks past; and there it now lies, "rugged and brown," dire witness of storms out in the heart of the Atlantic; lies, grim enough by day, but by night gleaming with phosphorescent light.

Day after day the warning grew plainer; until at last the storm king himself was close upon us.

Upon Monday the symptoms grew more demonstrative; the sun rose red and angry, and sank in a perfect glory of rainbow hues, drawing down upon his departing footsteps a dark curtain, as if to shut out the havoc and distress that he left to revel during the long wild night.

It was low water just after sundown, and for awhile all was tolerably calm. Then a distant throbbing went vibrating along the crests of the hills, most resembling the echo that lingers in the vaulted roof of a cathedral after a mighty burst from the organ. Far away upon the low level beach the sea song was murmuring, exquisitely sweet and solemn, but in it weird voices seemed mingling in eerie song, voices broken by shrill cries and shrieks, which it was almost impossible to believe the piping of wild birds, and which amply accounted for the

old Welch superstition of the goblin hounds, who are said to sweep through the air, chilling the listener's blood by their yells and shouts.

The wind did not treat us long to this gentle music; Old Boreas was only striking the key-note, presently he began sounding the chords, gently at first, taking breath, as it might be, between each effort, and listening for the effect.

Until just as the waves touched the cliffs, and the harsher roar told me they were breaking against Selwyne, a fierce gust of wind swept over the hill, striking the house like a hammer, and causing the roof to rattle again. There was a crash, a shiver, and all was over for the present, although you could still hear the mighty rush of the blast as it careered along on its course, and by the time it had sighed itself out, the waves were rushing into the caves, and the vaulted roofs resounded again with hollow mockery.

Some minutes passed, the distant moaning of the tide and souging of the wind only heard, and then the very hill seemed to bend, while over it came a mighty rushing wind.

Shorter and shorter grew the pauses in the storm, nearer and louder the distress of the sea, until the hurricane was upon us.

What a scene it was then; how the waves and winds seemed to outvie each other in wild defiance, drowning any poor weak human voices, appalling the senses, and forcing upon the mind that verily God's voice is in the tempest!

But is there no other voice?

What is it that wakes the dull sinking sickening pain at the listener's heart, as there wells up the involuntary prayer —

"God help those at sea."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

Who left St. Paul for worthless mammon's sake?

What sleeping prophet did an angel wake?

Whose offering of faith did God accept?

What gentlewoman's death the widows wept?

What Jewish maiden, from a lowly place,
A mighty monarch's throne was called to grace?

By the initials find the doom

'To which the path of sinners tend;

Which casts o'er life its awful gloom,

And deeply darkens to the end.

Who suffered deeds of which he was afraid?

What youth, the sage's counsel disobeyed?

Who would not leave king David in his woe?

Whose kindly works did grieving widows show?

Who boldly slew the oppressor of his land,
And then led on a valiant patriot band?

In the initials of these names,

A world-wide fault we find,

Which sows the seeds of hate and fear

And misery 'mid mankind.

From the Sunday Magazine.

AN EVENING WITH DR. LIVINGSTONE.

WHO does not enjoy an evening with a traveller — a genial, kindly, Christian man, who has been among the strangest people, seen sights that no one else has ever seen, and, full of interest himself in distant and neglected races, strives to communicate that interest to the party that have come together to hear about them? To meet for an hour or two with such a man as Dr. Livingstone, and hear him give a plain, familiar account of some of his African journeys, and of the means best fitted, with God's blessing, to benefit the African race, would probably be one of the first wishes and greatest pleasures of a majority of the readers of the SUNDAY MAGAZINE. Every one, we suppose, knows that Dr. Livingstone himself has again left England, and is engaged once more in his noble endeavour to establish the means of missionary labour and of commercial enterprise among some of the populous tribes of Eastern and Central Africa. We cannot, therefore, have him personally to chat with us of an evening; but we can have what is second best: we may take the large volume which he has just published, and cull from it what we may suppose he would have told us, if it had been our good fortune to spend a Sunday evening in his company. Unhappily, there is little or nothing to tell of the results of missionary labour. Dr. Livingstone is a pioneer, a forerunner of missionaries, rather than himself an acting missionary. He goes to see what can be done, and to arrange for others coming to do it, rather than to do it himself. His idea of his own mission seems to be that he is to conciliate the natives, to disarm their prejudices, to give them a favourable opinion of the British people, to work upon them by kindness and disinterestedness, and thus dispose them to trade with the merchant, and listen to the missionary. But if there be little to say of the results of Christian missions, except that they have hitherto done nothing in those parts, there is, unhappily, far too much to tell of a devil's mission that has been frightfully active and successful — the slave-trade, partly as pursued by the natives, but chiefly by the atrocious Portuguese settlers and adventurers. In fact, the slave-trade has in every way been the ruin of Africa; and, besides making the poor negroes ten times more miserable and degraded than they would otherwise have been, it has proved a most effectual barrier to all missionary and to all

commercial undertakings. It is owing to the slave-trade that Dr. Livingstone has failed to establish any centres of missionary and commercial operations on the banks of the Zambesi or its tributaries; and there is little reason to hope for anything better, until measures be taken to repress the infamous traffic on the East, similar to those that have proved so successful on the West Coast of Africa.

For, according to Dr. Livingstone, — and he is so shrewd and careful a man that we can hardly fancy him wrong in this, — the English squadron on the West Coast of Africa has been an extraordinary blessing to that part of the world. Many persons have an opposite impression, and think that England has spent her treasure and the lives of her seamen in vain, in watching those infamous slavers, with which we associate such accursed scenes. Dr. Livingstone is of a very different opinion. There, at the distance of hundreds of miles from the ocean, he found the very decided influence of our national policy: the slave-trade so far suppressed that even the Portuguese spoke of it as a thing of the past; lawful commerce immensely increased; more than twenty Christian missions established; and comparative peace enjoyed by millions of inhabitants. And as regards those missions in Western Africa, of which Captain Burton spoke so disparagingly, Dr. Livingstone entertains a most favourable opinion. At Sierra Leone and elsewhere, Christian natives can be numbered by thousands, who, whatever defects they may have, at least possess the qualification of being trustworthy trade-agents among their countrymen. Making allowance for the fact that many of the native Christians have been the lowest of the low — liberated African slaves, — and also for the strong language of traders annoyed at being prevented from using the people as brutes, Dr. Livingstone thinks that the conduct of England of late years on the West Coast deserves the world's admiration, and that her generosity will appear grand in the eyes of posterity. Neither is it true, as Captain Burton has maintained, that Mahometanism is the only religion that is making proselytes in Africa. The native Christians of Africa contribute no less a sum than £15,000 yearly for the spread of the Gospel. The Mahometans are even beneath the native Africans in their ordinary moral tone. Dr. Livingstone gives an anecdote in illustration of this. He has seen a party of natives plunge into the water to rescue a woman from a crocodile. On the other hand, when a party of his

own sailors, who were Mahometans, were coming to the ship after sleeping ashore, one of them walked into the water with the intention of swimming off to the boat; and while yet hardly up to his knees was seized by a crocodile and dragged under; the poor fellow gave a shriek, and held up his hand for aid; but none of his countrymen stirred to his assistance, and he was never seen again. On asking his brother-in-law why he did not help him, he replied, "Well, no one told him to go into the water. It was his own fault that he was killed." This was the part of the priest and the Levite in the parable of the Good Samaritan re-enacted with additional hard-heartedness; for neither the priest nor the Levite was brother-in-law of the man who fell among thieves.

The aspect of intertropical Africa—Eastern, Western and Central—must, by this time of day, be as familiar as his own country to Dr Livingstone; but the feelings of a stranger setting foot in it for the first time "resemble in some respects those which the First Man may have had on his entrance into the Garden of Eden. He has set foot in a new world; another state of existence is before him; everything he sees, every sound that falls upon his ear, has all the freshness and charm of novelty. The trees and the plants are new; the flowers and the fruits, the beasts, the birds, and the insects, are curious and strange; the very sky itself is new, glowing with colours, or sparkling with constellations, never seen in northern climes." Everything in Africa, it was long ago remarked, is contrary: "Wool grows on the heads of men and hair on the backs of sheep." The men often wear their hair long, the women wear it short. Where there are cattle, the women till the ground, plant the land, and build huts. The men stay at home to sew, spin, weave, and milk the cows. The nursery hobgoblin with us is black, but in Africa he is white. Foolish mothers bid their children be quiet, or they will call the white man to bite them. To the unsophisticated natives of Africa there is something frightfully repulsive in the appearance of white men. On entering villages previously unvisited by Europeans, if a child should be met coming quietly and unsuspectingly along, the moment he raised his eyes and saw the whites, he would take to his heels in an agony of terror, such as we might feel if we met a live Egyptian mummy at the door of the British Museum. Alarmed by the child's wild cries, the mother rushes out of her hut, but darts back again at the sight of the same frightful apparition. Dogs turn tail and

scour off in dismay; and hens, abandoning their chickens, fly screaming to the tops of the houses. Unfamiliar sights everywhere present themselves. Here and there may be seen rows of elephants two miles long; in the rivers, crocodiles and hippopotamuses, by no means pleasant to bathe with; and even on board ship, one may be aroused, as Dr. Livingstone was in his steamer, by five feet of cold green snake gliding over one's face. But however peculiar the country, and however different the people, Dr. Livingstone has no patience with what has often been said of the negro race. The notions commonly entertained of their language he regards as absurd; their answers to questions on ordinary topics are about as intelligent as are usually got from the common people at home; and if they are addicted to low motives and mean actions, so likewise unhappily are many of those among ourselves who are not under the influence of Christian principles and civilized habits. Dr. Livingstone is full of hope for the negro race; his life of single-hearted devotion to them is a proof of his confidence in what they may become, if Christianity, and her daughter Civilization, should find a home among them. Even the unwholesomeness of the climate would in that case be greatly overcome. It is the very richness of the country, in connection with the neglect of its inhabitants, that makes it so unhealthy. The luxuriance of the vegetation is such that when it decays an extraordinary amount of putridity is generated; the very rivers are poisoned by it, and fever hovers on every side. Were the plains cultivated, drained, and reaped, not only would the most splendid harvests be obtained, but the cause of fever would be to a large extent removed. The beautiful fulfillment of the sixty-seventh Psalm, which would result from missionary enterprise in such a country, will strike every reader:—"God be merciful to us and bless us, and cause His face to shine on us. That Thy way may be known on earth, Thy saving health among the nations. . . . Let the people praise thee, O God, let all the people praise thee. *Then shall the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, shall bless us.*" No wonder though Dr. Livingstone sighs when he sees regions of such capabilities turned, literally and figuratively, into the valley of the shadow of death. No wonder though it cuts him to the heart to come on masses of skeletons where he might have looked for living men. His soul is fired with the purpose to dispossess Fever, Famine, War, and the Slave-Trade from those

fertile regions, and to see the Angel of Peace and Love spreading his wings over them. When he thinks of his father's native Hebrides,

Of Ulva dark and Colonsay,
And all the group of islets gay
That guard famed Staffa round,

inhabited by a comparatively happy and peaceful people, why, he asks, should not those regions of Africa — not by any means the sandy deserts that used to be thought, but as rich and fair as any country on the globe — be peopled by industrious and peaceful tribes, worshipping the God of love, trusting in the work of Christ, and adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour?

The primitive faith of the African people, he conceives to be, that there is one Almighty Maker of heaven and earth; that He has given the various plants of earth to men to be employed as mediators between Him and the spirit-world, where all who have ever been born and died continue to live; that sin consists in offences against their fellow-men, either here or among the departed; and that death is often a punishment of guilt, such as witchcraft. The Great Spirit lives above the stars; but they never pray to him, and know nothing of their relation to him or of his interest in them. As might be expected, they are great believers in spells and nostrums. In one district, the medical profession is subdivided to an extent unknown even in London or Paris. There is the elephant-doctor, who prepares a medicine indispensable to hunters when attacking that animal; the crocodile-doctor, who sells a charm that protects its owner from crocodiles; the dice-doctor, a combination of the detective officer and the physician, part of whose duty is to discover thieves by means of dice; the gun-doctor, the rain-doctor, and numberless others. The various schools deal in little charms, which are hung round the purchaser's neck to avert evil; some of them contain the medicine, others increase its power. On one occasion, near the Victoria Falls, Dr. Livingstone put himself under the guidance of one Tuba Makoro, "smasher of canoes," — an ominous name; but he alone was believed to know the medicine that insured against shipwreck in the rapids above the Falls. In spite of this, one of the canoes struck a rock and was nearly destroyed. But Dr. Livingstone was assured it was not the medicine that was at fault: the accident was owing entirely to Tuba having started without his breakfast.

In the country of the Makololos a man was met with who pretended to be able to change himself into a lion. Dr. Livingstone bid his native attendants ask him to perform this feat at once, and they would give him for his performance a piece of cotton cloth — the article most valued by the natives. "Oh, no," was their reply; "he may come when we are asleep and kill us." This man-lion would sometimes go forth to the forest to kill game, and then, graciously returning to the human form, would tell his neighbours where to find the buffalo or antelope which he pretended to have killed, but had probably found dead. It is believed also that the souls of departed chiefs enter into lions and render them sacred. Dr. Livingstone tells how a lion came near to his encampment one night, which his native followers believed to be tenanted by the spirit of a chief, and how one of them bullied him, and another coaxed him, while the Doctor himself, a terrible unbeliever, supplied him with a piece of meat prepared with strychnine. In another region the monkey is a sacred animal, and is never killed, because the people believe devoutly that the souls of their ancestors occupy these degraded forms, and anticipate that they themselves must, sooner or later, be transformed in the same manner.

Many of their superstitious notions are very grotesque. When a man has his hair cut, he is careful to burn it or bury it secretly, lest, falling into the hands of one who has an evil eye or is a witch, it should be used as a charm to afflict him with headache. In certain parts there is a widespread belief that if one plants the mango-stone he will die. Even among the native Portuguese of Tette there is a superstition, that if a man plants coffee he will never be happy afterwards. There are also superstitions among the people that have a more tragical aspect. The ordeal of the muave is often resorted to. If a person is accused of crime he has to drink the muave, a deadly poison. If the stomach rejects the poison, he is declared innocent; if it is retained, his guilt is proved. Even chiefs are not exempted, and in some cases seem rather to enjoy the thing. A chief, making some assertion that could hardly be received, said, "If you doubt my word, give me the muave to drink." The people of a chief who had successfully gone through the ordeal the day before Dr. Livingstone reached his villiage, manifested their joy by drinking, dancing, and drumming two days and nights. It is surmised that the native doctor who prepares the poison may

be able to save those whom he considers innocent.

The practice of polygamy, the sign of so low a civilization and the source of so many evils, prevails everywhere. Singularly enough, it is approved of even by the women. On hearing that a man in England could marry but one wife, several Makololo ladies exclaimed that they would not like to live in such a country. They could not imagine how English ladies could relish such a custom; for—as they thought, every man of respectability should have a number of wives as a proof of his wealth. Along the whole of the Zambesi, no man is respected by his neighbours who has not several wives. The reason for this is doubtless because, having the produce of each wife's garden, he is wealthy in proportion to their number. One of the greatest battles of Christianity will have to be fought on this ground. Till this notion is dislodged, the position of woman must be degraded; and what that implies we need not say.

The usual vices of a wild and irregular life—the outbursts of sensuality and passion, and the deeds of cruelty which are found in all barbarous nations—exist among the Africans, but not to the same extent as in some other communities. By far the worst vices that prevail amongst them, Dr. Livingstone ascribes, as we shall see presently, to the slave-trade, the most fearful parent of vice and devilry the world has ever seen. Some interesting features of character are often shown by the natives. They are very susceptible to the influence of kindly treatment, and do not readily forget it. When Charles Livingstone, the brother of Dr. Livingstone, was at Kebrabasa, during the rainy season, he gave some food and a small piece of cloth to a hungry, shivering native traveller. Eighteen months after, while the party were on their journey into the interior, a man came into the camp, bringing a liberal present of rice, meal, beer, and a fowl, reminding them of what had been done for him (which Charles Livingstone had forgot), and saying he did not like to see them travelling hungry and thirsty. Ready though they are to quarrel, they often try to make peace among themselves. An illustration of Dr. Watts's song, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," occurred one day when two men were wrangling and cursing each other. A Makololo man rose, and, to prevent mischief, quietly took their spears from the corner in which they stood, and sitting down beside Dr. Livingstone remarked, "It is the nature

of bulls to gore each other." The Makololo race are regarded by Dr. Livingstone as by far the most intelligent and enterprising of the tribes he has met. They are, in his judgment, fine subjects for a Christian mission. When talked to about their lawless forays and expeditions for killing their neighbours and stealing their cattle, they seemed impressed with the crime of killing, but not of seizing cattle. They confessed that they needed the Book of God. If that was guilt which custom led them to do, it lay between the white man and Jesus, who had not given them the Book. They were impressed by the thought that there was a Book of God, and that they did not possess it. They are interested in hearing that God's Son appeared among men and died for them, but they do not feel that He has any interest in them. On the last occasion of holding Divine service at Seshake, the English invited them to speak about the future state. The speaker had made some remarks on the resurrection. They said they did not wish to offend the speaker, but they could not believe that all the dead would rise again. "Can those who have been killed in the field and devoured by vultures, or those who have been eaten by the hyenas or lions, or those who have been tossed into the river and eaten by more than one crocodile—can they all be raised again to life?" They were told that men could take a leaden bullet, change it into a salt (acetate of lead) which could be dissolved as completely in water as our bodies in the stomachs of animals, and then reconvert it into lead; or that the bullet could be transformed into the red and white paint of our wagons, and again could be reconverted into the original lead; and that if men, exactly like themselves, could do so much, how much more could He do who had made the eye to see, and the ear to hear? "We added, however," continues Dr. Livingstone, "that we believed in a resurrection, not because we understood how it would be brought about, but because our Heavenly Father assured us of it in His book."

The history of endeavours to plant Christianity in the countries adjoining the Zambesi and its tributaries has hitherto been a history of failures. Ruins of Roman Catholic mission-stations remain, but no trace that their teaching took hold on the people. An anecdote told by Dr. Livingstone of the Roman Catholic priest at Tette will probably account for this. "During the drought of 1858, a neighbouring chief

got up a performance, with divers ceremonies and incantations, to bring rain, but it would not come. The Goanese padre of Tette, to satisfy his compatriots, appointed a procession and prayers in honour of St. Antonio for the same purpose. The first attempt did not answer; but on the second occasion, arranged to come off after the new moon appeared, a grand procession in the saint's honour ended in so much rain that the roof of the Residence gave way. St. Antonio's image was decorated the following week with a golden coronal worth 22*l.* for sending the long-delayed and much-needed rain. We never looked with disdain on the rites or ceremonies of any Church; but, on witnessing the acts of worship on this occasion, so great was the irreverence manifested, in the kneeling worshippers laughing and joking between the responses, not even ceasing their grins when muttering 'Ora pro nobis,' that we could not help believing that if, like the natives, they have faith in rain-making, they have faith in nothing else."

It is sad to think that nothing has yet come of all the efforts that have been made, in consequence of Dr. Livingstone's former journey and book, to establish Christian missions in the neighbourhood of the Zambesi. When, a few years ago, a party of missionaries, headed by the Rev. H. Helmore, tried to plant the Gospel at Linyanti, in the neighbourhood of the Victoria Falls, several of the missionaries and their native attendants succumbed to fever almost immediately on their arrival, and the survivors were obliged to retire. Bishop Mackenzie and the other members of the Universities' Mission, it is well known, got into trouble in consequence of their zeal in behalf of captive-slaves, the bishop died of fever, and the Universities' Mission ultimately left the continent of Africa. The Rev. James Stewart, of the Free Church of Scotland, who came out expressly to select a sphere for a mission in connection with that body, was obliged to return without accomplishing his purpose. And even the expedition of Dr. Livingstone described in the volume before us, though conducted with all the authority which the patronage of the Government of Great Britain could give it, has not been successful, except in so far as it has shown how great need there is both for mission and commerce, but how difficult in present circumstances it is to obtain either the one or the other. How comes it that the establishment of Christian missions is so extremely difficult in that region? There may be a variety of an-

swers to the question: but in the opinion of Dr. Livingstone the great obstacle is to be found in that odious curse—the slave-trade.

The most important feature of Dr. Livingstone's present volume is the lurid light it throws on that fearful system. Nothing has made a deeper impression on him than the frightfully demoralizing effects of the traffic. In his view it is the prime agency of the devil in this world for turning human beings into monsters of wickedness. The half-caste Portuguese who are concerned in it are as revolting specimens of humanity as can be found anywhere. The atrocities of Mariano are all but incredible. One of his favourite modes of creating an impression in the country and making his name dreaded, was to spear his captives with his own hands. On one occasion he is reported to have killed in this way forty poor wretches placed in a row before him. It might have been thought that slave-owners, through self-interest, would treat their slaves with humanity; but the slave-trade seems always to engender an unreasoning ferocity that is often reckless even of its own ultimate interests. Dr. Livingstone tells of an old slave-trader, worn out with disease and nearly blind, who was not in other respects without humanity, that when his wife died, to dull the edge of his grief, he made a foray amongst the tribes near the mouth of the Shire, and took many captives. This man had made several fortunes; but he managed to squander them all in riotous living, and himself acknowledged that "the money a man made in the slave-trade was all bad, and soon went to the devil." The loss of life caused in these slave-capturing forays is fearful. Colonel Rigby, late British consul at Zanzibar, told Dr. Livingstone that from the Nyassa country, 19,000 slaves passed annually through the custom-house of that island, exclusive of those sent to Portuguese slave ports. But "besides those actually captured, thousands are killed or die of their wounds and famine, driven from their villages by the slave-raid proper. Thousands perish in internecine war waged for slaves with their own clansmen and neighbours, slain by the lust of gain, which is stimulated by the slave-purchasers of Cuba and elsewhere. The many skeletons we have seen amongst rocks and woods, by the little pools, and along the paths of the wilderness, attest the awful sacrifice of human life, which must be attributed, directly or indirectly, to this trade of hell. It is our deliberate opinion that not one fifth of the

victims of the slave-trade ever become slaves. Taking the Shire valley as an average, we should say not even one-tenth arrive at their destination. . . . A small armed steamer on Lake Nyassa could easily, by exercising a control and furnishing goods in return for ivory and other products, break the neck of this infamous traffic in that quarter; for nearly all must cross the lake, or the Upper Shire."

There is nothing in all this book more touching than the engraving opposite page 356, which represents a gang of captives on their way to Tette. They form a long line of men, women, and children, manacled and chained to each other, the men, in addition to their chains, being fastened together in pairs by means of beams of wood with forked extremities, the forks being fitted to their necks, and riveted upon them. The women are compelled to carry baskets on their heads, in some cases in addition to their infants, which are bound round their bodies with a cloth. Slave-drivers, armed with guns, staves, and other implements, accompany the gang, and urge them on. The gang, which numbered eighty-four, was met and liberated by Dr. Livingstone, who learned that the day before two of the women had been shot for attempting to unfasten the thongs. One woman had her infant's brains knocked out because she could not carry her load and it; and a man was despatched with an axe because he had broken down with fatigue.

The awful desolation of a once-populous country after a slave-seizing raid, and the terrible scenes that indicate the sacrifice of life, cannot be read or heard of without a shudder. Dr. Livingstone describes what he saw in the valley of the Shire after such an occurrence. "Instead of smiling villages and crowds of people coming with things for sale, scarcely a soul was to be seen; and when by chance one lighted on a native, his frame bore the impress of hunger, and his countenance the look of a cringing broken-spiritedness. A drought had visited the land after the slave-hunting panic broke over it. . . . Large masses of the people had fled down to the Shire, only anxious to get the river between them and their enemies. Most of the food had been left behind; and famine and starvation had cut off so many that the remainder were too few to bury their dead. The corpses we saw floating down the river were only a remnant of those that had perished, whom their friends, from weakness, could not bury, nor overgorged crocodiles devour. . . . Wherever we took a walk, human skeletons were

seen in every direction, and it was painfully interesting to observe the different postures in which the poor wretches had breathed their last. A whole heap had been thrown down a slope behind a village, where the fugitives often crossed the river from the east. . . . Others lay in their huts, with closed doors, which when opened disclosed the mouldering corpse with the poor rags round the loins—the skull fallen off the pillow—the little skeleton of the child, that had perished first, rolled up in a mat between two large skeletons. The sight of this desert, but eighteen months ago a well-peopled valley, now literally strewn with human bones, forced the conviction upon us that the destruction of human life in the middle passage, however great, constitutes but a small portion of the waste, and made us feel that unless the slave-trade—that monster iniquity which has so long brooded over Africa—is put down, lawful commerce cannot be established."

No wonder though Dr. Livingstone is saddened and almost broken-hearted. The sanguine hopes of his earlier days for Africa are blighted by this atrocious slave-trade. If anything is to be done for this great territory, effective measures must be taken to sweep away the cause of its misery and desolation. The suppression of the slave-trade is one of those objects for which all classes of British statesmen are proud to use the power of their country. May they be guided to wise and effectual measures for this end in the East of Africa, and from all our churches may prayer rise with a hundredfold greater earnestness on behalf of those dark places of the earth that are full of the habitations of cruelty.

The Africans have learned to understand England's hatred to slavery. In this respect, our country bears an honourable name, and her prestige is favourable to her missionaries. Her national truthfulness is another distinction in her favour, contrasting for example with the laxity of the Portuguese, whose word cannot be relied on. But other characteristics of a less favourable kind have come to be attached to the English name. In one place, a man's being intoxicated is described by the phrase "he speaks English." The national failing was unconsciously confessed by a sailor of Dr. Livingstone's, who, on it being remarked that certain trees were very like the steeples of England, said, "the picture would be complete if there was only a grog-shop near the church."

Dr. Livingstone cannot doubt that, under God's blessing, Christian missions would be

as prosperous on the East coast of Africa as they have been on the West. On the West, sixteen societies are at work: six British, seven American, two German, and one West Indian. These maintain 104 European or American missionaries, have 110 stations, 13,000 scholars, 236 schools, and 19,000 registered communicants—representing probably a Christian population of 60,000. "It is particularly pleasing," he adds, "to see the zeal of our American brethren; they show the natural influences and effects of our holy religion. With the genuine and true-hearted it is never a question of distance but of need. The Americans make capital missionaries; and it is only a bare act of justice to say that their labours on the West Coast are above all praise. And not on that shore alone does their benevolence shine. In China, India, South Seas, Syria, South Africa, and their own far West, they have proved themselves worthy children of the old country,—the asylum for the oppressed of every nation, the source of light for all lands."

We might prolong our "evening with Dr. Livingstone" to the small hours of morning, but the best of friends must part. We conclude by noting two or three interesting illustrations of Scripture, culled from his volume. The shadow of a great rock in a weary land (Isa. xxxii. 2), and the sleep God gives to his beloved (Psalm cxvii. 2), are both illustrated in the following account of an ascent of all but perpendicular rocks. "The strain upon the muscles in jumping from crag to boulder, and wriggling round projections, took an enormous deal out of the party, and they were often glad to cower in the shadow formed by one rock overhanging and resting upon another; the shelter induced the peculiarly strong and overpowering inclination to sleep that too much sun sometimes causes. This sleep is curative of what may be incipient sun-stroke; in its first gentle touches it caused the dream to flit over the boiling brain that they had been sworn in as members of the Alpine Club; and then it became so heavy as to make them feel as if a portion of their existence had been cut from their lives."

A native's idea of "holiness" is worth recording. "When copious showers have descended during the night, and all the earth and leaves and cattle are washed

clean, and the sun rising shows a drop of dew on every blade of grass, and the air breathes fresh,—that is holiness." The resemblance to the imagery of the Bible is very striking—especially to David's picture of the Holy One—"He shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain." (2 Sam. xxiii. 4.)

Among the birds of the country, the "honey-guide" seems almost designed as a type of the Christian missionary. "The 'honey-guide' is an extraordinary bird; how is it that every member of its family has learned that all men, whether white or black, are fond of honey? The instant the little fellow gets a glimpse of a man, he hastens to greet him with the hearty invitation to come, as M. Cia translated it, to a bee's hive, and take some honey. He flies on in the proper direction, perches on a tree, and looks back to see if you are following; then on to another and another, until he guides you to the spot. If you do not accept his first invitation, he follows you with pressing importunities, quite as anxious to lure the stranger to the bees' hive as other birds are to draw him away from their own nests. Except when on the march, our men were sure to accept the invitation, and manifested the same by a peculiar responsive whistle, meaning, as they said, 'All right, go ahead; we are coming.' The birds never deceived them, but always guided them to a hive of bees, though some had but little honey in store." We will not go into any curious inquiries as to the motive and purpose of the honey-guide. We would rather see in its singular proceeding a lesson for ourselves. To us has been given the knowledge of a treasure "more to be desired than gold, yea than much fine gold, sweeter also than honey from the honey-comb." And to us there is committed the function of the honey-guide—by our Christian missions to lead the starving African to the Bread of Life; and if he do not accept our first invitation, to persevere with pressing importunities, until at last he finds the hidden manna, and his soul is filled as with marrow and fatness.

W. G. BLAIKIE.

650 FINAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

THE FINAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11, 1866.

ALL the people who could by any possibility of energy and interest be crowded and packed within the four walls of the great Representatives' Chamber were present at the fourth and final anniversary of the Christian Commission, this evening. Besides these thousands, there were as many more who surged up and down through the halls and rotunda, for two or three hours, hoping against hope for a chance to look into the chamber, and still a great crowd more which went found every available square foot occupied, and returned home before the exercises began. The following was the order of exercises for the evening:

Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House of Representatives, in the chair; singing, under direction of Mr. Phillip Phillips of Cincinnati. 1. Singing, "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," &c. 2. Prayer, by Rev. C. B. Boynton, D. D., Chaplain of the House. 3. Reading the Scriptures, by Rev. W. J. R. Taylor, D. D., secretary of the American Bible Society. 4. Introductory remarks by the chairman. 5. Abstract of the annual report, by Rev. Edward P. Smith, secretary of the American Missionary Association. 6. Statement of the work by George H. Stuart, chairman of the Christian Commission. 7. Address by Hon. Charles Demond of Boston. 8. Address by Hon. James Harlan, Secretary of the Interior. 9. Singing, "Your Mission," by Mrs. Phillips. 10. Address by Rear-Admiral Chas. H. Davis, U. S. N. 11. Address by Rev. Herrick Johnson of Pittsburgh. 12. Singing, "We are rising as a people," by Mr. Phillips, the audience joining in the chorus. 13. Address by Senator Doolittle. 14. Address by Major-General George G. Meade. 15. Singing, "America," by the audience. 16. Address by Rev. Bishop Matthew Simpson, D. D., of Philadelphia. 17. Singing, "Home of the Soul," by Mr. Phillips. 18. Prayer, by Rev. Prof. Lemuel Moss, of the University at Lewisburg, Penn. 19. Doxology.

In presenting the final report of the commission, Mr. Stuart happily alluded to the fact that when the last annual report was made, General Grant, now on the platform, was in front of Petersburg, but soon thereafter found a way to relieve the commission from further service by compelling the surrender of one Robert E. Lee. He then

read a report of the operations of the commission since its organization.

After the reports were made, Mr. Stuart presented letters from Secretary Stanton, Lieutenant-General Grant, Vice-Admiral Farragut, Chief Justice Chase, Generals Sherman, Howard, Meigs, Butler, Ord, Thomas, Barnes and others. Mr. Stanton thanks the chairman for his invitation, but declines to deliver an address at the meeting, though he cannot refrain from putting on record his high appreciation of the services of the commission, and his thanks for the intelligent and efficient manner in which it has done its work.

"Lieutenant-General Grant," said Mr. Stuart, "we had hoped to press into service for this evening, but he never speaks except on the battle-field, and the world knows of what effect his words are there. We have, however, a letter from him written by his own hand, which I will read. General Grant says, on the eve of the closing of a work which he hopes there will never be an occasion for doing again, he takes pleasure in acknowledging the great services of the Christian Commission. He personally knows that their labors saved much suffering, and does not doubt that it saved thousands of soldiers' lives. The army feels the same gratitude to the Christian and Sanitary Commissions that the American people feel to the army."

Chief Justice Chase says it was not his privilege to aid or see much of the work of the Christian Commission, but he knows by most unquestionable testimony that no such humane and loving beneficence was ever before organized and executed. He is certain that it could have existed in none but a Christian land, and he doubts if it could have been successful in any land but our own.

Vice-Admiral Farragut, writing from New York, said the navy never had so much occasion as the army to need or know the services of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions; but they always knew they could have the latter had they felt the need, and they rejoiced that the boys of the army were so well cared for. Wherever he went he heard the organization much extolled, and could bear his testimony to the patient industry with which it had done its labor.

General Sherman says that the people of this country should have added contributions to the value of more than six millions of dollars to all their efforts and sacrifices of the war, he counts as one of the wonders of the world.

Mr. Demond was the first speaker, and

very properly related the circumstances which gave birth to the Christian Commission. He was one of the seven who originally met in Washington on the 10th of November, 1861, to see what could be done for the spiritual welfare of the army. He briefly told the history of the work they begun on that day, and spoke for fifteen minutes in explanation of the causes which led to the great success of that work, and the incidental results which it accomplished.

Mr. Colfax, on rising to announce the song, said that a year ago there was one here whose absence we all now mourn more than we could mourn the absence of relative or friend. He paid a most touching and eloquent tribute to the memory of Mr. Lincoln, and added that during the exercises of the anniversary meeting of a year ago there was sent up to him as presiding officer a programme on the back of which was written, in the peculiar style so well known to all men, the words: "Near the close let us have the song, 'Your Mission,' by Mr. Phillips. Don't say I called for it. Signed Lincoln." "That song," said Mr. Colfax, "was sung then, and will be again sung now." It was received with hearty and repeated and long-continued applause.

Mr. Harlan being absent, the next speaker was Admiral Davis, who spoke very briefly, and was followed by Rev. Mr. Johnson, who related many instances which came under his observation while through the Army of the Potomac as one of the agents of the Commission, who in turn gave way to Senator Doolittle, who spoke in an eloquent and forcible manner for about ten minutes.

General Meade was the next speaker announced, but Mr. Stuart said he was unable to be present on account of sudden sickness in his family. He had however sent a letter, which was read. He says he bears testimony to the value of the Commission in the Army of the Potomac, ministering not only to the spiritual but to the bodily wants of the soldiers, and adds that one of the brightest pages in our history will be that on which is written the record of the noble manner in which the people supplied the wants of their armies.

General Auger was next called upon, and made a brief, modest, soldierly address of thanks to the people for their loving and constant remembrance of the soldiers, and he was followed by Rev. D. A. Chidlaw of Cincinnati, who had seen much service in the Western armies as an agent of the Commission, and made a most telling and thrilling address in a fervid Western manner, which won round after round of applause.

Bishop Simpson's was the principal address of the evening. He called attention to the services which the Commission had rendered the Government and the country. It had sanctified the war in the hearts of the soldiers and the people, and its influence was of such increasing effect that one-fourth of all the contributions made were tendered in the last six months of the war. The success of the Commission had given proof of the power of the influence of the spirit of Christ, and he noticed as an astounding fact that the aggregate of the labors of all the agents was one hundred and eighty-one thousand days. The work of the Commission had presented the world with a true specimen of Christian brotherhood, all sects and religious organizations being represented among its officers and agents.

THE BURNING OIL-WELL.

FRANKLIN, PA., February 13, 1866.

It occurred to me that a more detailed account of the 'Burning Well,' referred to by your correspondent from this place, a few days ago, would be interesting to your readers. It is certainly one of the greatest curiosities to be found in the oil-region. It yields an interest to none of the great phenomena found in other lands, and richly repays one for the trouble and fatigue endured in visiting it. The well is situated on the eastern bank of the Alleghany, at the mouth of Mog's Run, or as it is sometimes called, Pine Hill Run. The distance below Franklin is about twenty miles by the course of the river, or across the hills about twelve miles. The mode of travel by your correspondent was by the river, on the ice about half the distance, the remainder over the hills.

As you approach the region of the well the country becomes rough and romantic in the extreme. High hills and abrupt precipices are covered and overhung by immense masses of detached rock, that seem scattered at random on the hill tops and on the sides of the acclivities. If the glacial theory of Agassiz be correct, then the icebergs that were anchored here were thickly laden with mighty boulders from the North. Be this as it may, the rocky masses are lying here in wonderful confusion.

Before you approach near enough to the well to see the flames, your ears are saluted with the roaring sound similar to that

which Ross Brown describes as peculiar to the Geysers in Iceland. It seems to be due chiefly to the rush of gas from the depths below, but may be in part from the flame itself as it rises high in the air.

Like most great curiosities, this well suffers from surrounding circumstances. There is no good object near with which it may be compared as to height. Added to this, the hills all around it are from six hundred to a thousand feet in height, affording as a back ground rocks and shrubs and stunted trees, that tend to diminish its effect on the eye and imagination.

The well was of course bored for oil. It had reached a depth of some five hundred feet, when the column of gas, that must be immense, rushed up and became ignited from the furnace of the engine. Soon, of course, the derrick, engine house, and fixtures were consumed, and the engine itself a wreck. The top of the conductor which emerges from the pit, being of wood, was burned off, when an attempt was made to fill up the pit with earth and extinguish the flames. This proved a failure, as the pressure of the gas was too great to be easily filled up.

As it is seen at present, the gas rushes through the loose earth in a thousand jets, and the result is that a column of flame constantly emerges from the pit equal to its size, which is, perhaps, eight feet square. This column rises to a height of from fifty to one hundred feet, varying every few seconds from the minimum to the maximum height. The pillar is not regular in form, but rough and jagged. Sometimes it is divided, and sends its tongues of flame out in every direction. As it reaches its greatest height, the top of the flame leaps off and is extinguished. This is the appearance in daylight. At night, and surrounded by the darkness, its appearance must be awfully grand and imposing.

I am inclined to think that there is some oil mingled with the product of the well, inasmuch as every three or four seconds a cloud of dark smoke rolls up with the flames; and is swept to its very summit, when it disappears.

Some visitors compute the height at one hundred and fifty feet. This is probably correct at some periods, as the day I visited it, the air was damp and unfavorable to its reaching its greatest height.

The roaring sound is constant, and almost resembles the sound of distant thunder. The climate in the neighbourhood is very mild and summer-like. The buds on the shrubs are expanding and the grass green

and fresh as in April, while the very ice on the river has melted and disappeared.

The well has been burning about three weeks, with no apparent diminution in its power, or in the quantity of gas, so that at present it bids fair to afford light to the people for some time to come.

Although the fire is surrounded on all sides by hills of such lofty proportions, yet at night the light is seen at a great distance. At Franklin it lights up the southern horizon with a bright, tremulous glow.

This light assumed a very strange appearance one evening last week. It was somewhat cloudy, and in addition to the usual ruddy glow, the light appeared to concentrate itself into a bright lance-like figure about four or five degrees in length, that remained stationary about midway between the horizon and the zenith, where it continued all the evening. — *Meadville (Pa.) Republican.*

From the Spectator.

CHARLES LAMB.*

MR. FITZGERALD thinks it necessary, because he writes about Lamb, to affect to be Lambish, just as persons writing about Carlyle are often absurd enough to be Carlylish, and to disburse on "the great fact of the man Carlyle." Because Lamb loved rambling on without any method but the turns of his own humor, Mr. Fitzgerald rambles on about Lamb without any method at all. "Is it fanciful," he says, "to suppose that a treatment a little fitful and rambling would be almost in keeping with Lamb's own nature, which might have shrunk from the more formal honours of official biography?" We should say it is fanciful, — quite fanciful, — in any one to whom the "fitful and rambling" treatment is not the natural and fitting literary expression, which it was to Lamb. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's fitfulness and rambliness are a little like an elderly spinster's girlish ways, — like Merry Pecksniff's early fascinations. When Mr. Pecksniff showed Martin Chuzzlewit round his new home, he just opened the bedroom door where the Miss Pecksniffs slept, and said to Martin, "Birds, flowers, you see, Martin, — such things as girls love!" but the birds were, says the biographer, limited to a lame spar-

* *Charles Lamb, his Friends, his Haunts, and his Books.* By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. London: Bentley.

row, which had been captured and imprisoned in an old cage expressly for the occasion. This is a little the effect left upon us by Mr. Fitzgerald's Lambishness in discoursing about Lamb. He seems to say, "Bookstalls, folios, bindings, oddities, you see, dear readers, such things as Lamb loved," and then to put on quaintish, sly freaks of manner, the tears-and-smiles mood, to tread daintily with no visible occasion for dainty treading, to fall into ecstasies about nothing particular because it was Lamb's way, and fall out of them again with difficulty in anything but Lamb's way, and all because in talking about Lamb he wants to be Lambish, instead of forming any connected or distinct conception of him and his genius. Thus, for example:—

"Even over the stall-keepers themselves, their calling exercises a chastening influence. They are generally *simple* men, rarely gripping. So with those who explore the stalls. They have a special eye, a quick glance that runs along the shelves; which as it lights on the peculiar rusted back—say the tarnished but mellow 'bit' of old French red morocco—kindles with an eagle glance. So with their touch, which is almost tender, opening with a familiar but cautious reverence, and laying the book back softly, not *ramming* it violently between its fellows, to the certain abrasion of its sides, as rude heretics do. After all, it is a good and redeeming toleration in those who watch over public buildings, bridge parapets, and the like, who suffer the humble professors of this craft, and allow to their shelves wall space. This is a redeeming feature in our hard, practical age; and who shall say that it is not a warm, pleasant, and appropriate furniture—like ivy for a wall—for the outside of inns of court, for the long stretch of the Quai Voltaire, and the bases of the Academy pillars in gay Paris? It gives a subdued monastic or scholastic air, that tells of quiet men and gentle scholars—gentle scholars, like Walter Scott, Lamb, and a hundred others."

We suppose the value of that must be that Mr. Fitzgerald thinks it the sort of thing Lamb would have said. Certainly it does not strike us as at all true of modern bookstall-keepers, bookstall frequenters, or bookstall permitters. In London, bookstalls, even, if they have this softening influence on the hard culture of the day, have seldom now any privilege of access to places where other and vulgarer stalls are not also allowed. Then, speaking of Lamb's appearances in Hone's *Every-Day Book*, Mr. Fitzgerald gets into a rapture about nothing, and says:—

"He is 'brought out' by an allusion to Sir

Jeffrey Dunstan, whom he had met and seen at his dwelling. 'A strong odour of burnt bones, I remember, blending with the scent of horse-flesh reeking into dogs' meat, and only relieved a little by the breathings of a few brick-kilns, made up the atmosphere.' This is one of Lamb's wonderful 'gaperings' of oddness; and even the quaint position of the words 'I remember' is worthy of study."

What there is quaint or 'worthy of study' in the position of the words 'I remember' we are quite unable to see. Lamb himself would probably have regarded 'study' of that point as decidedly imbecile. Or again;—

"A correspondent, Tim Tims, gossiping about the ass brings out Lamb again to plead for this suffering servant. 'Nature did prudently in furnishing him with a tegument impervious to ordinary stripes. . . . His back offers no mark to a puny foeman. To a common whip or switch his side presents an absolute insensibility. . . . His jerkin is well fortified. . . . Contemplating this natural safeguard, his fortified exterior, it is with pain I view the sleek, foppish, combed, and curried person of this animal, as he is transmuted and disnaturalized at watering-places, &c., where they affect to make a palfrey of him. Fie on all such sophisticating! It will never do, Master Groom. Something of his honest, shaggy exterior will peep up in spite of you—his good, rough, native pine-apple coating.' Pine-apple coating! How truly after Lamb's mind, the deceit in suggesting an agreeable image, which, on a second's reflection, shows us quite a different idea. Nothing, too, is more remarkable in him than his airy and special use of the '&c.'"

This is indeed indulging in forced raptures over deep no-meanings. "Airy use of the &c." because Lamb, instead of putting "at watering-places, places of amusement, sight-seeing places, and the like," shortens down his meaning, as a good essayist should, with an "&c." Nor do we imagine that Lamb, even if warned by Mr. Fitzgerald that he had been very subtle about the pine-apple coating of the ass, would have been able to take credit for really meaning it. If he did mean to suggest, and then balk his readers of, the agreeable idea of the *taste* of pine-apple in using the illustration of "pine-apple coating" to express the hardness of the ass's skin, we do not see the humour of the freak. What was more in his mind perhaps was to suggest the value of the ass, by the strong shag coat nature had given to him and to the pine-apple alike. But to us this sort of forced critical rapture over an imaginary touch that no

one would really care about even if it were seriously meant, has rather a tendency to provoke, — if anything could provoke us with Lamb, — than to heighten our regard for him. The only respectable criticisms we have found in this book are, first, the suggestion of a certain analogy between Dickens's and Lamb's treatment of old childish recollections, — like Noah's arks, for instance, — and next the observation, not perhaps very recondite, that in the title of Lamb's essay on "The Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis," "there is an art and significance in the choice of the word 'decay'; it is the key to the whole essay that follows, conveying, as it were, that mendicancy was one of the choice blessings and pleasant things of life, decaying away just as the old artificial fountains in the old squares of London were being bricked up and abolished." This is a just but surely rather obvious remark, considering that Lamb called his essay expressly "*A Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis.*" Mr. Fitzgerald's book affords us, on the whole, but a small net profit of respectable criticism, for 229 pages of rambling matter, though we readily admit that a certain considerable proportion of the space is taken up with extracts — often good — from the more scattered writings of Lamb, which are not always easy to lay your hand upon. Still, even this benefit is sadly diluted by artificial raptures; for, Mr. Fitzgerald, while doing his very best to screw up his mind into the quaint simplicities of "Lamb the frolic and the gentle," succeeds only in attaining a very awkward and far from frolicsome *simplesse*.

A real study of Lamb, — not an *étude*, if what Mr. Fitzgerald has written be an *étude*, — illustrating the different kinds of his humour and his pathos, and their relation to each other, would have been a fine subject for an essay, though there are not many perhaps who could adequately work it out. Leigh Hunt used to say of Lamb that he had a head worthy of Aristotle, but a great disinclination to exert the powerful understanding which he really possessed. We believe a great secret of his humour will be found in this remark. Lamb saw clearly the inference to which reason on all sorts of subjects led, but deliberately shied at the light as a horse would shy at a sudden stream of light through the gap in a fence, and took to defending some arbitrary view cherished by old and dear associations instead. Nevertheless the gleam of light from which he turns away with such mock disgust is never absent from his mind, and

he writes, not like Dr. Johnson, a downright earnest defence of what is old-fashioned or unreasonable, but a plea for it that is the more humorous because you see at every point that he is resolutely painting out the rational background which he dislikes and is trying to ignore at every touch. Thus his "*Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis*," is humorous by that very emphasis and grandeur of encomium on the fast vanishing mendicants which betrays his knowledge of the truth behind. It is the fertility of the resource which he lavishes in excluding the truth, and excluding it by a picture intended to charm the eye far more than the reality he is seeking to paint out, which betrays to us that he is all the time smiling to himself at his own ingenuity, nay, indirectly painting his own mental smile, while professing to be busy on praise of the mendicants. Thus he says of the beggar, "He is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appearances. The ups and downs of the world concern him no longer. *He alone continueth in one stay.* . . . No man troubleth him with questioning his religion or politics. He is the only free man in the universe." Or again, of the beggar who had lost his lower limbs, and used to push himself about on his wheeled machine, "He seemed earth-born, an Antæus, and to suck in fresh vigour from the soil which he neighboured. *He was a grand fragment, — as good as an Elgin marble.* The nature which should have recruited his left legs and thighs was not lost, but only retired into his upper parts, and he was half a Hercules." The amused knowledge betrayed throughout this most humorous essay that its author was staying off unwelcome general truths by charming pictures of his own wayward and capricious preferences for things as they are, is the secret of its humour. Lamb said of himself very happily, that "the impressions of infancy had burnt into him, and he resented the impertinences of manhood." It was this resentment of the impertinences of manhood, combined with a clear though averted understanding of what manhood had forced upon him, that created the double current in his mind requisite to all humour.

Another and probably even richer source of Lamb's humour was allied to this just so far as all sorts of intellectual waywardness have the same root. Just as his fancy rebelled against the rational view of a subject, glanced aside from it, and suggested mock reason after mock reason for rejecting it, so even when there was no room for a rebellion of this sort, his mind was fertile

beyond expression in detecting oblique ways out of common-places, — back ways, side ways, even blind alleys leading from common-places anywhither or nowhither, as the case might be. He says of a pun, "It is a pistol let off at the ear," to startle the mind. And the reason why he was so good a punster was, that his mind was always starting aside, like a bow bent, from the rigid matter-of-fact views of things. He was, he said, "not a matter-of-fact man, but a matter-of-lie man," and certainly his mind had a wonderful felicity in detecting any opportunity of escaping, at an acute angle as it were, from the ordinary line of thought. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has half-spoiled his most brilliant pun. When the Highgate omnibus conductor called out, "All full inside?" Lamb, who was half asleep in his corner, woke up to stammer out, "*Well, I can't answer for the other gentlemen*, but that last piece of pudding at Mrs. Gilman's did the business for me." The attraction of puns to him was this sudden and violent diversion they afforded from the beaten track. His brilliant answer to a superior at the India House, who complained that he always came late, "*Well, that is very true, but then I always go away early*," was a diversion of exactly the same character. Yet this happy zigzag impulse in his intellect, implied the clearest possible insight into the straight line of thought by the very eagerness of his desire to deviate from it. And this is in fact proved by his criticisms of poetry and dramatic art, some of the finest in the language. Here his sympathies acted with his reason, instead of tempting him into capricious rebellion. There are bits of Shakespearian criticism, — such as that on Malvolio, — which Coleridge scarcely equalled and never surpassed, and criticisms on actors of the day such as no living man can write.

Yet after all perhaps his highest humour, the humour by which he will be best remembered, is the humour of his occasional wild moods, on which sufficient stress is seldom laid. When people talk of his quaintness, and his dainty choice of words, and so forth, they suggest a sort of tame dry humour. Now Lamb's humour was very far from dry. In its happiest moments it was a sort of passion, to which he throws the reins and lets it carry him fast and far. Even in the great essay on the origin of roast pig, one could almost imagine that the main conception had been first suggested by the old gentleman in small clothes who used to throw the vegetable marrows over the wall to Mrs. Nickleby as an ex-

pression of his adoration. Or take Lamb's conduct to the unfortunate stamp distributor, who expressed his belief that Milton was "a very clever man," whereupon Lamb, half dozing till then before the fire, — he had dined, not without wine, it is true, — jumped up, lighted a bed-candle, and calling out, "Let me have a look at that gentleman's phrenological developments," walked round the unfortunate man, amidst Wordsworth's shocked exclamations of "Charles! my dear Charles!" and even, when forced into the next room, continued to sing audibly,

"Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his breeches on,"

— as expressive, we suppose, of the stamp distributor's very coarse and inappropriate clothing for the absolute nakedness of his mind on the subject of Milton. There is the same wildness of humour about this story of Mr. Fitzgerald's: —

"Quite in the same way is his humorous treatment of the poet whose friend had submitted some newly published verses to his inspection. He was to meet the gentleman at dinner, and the poems were shown to Lamb a little before the author's arrival. When he came, he proved to be empty and conceited. During dinner Lamb fell into the delightful drollery of saying, now and again, 'That reminds me of some verses I wrote when I was very young,' and then quoted a line or two, which he recollected, from the gentleman's book, to the latter's amazement and indignation. Lamb, immensely diverted, capped it all by introducing the first lines of *Paradise Lost* 'Of man's first disobedience,' as also written by himself, which actually brought the gentleman on his feet bursting with rage. He said he had sat by and allowed his own 'little verses' to be taken without protest, but he could not endure to see Milton pillaged."

And the letter to Mr. P. G. Patmore, — the one nugget in that gentleman's voluminous reminiscences published some eleven years ago, — which Mr. Fitzgerald has copied from that work, is the perfection of wild, unbridled humour, starting off at all sorts of tangents, but keeping up a *pace* that no mere dainty or quaint humourist ever even conceived: —

"CHARLES LAMB TO P. G. PATMORE.

"Dear P. — I am so poorly! I have been to a funeral, where I made a pun, to the consternation of the rest of the mourners. And we had wine. I can't describe to you the howl which the widow set up at proper intervals.

Dash could, for it was not unlike what he makes. . . . Dash is frightful this morning. He whines and stands up on his hind legs. He misses Becky, who is gone to town. I took him to Barnet the other day, and he couldn't eat his victuals after it. *Pray God his intellects be not slipping.* Mary is gone out for some soles. I suppose it's no use to ask you to come and partake of 'em; else there's a steam vessel. . . . Oh, I am so poorly! I *waked* it at my cousin's the bookbinder's, who is now with God; or if he is not, it's no fault of mine. We hope the Frank wines do not disagree with Mrs. Patmore. By the way, I like her. Did you ever taste frogs? Get them, if you can. They are like little Lilliput rabbits, only a thought nicer. Christ, how sick I am! — not of the world, but of the widow's shrub. She's sworn under £6,000, but I think she perjured herself. She howls in *E la*, and I comfort her in B flat. You understand music? If you haven't got Ma-singer, you have nothing to do but go to the first bibliothèque you can light upon at Boulogne, and ask for it (Gifford's edition), and if they haven't got it, you can have *Athalie*, par Monsieur Racine, and make the best of it. But that 'Old Law' 's delicious. 'No shrimps!' (That's in answer to Mary's question about how the soles are to be done.) I am uncertain where this *wandering* letter may reach you. What you mean by *Poste Restante*, God knows. Do you mean I must pay the postage? So I do, to Dover. We had a merry passage with the widow at the Commons. She was howling — part howling and part giving directions to the proctor — when crash! down went my sister through a crazy chair, and made the clerks grin, and I grinned, and the widow tittered — and then I *knew* that she was not inconsolable. Mary was more frightened than hurt. She'd make a good match for any body (by she, I mean the widow).

'If he bring but a *relict* away
He is happy, nor heard to complain.'

SHENSTONE

RUSSIA TO PRUSSIA.

No, Sir, my Brother, be content
To leave alone those Duchies;
Think not, from Denmark though you rent,
To keep them in your clutches.
It suited me to let you split
Your neighbour's realm asunder,
And from his crown detach a bit:
But now — hands off the plunder!

You chose to do a wicked thing,
'Twas not my cue to stop it.
You slew the Danes and robbed their King;
Must yield the prey: so drop it.
You stole, whilst I the theft surveyed,
What you shall hold no longer.
Denmark the weaker you have made;
Must not make Prussia stronger.

Proctor has got a wen growing out at the nape of his neck, which his wife wants him to have cut off; but I think it rather an agreeable excrescence — like his poetry — redundant. Hone has hanged himself for debt. Godwin was taken up for picking pockets. Becky takes to bad courses. Her father was blown up in a steam machine. *The coroner found it Insanity.* I should not like him to sit on my letter. Do you observe my direction? Is it Gallic? — Classical? Do try and get some frogs. You must ask for 'grenouilles' (green eels). They don't understand 'frogs,' *though it's a common phrase with us.* If you go through BuMoign (Boulogne), inquire if old Godfrey is living, and how he got home from the Crusades. He must be a very old man now. If there is anything new in politics or literature in France, keep it till I see you again, for I'm in no hurry. Chatty-Briant (Chateaubriand) is well, I hope. I think I have no more news; only give both our loves ('all three,' says Dash) to Mrs. Patmore, and bid her get quite well, as I am at present, bating qualms, and the grief incident to losing a valuable relation. "C. L."

"Londres, July 19, 1827."

It is ill work refining upon the secret of the humour in such mad fun as this, and we will not taper it off into common-place by any comment of our own. We take leave of Mr. Fitzgerald, not without a feeling of gratitude that he has led us to return once again to the most charming of essayists, though we cannot say that his somewhat histrionic raptures have, in any other way than by reminding us of Lamb once more, increased the charm of that freshest, and sweetest, and even (in spite of its pathos) gayest corner of English literature.

Thanksgiving for the spoil and slain,
As bound in pious duty,
You rendered, half; at least, in vain:
You must restore the booty.
Meanwhile remains a little bill,
Whose dread you'll hardly smother.
Thank One for slaughter if you will,
You'll have to pay another.

For bloodshed and expense you've naught
To show your angry nation,
Whose discontent may give you thought,
But gives me no vexation.
Now see to BISMARCK what you owe:
A bubble: and how hollow!
He to the deuce had better go,
And you as well might follow.

Punch.

THE BURIAL OF THE DANE

Blue gulf all around us,
Blue sky overhead,
Muster all on the quarter,
We must bury the dead!

It is but a Danish sailor,
Rugged of front and form;
A common son of the fore-castle,
Grizzled with sun and storm.

His name, and the strand he hailed from,
We know — and there's nothing more!
But perhaps his mother is waiting
On the lonely Island of Fohr.

Still, as he lay there dying,
Reason drifting awreck,
" 'Tis my watch," he would mutter,
" I must go upon deck!"

Aye, on deck — by the foremast! —
But watch and look-out are done;
The Union-Jack laid o'er him,
How quiet he lies in the sun!

Slow the ponderous engine,
Stay the hurrying shaft!
Let the roll of the ocean
Cradle our giant craft —
Gather around the grating,
Carry your messmate aft!

Stand in order, and listen
To the holiest pages of prayer!
Let every foot be quiet,
Every head be bare —
The soft trade-wind is lifting
A hundred locks of hair.

Our captain reads the service,
(A little spray on his cheeks,)
The grand old words of burial,
And the trust a true heart seeks —
" We therefore commit his body
To the deep" — and, as he speaks,

Launched from the weather railing,
Swift as the eye can mark,
The ghastly, shotted hammock
Plunges, away from the shark,
Down, a thousand fathoms,
Down into the dark!

A thousand summers and winters
The stormy Gulf shall roll
High o'er his canvas coffin, —
But, silence to doubt and dole!
There's a quiet harbor somewhere
For the poor a-weary soul.

Free the fettered engine,
Speed the tireless shaft!
Loose to gallant and topsail,
The breeze is fair abaft!

Blue sea all around us,
Blue sky bright o'erhead —
Every man to his duty!
We have buried our dead.

[Brownell]

THE STATUE.

BY KATE PUTNAM.

EREWHILE it seemed a cumbrous block
Whose even surface, blank as pure,
Betokened but the barren rock,
Strong, not to do, but to endure.
Its dull, impassive calm revealed
No sign of Action's noble strife:
No great, imprisoned soul appealed
With silent prayer for larger life.

Yet evermore the sculptor wrought,
Until, beneath his moulding hand,
The image of a growing thought
Within the marble seemed to stand
At first, the rugged lines declared
A steady patience firm as Fate:
The impress of a will, prepared
The certain future to await.

But slowly, with a subtle change,
A deep and passionate desire
Wrought through the features' finer range,
To kindle them with sentient fire.
A sudden thrill of longing shook
Its pulses through that hungry gaze;
Like one whose mute, imploring look
The spirit's inmost need betrays.

So towered the statue's empty pride:
A mind, a heart, within it born;
Yet, for the quickening soul denied,
Its beauty void, its strength forlorn.
Still seemed the blind, uplifted eyes
Promethean lightnings to beseech!
The breathless, parted lips' surprise
To wait the final gift of speech.

More wan and worn, the artist's face
Each day above his idol bent:
As if that strangely conscious grace
With stolen life were eloquent.
As if, while surely, hour by hour,
Expression in the marble grew,
The finger of a mightier Power,
Fashioned the human face anew.

At length, to last expression wrought,
Instinct with prophecy divine,
It stood, a grand, embodied thought;
A God within a mortal shrine.
With Earth's expiring pulses thrilled,
Achieving so the glorious goal —
Life's sacrifice by Death fulfilled —
The statue held the sculptor's soul!

Providence, R. I., Feb. 1866.

Transcript.

THE CLAVERINGS.

CHAPTER I.

JULIA BRABAZON.

THE gardens of Clavering Park were removed some three hundred yards from the large, square, sombre-looking stone mansion which was the country-house of Sir Hugh Clavering, the eleventh baronet of that name; and in these gardens, which had but little of beauty to recommend them, I will introduce my readers to two of the personages with whom I wish to make them acquainted in the following story. It was now the end of August, and the parterres, beds, and bits of lawn were dry, disfigured, and almost ugly, from the effects of a long drought. In gardens to which care and labour are given abundantly, flower-beds will be pretty, and grass will be green, let the weather be what it may; but care and labour were but scantily bestowed on the Clavering Gardens, and everything was yellow, adust, harsh, and dry. Over the burnt turf towards a gate that led to the house, a lady was walking, and by her side there walked a gentleman.

"You are going in, then, Miss Brabazon," said the gentleman, and it was very manifest from his tone that he intended to convey some deep reproach in his words.

"Of course I am going in," said the lady. "You asked me to walk with you, and I refused. You have now waylaid me, and therefore I shall escape, — unless I am prevented by violence." As she spoke she stood still for a moment, and looked into his face with a smile which seemed to indicate that if such violence were used, within rational bounds, she would not feel herself driven to great anger.

But though she might be inclined to be playful, he was by no means in that mood. "And why did you refuse me when I asked you?" said he.

"For two reasons, partly because I thought it better to avoid any conversation with you."

"That is civil to an old friend."

"But chiefly," and now as she spoke she drew herself up, and dismissed the smile from her face, and allowed her eyes to fall upon the ground; "but chiefly because I thought that Lord Ongar would prefer that I should not roam alone about Clavering Park with any young gentleman while I am down here; and that he might specially object to my roaming with you, were he to know that you and I were — old acquaintances. Now I have been very frank, Mr. Clavering, and I think that that ought to be enough."

"You are afraid of him already, then?"

"I am afraid of offending any one whom I love, and especially any one to whom I owe any duty."

"Enough! indeed it is not. From what you know of me do you think it likely that that will be enough?" He was now standing in front of her, between her and the gate, and she made no effort to leave him.

"And what is it you want? I suppose you do not mean to fight Lord Ongar, and that if you did you would not come to me."

"Fight him! No; I have no quarrel with him. Fighting him would do no good."

"None in the least; and he would not fight if you were to ask him; and you could not ask him without being false to me."

"I should have had an example for that, at any rate."

"That's nonsense, Mr. Clavering. My falsehood, if you should choose to call me false, is of a very different nature, and is pardonable by all laws known in the world."

"You are a jilt, — that is all."

"Come, Harry, don't use hard words," and she put her hand kindly upon his arm.

"Look at me, such as I am, and at yourself, and then say whether anything but misery could come of a match between you and me. Our ages by the register are the same, but

I am ten years older than you by the world. I have two hundred a year, and I owe at this moment six hundred pounds. You have, perhaps, double as much, and would lose half of that if you married. You are an usher at a school."

"No, madam, I am not an usher at a school."

"Well, well, you know I don't mean to make you angry."

"At the present moment, I am a school-master, and if I remained so, I might fairly look forward to a liberal income. But I am going to give that up."

"You will not be more fit for matrimony because you are going to give up your profession. Now Lord Ongar has—heaven knows what—perhaps sixty thousand a year."

"In all my life I never heard such effrontery,—such barefaced shameless worldliness."

"Why should I not love a man with a large income?"

"He is old enough to be your father."

"He is thirty-six, and I am twenty-four."

"Thirty-six!"

"There is the Peerage for you to look at. But, my dear Harry, do you not know that you are perplexing me and yourself too, for nothing? I was fool enough when I came here from Nice, after papa's death, to let you talk nonsense to me for a month or two."

"Did you or did you not swear that you loved me?"

"Oh, Mr. Clavering, I did not imagine that your strength would have condescended to take such advantage over the weakness of a woman. I remember no oaths of any kind, and what foolish assertions I may have made, I am not going to repeat. It must have become manifest to you during these two years that all that was a romance. If it be a pleasure to you to look back to it, of that pleasure I cannot deprive you. Perhaps I also may sometimes look back. But I shall never speak of that time again; and you, if you are as noble as I take you to be, will not speak of it either. I know you would not wish to injure me."

"I would wish to save you from the misery you are bringing on yourself."

"In that you must allow me to look after myself. Lord Ongar certainly wants a wife, and I intend to be true to him,—and useful."

"How about love?"

"And to love him, sir. Do you think that no man can win a woman's love, unless

he is filled to the brim with poetry, and has a neck like Lord Byron, and is handsome like your worship? You are very handsome, Harry, and you, too, should go into the market and make the best of yourself. Why should you not learn to love some nice girl that has money to assist you?"

"Julia!"

"No, sir; I will not be called Julia. If you do, I will be insulted, and leave you instantly. I may call you Harry, as being so much younger,—though we were born in the same month, and as a sort of cousin. But I shall never do that after to-day."

"You have courage enough, then, to tell me that you have not ill-used me?"

"Certainly I have. Why, what a fool you would have me be! Look at me, and tell me whether I am fit to be the wife of such a one as you. By the time you are entering the world, I shall be an old woman, and shall have lived my life. Even if I were fit to be your mate when we were living here together, am I fit, after what I have done and seen during the last two years? Do you think it would really do any good to any one if I were to jilt, as you call it, Lord Ongar, and tell them all,—your cousin, Sir Hugh, and my sister, and your father,—that I was going to keep myself up, and marry you when you were ready for me?"

"You mean to say that the evil is done."

"No, indeed. At the present moment I owe six hundred pounds, and I don't know where to turn for it, so that my husband may not be dunned for my debts as soon as he has married me. What a wife I should have been for you;—should I not?"

"I could pay the six hundred pounds for you with money that I have earned myself, though you do call me an usher; and perhaps would ask fewer questions about it than Lord Ongar will do with all his thousands."

"Dear Harry, I beg your pardon about the usher. Of course, I know that you are a fellow of your college, and that St. Cuthbert's, where you teach the boys, is one of the grandest schools in England; and I hope you'll be a bishop; nay,—I think you will, if you make up your mind to try for it."

"I have given up all idea of going into the church."

"Then you'll be a judge. I know you'll be great and distinguished, and that you'll do it all yourself. You are distinguished already. If you could only know how infinitely I should prefer your lot to mine!

Oh, Harry, I envy you! I do envy you! You have got the ball at your feet, and the world before you, and can win everything for yourself."

"But nothing is anything without your love."

"Psha! Love, indeed. What could I do for you but ruin you? You know it as well as I do; but you are selfish enough to wish to continue a romance which would be absolutely destructive to me, though for a while it might afford a pleasant relaxation to your graver studies. Harry, you can choose in the world. You have divinity, and law, and literature, and art. And if debarred from love now by the exigencies of labour, you will be as fit for love in ten years' time as you are at present."

"But I do love now."

"Be a man, then, and keep it to yourself. Love is not to be our master. You can choose, as I say; but I have had no choice, — no choice but to be married well, or to go out like a snuff of a candle. I don't like the snuff of a candle, and, therefore, I am going to be married well."

"And that suffices?"

"It must suffice. And why should it not suffice? You are very uncivil, cousin, and very unlike the rest of the world. Everybody compliments me on my marriage. Lord Ongar is not only rich, but he is a man of fashion, and a man of talent."

"Are you fond of race-horses yourself?"

"Very fond of them."

"And of that kind of life?"

"Very fond of it. I mean to be fond of everything that Lord Ongar likes. I know that I can't change him, and, therefore, I shall not try."

"You are right there, Miss Brabazon."

"You mean to be impertinent, sir; but I will not take it so. This is to be our last meeting in private, and I won't acknowledge that I am insulted. But it must be over now, Harry; and here I have been pacing round and round the garden with you, in spite of my refusal just now. It must not be repeated, or things will be said which I do not mean to have ever said of me. Good-by, Harry."

"Good-by, Julia."

"Well, for that once let it pass. And remember this; I have told you all my hopes, and my one trouble. I have been thus open with you because I thought it might serve to make you look at things in a right light. I trust to your honour as a gentleman to repeat nothing that I have said to you."

"I am not given to repeat such things as those."

"I'm sure you are not. And I hope you will not misunderstand the spirit in which they have been spoken. I shall never regret what I have told you now, if it tends to make you perceive that we must both regard our past acquaintance as a romance, which must, from the stern necessity of things, be treated as a dream which we have dreamt, or a poem which we have read."

"You can treat it as you please."

"God bless you, Harry; and I will always hope for your welfare, and hear of your success with joy. Will you come up and shoot with them on Thursday?"

"What, with Hugh? No; Hugh and I do not hit it off together. If I shot at Clavering I should have to do it as a sort of head-keeper. It's a higher position, I know, than that of an usher, but it doesn't suit me."

"Oh, Harry! that is so cruel! But you will come up to the house. Lord Ongar will be there on the thirty-first; the day after to-morrow, you know."

"I must decline even that temptation. I never go into the house when Hugh is there, except about twice a year on solemn invitation — just to prevent there being a family quarrel."

"Good-by, then," and she offered him her hand.

"Good-by, if it must be so."

"I don't know whether you mean to grace my marriage?"

"Certainly not. I shall be away from Clavering, so that the marriage bells may not wound my ears. For the matter of that, I shall be at the school."

"I suppose we shall meet some day in town."

"Most probably not. My ways and Lord Ongar's will be altogether different, even if I should succeed in getting up to London. If you ever come to see Hermione here, I may chance to meet you in the house. But you will not do that often, the place is so dull and unattractive."

"It is the dearest old park."

"You won't care much for old parks as Lady Ongar."

"You don't know what I may care about as Lady Ongar; but as Julia Brabazon I will now say good-by for the last time." Then they parted, and the lady returned to the great house, while Harry Clavering made his way across the park towards the rectory.

Three years before this scene in the gardens at Clavering Park, Lord Brabazon had died at Nice, leaving one unmarried daughter, the lady to whom the reader has just been introduced. One other daughter he had, who was then already married to Sir Hugh Clavering, and Lady Clavering was the Hermione of whom mention has already been made. Lord Brabazon, whose peerage had descended to him in a direct line from the times of the Plantagenets, was one of those unfortunate nobles of whom England is burdened with but few, who have no means equal to their rank. He had married late in life, and had died without a male heir. The title which had come from the Plantagenets was now lapsed; and when the last lord died, about four hundred a year was divided between his two daughters. The elder had already made an excellent match, as regarded fortune, in marrying Sir Hugh Clavering; and the younger was now about to make a much more splendid match in her alliance with Lord Ongar. Of them I do not know that it is necessary to say much more at present.

And of Harry Clavering it perhaps may not be necessary to say much in the way of description. The attentive reader will have already gathered nearly all that should be known of him before he makes himself known by his own deeds. He was the only son of the Reverend Henry Clavering, rector of Clavering, uncle of the present Sir Hugh Clavering, and brother of the last Sir Hugh. The Reverend Henry Clavering, and Mrs. Clavering his wife, and his two daughters, Mary and Fanny Clavering, lived always at Clavering Rectory, on the outskirts of Clavering Park, at a full mile's distance from the house. The church stood in the park, about midway between the two residences. When I have named one more Clavering, Captain Clavering, Captain Archibald Clavering, Sir Hugh's brother, and when I shall have said also that both Sir Hugh and Captain Clavering were men fond of pleasure and fond of money, I shall have said all that I need now say about the Clavering family at large.

Julia Brabazon had indulged in some reminiscence of the romance of her past poetic life when she talked of cousinship between her and Harry Clavering. Her sister was the wife of Harry Clavering's first cousin, but between her and Harry there was no relationship whatever. When old Lord Brabazon had died at Nice she had come to Clavering Park, and had

created some astonishment among those who knew Sir Hugh by making good her footing in his establishment. He was not the man to take up a wife's sister, and make his house her home, out of charity or from domestic love. Lady Clavering, who had been a handsome woman and fashionable withal, no doubt may have had some influence; but Sir Hugh was a man much prone to follow his own courses. It must be presumed that Julia Brabazon had made herself agreeable in the house, and probably also useful. She had been taken to London through two seasons, and had there held up her head among the bravest. And she had been taken abroad, — for Sir Hugh did not love Clavering Park, except during six weeks of partridge shooting; and she had been at Newmarket with them, and at the house of a certain fast hunting duke with whom Sir Hugh was intimate; and at Brighton with her sister, when it suited Sir Hugh to remain alone at the duke's; and then again up in London, where she finally arranged matters with Lord Ongar. It was acknowledged by all the friends of the two families, and indeed I may say of the three families now — among the Brabazon people, and the Clavering people, and the Courton people, — Lord Ongar's family name was Courton, — that Julia Brabazon had been very clever. Of her and Harry Clavering together no one had ever said a word. If any words had been spoken between her and Hermione on the subject, the two sisters had been discreet enough to manage that they should go no further. In those short months of Julia's romance Sir Hugh had been away from Clavering, and Hermione had been much occupied in giving birth to an heir. Julia had now lived past her one short spell of poetry, had written her one sonnet, and was prepared for the business of the world.

CHAPTER II.

HARRY CLAVERING CHOOSES HIS PROFESSION.

HARRY CLAVERING might not be an usher, but, nevertheless, he was home for the holidays. And who can say where the usher ends and the schoolmaster begins? He, perhaps, may properly be called an usher, who is hired by a private schoolmaster to assist himself in his private occupation, whereas Harry Clavering had been selected by a public body out of a hundred candidates, with much real or pretended

reference to certificates of qualification. He was certainly not an usher, as he was paid three hundred a year for his work, — which is quite beyond the mark of ushers. So much was certain; but yet the word stuck in his throat and made him uncomfortable. He did not like to reflect that he was home for the holidays.

But he had determined that he would never come home for the holidays again. At Christmas he would leave the school at which he had won his appointment with so much trouble, and go into an open profession. Indeed he had chosen his profession, and his mode of entering it. He would become a civil engineer, and perhaps a land surveyor, and with this view he would enter himself as a pupil in the great house of Beilby and Burton. The terms even had been settled. He was to pay a premium of five hundred pounds and join Mr. Burton, who was settled in the town of Stratton, for twelve months before he placed himself in Mr. Beilby's office in London. Stratton was less than twenty miles from Clavering. It was a comfort to him to think that he could pay this five hundred pounds out of his own earnings, without troubling his father. It was a comfort, even though he had earned that money by "ushering" for the last two years.

When he left Julia Brabazon in the garden, Harry Clavering did not go at once home to the rectory, but sauntered out all alone into the park, intending to indulge in reminiscences of his past romance. It was all over, that idea of having Julia Brabazon for his love; and now he had to ask himself whether he intended to be made permanently miserable by her worldly falseness, or whether he would borrow something of her worldly wisdom, and agree with himself to look back on what was past as a pleasurable excitement in his boyhood. Of course we all know that really permanent misery was in truth out of the question. Nature had not made him physically or mentally so poor a creature as to be incapable of a cure. But on this occasion he decided on permanent misery. There was about his heart, — about his actual anatomical heart, with its internal arrangement of valves and blood-vessels, — a heavy dragging feeling that almost amounted to corporeal pain, and which he described to himself as agony. Why should this rich, debauched, disreputable lord have the power of taking the cup from his lip, the one morsel of bread which he coveted from his mouth, his one ingot of treasure out of his coffer? Fight him! No, he knew he could not fight Lord Ongar. The world

was against such an arrangement. And in truth Harry Clavering had so much contempt for Lord Ongar, that he had no wish to fight so poor a creature. The man had had delirium tremens, and was a worn-out miserable object. So at least Harry Clavering was only too ready to believe. He did not care much for Lord Ongar in the matter. His anger was against her; — that she should have deserted him for a miserable creature, who had nothing to back him but wealth and rank!

There was wretchedness in every view of the matter. He loved her so well, and yet he could do nothing! He could take no step towards saving her or assisting himself. The marriage bells would ring within a month from the present time, and his own father would go to the church and marry them. Unless Lord Ongar were to die before then by God's hand, there could be no escape, — and of such escape Harry Clavering had no thought. He felt a weary, dragging soreness at his heart, and told himself that he must be miserable for ever, — not so miserable but what he would work, but so wretched that the world could have for him no satisfaction.

What could he do? What thing could he achieve so that she should know that he did not let her go from him without more thought than his poor words had expressed? He was perfectly aware that in their conversation she had had the best of the argument, — that he had talked almost like a boy, while she had talked quite like a woman. She had treated him *de haut on bas* with all that superiority which youth and beauty give to a young woman over a very young man. What could he do? Before he returned to the rectory, he had made up his mind what he would do, and on the following morning Julia Brabazon received by the hands of her maid the following note: —

"I think I understood all that you said to me yesterday. At any rate, I understand that you have one trouble left, and that I have the means of curing it." In the first draft of his letter he said something about ushering, but that he omitted afterwards. "You may be assured that the enclosed is all my own, and that it is entirely at my own disposal. You may also be quite sure of good faith on the part of the lender. — H. C." And in this letter he enclosed a cheque for six hundred pounds. It was the money which he had saved since he took his degree, and had been intended for Messrs. Beilby and Burton. But he would wait another two years, — continu-

ing to do his ushering for her sake. What did it matter to a man who must, under any circumstances, be permanently miserable?

Sir Hugh was not yet at Clavering. He was to come with Lord Ongar on the eve of the partridge-shooting. The two sisters, therefore, had the house all to themselves. At about twelve they sat down to breakfast together in a little upstairs chamber adjoining Lady Clavering's own room, Julia Brabazon at that time having her lover's generous letter in her pocket. She knew that it was as improper as it was generous, and that, moreover, it was very dangerous. There was no knowing what might be the result of such a letter should Lord Ongar even know that she had received it. She was not absolutely angry with Harry, but had, to herself, twenty times called him a foolish, indiscreet, dear, generous boy. But what was she to do with the cheque? As to that, she had hardly as yet made up her mind when she joined her sister on the morning in question. Even to Hermione she did not dare to tell the fact that such a letter had been received by her.

But in truth her debts were a great torment to her; and yet how trifling they were when compared with the wealth of the man who was to become her husband in six weeks! Let her marry him, and not pay them, and he probably would never be the wiser. They would get themselves paid almost without his knowledge, perhaps altogether without his hearing of them. But yet she feared him, knowing him to be greedy about money; and, to give her such merit as was due to her, she felt the meanness of going to her husband with debts on her shoulder. She had five thousand pounds of her own; but the very settlement which gave her a noble dower, and which made the marriage so brilliant, made over this small sum in its entirety to her lord. She had been wrong not to tell the lawyer of her trouble when he had brought the paper for her to sign; but she had not told him. If Sir Hugh Clavering had been her own brother there would have been no difficulty, but he was only her brother-in-law, and she feared to speak to him. Her sister, however, knew that there were debts, and on that subject she was not afraid to speak to Hermione.

"Hermie," said she, "what am I to do about this money that I owe? I got a bill from Colclugh's this morning."

"Just because he knows you're going to be married; that's all."

"But how am I to pay him?"

"Take no notice of it till next spring. I

don't know what else you can do. You'll be sure to have money when you come back from the Continent."

"You couldn't lend it me; could you?"

"Who? I? Did you ever know me have any money in hand since I was married? I have the name of an allowance, but it is always spent before it comes to me, and I am always in debt."

"Would Hugh — let me have it?"

"What, give it you?"

"Well, it wouldn't be so very much for him. I never asked him for a pound yet."

"I think he would say something you wouldn't like if you were to ask him; but, of course, you can try it if you please."

"Then what am I to do?"

"Lord Ongar should have let you keep your own fortune. It would have been nothing to him."

"Hugh didn't let you keep your own fortune."

"But the money which will be nothing to Lord Ongar was a good deal to Hugh. You're going to have sixty thousand a year, while we have to do with seven or eight. Besides, I hadn't been out in London, and it wasn't likely I should owe much in Nice. He did ask me, and there was something."

"What am I to do, Hermie?"

"Write and ask Lord Ongar to let you have what you want out of your own money. Write to-day, so that he may get your letter before he comes."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I never wrote a word to him yet, and to begin with asking him for money!"

"I don't think he can be angry with you for that."

"I shouldn't know what to say. Would you write it for me, and let me see how it looks?"

This Lady Clavering did; and had she refused to do it, I think that poor Harry Clavering's cheque would have been used. As it was, Lady Clavering wrote the letter to "My dear Lord Ongar," and it was copied and signed by "Yours most affectionately, Julia Brabazon." The effect of this was the receipt of a cheque for a thousand pounds in a very pretty note from Lord Ongar, which the lord brought with him to Clavering, and sent up to Julia as he was dressing for dinner. It was an extremely comfortable arrangement, and Julia was very glad of the money, — feeling it to be a portion of that which was her own. And Harry's cheque had been returned to him on the day of its receipt. "Of course I cannot take it, and of course you should not have sent it." These words were writ-

ten on the morsel of paper in which the money was returned. But Miss Brabazon had torn the signature off the cheque, so that it might be safe, whereas Harry Clavering had taken no precaution with it whatever. But then Harry Clavering had not lived two years in London.

During the hours that the cheque was away from him, Harry had told his father that perhaps, even yet, he might change his purpose as to going to Messrs. Beilby and Burton. He did not know, he said, but he was still in doubt. This had sprung from some chance question which his father had asked, and which had seemed to demand an answer. Mr. Clavering greatly disliked the scheme of life which his son had made. Harry's life hitherto had been prosperous and very creditable. He had gone early to Cambridge, and at twenty-two had become a fellow of his college. This fellowship he could hold for five or six years without going into orders. It would then lead to a living, and would in the meantime afford a livelihood. But, beyond this, Harry, with an energy which he certainly had not inherited from his father, had become a schoolmaster, and was already a rich man. He had done more than well, and there was a great probability that between them they might be able to buy the next presentation to Clavering, when the time should come in which Sir Hugh should determine on selling it. That Sir Hugh should give the family living to his cousin was never thought probable by any of the family at the rectory; but he might perhaps part with it under such circumstances on favourable terms. For all these reasons the father was very anxious that his son should follow out the course for which he had been intended; but that he, being unenergetic and having hitherto done little for his son, should dictate to a young man who had been energetic, and who had done much for himself, was out of the question. Harry, therefore, was to be the arbiter of his own fate. But when Harry received back the cheque from Julia Brabazon, then he again returned to his resolution respecting Messrs. Beilby and Burton, and took the first opportunity of telling his father that such was the case.

After breakfast he followed his father into his study, and there, sitting in two easy-chairs opposite to each other, they lit each a cigar. Such was the reverend gentleman's custom in the afternoon, and such also in the morning. I do not know whether the smoking of four or five cigars daily by the parson of a parish may now-a-

day be considered as a vice in him, but if so, it was the only vice with which Mr. Clavering could be charged. He was a kind, soft-hearted, gracious man, tender to his wife, whom he ever regarded as the angel of his house, indulgent to his daughters, whom he idolized, ever patient with his parishioners, and awake, — though not widely awake, — to the responsibilities of his calling. The world had been too comfortable for him, and also too narrow; so that he had sunk into idleness. The world had given him much to eat and drink, but it had given him little to do, and thus he had gradually fallen away from his early purposes, till his energy hardly sufficed for the doing of that little. His living gave him eight hundred a year; his wife's fortune nearly doubled that. He had married early, and had got his living early, and had been very prosperous. But he was not a happy man. He knew that he had put off the day of action till the power of action had passed away from him. His library was well furnished, but he rarely read much else than novels and poetry; and of late years the reading even of poetry had given way to the reading of novels. Till within ten years of the hour of which I speak, he had been a hunting parson, — not hunting loudly, but following his sport as it is followed by moderate sportsmen. Then there had come a new bishop, and the new bishop had sent for him, — nay, finally had come to him, and had lectured him with blatant authority. "My lord," said the parson of Clavering, plucking up something of his past energy, as the colour rose to his face, "I think you are wrong in this. I think you are specially wrong to interfere with me in this way on your first coming among us. You feel it to be your duty, no doubt; but to me it seems that you mistake your duty. But, as the matter is one simply of my own pleasure, I shall give it up." After that Mr. Clavering hunted no more, and never spoke a good word to any one of the bishop of his diocese. For myself, I think it as well that clergymen should not hunt; but had I been the parson of Clavering, I should, under those circumstances, have hunted double.

Mr. Clavering hunted no more, and probably smoked a greater number of cigars in consequence. He had an increased amount of time at his disposal, but did not, therefore, give more time to his duties. Alas! what time did he give to his duties? He kept a most energetic curate, whom he allowed to do almost what he would with the parish. Every-day services he did prohibit,

declaring that he would not have the parish church made ridiculous; but in other respects his curate was the pastor. Once every Sunday he read the service, and once every Sunday he preached, and he resided in his parsonage ten months every year. His wife and daughters went among the poor, — and he smoked cigars in his library. Though not yet fifty, he was becoming fat and idle, — unwilling to walk, and not caring much even for such riding as the bishop had left to him. And, to make matters worse, — far worse, he knew all this of himself, and understood it thoroughly. "I see a better path, and know how good it is, but I follow ever the worse." He was saying that to himself daily, and was saying it always without hope.

And his wife had given him up. She had given him up, not with disdainful rejection, nor with contempt in her eye, or censure in her voice, not with diminution of love or of outward respect. She had given him up as a man abandons his attempts to make his favourite dog take the water. He would fain that the dog he loves should dash into the stream as other dogs will do. It is, to his thinking, a noble instinct in a dog. But his dog dreads the water. As, however, he has learned to love the beast, he puts up with this mischance, and never dreams of banishing poor Ponto from his hearth because of this failure. And so it was with Mrs. Clavering and her husband at the rectory. He understood it all. He knew that he was so far rejected; and he acknowledged to himself the necessity for such rejection.

"It is a very serious thing to decide upon," he said, when his son had spoken to him.

"Yes; it is serious, — about as serious a thing as a man can think of; but a man cannot put it off on that account. If I mean to make such a change in my plans, the sooner I do it the better."

"But yesterday you were in another mind."

"No, father, not in another mind. I did not tell you then, nor can I tell you all now. I had thought that I should want my money for another purpose for a year or two; but that I have abandoned."

"Is the purpose a secret, Harry?"

"It is a secret, because it concerns another person."

"You were going to lend your money to some one?"

"I must keep it a secret, though you know I seldom have any secrets from you.

That idea, however, is abandoned, and I mean to go over to Stratton to-morrow, and tell Mr. Burton that I shall be there after Christmas. I must be at St. Cuthbert's on Tuesday."

Then they both sat silent for a while, silently blowing out their clouds of smoke. The son had said all that he cared to say, and would have wished that there might then be an end of it; but he knew that his father had much on his mind, and would fain express, if he could express it without too much trouble, or without too evident a need of self-reproach, his own thoughts on the subject. "You have made up your mind, then, altogether that you do not like the church as a profession," he said at last. "I think I have, father."

"And on what grounds? The grounds which recommend it to you are very strong. Your education has adapted you for it. Your success in it is already ensured by your fellowship. In a great degree you have entered it as a profession already, by taking a fellowship. What you are doing is not choosing a line in life, but changing one already chosen. You are making of yourself a rolling stone."

"A stone should roll till it has come to the spot that suits it."

"Why not give up the school if it irks you?"

"And become a Cambridge Don, and practise deportment among the undergraduates."

"I don't see that you need do that. You need not even live at Cambridge. Take a church in London. You would be sure to get one by holding up your hand. If that, with your fellowship, is not sufficient, I will give you what more you want."

"No, father — no. By God's blessing I will never ask you for a pound. I can hold my fellowship for four years longer without orders, and in four years' time I think I can earn my bread."

"I don't doubt that, Harry."

"Then why should I not follow my wishes in this matter? The truth is, I do not feel myself qualified to be a good clergyman."

"It is not that you have doubts, is it?"

"I might have them if I came to think much about it, — as I must do if I took orders. And I do not wish to be crippled in doing what I think lawful by conventional rules. A rebellious clergyman is, I think, a sorry object. It seems to me that he is a bird fouling his own nest. Now, I know I should be a rebellious clergyman."

"In our church the life of a clergyman is as the life of any other gentleman,—within very broad limits."

"Then why did Bishop Proudie interfere with your hunting?"

"Limits may be very broad, Harry, and yet exclude hunting. Bishop Proudie was vulgar and intrusive, such being the nature of his wife, who instructs him; but if you were in orders I should be very sorry to see you take to hunting."

"It seems to me that a clergyman has nothing to do in life unless he is always preaching and teaching. Look at Saul,"—Mr. Saul was the curate of Clavering—"he is always preaching and teaching. He is doing the best he can; and what a life of it he has. He has literally thrown off all worldly cares,—and consequently everybody laughs at him, and nobody loves him. I don't believe a better man breathes, but I shouldn't like his life."

At this point there was another pause, which lasted till the cigars had come to an end. Then, as he threw the stump into the fire, Mr. Clavering spoke again. "The truth is, Harry, that you have had, all your life, a bad example before you."

"No, father."

"Yes, my son;—let me speak on to the end, and then you can say what you please. In me you have had a bad example on one side, and now, in poor Saul, you have a bad example on the other side. Can you fancy no life between the two, which would fit your physical nature which is larger than his, and your mental wants which are higher than mine? Yes, they are, Harry. It is my duty to say this, but it would be unseemly that there should be any controversy between us on the subject."

"If you choose to stop me in that way"—

"I do choose to stop you in that way. As for Saul, it is impossible that you should become such a man as he. It is not that he mortifies his flesh, but that he has no flesh to mortify. He is unconscious of the flavour of venison, or the scent of roses, or the beauty of women. He is an exceptional specimen of a man, and you need no more fear, than you should venture to hope, that you could become such as he is."

At this point they were interrupted by the entrance of Fanny Clavering, who came to say that Mr. Saul was in the drawing-room. "What does he want, Fanny?" This question Mr. Clavering asked half in a whisper, but with something of comic humour in his face, as though partly afraid

that Mr. Saul should hear it, and partly intending to convey a wish that he might escape Mr. Saul, if it were possible.

"It's about the iron church, papa. He says it is come,—or part of it has come,—and he wants you to go out to Cumberly Green about the site."

"I thought that was all settled."

"He says not."

"What does it matter where it is? He can put it anywhere he likes on the Green. However, I had better go to him." So Mr. Clavering went. Cumberly Green was a hamlet in the parish of Clavering, three miles distant from the church, the people of which had got into a wicked habit of going to a dissenting chapel near to them. By Mr. Saul's energy, but chiefly out of Mr. Clavering's purse, an iron chapel had been purchased for a hundred and fifty pounds, and Mr. Saul proposed to add to his own duties the pleasing occupation of walking to Cumberly Green every Sunday morning before breakfast, and every Wednesday evening after dinner, to perform a service and bring back to the true flock as many of the erring sheep of Cumberly Green as he might be able to catch. Towards the purchase of this iron church Mr. Clavering had at first given a hundred pounds. Sir Hugh, in answer to the fifth application, had very ungraciously, through his steward, bestowed ten pounds. Among the farmers, one pound nine and eightpence had been collected. Mr. Saul had given two pounds; Mrs. Clavering gave five pounds; the girls gave ten shillings each; Henry Clavering gave five pounds;—and then the parson made up the remainder. But Mr. Saul had journeyed thrice painfully to Bristol, making the bargain for the church, going and coming each time by third-class, and he had written all the letters; but Mrs. Clavering had paid the postage, and she and the girls between them were making the covering for the little altar.

"Is it all settled, Harry?" said Fanny, stopping with her brother, and hanging over his chair. She was a pretty, gay-spirited girl, with bright eyes and dark brown hair, which fell in two curls behind her ears.

"He has said nothing to unsettle it."

"I know it makes him very unhappy."

"No, Fanny, not very unhappy. He would rather that I should go into the church, but that is about all."

"I think you are quite right."

"And Mary thinks I am quite wrong."

"Mary thinks so, of course. So should I

too, perhaps, if I were engaged to a clergyman. That's the old story of the fox who had lost his tail."

"And your tail isn't gone yet?"

"No, my tail isn't gone yet. Mary thinks that no life is like a clergyman's life. But, Harry, though mamma hasn't said so, I'm sure she thinks you are right. She won't say so as long as it may seem to interfere with anything papa may choose to say; but I'm sure she's glad in her heart."

"And I am glad in my heart, Fanny. And as I'm the person most concerned, I suppose that's the most material thing." Then they followed their father into the drawing-room.

"Couldn't you drive Mrs. Clavering over in the pony chair, and settle it between you," said Mr. Clavering to his curate. Mr. Saul looked disappointed. In the first place, he hated driving the pony, which was a rapid-footed little beast, that had a will of his own; and in the next place, he thought the rector ought to visit the spot on such an occasion. "Or Mrs. Clavering will drive you," said the rector, remembering Mr. Saul's objection to the pony. Still Mr. Saul looked unhappy. Mr. Saul was very tall and very thin, with a tall thin head, and weak eyes, and a sharp, well-cut nose, and, so to say, no lips, and very white teeth, with no beard, and a well-cut chin. His face was so thin that his cheekbones obtruded themselves unpleasantly. He wore a long rusty black coat, and a high rusty black waistcoat, and trousers that were brown with dirty roads and general ill-usage. Nevertheless, it never occurred to any one that Mr. Saul did not look like a gentleman, not even to himself, to whom no ideas whatever on that subject ever presented themselves. But that he was a gentleman I think he knew well enough, and was able to carry himself before Sir Hugh and his wife with quite as much ease as he could do in the rectory. Once or twice he had dined at the great house; but Lady Clavering had declared him to be a bore, and Sir Hugh had called him "that most offensive of all animals, a clerical prig." It had therefore been decided that he was not to be asked to the great house any more. It may be as well to state here, as elsewhere, that Mr. Clavering very rarely went to his nephew's table. On certain occasions he did do so, so that there might be no recognized quarrel between him and Sir Hugh; but such visits were few and far between.

After a few more words from Mr. Saul, and a glance from his wife's eye, Mr.

Clavering consented to go to Cumberly Green, though there was nothing he liked so little as a morning spent with his curate. When he had started, Harry told his mother also of his final decision. "I shall go to Stratton to-morrow and settle it all."

"And what does papa say?" asked the mother.

"Just what he has said before. It is not so much that he wishes me to be a clergyman, as that he does not wish me to have lost all my time up to this."

"It is more than that, I think, Harry," said his elder sister, a tall girl, less pretty than her sister, apparently less careful of her prettiness, very quiet, or, as some said, demure, but said to be good as gold by all who knew her well.

"I doubt it," said Harry, stoutly. "But, however that may be, a man must choose for himself."

"We all thought you had chosen," said Mary.

"If it is settled," said the mother, "I suppose we shall do no good by opposing it."

"Would you wish to oppose it, mamma?" said Harry.

"No, my dear. I think you should judge for yourself."

"You see I could have no scope in the church for that sort of ambition which would satisfy me. Look at such men as Locke, and Stephenson, and Brassey. They are the men who seem to me to do most in the world. They were all self-educated, but surely a man can't have a worse chance because he has learned something. Look at old Beilby with a seat in Parliament, and a property worth two or three hundred thousand pounds! When he was my age he had nothing but his weekly wages."

"I don't know whether Mr. Beilby is a very happy man or a very good man," said Mary.

"I don't know, either," said Harry; "but I do know that he has thrown a single arch over a wider span of water than ever was done before, and that ought to make him happy." After saying this in a tone of high authority, befitting his dignity as a fellow of his college, Harry Clavering went out, leaving his mother and sisters to discuss the subject which to two of them was all-important. As to Mary, she had hopes of her own, vested in the clerical concerns of a neighbouring parish.

CHAPTER III.

LORD ONGAR.

On the next morning Harry Clavering rode over to Stratton, thinking much of his

misery as he went. It was all very well for him, in the presence of his own family, to talk of his profession as the one subject which was to him of any importance; but he knew very well himself that he was only beguiling them in doing so. This question of a profession was, after all, but dead leaves to him,—to him who had a canker at his heart, a perpetual thorn in his bosom, a misery within him which no profession could mitigate! Those dear ones at home guessed nothing of this, and he would take care that they should guess nothing. Why should they have the pain of knowing that he had been made wretched for ever by blighted hopes? His mother, indeed, had suspected something in those sweet days of his roaming with Julia through the park. She had once or twice said a word to warn him. But of the very truth of his deep love,—so he told himself,—she had been happily ignorant. Let her be ignorant. Why should he make his mother unhappy? As these thoughts passed through his mind, I think that he revelled in his wretchedness, and made much to himself of his misery. He sucked in his sorrow greedily, and was somewhat proud to have had occasion to break his heart. But not the less, because he was thus early blighted, would he struggle for success in the world. He would show her that, as his wife, she might have had a worthier position than Lord Ongar could give her. He, too, might probably rise the quicker in the world, as now he would have no impediment of wife or family. Then, as he rode along, he composed a sonnet, fitting to his case, the strength and rhythm of which seemed to him, as he sat on horseback, to be almost perfect. Unfortunately, when he was back at Clavering, and sat in his room with the pen in his hand, the turn of the words had escaped him.

He found Mr. Burton at home, and was not long in concluding his business. Messrs. Beilby and Burton were not only civil engineers, but were land surveyors also, and land valuers on a great scale. They were employed much by Government upon public buildings, and if not architects themselves, were supposed to know all that architects should do and should not do. In the purchase of great properties Mr. Burton's opinion was supposed to be, or to have been, as good as any in the kingdom, and therefore there was very much to be learned in the office at Stratton. But Mr. Burton was not a rich man like his partner, Mr. Beilby, nor an ambitious man. He had never soared Parliamentwards, had never

speculated, had never invented, and never been great. He had been the father of a very large family, all of whom were doing as well in the world, and some of them perhaps better, than their father. Indeed, there were many who said that Mr. Burton would have been a richer man if he had not joined himself in partnership with Mr. Beilby. Mr. Beilby had the reputation of swallowing more than his share wherever he went.

When the business part of the arrangement was finished Mr. Burton talked to his future pupil about lodgings, and went out with him into the town to look for rooms. The old man found that Harry Clavering was rather nice in this respect, and in his own mind formed an idea that this new beginner might have been a more auspicious pupil, had he not already become a fellow of a college. Indeed, Harry talked to him quite as though they two were on an equality together; and, before they had parted, Mr. Burton was not sure that Harry did not patronize him. He asked the young man, however, to join them at their early dinner, and then introduced him to Mrs. Burton, and to their youngest daughter, the only child who was still living with them. "All my other girls are married, Mr. Clavering; and all of them married to men connected with my own profession." The colour came slightly to Florence Burton's cheeks as she heard her father's words, and Harry asked himself whether the old man expected that he should go through the same ordeal; but Mr. Burton himself was quite unaware that he had said anything wrong, and then went on to speak of the successes of his sons. "But they began early, Mr. Clavering; and worked hard,—very hard indeed." He was a good, kindly, garrulous old man; but Harry began to doubt whether he would learn much at Stratton. It was, however, too late to think of that now, and everything was fixed.

Harry, when he looked at Florence Burton, at once declared to himself that she was plain. Anything more unlike Julia Brazazon never appeared in the guise of a young lady. Julia was tall, with a high brow, a glorious complexion, a nose as finely modelled as though a Grecian sculptor had cut it, a small mouth, but lovely in its curves, and a chin that finished and made perfect the symmetry of her face. Her neck was long, but graceful as a swan's, her bust was full, and her whole figure like that of a goddess. Added to this, when he had first known her, had been all the charm of youth. When she had returned to Claver-

ing the other day, the affianced bride of Lord Ongar, he had hardly known whether to admire or deplore the settled air of established womanhood which she had assumed. Her large eyes had always lacked something of rapid glancing sparkling brightness. They had been glorious eyes to him, and in those early days he had not known that they lacked aught; but he had perceived, or perhaps fancied, that now, in her present condition, they were often cold, and sometimes almost cruel. Nevertheless he was ready to swear that she was perfect in her beauty.

Poor Florence Burton was short of stature, was brown, meagre, and poor-looking. So said Harry Clavering to himself. Her small hand, though soft, lacked that wondrous charm of touch which Julia's possessed. Her face was short, and her forehead, though it was broad and open, had none of that feminine command which Julia's look conveyed. That Florence's eyes were very bright, — bright and soft as well, he allowed; and her dark brown hair was very glossy; but she was, on the whole, a mean-looking little thing. He could not, as he said to himself on his return home, avoid the comparison, as she was the first girl he had seen since he had parted from Julia Brabazon.

"I hope you'll find yourself comfortable at Stratton, sir," said old Mrs. Burton.

"Thank you," said Harry, "but I want very little myself in that way. Anything does for me."

"One young gentleman we had took a bedroom at Mrs. Pott's, and did very nicely without any second room at all. 'Don't you remember, Mr. B.; it was young Granger.'"

"Young Granger had a very short allowance," said Mr. Burton. "He lived upon fifty pounds a year all the time he was here."

"And I don't think Scarness had more when he began," said Mrs. Burton. "Mr. Scarness married one of my girls, Mr. Clavering, when he started himself at Liverpool. He has pretty nigh all the Liverpool docks under him now. I have heard him say that butcher's meat did not cost him four shillings a week all the time he was here. I've always thought Stratton one of the reasonablest places anywhere for a young man to do for himself in."

"I don't know, my dear," said the husband, "that Mr. Clavering will care very much for that."

"Perhaps not, Mr. B.; but I do like to see young men careful about their spend-

ings. What's the use of spending a shilling when sixpence will do as well? and sixpence saved, when a man has nothing but himself, becomes pounds and pounds by the time he has a family about him."

During all this time Miss Burton said little or nothing, and Harry Clavering himself did not say much. He could not express any intention of rivalling Mr. Scarness's economy in the article of the butcher's meat, nor could he promise to content himself with Granger's solitary bedroom. But as he rode home he almost began to fear that he had made a mistake. He was not wedded to the joys of his college hall, or the college common room. He did not like the narrowness of college life. He doubted whether the change from that to the oft-repeated hospitalities of Mrs. Burton might not be too much for him. Scarness's four shillings'-worth of butcher's meat had already made him half sick of his new profession, and though Stratton might be the "reasonablest place anywhere for a young man," he could not look forward to living there for a year with much delight. As for Miss Burton, it might be quite as well that she was plain, as he wished for none of the delights which beauty affords to young men.

On his return home, however, he made no complaint of Stratton. He was too strong-willed to own that he had been in any way wrong, and when early in the following week he started for St. Cuthbert's, he was able to speak with cheerful hope of his new prospects. If ultimately he should find life in Stratton to be unendurable, he would cut that part of his career short, and contrive to get up to London at an earlier time than he had intended.

On the 31st of August Lord Ongar and Sir Hugh Clavering reached Clavering Park, and, as has been already told, a pretty little note was at once sent up to Miss Brabazon in her bedroom. When she met Lord Ongar in the drawing-room, about an hour afterwards, she had instructed herself that it would be best to say nothing of the note; but she could not refrain from a word. "I am much obliged, my lord, by your kindness and generosity," she said, as she gave him her hand. He merely bowed and smiled, and muttered something as to his hoping that he might always find it as easy to gratify her. He was a little man, on whose behalf it certainly appeared that the Peerage must have told a falsehood; it seemed so at least to those who judged of his years from his appearance. The Peerage said that he was thirty-six, and that, no

doubt, was in truth his age, but any one would have declared him to be ten years older. This look was produced chiefly by the effect of an elaborately dressed jet black wig which he wore. What misfortune had made him bald so early, — if to be bald early in life be a misfortune, — I cannot say; but he had lost the hair from the crown of his head, and had preferred wiggy to baldness. No doubt an effort was made to hide the wiggishness of his wigs, but what effect in that direction was ever made successfully? He was, moreover, weak, thin, and physically poor, and had, no doubt, increased this weakness and poorness by hard living. Though others thought him old, time had gone swiftly with him, and he still thought himself a young man. He hunted, though he could not ride. He shot, though he could not walk. And, unfortunately, he drank, though he had no capacity for drinking! His friends at last had taught him to believe that his only chance of saving himself lay in marriage, and therefore he had engaged himself to Julia Brabazon, purchasing her at the price of a brilliant settlement. If Lord Ongar should die before her, Ongar Park was to be hers for life, with thousands a year to maintain it. Courton Castle, the great family seat, would of course go to the heir; but Ongar Park was supposed to be the most delightful small country-seat anywhere within thirty miles of London. It lay among the Surrey hills, and all the world had heard of the charms of Ongar Park. If Julia were to survive her lord, Ongar Park was to be hers; and they who saw them both together had but little doubt that she would come to the enjoyment of this clause in her settlement. Lady Clavering had been clever in arranging the match; and Sir Hugh, though he might have been unwilling to give his sister-in-law money out of his own pocket, had performed his duty as a brother-in-law in looking to her future welfare. Julia Brabazon had no doubt that she was doing well. Poor Harry Clavering! She had loved him in the days of her romance. She, too, had written her sonnets. But she had grown old earlier in life than he had done, and had taught herself that romance could not be allowed to a woman in her position. She was highly born, the daughter of a peer, without money, and even without a home to which she had any claim. Of course she had accepted Lord Ongar, but she had not put out her hand to take all these good things without resolving that she would do her duty to her

future lord. The duty would be doubtless disagreeable, but she would do it with all the more diligence on that account.

September passed by, hecatombs of partridges were slaughtered, and the day of the wedding drew nigh. It was pretty to see Lord Ongar and the self-satisfaction which he enjoyed at this time. The world was becoming young with him again, and he thought that he rather liked the respectability of his present mode of life. He gave himself but scanty allowances of wine, and no allowance of anything stronger than wine, and did not dislike his temperance. There was about him at all hours an air which seemed to say, "There; I told you all that I could do it as soon as there was any necessity." And in these halcyon days he could shoot for an hour without his pony, and he liked the gentle courteous badinage which was bestowed upon his courtship, and he liked also Julia's beauty. Her conduct to him was perfect. She was never pert, never exigent, never romantic, and never humble. She never bored him, and yet was always ready to be with him when he wished it. She was never exalted; and yet she bore her high place as became a woman nobly born and acknowledged to be beautiful.

"I declare you have quite made a lover of him," said Lady Clavering to her sister. When a thought of the match had first arisen in Sir Hugh's London house, Lady Clavering had been eager in praise of Lord Ongar, or eager in praise rather of the position which the future Lady Ongar might hold; but since the prize had been secured, since it had become plain that Julia was to be the greater woman of the two, she had harped sometimes on the other string. As a sister she had striven for a sister's welfare, but as a woman she could not keep herself from comparisons which might tend to show that after all, well as Julia was doing, she was not doing better than her elder sister had done. Hermione had married simply a baronet, and not the richest or the most amiable among baronets; but she had married a man suitable in age and wealth, with whom any girl might have been in love. She had not sold herself to be the nurse, or not to be the nurse, as it might turn out, of a worn-out debauché. She would have hinted nothing of this, perhaps have thought nothing of this, had not Julia and Lord Ongar walked together through the Clavering groves as though they were two young people. She owed it as a duty to her sister to point out that

Lord Ongar could not be a romantic young person, and ought not to be encouraged to play that part.

"I don't know that I have made anything of him," answered Julia. "I suppose he's much like other men when they're going to be married." Julia quite understood the ideas that were passing through her sister's mind, and did not feel them to be unnatural.

"What I mean is, that he has come out so strong in the Romeo line, which we hardly expected, you know. We shall have him under your bedroom window with a guitar like Don Giovanni."

"I hope not, because it's so cold. I don't think it likely, as he seems fond of going to bed early."

"And it's the best thing for him," said Lady Clavering, becoming serious and carefully benevolent. "It's quite a wonder what good hours and quiet living have done for him in so short a time. I was observing him as he walked yesterday, and he put his feet to the ground as firmly almost as Hugh does."

"Did he indeed? I hope he won't have the habit of putting his hand down firmly as Hugh does sometimes."

"As for that," said Lady Clavering, with a little tremor, "I don't think there's much difference between them. They all say that when Lord Ongar means a thing he does mean it."

"I think a man ought to have a way of his own."

"And a woman also, don't you, my dear? But, as I was saying, if Lord Ongar will continue to take care of himself he may become quite a different man. Hugh says that he drinks next to nothing now, and though he sometimes lights a cigar in the smoking-room at night, he hardly ever smokes it. You must do what you can to keep him from tobacco. I happen to know that Sir Charles Poddy said that so many cigars were worse for him even than brandy."

All this Julia bore with an even temper. She was determined to bear everything till her time should come. Indeed she had made herself understand that the hearing of such things as these was a part of the price which she was to be called upon to pay. It was not pleasant for her to hear what Sir Charles Poddy had said about the tobacco and brandy of the man she was just going to marry. She would sooner have heard of his riding sixty miles a day, or dancing all night, as she might have heard had she been contented to take Harry

Clavering. But she had made her selection with her eyes open, and was not disposed to quarrel with her bargain, because that which she had bought was no better than the article which she had known it to be when she was making her purchase. Nor was she even angry with her sister. "I will do the best I can, Hermy; you may be sure of that. But there are some things which it is useless to talk about."

"But it was as well you should know what Sir Charles said."

"I know quite enough of what he says, Hermy,—quite as much, I daresay, as you do. But, never mind. If Lord Ongar has given up smoking, I quite agree with you that it's a good thing. I wish they'd all give it up, for I hate the smell of it. Hugh has got worse and worse. He never cares about changing his clothes now."

"I'll tell you what it is," said Sir Hugh to his wife that night; "sixty thousand a year is a very fine income, but Julia will find she has caught a Tartar."

"I suppose he'll hardly live long; will he?"

"I don't know or care when he lives or when he dies; but, by heaven, he is the most overbearing fellow I ever had in the house with me. I wouldn't stand him here for another fortnight,—not even to make her all safe."

"It will soon be over. They'll be gone on Thursday."

"What do you think of his having the impudence to tell Cunliffe,"—Cunliffe was the head keeper;—"before my face, that he didn't know anything about pheasants! 'Well, my lord, I think we've got a few about the place,' said Cunliffe. 'Very few,' said Ongar, with a sneer. Now, if I haven't a better head of game here than he has at Courton, I'll eat him. But the impudence of his saying that before me!"

"Did you make him any answer?"

"There's about enough to suit me," I said. Then he skulked away, knocked off his pins. I shouldn't like to be his wife; I can tell Julia that."

"Julia is very clever," said the sister.

The day of the marriage came, and everything at Clavering was done with much splendour. Four bridesmaids came down from London on the preceding day; two were already staying in the house, and the two cousins came as two more from the rectory. Julia Brabazon had never been really intimate with Mary and Fanny Clavering, but she had known them well enough to make it odd if she did not ask them to come to her wedding and to take a

part in the ceremony. And, moreover, she had thought of Harry and her little romance of other days. Harry, perhaps, might be glad to know that she had shown this courtesy to his sisters. Harry, she knew, would be away at his school. Though she had asked him whether he meant to come to her wedding, she had been better pleased that he should be absent. She had not many regrets herself, but it pleased her to think that he should have them. So Mary and Fanny Clavering were asked to attend her at the altar. Mary and Fanny would both have preferred to decline, but their mother had told them that they could not do so. "It would make ill-feeling," said Mrs. Clavering; "and that is what your papa particularly wishes to avoid."

"When you say papa particularly wishes anything, mamma, you always mean that you wish it particularly yourself," said Fanny. "But if it must be done, it must; and then I shall know how to behave when Mary's time comes."

The bells were rung lustily all the morning, and all the parish was there, round about the church, to see. There was no record of a lord ever having been married in Clavering church before; and now this lord was going to marry my lady's sister. It was all one as though she were a Clavering herself. But there was no ecstatic joy in the parish. There were to be no bonfires, and no eating and drinking at Sir Hugh's expense,—no comforts provided for any of the poor by Lady Clavering on that special occasion. Indeed, there was never much of such kindnesses between the lord of the soil and his dependants. A certain stipulated dole was given at Christmas for coals and blankets; but even for

that there was generally some wrangle between the rector and the steward. "If there's to be all this row about it," the rector had said to the steward, "I'll never ask for it again." "I wish my uncle would only be as good as his word," Sir Hugh had said, when the rector's speech was repeated to him. Therefore, there was not much of real rejoicing in the parish on this occasion, though the bells were rung loudly, and though the people, young and old, did cluster round the churchyard to see the lord lead his bride out of the church. "A puir feckless thing, tottering along like,—not half the makings of a man. A stout lass like she could a'most blow him away wi' a puff of her mouth." That was the verdict which an old farmer's wife passed upon him, and that verdict was made good by the general opinion of the parish.

But though the lord might be only half a man, Julia Brabazon walked out from the church every inch a countess. Whatever price she might have paid, she had at any rate got the thing which she had intended to buy. And as she stepped into the chariot which carried her away to the railway station on her way to Dover, she told herself that she had done right. She had chosen her profession, as Harry Clavering had chosen his; and having so far succeeded, she would do her best to make her success perfect. Mercenary! Of course she had been mercenary. Were not all men and women mercenary upon whom devolved the necessity of earning their bread?

Then there was a great breakfast at the park,—for the quality,—and the rector on this occasion submitted himself to become the guest of the nephew whom he thoroughly disliked.

VESTIGIA RETRORSUM.

WHITE-THROATED swans and sedges of the mere

Still float, still quiver, on the shining stream;
And underneath an antique bridge I hear
Smooth waters lapping slowly, and their gleam

Frets the cold dark wherein my boat is moor'd:
Nor overheard the storied elms of June
Forget to murmur, nor to welcome noon
With quiet: save when some stray breeze, al-
lured

By fragrance of the central avenue,
Creeps, cooling ever, down the elastic arch,

And through branch'd cliffs and green in-
woven shelves

Lets in fresh glimpses of the sultry blue.

So year by year regardless Nature blooms;

So year by year, for all the far-off tombs

Of those who loved them, these impassive
courts

Lay their calm shadows on the grateful sward:

No change is here, nor any peace is marr'd

Save ours, who, pausing in life's midday
march,

Miss the dear souls of all these fair resorts,
And find instead our own forgotten selves.

Arthur Munby.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

RELIGIO SPENSERI.

THERE is a great external resemblance between Spenser and Ariosto. It would be quite correct to call them scholar and master. Spenser's direct borrowings from the 'Orlando Furioso' may be seen in Warton's Treatise on the 'Fairy Queen;' and very possibly a minute comparison of the two poems might enable us to extend the list.* Ariosto's 'Alcina' has furnished hints for both Spenser's 'Duessa' and his 'Acrasia;' his 'Bradamante' is the evident prototype of the 'Britomart' of the English poet; and what we may call the stage properties of the 'Orlando Furioso'—its magic horns, shields, &c.,—reappear in fresh hands in the pages of the 'Fairy Queen.' The general plan, also, of Spenser's poem bears marks of Ariosto's influence. Though not so irregular, it still reminds us of the 'Orlando Furioso' by its divided interest, and by the long intervals during which its hero is lost to our view. Spenser mixes allegory with literal narrative far more frequently than does his master; but Ariosto's celebrated fourteenth canto is a perfect example of such a mixture, and one which evidently had a great effect upon his pupil. Again, Spenser has imitated Ariosto (as he has Boiardo and Pulci) by generally commencing his cantos with two stanzas of moral reflections. And the metres of the two poems present a strong superficial resemblance, broken as they each are into stanzas, instead of being divided into regular couplets, or flowing in blank verse. Yet, notwithstanding this apparent likeness, there is a deep and essential difference between these two poets. Ariosto's genius is comic and humorous; it costs him an effort to be serious. Spenser's is grave and pathetic. Ariosto's delight is in the grotesque and the surprising; Spenser's in the beautiful and the sublime. Nay (since the structure of a poem is to its subject as body is to soul),

we may see how much the minds of the Italian and English poets really differ, even by comparing the light bounding measure in which the former sports before us, with the stately march of the verse which conveys to us the deep and solemn thoughts of the latter.† Warton, therefore, is perfectly right when he says, that 'the genius of each was entirely different.' He might have added that the circumstances under which each wrote were very different also; that it was one thing to have *Sir Philip Sidney* for your friend and patron, and another the princes of *Este*; that the poet who devised complimentary strains to *Queen Elizabeth* was better off than he who was expected to do the like honor to *Lucrezia Borgia*; and, above all, that the fellow-subject of *Richard Hooker* could drink in the faith at the fountain-head, while, to the Italian of *Leo the Tenth's* day, it came polluted by all the corruptions of fourteen centuries. It is the diversity produced by this last cause between Spenser and Ariosto which strikes me as so instructive, that it is worth while to devote a few pages to its illustration. And I do so the more readily for this reason. The 'Orlando Furioso' and the 'Fairy Queen' are both long poems. Very few people engaged in the serious business of life have, or perhaps ought to have, leisure to study them. Those of us, then, who read them in our youth, and have not quite forgotten them in our age, may do a friend here and there a service by pointing out to him passages in them which he will be all the better for reading. And if there is a fine poem in existence to which the famous maxim, 'The Half is more than the Whole,' applies, it is the 'Fairy Queen,'—even in its present state. For if you read about half the extant portion, it will leave a much grander impression on your

* I think Warton does not notice Spenser's exquisite translation of the 14th and 15th stanzas of the 10th canto of Tasso's 'Gerusalemme Liberata.' It is to be found in the Second Book of the 'Fairy Queen' (canto 12, stanzas 74, 75), and, if possible, exceeds the beauty of the original.

† The Spenserian stanza is found (imperfect) in Chaucer's 'Monkes Tale.' It consists there of only eight lines, which read like the first half of an irregular sonnet. The final Alexandrine is apparently Spenser's own addition. This Stanza is much more difficult than the 'ottava rima' of Ariosto and of Tasso (the four similar rhymes it requires are hard to find in English); but I agree with the accomplished translator of the 'Odyssey' into this metre, in thinking it much more delightful.

mind, than if you went conscientiously through the whole. Only it must be a selected half. Some stanzas here, several cantos there, omitting least in the first book, most in the fifth, and of the fragment of the seventh nothing. While saying this, I think especially of you two dear ladies, sitting with whom, in spring, by a lake more beautiful than that beside which Philomena sang (you remember the picture in the International Exhibition?) I talked of our favourite poets. Far better read, of far more cultivated taste, than most of us, and appreciating Spenser admirably, I think you yet each confessed that you had never succeeded in reading his 'Fairy Queen' through. It is for you, and such as you, that I propose to extract from Spenser a few religious passages which it may be you never read, which you would, I know, rejoice to read again, and which, I think, fully prove my assertion. By way of contrast, I shall set beside them some of the few stanzas in which Ariosto treads on sacred ground, translated to the best of my ability.*

The extracts from Ariosto will show us how deep was the decay of true religion in Italy at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and how fatally such decay hinders the development of the highest order of poetry: as, on the other hand, my selections from Spenser, while reflecting the glorious revival of faith at the Reformation, will exhibit to us how, whithersoever the healing waters flow, there the noblest outgrowths of the mind are seen to flourish.

I am not, therefore, about to institute a comparison between Spenser and Ariosto so much as *poets*, but rather to cite them as *witnesses* to the religious condition of their respective countries; bearing yet in mind that a true and living faith must ever be the noblest element in a poem designed to reflect human life; and that therefore to prove its presence or absence in any given work, is not indeed to assign that poem's place as high or low in the first or second rank, but is yet most truly to determine in which of the two it should be classed.

For the information of readers whose acquaintance with the poets is less extensive than yours, I should premise that we have at least as good a right to expect religious sentiments in the 'Orlando Furioso' as in the 'Fairy Queen.' The plan of the latter proposes to exhibit twelve principal

virtues; each embodied in the hero of a separate book, and triumphing in his person over the opposing vices. Spenser was enabled, by being a true poet, to clothe this somewhat uninviting skeleton with the fairest features, to enrobe it in the most gorgeous garments of abundant descriptive riches, and to wreath it with the loveliest flowers of poetry. But it was because he was not only a poet, but a Christian, that Spenser laid his foundation-stone in religion — made his first book a representation of holiness, and took care to refer all the succeeding virtues to the same source; whereas I fear that many a later English poet, engaged on a similar scheme, would have impersonated Truth, Justice, &c., in its divisions, with the slightest possible reference to the All-True, the All-Just; and with none whatever to the only way in which His fallen creatures can be restored to partake in His perfections.

Now, the 'Orlando Furioso' professes to depict how the Christendom of the eighth century fought for its very existence against the Saracen. Of this mighty struggle it makes Charlemagne the Christian champion; following the traditions which ascribed to him his grandsire's exploits as well as his own. There could be no more splendid subject for a Christian epic. Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered' has the disadvantage of recording an aggressive war undertaken by the subjects of the Prince of Peace. But the Moors, whom the earlier Charles 'hammered' on the bloody field of Poitiers, fell in a combat which they provoked themselves: and Charles Martel and his brave Christian followers fought to save the rest of Europe from sharing the fate of Spain. If, then, such a theme as this fails to inspire a really great poet; if his work is Christian in form, but Pagan in spirit; if his Christian heroes and heroines show small superiority in goodness over their rivals who follow the false Prophet; if, while the rude attempts of the old romancers expand in his hands into tales of enchanting beauty, he has let their devout spirit evaporate, and leave scarce a trace behind; if, in a word, he treats his great nominal subject with indifference, and puts his whole strength into romantic stories, delightful indeed, but having the slightest possible connection with his theme — we can only acquit the poet, if at all, at the expense of his times; and suppose that, while they supplied no examples of patriotism and religion by which he could conjecture how defenders of the faith should feel, they were such as to quench their flames within his

* Those who can consult the original will of course not need my help; and those who possess, what I hear is the admirable translation of Ariosto, by Stewart Rose, will know where to look for far better versions than mine.

own breast. I think any student of Guicciardini would consider this a correct description of Italy in Ariosto's days. Read in what state Luther found the clergy when he visited Rome; read the history of the Popes in whose days Ariosto flourished; and, though you will still regret, you will cease to marvel that there is so little soul in all the beautiful forms which meet you in his enchanted forests, so little earnest feeling about anything—just a touch here and there, hiding as if in fear of the mocking gaze of his contemporaries—in all the marvellous play of fancy, the prodigal variety of incident which delight us in the 'Orlando Furioso.' There is in Spenser—the first but one in order of time of the great names of English literature—that unworn freshness, that susceptibility to new impressions, that earnest sincerity, not yet frightened by the scorn of the careless into concealing its serious thoughts, which distinguish a great nation's youth. Ariosto, the latest but one of the great Italian poets, sings as one all whose illusions have been destroyed, and who knows that there is no need for him to feign that they exist, since the worn-out nation to which he sings has long out-lived its own. The following pretty description of Ariosto in Goethe's somewhat dull 'Torquato Tasso' strikes me as, in one respect, even more applicable to Spenser than to its object, for the 'Wisdom' which speaks from the 'golden clouds' of the 'Fairy Queen' is far more worthy of the name than that which occasionally resounds from those of the 'Orlando Furioso':—

"Even as Nature covers o'er the riches

Of her deep bosom with a gay green robe,
So wraps he all things which can give to man
Honour and love, in fable's flowery garment.
Contentment, Wisdom, and Experience,
Taste, the mind's strength, pure sense of the
true Good,

These in his songs seem to us spiritual beings;
And yet, in personal form, as if reposing
'Neath flowering trees, all covered by a snow
Of blossoms lightly-floated; crowned with roses,
And strangely sported round in their wild play
By little magic Cupids. Them beside
The spring of super-affluent Plenty flows,
Revealing fishes gay and marvellous.
Rare birds the air, strange herds fill grove and
plain;

A roguish spirit lurks half-bid within
The bushes: Wisdom's sentences sublime
Sound ever and anon from golden cloud;
Madness meantime seems here and there to stir
The chords of a well-tuned lute, yet keeps
In fairest measure still its music wild."

Goethe's 'Torquato Tasso,' act i. scene 4.

Let us proceed to our comparison of the two as religious poets. One of the prettiest of Ariosto's tales is his story of Isabella and Zerbino. Isabella is the beautiful young daughter of the Moorish King of Galicia, with whom Zerbino, Prince of Scotland, falls in love at a tournament. Not daring to ask her father's consent to their marriage, Zerbino, himself detained at the wars, employs a friend to steal away for him the wilking Isabella from her home. The attempt succeeds; but the galley of the fugitives is wrecked on the coast of France, where Isabella falls into the hands of robbers, who immerse her in their gloomy cave, intending to sell her, when opportunity offers, as a slave. She is delivered from their hands by Roland (Orlando) himself, who slays her captors and sets her free. Some time after, he has the pleasure of restoring her to her faithful lover. Zerbino, having had tidings of her loss at sea, has long mourned her as dead, and is himself on the point of being put to death under a false accusation, when Roland appears and rescues him. He then crowns his benefits by uniting him to the lady of his heart. But the happiness of the wedded pair is doomed to be of short duration. The terrible madness which gives its title to the poem seizes soon after on their benefactor, upon his discovery of the fair Angelica's infidelity. Zerbino comes with Isabella to the spot where, at the sight of Angelica's name carved with Medor's on the trees, Roland had flung armour, clothing, and even his renowned sword Durindana, away. Seeing his good horse Brigiadore grazing masterless beside them, and learning the sad calamity which has befallen his patron, Zerbino collects the arms together, hanging them like a trophy on a tree, and writes beneath, "The armour of the Paladin Roland." At this very moment the fierce Saracen Mandricard, who has long claimed Durindana from Roland, comes up and snatches it from the tree. Zerbino draws his own sword to win back his benefactor's; but is unable to hinder the aggressor from bearing off the weapon in triumph, and receives such grievous wounds in the attempt that he shortly after expires by a fountain-side. The following stanzas contain his pathetic farewell to his young wife:—

77.

"She knows not what to do except lament
In vain, and Heaven and fortune call unkind,
Unjust. 'Ah, wherefore,' said she, 'when I
bent
My sails for sea, could I no drowning find?'

Zerbino, with his fading eyes intent
Upon her, heard her grief with sadder mind
Than all that sharp and mighty agony
Had wrought, which now to death had brought
him nigh.

78.

"So, dearest life," he said, "when I am gone,
Mayst thou still love me, as my grief of heart
Is all because I leave thee here alone
Without a guide; not that with life I part.
For if my latest breathing hour had flown
In place secure, I had not felt this smart;
But, joyful in my lot, and satisfied,
A happy man in thy loved arms had died.

79.

"Yet since, unjust and hard, my destiny
Wills that I leave thee, knowing not to whom,
By these dear lips, these eyes, I swear to thee,
By this bright hair which bound my soul, to
gloom
Of the unknown abyss I hopelessly
Betake me, where, what else soe'er my doom,
The thought of thee thus left shall far out-
weigh
All other torments, be they what they may."

80.

"Then downward her tear-sprinkled face de-
clining,
Her lips upon Zerbino's lips she pressed,
Now fading like a rose which, lonely pining,
No timely hand has gathered and caressed,
Which waxes dim where dark leaves shade en-
twining;
And said, while bitter anguish shook her
breast,
'Oh, never think, my life, that thou canst take
That last sad parting step, and I forsake.

81.

"Nay, fear not that, dear heart; my steadfast
mind
Is fixed to follow thee to heaven or hell.
Fit is it both our souls depart — both find
The unknown road — together endless dwell.
For soon as I thine eyelids, death-inclined,
Behold, shall either slay me anguish fell,
Or, found too weak, lo! here I promise thee
To-day this sword my breast from grief shall
free."

83.

"Zerbino strengthened his weak voice to say:
'I pray thee, mine own goddess, and implore
By that prevailing love, so proved the day
When thou for me didst quit thy father's
shore —
Yea, I command thee, if command I may,
Live while it pleases God, and never more
Let any chance in thee oblivion move,
That I have loved thee well as man can love.'"

When, after more words of unavailing affec-
tion, the hapless prince expires in Isabella's
arms, her passionate grief makes her forget
his last request, and she is on the point of kill-
ing herself, when a hermit, on his way for
water to the fount, opposes himself to her
rash design.

88.

"That reverend man, by nature prudent made,
By grace with goodness gifted, and beside
All filled with charity, and well arrayed
With eloquence and good examples, tried
By efficacious reasonings to persuade
True patience to that hopeless-mourning bride;
And like a glass set women in her view
From out each Testament, both Old and New.

89.

"And then he showed her how no true content
Was to be found except in God alone;
And how with swift departure came and went
All other hopes, light and deceptive known;
And by his words he won her that intent
So obstinate and cruel to disown,
And will instead her life's remaining days
To consecrate her God to serve and praise.

90.

"Not that her will was ever to forsake
Either that love so great she bare her lord,
Or yet his dead remains; but hers to make
Them wheresoe'er she stayed, or went to ward,
And night and day, them with her still to take.
The hermit's aid (strong for his years) restored,
With hers, Zerbino to his sad steed, and they
On through those forests wandered many a day."
'Orlando Furioso,' canto xxiv.

Their destination is a monastery in Pro-
vence; on their way towards which retreat
they encounter for their misfortune the
proud Saracen, Rodomonte. He is charmed
by Isabella's beauty, and seeks at once to
dissuade her from her purpose. The good
monk only excites his rage by arguing on
the other side; and when he refuses to
obey Rodomonte by deserting his charge,
the Saracen flies at him fiercely, and we
read, after other insults, that

6.

"Then like a vice he grasped his neck (so grew
His fury), and when times some two or three
He round had whirled him, high in air he threw
From off himself, and flung him towards the sea.
What then became of him I never knew,
So cannot say; but fame speaks variously,
For some that he was dashed to pieces tell,
Left head from foot no more discernible:

7.

"But others that, though three miles off and
more,

He reached the sea, fell in, and there was drowned,

Because he knew not how to swim ; his store
Of prayers and orisons all useless found :
Others that him an aiding saint up bore
With visible hand until he touched the ground.
Whichever of these tales may be the true,
With him my history has no more to do."

Having thus got her only protector out of the way, Rodomonte vainly tries to persuade, and then threatens to force, Isabella to marry him. She (resolved to die a thousand deaths sooner than betray her fidelity to her dead husband's memory and to her recent vows) devises a plan which is to constrain the Saracen to take her life himself. She tells him that she knows how to prepare a decoction of a certain herb, which will make whatever is bathed in it invulnerable for one month ; and she offers to get it ready for him, if he will promise to abandon his suit. Rodomonte gives the promise, secretly intending to break it. Isabella collects the herbs, boils them, and then, smearing her own neck with their juice, bids the Saracen try his sword upon it. He incautiously obeys her, and severs her head from it by the stroke.

25.

"It made three bounds, and thence a voice
right clear

Issuing was heard Zerbino's name to say ;
To follow whom, escaping from the fear
Of that proud Moor, she found so rare a way.
Soul, that didst hold thy plighted faith more
dear,

And chastity (a name in this our day
So much unknown it half a stranger seems),
Than thy young life, than all thy youth's fresh
dreams ;

26.

"Depart in peace, so beautiful and blest !
Might but my verse prove such in force as I
Would strive to make it, to that art address
Which so can deck our speech and beautify.
As that through myriad years the world possess
With thy renown should hear thy glory high !
Depart in peace to sit enthroned above ;
Nor rest uncopied here thy faithful love.

27.

"On that incomparable, wondrous deed,
From heaven the world's Creator gazing down,
Said : 'I commend thee more than her who freed
From Tarquin by her death the Roman town ;
And therefore will I make a law, decreed
'Mid those my laws which change from Time
disown,
Which by the waves inviolate I swear
No force of future ages shall impair.

28.

" 'I will that each who in the after time
May bear thy name be fair, of noble strain,
Be wise and courteous, and of thought sublime,
And brightest crown of truest virtue gain ;
That writers may find cause in every clime
That worthy name's high glories to sustain ;
That Pindus, Helicon, Parnassus round,
Isabel, Isabel may still resound.'

29.

"God spake, and made the air around serene,
And o'er the sea unwonted stillness shed.
To the third heaven, departing back unseen,
That spirit chaste to her Zerbino sped."
'Orlando Furioso,' canto xxix.

There is no other passage in Ariosto so touching as the farewells of the unhappy pair in the six first stanzas I have quoted. But they are, after all, but what a pagan poet might have written. Zerbino's anguish on parting from his bride is relieved by no consoling hope of a happy meeting with her hereafter. The under-current of meaning in his speech to her, is *Vale in æternum, vale*. And her reply to him exhibits a love, stronger indeed than death ; but neither raised nor purified by approaching contact with the invisible world.

The hermit's consolations to Isabella have about them a certain air of professional commonplace, which scarcely prepares one for their efficacy ; and when we find Ariosto narrate that reverend monitor's sad fate in so ludicrous a manner, we may judge of his respect for the clergy as a body, by his treating the death of one of them — undergone, too, in the path of duty — with no greater seriousness. His young heroine's death calls forth a burst of genuine admiration from her poet ; and there is a touch of honest indignation in Ariosto's contrast of her faithfulness to her vows with the vices of his own day, in the 25th stanza. But surely there is great, if unintentional, profaneness in the 27th and 28th. They make the Most High, by acknowledging that the end justifies the means, applaud the breach of His own laws ; for Isabella compasses self-destruction by untruth. She is thus, if a saint at all, one of the Romish, as opposed to the Christian pattern : but indeed it is the standard of pagan Rome by which Ariosto tries her — the standard of conformity to an external rule, not of inward holiness ; and he evidently feels that he cannot praise her more highly than by allowing her to have excelled a Roman matron. Thus also she dies a martyr much more for Zerbino than for Christ. One of the most eloquent of French divines (Mas-

ailon, if I remember right) describes the model wife as "ne partageant son cœur qu'entre Jesus Christ et son époux." I think some texts I could quote forbid us to accept this definition; but, at any rate, Massillon meant the division to be in very different proportions to Ariosto's. Zerbino is Isabella's earthly deity; and her poet knows of no other heaven for her than his society above. Lastly, the compliment to the Isabellas of Ariosto's day, with which the divine speech concludes—besides the irrelevance of its occurrence there at all—throws an air of unreality over what has gone before, and seems (when one considers *what* were too probably the persons so complimented) a ludicrous reward for Isabella's self-devotion. Would it be too severe to say that the crown befits the martyr?

I shall not contrast any story from Spenser with this tale, though the patient endurance of his Amoret under equally trying circumstances might be compared with it in many points. But the discussion on suicide in the first book of the 'Fairly Queen' will supply us with a strong proof of the differences we are in search of. In its ninth canto, its hero, the Red-Cross knight, encounters Despair;—not, as Bunyan's pilgrims found him, a giant to enthrall by force; but a subtle arguer, hard to refute by reasoning, and whose words have a persuasive power,—to some minds irresistible. The knight falls in with him just where such a spectre might be looked for in his path. Not when innocent and devout he sets off under the guidance of Una (Truth) to slay the Dragon; nor yet when, having been misled by Duessa (Falsehood), he sojourns in the House of Pride; but when he is retracing his steps to the right path, and preparing once more to resume his holy enterprise. Spenser's fine description of Despair's ghastly looks, and the gloomy cave in which he dwelt, will be found in the 33d and three following stanzas. It is said to have been the first passage in the 'Fairly Queen' which excited Sir Philip Sidney's admiration. Despair is standing over a new-made victim, when the Red-Cross Knight comes up and charges him with his crime. Despair defends the deed, and then proceeds:

XXXIX.

"Who travels by the weary wandering way,
To come unto his wish'd home in haste,
And meets a flood, that doth his passage
stay,
Is not great grace to help him over-past,

Or free his feet that in the mire stick fast?
Most envious man, that griev'st at neighbour's good,
And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast,
Why wilt not let him pass, that long hath
stood
Upon the bank, yet wilt thyself not pass the
flood?

XLI.

"He there does now enjoy eternal rest
And happy ease, which thou dost want and
crave,
And farther from it daily wanderest:
What if some little pain the passage have,
That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter
wave?
Is not short pain well born that brings long
ease,
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life, does greatly
please."

XLI.

"The knight much wondered at his sudden
wit,
And said, 'The term of life is limited,
Nè may a man prolong nor shorten it;
The soldier may not move from watchful
sted,
Nor leave his stand until his captain bed.'
'Who life did limit by Almighty doom,'
Quoth he, 'knows best the terms established;
And he that points the centinel his room,
Doth license him depart at sound of morn-
ing droom."

XLII.

"Is not His deed what ever thing is done
In heaven and earth? Did not He all cre-
ate
To die again? All ends that was begun;
Their times in His eternal book of fate
Are written sure, and have their certain
date.
Who then can strive with strong necessity,
That holds the world in His still changing
state,
Or shun the death ordained by destiny?
When hour of death is come, let none ask
whence nor why."

XLIII.

"The longer life I note the greater sin;
The greater sin, the greater punishment;
All those great battles which thou boasts to
win,
Through strife, and bloodshed, and avengement,
Now praised, hereafter dear thou shalt re-
pent;
For life must life, and blood must blood re-
pay.
Is not enough thy evil life forespent?"

For he that once hath missed the right way,
The farther he doth go, the farther he doth
stray.

XLIV.

"Then do no farther go, no farther stray,
But here lie down, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent that life ensuen may;
For what hath life that may it loved make,
And gives nor rather cause it to forsake?
Fear, sickness, age, loss, labour, sorrow,
 strife,
Pain, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to
quake,
And ever-fickle fortune rageth rife;
All which, and thousands more, do make a
loathsome life."

In the two next stanzas Despair employs
a stronger argument, by reminding the
knight of his recent fall, concluding with —

XLVII.

"Is not He just, that all this doth behold
From highest heaven, and bears an equal
eye?
Shall He thy sins up in His knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thine impiety?
Is not His law, Let every sinner die?
Die shall all flesh? What then must needs
be done,
Is it not better to do willingly,
Than linger till the glass be all outrun?
Death is the end of woes: die soon, O fairy's
son."

The knight's resolution is shaken by these
words. Despair presses his advantage, and
puts a dagger into his hand. But Una
snatches it away, and restores him to better
thoughts, as she exclaims —

LIII.

"Come, come away, frail, silly fleshly wight,
Ne let vain words bewitch thy manly heart,
Ne devilish thoughts dismay thy constant
spright:
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why shouldst thou then despair, that chosen
art?
Where justice grows, there grows eke greater
grace,
The which doth quench the brand of hellish
smart,
And that accursed handwriting doth deface:
Arise, sir knight, arise, and leave this cursed
place."

'Fairy Queen,' book i. canto 9.

There is something in the mournful ca-
dences which enumerate the ills of life in
stanzas 40 and 44, which reminds us that
Spenser was a contemporary of the writer of
the most famous of soliloquies. But the

question which could only be proposed, not
solved, by the irresolute Prince of Den-
mark, receives an answer here. The grand
old Pythagorean argument against suicide,
put by Plato into the mouth of the dying
Socrates, was never better stated than in
four lines of the 41st stanza. It is one
which no Theist can possibly evade; and
yet Ariosto's heroine, as we have just seen,
takes no account of it. There is great ar-
too, in Despair's rejoinder, wherein he tries
to lull all sense of individual responsibility
to sleep by turning Providence into Fate.
In the 47th and following stanzas we find
the temptation to despair of pardon urged
with a keen feeling, that worse far than all
the ills of this life is the sense of sin unfor-
given. They supply a fine and unexpected
illustration of the apostolic saying, that
"the strength of sin is the law," by using its
terrors to drive the conscience-stricken suf-
ferer to the commission of a yet greater
crime. And where shall we look for better
consolation under these terrors than that
supplied by the 58d stanza, where the same
promise which unlocks the prison-door of
Bunyan's pilgrims, proves mighty in Una's
hand for her knight's deliverance? There
are but few poets of any age or nation in
whom we find statements of, or references
to, distinctively Christian truth, such as we
find in Spenser and Shakespeare. By
them it is looked on as a thing which they
have never doubted themselves, which they
can conceive no sane man doubting — no
more to be argued about than the sun which
lights us, or the air we breathe. By too
many so called Christian poets it is either
passed by in silence, or referred to as that
which forms the creed of other men, to be
contemplated with interest, perhaps with
respect, by the thoughtful mind, but not em-
braced by it as its own; whilst others go
farther, and substitute for it, as Ariosto does,
a revived Paganism under Christian names.

Let us select for our next comparison the
terrestrial paradise of the 'Orlando Fur-
ioso'; setting beside it Spenser's 'Vision
of the Heavenly Jerusalem.' The paladin As-
tolpho, having learned the art of guiding
that Hippogryph, which bears such a con-
spicuous part in the strange adventures of
Ariosto's poem, traverses many foreign
lands on his winged steed. At last he
reaches the mouth of the infernal regions;
but, turning from its dismal darkness — as
we must applaud Ariosto for making him
do, when we think of the comparison his
further progress in those regions would
have provoked — he reaches the earthly par-

adise, preserved in undiminished beauty, far
out of the range of mortal footsteps.

49.

"Sapphire and ruby, topaz, pearl, and gold,
The diamond, jacinth, and the chrysolite,
Alone could match the flowers which there
unfold

Beneath the zephyr's breath to charm the
sight.

There is the grass so green that earthly mould
So clothed would show than emeralds more
bright ;

Nor is the foliage of the trees less fair,
While ever-teeming fruit and flowers they
bear.

50.

"Amid the branches tiny birds, all blue,
White, red, and green, and yellow, ceaseless
sing.

There clearer are than crystal to the view
Calm lakes and brooklets gently murmuring.
There a sweet breeze which always seems to
woo,

After one fashion, with unwearied wing
So constant fans the air, that noisome heat
Can find no entrance to that safe retreat.

51.

"And ever from the herbes, the fruits, and flow-
ers,

It softly stole the diverse scents away,
And of the mingling of their odorous powers
Made sweetness, steeped wherein the spirit
lay.

A palace rose amidst the plain, whose towers
Seemed all ablaze with flames in lambent
play ;

Such light and splendour wrapt it all around
In glow more radiant than on earth is found.

54.

"In that glad mansion's shining entrance-hall
An aged man to Astolph's sight appeared,
Whose mantle's red and gown's pure white,
with all

Vermil and milk to match them, had not
feared.

His hairs were white ; and round his mouth
to fall

Down to his breast, thick parting, white his
beard

And such he seemed in venerable guise
As one of saints elect in paradise.

55.

"With cheerful aspect to the Paladin,
Who reverent had dismounted him, he said :

'Oh, baron, hither by decree divine
To the terrestrial paradise up-spied ;
Though not by thee thy journey's true design,
Nor thy desire's true end, as yet is read ;
Believe yet from the northern hemisphere
Not without mystery high thy journey here.'

57.

Nor yet the old man ceased until (high source
Of wonder to the Duke!) in accents plain
His name to him discovering, Astolph wist
There stood before him the Evangelist ;

58.

"That John so dear to the Redeemer's heart,
Of whom amidst the brethren went abroad
The saying, He in death should have no part ;
The which was cause why spake the Son of
God

To Peter, saying : Wherefore troubled start,
If I have willed that here he make abode
Until my coming ? Though ' he shall not die '
He said not, that he meant to signify.

59.

Here was he taken up ; fit comrades here
He found ; here Enoch first from earth as-
cended ;

With him abides Elijah the great seer,
Both whose long day no closing eve has end-
ed :

Here shall they joy in endless springtide
clear,
Never by noxious air from earth offended,
Till trump angelic shall give signal loud
Of Christ's return, enthroned on dazzling
cloud.

The next morning early, St. John summons
Astolpho to a conference, and reveals to
him the misfortune which has befallen Ro-
land : —

63.

"Your Roland, to whom God at birth hour
gave,

With highest courage, highest puissance,
Granting, beyond all mortal use, that glaive
Should never wound him, no, nor dart, nor
lance ;

Because Him pleased to set him thus to save
His holy faith from every foul mischance,
As He for Hebrews' help did Samson mould
Against the Philistines in days of old :

64.

"Rendered has this your Roland to his Lord
For such high gifts an evil recompense ;
For when the faithful needed most his sword,
Then was it drawn the least in their defence.
So had of pagan dame the love abhorred
Blinded his eyes and dulled his every sense,
That impious, cruel, he times two and more
His Christian cousin sought to slay before.

65.

"And God for this has madness sent on him,
Such that his garments he away has cast :
And bid such darkness all his mind bedim,
That all men else have from his knowledge
past

And most himself. When pride o'erflowed
the brim
In Nabuchodonosor, him at last
We read, so God for seven years punished,
While like an ox on grass and hay he fed.

66.

"But since than that proud Babylonian's sin
Much less hath Roland's been, three months
are set

All this transgression of the Paladin
By will divine to purge away; nor yet
For other purpose entrance here to win,
Had the Redeemer suffered without let
Thy journey, were it not from us to learn
How unto Roland may his wits return."

'Orlando Furioso,' canto xxxiv.

To effect this (the Apostle goes on to say)
they must ascend to the moon, where the
great Paladin's wits will be found amongst
other lost earthly things. He places As-
tolpho beside him in the fiery chariot of
Elijah, and its mighty steeds quickly bear
them to the lunar regions. There he dis-
plays to him the strange storehouse of things
good and bad which have disappeared from
our world. And having seen the Fates
spinning the threads of mortal lives, and
repossessed himself of a large portion of
his own sense, which had escaped him un-
awares, Astolpho returns to earth with the
phial which holds Roland's wholly lost wits,
and which is to restore its great defender
to the Faith.

There is inimitable wit, which no one can
fail to be struck with (imbittered a little by
the poet's own disappointments), in his fa-
mous catalogue of the earth's lost treasures.*
And there is a liquid sweetness which de-
lights us in his description of the happy re-
gion from whence the knight ascends to the
moon. But this must not blind us to the
fact that Ariosto's terrestrial paradise is,
after all, a mere garden of material delights
— more innocent, but not more heavenly,
than Alcina's. Contrast it with the spirit-
ual beauty of Dante's, where we encounter
some high mystery at each step we take,
and where the air we breathe is so full of
foretastes of heaven that it seems but nat-
ural when the poet's flight to the true heaven
above begins from such holy ground. Or,
again, compare the later Italian poet's con-
ception of St John with that of the earlier
— the beloved Apostle allowed as a *privi-
lege* to remain "at home in the body, but
absent from his Lord," until the last day!
employed by Ariosto as the exhibitor of
the lunar marvels to Astolpho; and made

(as he is in the description of their visit to
the Fates) the flatterer of Ariosto's patron!
Set beside this Dante's simple and affection-
ate mention of St John: —

"Questi è colui, che giacque sopra'l petto
Del nostro Pellicano, e questi fue
Di su la croce al grande uficio eletto."
'Paradiso,' canto 25.

(This is the man, who lay upon that breast
Whose life-blood feeds us; this who from the
cross

Was chosen to fulfil the great behest.)

Remember the almost indignant repudia-
tion by the St. John of Dante of the inviol-
ous privilege, seen for him by the earthly-
minded in his Saviour's words. You will then
see something of the change wrought by two
centuries in the religious state of Italy.
The elder poet wings his strong flight aloft,
and soars (grace-aided) without external
help, till he reaches the heaven of heavens:
the younger bard borrows Elijah's "chariot
of fire and horses of fire" for his hero, and,
even with their help, only succeeds in lifting
him to the moon!

Let us now turn to Spenser's vision of
the New Jerusalem. After the Red-Cross
knight's deliverance by Prince Arthur from
the House of Pride, where he abode,
amongst it and the six other deadly sins, at
first a guest, at last a captive; and after his
escape from Despair, he is guided by Una to
the House of Holiness. The canto which
rehearses their visit, opens with the follow-
ing stanza, as precise in its definition of
grace and free-will as the tenth article of
the Church of England: —

I.

"What man is he that boasts of fleshly might,
And vain assurance of mortality,
Which all, so soon as it doth come to fight
Against spiritual foes, yields by-and-by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill —
That thorough grace hath gained victory.
If any strength we have, it is to ill;
But all the good is God's, both power and
eke will."

Una and the knight are admitted through
the "strait and narrow" entrance to Holi-
ness by its porter Humility. Led in by
Zeal and Reverence, they are welcomed by
the mistress of the mansion and her three
daughters, Fidelia, Speranza, and Charissa.
The first of these is thus described: —

XLII.

"She was arrayed all in lily-white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,

* I much regret that want of space forbids me to
insert it.

With wine and water filled up to the height,
In which a serpent did himself enfold,
That horror made to all that did behold;
But she no whit did change her constant mood :

And in her other hand she fast did hold
A book that was both signed and sealed with blood,

Wherein dark things were writ, hard to be understood."

Introduced by *her* and by her *sister* to Repentance (mark the admirable exactness of Spenser's theological teaching), and having passed some time in his painful but salutary company, Charity leads the knight (now perfectly healed) to make Mercy's acquaintance.

"To whom the careful charge of him she gave,
To lead aright that he should never fall
In all his ways through this wide world's wave,
That Mercy in the end his righteous soul might save."

Mercy leads him to a "holy hospital," where she introduces him to her seven "Beadmen." Each of these seven has charge of one of those good works which, found in, or inferred from that marvellous conclusion of the 25th chapter of St. Matthew, which in every age since it was spoken has never ceased to procure alms for the needy, have been known for many centuries as the seven works of mercy. There is a solemn pathos in Spenser's description of these two, which he ranks as the fifth and sixth, the last good offices to the dying and the dead :—

XLI.

"The fifth had charge six persons to attend,
And comfort those in point of death which lay;
For them most needeth comfort in the end,
When sin, and hell, and death do most dismay
The feeble soul departing hence away.
All is but lost that living we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man! have mind of that last bitter throw;
For as the tree does fall, so lies it ever low.

XLII.

"The sixth had charge of them now being dead,
In seemly sort their corse to engrave,
And deck with dainty flowers their spousal bed,
That to their heavenly spouse both sweet and brave
They might appear, when he their souls shall save.

The wondrous workmanship of God's own mould,
Whose face he made all beasts to fear, and gave
All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
Ah, dearest God, me grant I dead be not defouled!"

The knight shares the "Beadmen's" holy toils, till, prepared for the contemplative by the active life, he is led by Mercy up the steep hill on whose summit Contemplation dwells. That "godly aged sire" demands of Mercy to what end they come.

I.

"'What end,' quoth she, should cause us take such pain,
But that same end which every living wight Should make his mark, high heaven to attain?
Is not from hence the way that leadeth right To that most glorious house, that glisteneth bright
With burning stars and ever-living fire, Whereof the keys are to thy hand beight
By wise Fidelia? She doth thee require To show it to this knight, according his desire.'

LI.

"'Thrice happy man,' said then the father grave,
'Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
And shows the way his sinful soul to save: Who better can the way to heaven aread Than thou thyself, that wast both born and bred
In heavenly throne, where thousand angels shine?
Thou dost the prayers of the righteous seed Present before the Majesty Divine,
And His avenging wrath to clemency incline.

LII.

"'Yet sith thou bidst, thy pleasure shall be done.
Then come, thou man of earth, and see the way
That never yet was seen of Fairy's son,
That never leads the traveller astray;
But, after labours long and sad delay, Brings them to joyous rest and endless bliss.
But first thou must a season fast and pray,
Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
And have her strength recured from frail infirmities.'

LIII.

"That done, he leads them to the highest mount;
Such one as that same mighty man of God, That blood-red billows, like a walled front

On either side departed with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them
yod,
Dwelt forty days upon, where, writ in stone
With bloody letters, by the hand of God,
The bitter doom of death and baleful moan
He did receive, whiles flashing fire about
him shone.

LIV.

"Or like that sacred hill, whose head full
high,
Adorned with fruitful olives all around,
Is, as it were, for endless memory
Of that dear Lord, who oft thereon was
found,
For ever with a flowering garland crowned;
Or like that famous mount, that is for aye
Through famous poets' verse each where re-
nowned,
On which the thrice three learned ladies play
Their heavenly notes, and make full many a
lovely lay.

LV.

"From thence far off he unto him did shew
A little path, that was both steep and long,
Which to a goodly city led his view,
Whose walls and towers were builded high
and strong
Of pearl and precious stone, that earthly
tongue
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song,
The city of the great King might it well,
Wherein eternal peace and happiness doth
dwell.

LVI.

"As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed angels to and fro descend
From highest heaven, in gladsome company,
And with great joy unto that city wend,
As commonly as friend doth with his friend;
Whereat he wondered much, and gan inquire,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofty towers unto the starry sphere,
And what unknown nation there ompeopled
were.

LVII.

"'Fair knight,' quoth he, 'Hierusalem that is,
The new Hierusalem that God has built,
For those to dwell in that are chosen His,
His chosen people, purged from sinful guilt,
With piteous blood which cruelly was spilt
On cursed tree, of that unspotted Lamb,
That for the sins of the world was kilt;
Now are they saints in all that city sam,
More dear unto their God than younglings to
their dam.'"

The Red-Cross knight owns that all the
terrestrial grandeurs which before charmed
his mind, wax dim before this heavenly

vision. The old man assures him that he
himself shall win a glorious place and name
among the inhabitants of that fair city.
The knight answers thus:—

LXII.

"'Unworthy wretch,' quoth he, 'of so great
grace,
How dare I think such glory to attain?'
'These that have it attained were in like
case,'
Quoth he, 'as wretched, and lived in like
pain.'
'But deeds of arms must I at last be fain,
And ladies' loves to leave, so dearly bought?'
'What need of arms where peace doth aye
remain,'
Said he, 'and battles none are to be fought?
As for loose loves are vain, and vanish into
nought.'

LXIII.

"'O! let me not,' quoth he, 'return again:
Back to the world whose joys so fruitless
are;
But let me here for aye in peace remain,
Or straightway on that last long voyage fare,
That nothing may my present hope impair.'
'That may not be,' said he, 'nor mayst thou
yet
Forego that royal maid's bequeathed care,
Who did her cause into thy hand commit,
Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely
quit.'"

'Fair Queen,' book i. canto 10.

Of the poetry of this fine passage I feel I
can safely leave my readers to judge. How
sublimely the 53d stanza seems to echo back
the thunders of Sinai! And how exquisite
the contrast between its terrors and the
calm beauty of the Gospel, in the affectionate
reference to the Mount of Olives in the suc-
ceeding one! How perfect are the touches
of the three short stanzas which set before
us the heavenly city, rather suggested than
described, seen towering in serene glory
high above all the turmoil of earth!—And,
turning to our more immediate subject; the
scriptural language of the whole, and the
evident appropriation of the religious truths
it conveys by the mind which wrote it,
speak well for the faith alike of writer and
of readers. The knight's preparation for
the vision, the means whereby he attains to
it, and, above all, its effect upon his own
mind, bespeak a familiarity with truth, not
speculative, but practical, on the part of
Spenser, which many a professed theologian
might envy. There is in the mixture of
faith and unbelief in the knight's replies, in
the 62d stanza, to the encouraging promise

of an abundant entrance into the heavenly Jerusalem, a transcript of the experience of many—may we not say of all? Who has not, like him, one moment doubted whether its glories can indeed be within his own reach, and perhaps shrunk back the next, half-unwilling, from the sacrifices which he begins to see that their attainment must cost him? Again, how natural to the human heart (so we learn even from the conduct of the apostles on the Holy Mount) is the desire of the knight's now wholly-convinced mind, expressed in the last stanza, to go out of the world in ceasing to be of the world! To abandon Action altogether for Contemplation, and abide away on the mount of vision, gazing on the goodly prospect, instead of plunging into the waves of this troublesome world, to fight our way across to its possession! Well for us if we have found a monitor like the Red-Cross knight's, to recall to us the claims of that work, the doing which is the preparation appointed to us for our inheritance. Happy if we descend, as he does, with renewed vigour to the conflict which awaits us all! For so his victory over the terrible dragon on the third day of battle may be a type of ours.

There are no such lessons to be learned from converse with Ariosto's glorified saints; there is nothing to satisfy the deepest desires of man in the paradise in which they dwell, or the truths they are commissioned to reveal. Who can hesitate to ascribe this essential difference between poets so alike in many things, to that open English Bible which was a century later to inspire a humble tinker's prose descriptions with a sublimity almost equal to that of this fine passage in Spenser?

Let us proceed to institute a final, and, in some respects, a closer comparison between the two poets, by setting the principal allegory of the one over against that which the other has wrought out most fully.

In the fourteenth canto of the 'Orlando Furioso,' Paris is besieged by a Saracen army, and in great danger of being taken. Charlemagne has recourse to the aid of Heaven. He makes devout supplication himself, and causes many masses to be offered "by priests and friars, both black and white and gray." The Almighty hears his prayer, and despatches the archangel Michael to his aid. That heavenly messenger is to seek out first Silence and then Discord; to convey with the former's aid reinforcements to Paris, unobserved by the Moorish army; and to send the latter

amongst the besieging host to embroil their leaders, and create a diversion in favour of the Christians. The archangel departs at once upon his errand.

78.

"Where'er the archangel Michael turns his wing,
Off flee the clouds and leave the sky serene;
And brightness girds him with a golden ring,
Like lightning-flashes in night's darkness seen.
The heavenly courier onward journeying,
Whither alighting he may surest ween
That foe of speech (his foremost aim) to find,
Still as he flies revolves with eager mind.

79.

"He ponders o'er where he may haunt, where dwell;
And all his doubtful thoughts agree at last
That he is to be found in church and cell
Of monks and cloistered friars, who, to cast
Speech out of doors, where'er at sound of bell
They meet for singing psalms, or break their fast,
Or sleep,—in every room in very deed
Have 'Silence' written up most plain to read.

80.

"Weening to find him there, he swifter plied
His golden wings; there too he surely thought
Fair Peace to see with Quiet at her side,
And Charity abiding still: chance taught
Him to a cloistered pile his course to guide
The which for Silence, friendship never sought;
There, asking for him, he this answer heard:
'All that of him now dwells here is the word.'

81.

"Nor Piety nor Quiet meets his gaze,
Nor Love nor Peace there, nor Humility;
Truly they dwelt there once in bygone days,
Then chased them out Wrath, Avarice,
Gluttony,
Pride, Cruelty, Sloth, Envy: in amaze
The Angel stands so great a change to see;
And while that hideous squadron in review
He passed, he 'mongst them Discord also knew.

82.

"Her whom the Eternal Father bade him find
Next after Silence; seeking whom the road
By dark Avernus he had tracked in mind,
Deeming that she amid the damned abode;
In this new hell instead he found her shrined
'Mid mass and holy office ill-bestowed:

Believe who can? to Michael it seems
strange
To find whom seeking he thought far to
range.

83.

"He knew her by her hundred-coloured dress,
Fashioned of stripes unequal, infinite;
Her covering now, anon by step or stress
Of wind laid open, unsewn, gaping quite;
Her hairs, some gold, some silver, black this
tress,
That gray, seemed all among themselves to
fight;
Some plaited, some by ribbon bound, good
store
Streamed on her shoulders, some her breast
fell o'er.

84.

"She had her bosom full and eke her hands
With procurations and with premonitions,
Inquiries, and great packets tied with bands
Of glosses, consults, legal expositions;
Through which the worldly wealth of poor
men stands
Safe in no town from ceaseless subdivisions;
Behind, before, each side of her, like flies,
Swarmed Proctors, Advocates, and Nota-
ries."

Michael calls Discord and sends her to stir
up strife among the Saracens; but first he
asks her if she knows where he can find
the other object of his search, Silence.
Discord answers that she never saw him,
but that her comrade Fraud has been in
his company, and may know where he lives.
Fraud is thus described:—

87.

"Pleasing her face, and decent her attire,
Humble her glance, and her deportment
grave,
So lowly, kind her speech, ye might admire
That Angel who the salutation gave;
All else deformed and hideous; but the liar
Her uglier parts concealed beneath the wave
Of garment long and wide, and 'neath its
fold
A poisoned knife was ever in her hold.

88.

"Of her the Angel questioneth what way
Silence to find behoveth him to take;
Said Fraud: 'Elsewhere and here in earlier
day
Amid the virtues was he used to make
His home with Benedict in abbey's gray,
And new, nor yet Elijah's rule forsake:
And in the schools full many an hour to pass
In days of Archyte and Pythagoras.

89.

"But in right path his footsteps to retain
Arc here nor sages nor yet saints: and he
To various wickedness has gone amain
From ways he used to walk of honesty.
First went he out by night with lovers vain,
And next with thieves to work each villany;
In Treason's haunts he often doth abide—
Nay, I have marked him o'en by Murder's
side!

90.

"With coiners of false money in some nook
Obscure, his custom is to make repair;
His home, his company, so oft forsook
For new—to find him lucky chance it were.
Yet have I hope to teach thee how to look
For him; at midnight if thou take due care
To reach the house of Sleep, discovered
He needs must be, since there he makes his
bed."

'Orlando Furioso,' canto xiv.

The Angel finds Silence, and by his aid
guides the reinforcements safe to Paris.
Discord does her appointed work for a sea-
son; but is caught by her taskmaster in the
37th canto, neglecting it for a yet more
congenial task:—

37.

"Unto that monastery, where he first
Got sight of Discord, on swift pinion hieing,
He found her seated in its chapter cursed,
Her arts amid its new elections plying,
Rejoicing as she saw good things used worst,
The brethren's missals at their heads sent
flying:
The Angel caught her by the hair, and blows
And kicks he dealt to her without repose.

38.

"And then the handle of a cross he brake
Upon her back and arms, and eke her head,
'Mercy!' cried loud the wretch; and, as she
spake,
Embraced the heavenly Nuncio's knees with
dread.
Her Michael left not till he saw her take
Flight to the King of Afric's camp: thus
sped,
He warned her: 'Look for direr fate designed
thee,
If e'er again without that camp I find thee.'
'Orlando Furioso,' canto xxvii.

Now we must call this an admirable alle-
gory, thoroughly well sustained. Unques-
tionably, Spenser found it a most instruct-
ive model. What can be cleverer than its
personification of Discord and Fraud?
Where shall we find an instance of more

pungent satire than that implied on the degenerate monks of Ariosto's day, by his significant exclusion of Silence from their monasteries; and by Discord's permanent abode in that convent which she is so loath to leave and so eager to return to? — But, returning to the subject of our present inquiry, what shall we say to the religious aspect of this allegory? Is there any reverence of tone in the whole passage proving that Ariosto wrote it with serious belief in divine and angelic interpositions? To my mind, their introduction reads like a mere attempt to vary what is technically called the machinery of the poem,—replacing for a while the agency of good and evil fairies, of enchanters and their works, by aid of a higher nature; but not a whit more effectual, and treated of in a spirit of no more reverent credence, than theirs. I am far from thinking a poem profane because it satirises monks. The worst of all ways of promoting the interests of true religion, is to insist on defending the faults of the so-called religious. But when I find that Ariosto depicts the Deity as seemingly aroused by the importunity of mortals to give a command, of the fulfilment or non-fulfilment of which he takes no further heed — when I find that he represents “Michael the archangel,” the especial guardian of the Church, as wholly ignorant of what goes on in her sacred buildings — I cannot help seeing that he is only setting before us the old gods of Olympus, and Hermes their messenger, under new names. Most of all, when in the two last stanzas St. Michael boxes Discord's ears, and conducts himself after a fashion so altogether undignified and unangelic, we may surely be excused for taking a second look to see whether we have not been reading by mistake the exploits of an evil angel? Alas, we exclaim, for the change wrought by two centuries since Dante! Where be those glorious angels who move in their unearthly grandeur so majestically through the *Divina Commedia*? He before whom, advancing over Styx, the evil spirits fled; at whose touch the gates of Dis flew open? Or he, that “Bird of God,” with whose white wings for sails the mystic bark, with its freight of souls, flew across Ocean to the far Purgatorial shore? So rapid was the decay of thought in all its noblest elements in Italy. Spenser's theory of guardian angels,* as expressed in the best-known passage in his poem — a theory not borrowed from Ariosto, not even from Dante, but from a yet higher source, the Holy Scriptures — is a very different one.

* See ‘Fairy Queen,’ book II. canto 8, stanzas 1, 2.

But we must hasten on to the consideration of that allegory which, concluding all that is left to us of the “Fairy Queen,” forms the crowning glory of that great poem. The two cantos which contain it are a fragment of a lost book on Constancy. Their aim is to teach us the subjection of all earthly things to change, and the predestined end to which “all the changes and chances of this mortal life” are tending. Spenser has chosen to clothe this idea in forms borrowed from Greek mythology; his use of which, though lacking the exact scholarship and classical correctness of Milton, has yet, especially in these cantos, a grandeur peculiarly its own. The chief personage in his allegory is Mutability or Change, one of those mighty Titans who strive to wrest Jove's empire from him. Her first attempt to gain dominion is made on earth, and proves successful; so that earthly things, at the first good, perfect, and immortal, become under her sway subject to evil and to death. The poet records this, exclaiming —

“O piteous work of Mutability!
By which we all are subject to that curse,
And death instead of life have sucked from
our nurse.”

“Fairy Queen,” book vii. canto 6, stanza 6.

Growing bolder by success, Change next aims at sovereignty over heavenly things. Of these she first attempts the moon, where she boldly mounts, and bids Cynthia relinquish to her the guidance of her chariot. Her demand is indignantly refused; and the conflict which ensues between the two goddesses produces an eclipse, which, darkening the face of nature, disquiets the hearts not only of men but gods. Mercury is sent down by Jupiter to learn the cause of the disturbance; but the Titaness shows him no respect, and declares her purpose to seize the throne of Jove himself, and rule thenceforth over gods as well as men. In prosecution of this claim she ascends forthwith to the highest heavens, and prefers it boldly before Jove himself. The god hears her, and grasps his thunderbolt, but forbears to hurl it after a glance at her lovely face. “Such sway doth beauty even in heaven bear.” He hears mildly her appeal from his adverse decision to what she styles the higher tribunal of the great and awful goddess Nature; and he does not disallow it. Thereupon the scene changes to earth, where the gods are assembled to hear the arbitrator's decision, upon fair Arlo Hill (near Spenser's Irish home), of whose beau-

ty he here makes affectionate mention.
Mutability boldly pleads her cause before

"This great-grandmother of all creatures bred,
Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld;
Still moving, yet unmoved from her sted;
Unseen of any, yet of all beheld."

Her first object is to prove that the four elements, earth, water, air, and fire, are all her subjects; this she does by showing that they are each in a state of perpetual change; and therefore, she argues, the claims of Neptune, Juno, &c., to rule over them are evidently false. She next desires Nature to call the Seasons and Months as witnesses to the wide extent of her sway. They appear according to her wish. First Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, each with suitable garb and emblems. Then the Months, each with the sign of the zodiac that belongs to it; March leads the procession and February closes it, according to the old reckoning. When this world-famous band of witnesses has gone by (none of Spenser's descriptions is, or deserves to be, better known) —

"There came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equal pace,
Th' one on a palfrey black, the other white."

Next come "the Hours, fair daughters of high Jove;" and after them the two most important witnesses of all present themselves, Life and Death: —

XLVI.

"And after all came Life, and lastly Death:
Death with most grim and griesly visage
seen,
Yet is he naught but parting of the breath;
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to ween,
Unbodied, unsouled, unheard, unseen."

When this last and most awful witness has gone by, Mutability demands of Nature whether she has not succeeded in making good her first claim — that to undisputed sovereignty over earth. Jove makes answer to this, that Time indeed changes all earthly things, but is himself subject to the gods, who, thus ruling over Time, rule Change herself. Change replies to this by an absolute denial, and proceeds to declare the subjection of the gods themselves to her resistless might. She argues that the moon's changes, the changes of the planets and their influences, prove their presiding deities her subjects. Jove himself, she goes on to say, was born as Cretan legends tell us; and whatsoever has had a beginning,

and so undergone the change from not being to being, is born the subject of Mutability. The four last stanzas of the 7th canto contain the end of the Titaness's speech, and Nature's final award: —

LVI.

"Then since within this wide great universe
Nothing doth firm and permanent appear,
But all things lost and turned by transverse:
What then should let, but I aloft should rear
My trophy, and from all the triumph bear?
Now judge then (O thou greatest goddess
true!)
According as thyself dost see and hear,
And unto me addoom that is my due;
That is the rule of all, all being ruled by
you."

LVII.

"So having ended, silence long ensued,
Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,
But with firm eyes affixed, the ground still
viewed.
Meanwhile all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th' end of this so doubtful case,
Did hang in long suspense what would en-
sue,
To whether side should fall the sovereign
place.
At length she, looking up with cheerful view,
The silence brake, and gave her doom in
speeches few:

LVIII.

"I well consider all that ye have said,
And find that all things steadfastness do hate
And changed be: yet being rightly weighed,
They are not changed from their first estate,
But by their change their being do dilate;
And turning to themselves at length again,
Do work their own perfection so by fate:
Then over them Change doth not rule and
reign;
But they reign over Change, and do their
states maintain."

LIX.

"Cease therefore, daughter, further to aspire,
And thee content thus to be ruled by me:
For thy decay thou seek'st by thy desire;
But time shall come that all shall changed
be,
And from thenceforth none no more change
shall see.
So was the Titaness put down and whist,
And Jove confirmed in his imperial see.
Then was that whole assembly quite dismiss,
And Nature's self did vanish whither no man
wist."

'Fairy Queen,' book vii. canto 7.

The canto closes with the breaking-up of that august assembly; but the mournful truth which it has illustrated with such va-

ried beauty, that "the creature" has been "made subject to vanity," and also Nature's augury of the fulfilment of the "hope" in which it was so subjected, were designed to be echoed in clearer strains in the succeeding canto. These two stanzas were intended to commence it:—

I.

"When I bethink me on that speech whylear,
Of Mutability, and well it weigh;
Me seems, that though she all unworthy were
Of the heaven's rule, yet very sooth to say
In all things else she bears the greatest sway.
Which makes me loathe this state of life so
tickle,
And love of things so vain to cast away;
Whose flowering pride, so fading and so
fickle,
Short Time shall soon cut down with his con-
suming sickle.

II.

"Then 'gin I think on that which Nature said
Of that same time when no more Change
shall be,
But steadfast rest of all things firmly stayed
Upon the pillours of eternity,
That is contrair to Mutability.
For all that moveth doth in Change delight:
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabbath
hight:
O that great Sabbath God, graunt me that
Sabbath sight."
'Fairy Queen,' book viii. canto 8 (imperfect).

And with these two stanzas a mightier will than ours has chosen that Spenser's great work should end. They are to us the last of the 'Fairy Queen.'

My extracts from this greatest of Spenser's allegories have been necessarily brief. To do it justice, it should be read as a whole. It is throughout magnificent; almost Homeric in its combined sublimity and simplicity. Its wealth of imaginative riches is, even for Spenser, astonishing; doubly so, when we recollect the prodigal variety of the descriptions he has scattered with lavish hand through the preceding books. The germ of one of the grandest things in the English language, Milton's *Death*, is discernible in the 46th stanza, so sublime in its spectral terrors. — Above all, how marked is the contrast between this allegory and Ariosto's! Who can compare the two without feeling convinced that if the dust which now sleeps in the Benedictine Church at Ferrara once enshrined the richest fancy that ever endowed a poet, a yet deeper sense of beauty thrilled the brain, and far nobler pulsations stirred the heart, while he awaited the resurrection in our great

West Minster, beneath Spenser's simple tomb! We saw how Ariosto, in his allegory, dealt with the holiest names in a thoroughly pagan spirit. We have now seen Spenser produce one far nobler by an exactly reversed process. From its proposed subject, we might have expected only to find in it the commonplaces of heathen poets on the changeful and disappointing character of earthly things, cast by genius into a new and striking shape. But Spenser is not content with doing this; nor does he cease until he has let in a radiance borrowed from revelation upon the ever-shifting forms and ruins of Time. Ariosto lays the foundations of his allegory in the heaven of heavens, and yet does not succeed in producing any religious impression on his reader's mind. Spenser lays his on the fabled Olympus, but stays not till, having extracted deep truths from the lips of its inhabitants, he can end it by echoing the lofty strains in which prophets and apostles bid us look forward to "the rest which remaineth for the people of God."

And how noble these two concluding stanzas are in themselves! Could even Spenser's genius have devised a fitter close for his great poem? How well the lament of the first over the fleeting nature of earthly joys (uttered doubtless from the bitter depths of its author's own experience) befits the last lines of a poem which has all along treated "the glories of our birth and state" as "shadows" of better and more "substantial things" than themselves! And how magnificent is the *Sursum Corda* of the second! composed, it might seem, fresh from the perusal of St. Augustine's noble commentary on the opening verses of the second chapter of Genesis. How does it stir our hearts by its solemn harmonies, as it calls us to avert our eyes from the fading glories of earth, that we may fix them steadfastly on the brightening splendours of "the day of restitution of all things!"

Thinking of these two stanzas, and of all the others which have been, like them, witnessing to us the religious superiority of Spenser's England over Ariosto's Italy, who would not earnestly hope that they express, not alone the faith of the age in which their writer flourished, but the unfeigned confession also of the faith which filled his own heart? that so his Master, cutting short his beautiful poem at the line in which he so earnestly supplicates a share in the true rest of the people of God, may seem to have signified His gracious acceptance of his prayer, by reserving it for Himself to add unto it the last Amen: so be it.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A VISIT TO THE BIG TREES.

WE were in San Francisco, the Golden City of California, the paradise of North Pacificans, and there were many wonders to be seen — gold and silver mines, where hundreds of tons of quartz rock are crushed daily, and millions of dollars extracted yearly; the cinnabar mine of New Almaden, which supplies quicksilver to the whole world; Yo Semite, the loveliest of valleys, where, amongst the grand mountains of the Sierra Nevada, a river leaps down from a height of 2700 feet, and forms the waterfall of the Bridal Veil, the highest in the world. There were geysers, caves, the islands of the sea-lions, and the "Mammoth Trees;" there was a Russian fleet in the harbour, "the Beautiful Menkin" at the Theatre, and the "Living Skeleton" at the Museum. We were fairly bewildered by the multiplicity of strange sights awaiting our curious eyes, uncertain which to choose. After mature deliberation, we decided to bend our steps in the first place to the Mammoth Tree Grove, in Calaveras county, about 150 miles east of San Francisco, on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada. We went on board the Cornelia, accordingly, one evening, and steamed all night up the San Joaquin, a tributary of the Sacramento — a narrow muddy stream, running in a most tortuous channel through an extensive marshy delta. The tall reeds which covered the flat expanse were on fire for miles, almost to the water's edge, and we made our way through a sea of flame and smoke, the whole country being lighted up by the vast conflagration. At eight o'clock the following morning we reached Stockton city, and then took the stage-wagon for Columbia, fifty-eight miles distant, and thirteen from the Big Tree Valley. The first portion of the road lay along a broad rich valley, brought almost entirely under the plough, where the undisturbed stubbles told of a fertility unknown in the Old World; for so generous is the soil, that luxuriant crops spring up in the second year without the labour of man, the grain shaken out in the gathering of the first harvest being sufficient for the succeeding one, a "volunteer crop." Although it was past mid-winter — the end of January — the weather was bright and warm as the most genial May; rows of oleanders and heliotropes bloomed in the gardens, ignorant of wintry cold, and strawberries ripened on the sunniest slopes.

Towards evening we began to ascend

the lowest swells of the Sierra Nevada, and entered a country less luxuriantly fertile than the Stockton Valley, and met with numerous monuments of the old "placer" diggings in the shape of "flumes," or wooden aqueducts for bringing water to the mines, and flats where thickly-massed boulders of granite and quartz, uncovered by the miner's work, told of streams which ran there in times gone by, and brought down the golden gravel discovered in the ancient bed. As night closed in we passed through the town of Sonora, and six miles more brought us to Columbia, where we stayed the night at a rough hotel, kept by a Welshman named Morgan.

As the stage did not run beyond this, we hired a buggy and pair and drove over to "Murphy's," a mining town thirteen miles distant, and thenceforward through a picturesque hilly country, where grew in scattered clusters many species of pine, the arbutus, and white jessamine, with evergreen oaks, whose boughs bore numerous branches of mistletoe. The road wound higher and higher up the slopes of the Sierra Nevada, and at dusk we reached the valley of the Mammoth Tree Grove, 4000 feet above the sea. The weather continued fine and the sky cloudless, but at this height the evening air was sharp and frosty, and a thin carpet of snow covered the ground. After a short drive through a forest of lofty pines, we came in sight of the hotel; and 100 yards in front of it, guarding on each side the entrance to its grounds, grew two of the giant trees. These, named "The Sentinels," although by no means the largest, are very handsome, and of sufficient magnitude to strike the stranger with astonishment, for their height is over 300 feet, and their diameter about 20 feet. At Sperry & Perry's hotel at Murphy's, where we had dined, we had been informed that the hotel at the Mammoth Tree Grove, also kept by Sperry & Perry, or Perry & Sperry, was closed for the winter; but Mr. Sperry or Mr. Perry (it is impossible to say which) kindly offered to accompany us and open the house for our accommodation, and we carried him along with us in our buggy. It was sunset when we got in, and Sperry or Perry hastened to prepare supper, whilst we had a look in the twilight at The Sentinels and the "Big Tree," so called *par excellence*, although it is not the greatest amongst the giants. Its huge trunk now lies mutilated on the ground, having been felled a few years ago, as we were told, to furnish material for walking-sticks, which were eagerly bought by curiosity-hunters.

Five men were set to work on it, and it took them twenty-five days to accomplish the task! It was hopeless to attempt to cut it down with axes, and it was therefore bored with augers, and the intermediate spaces sawn through, and, finally, a wedge and battering-ram were required to effect the fall of the severed trunk, which stood firmly perpendicular when completely cut through. The stump measures 96 feet in circumference at the base; and the top, cut smooth and even, is 25 feet in diameter, without reckoning the bark, which is about 3 feet more. Upon it is built a round wooden house—a ball-room it is called; and a circular room nearly 10 yards in diameter is no mean dancing saloon. It is said that thirty-two people have danced here in four different sets at the same time, and theatrical performances have been given on the expansive top of this wonderful stump. Near the stump lies a section of the trunk; and some idea of the size of this may be gained from the fact that the writer, a man of 5 ft. 11 in., could barely touch the centre at the smaller end, standing on tiptoe, while at the larger he could in the same manner touch a point about one-third of the whole diameter. The rest of the vast fallen trunk, 302 feet long, had been dressed level, and seemed like a broad terrace-walk, with two bowling alleys made on it side by side. The amount of timber in this tree is calculated at 500,000 cubic feet! and its age estimated from the annual rings at 3000 years! Before we had sufficiently inspected and wondered at the Big Tree it became dark, and we entered the hotel, where Mr. Sperry or Perry had supper ready for us, and in the evening told us the history of the Great Trees.

They were not discovered until the year 1850, when a Mr. Dowd, who was out hunting, was led by a herd of deer which he was following into the Big Tree Valley. He stopped as one enchanted, feeling like Gulliver when lost in the field of barley in Brobdingnag—the deer were forgotten, and he gazed with utter astonishment on monsters of vegetation such as he had never even dreamed of as existing in the world. He told his companions of his adventure on his return, but all laughed at his story as a barefaced attempt to impose upon their credulity; and it was with the greatest difficulty he succeeded in inducing some of them to accompany him to the spot, and verify his statements by actual inspection and measurement.

The newly-discovered trees, called *Washingtonia gigantea* by Americans, and *Wel-*

lingtonia gigantea by Englishmen, puzzled the botanists sorely. Some declared them to be a species of cedar, which they certainly closely resemble; others, again, considered them to be of the family of the *Taxodia*; while Professor Lindley doubted whether a new order would not have to be made for them; and it still appears undecided to what order they properly belong. The seed has been largely exported, and young *Wellingtonias* may be seen gracing many an English lawn. Yet, strange to say, although the seed grows readily, and the trees flourish with rich luxuriance wherever they have been planted, both here and in America, they are, in the natural order of things, limited to two tiny valleys about fifty miles apart. Not a single tree of the kind, except those which have been lately planted by the hand of man, is known to exist out of the Calaveras and Mariposa valleys. They have never spread from their quiet nooks in the Sierra Nevada, and have remained hidden in its recesses for hundreds, perchance thousands, of years, until discovered in the manner related.

We turned out early next morning into the fresh frosty air, and after breakfast wandered about the grove for several hours, amid a scene of wonders, the mere description of which we should have laughed at as a traveller's tale. There are about one hundred trees of this species, of every age and size, intermingled with various kinds of pines, yews, and deciduous shrubs, and all standing within an area of about fifty acres.

The younger ones are singularly graceful and handsome, but those of mature growth—a few thousand years old perhaps—are a little withered at the top. The enormous trunks are bare and branchless for from 100 to 180 feet, and the boughs seem small in proportion to the central stem.

The effect of the mighty columns rising thickly round, and towering on high, some burnt hollow, in whose cavities a company of soldiers might almost find shelter; others uninjured, solid and massive, the largest and the oldest of living organisms on earth, monuments of ages past, when there were giants in the land, is almost awesome. The great sugar-pines of 800 feet high, and 10 or 12 feet diameter, kings of the forest elsewhere, seemed mere dwarfs beside those *Wellingtonias*; and as we walked about, pigmy and insignificant, we half expected to see the strange forms of extinct giants of the animal world, the mammoth or the mastodon of ages still more remote, come crashing

through the timber, or the pterodactyl winging its way amongst the colossal vegetation. There stood the "Mother of the Forest," withered and bare, her full height 327 feet, her girth 78 feet without the bark, for this had been removed from 116 feet of the lower portion of the trunk, and the scaffolding erected for the purpose still stood round the tree. This outer shell thus removed is now put up, we believe, in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Thus the two finest trees growing when the forest was first discovered have both been wantonly destroyed for the gratification of curiosity-lovers. There is, however, a still greater than these, decayed and fallen — a stupendous ruin lying half-buried in the ground. It appears to have been destroyed by the fire which has evidently devastated the grove years ago, for many of the standing trees are partially charred, and this one has been burnt into a hollow shell. At the base its girth is 112 feet, and we walked inside the tunnel through the trunk for 200 feet with our hats on. Great must have been the fall

of the "Father of the Forest;" and numerous large trees have been overthrown or broken off by it when it crashed to the ground. 300 feet from the root it snapped in two, and the upper portion of it has decayed away, and almost all trace of it has disappeared; but at the point of fracture, or 200 feet from the base, its circumference is 54 feet (18 feet diameter). According, therefore, to the average taper of the other trees, the unbroken stem must have been at least 435 feet high — more than twice the height of the Monument, 95 feet higher than the great chimney at Saltaire, and 30 feet higher than the top of the cross which crowns the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral!

The fresh ripe cones of the *Wellingtonias* strewn the ground, and of these we gathered a plentiful stock; and then, having sufficiently gratified our curiosity, we took to our buggy once more, and on the following day regained that luxurious city San Francisco.

USES OF DECAY.

SUMMER, as rich in shadows as in suns,
Spreads her thick foliage thicker every day;
She is most bounteous; her free spirit shuns
To give and take away.

But thou, grave Autumn, dealest otherwise:
Creating noble colour, and withal
Rifling the woods that bear it, till our eyes
Can penetrate them all.

And then, what hidden wonders do we see!
What half-forgotten glimpses of our past,
Veil'd since the spring, though each dismantled tree
Peer out again at last!

Love them or hate, we cannot but behold:
Gable, and church, grey turret and blue hill,
Or bran-new horror built with recent gold —
All are before us still.

So, if the great sea ebb, full many a wreck
Above the branching coral grimly towers;
Full many a ragged skeleton on deck
Lies deep in iving flowers.

So, when the mists of life rise up, and poise
Along the crumbling edges of the grave,
What quick regrets, what keen remember'd joys,

The weak heart has to brave!

Yes, thou canst show us some things; canst betray
The gaunt square mansion or the ruin'd wall;

Thou, Autumn, dost it for us every day;
And Memory is thy thrall.

But, not the baring of the summer trees,
Nor dying down of tall obstructive flowers,
Nor poise of mists above the yellow leas,
Nor glow of sunset hours, —

Not all that thou canst do or we can dream,
Wins for our purblind souls this one poor bliss —

To see beyond and through the things that seem,

To that which only Is.

Arthur Munby.

PART XII. — CHAPTER XLI.

THE result of Miss Marjoribanks's wise precaution and reticence was that Sir John Richmond and the Doctor and Colonel Chilley were all on Mr. Ashburton's committee. They might not agree with his principles; but then when a man does not state any very distinct principles, it is difficult for any one, however well disposed, to disagree with him; and the fact that he was the man for Carlingford was so indisputable, that nobody attempted to go into the minor matters. "Mr. Ashburton is a gentleman known to us all," Sir John said, with great effect, in his nomination speech; and it was a sentence which went to the hearts of his audience. The other candidate had been a long time from home, and it was longer still since anybody in Carlingford could be said to have been benefited by his residence there. He had had all his things down from town, as Mr. Holden, the upholsterer, pithily remarked — and that made a great difference to start with. As for Mr. Ashburton, though it is true nobody knew what he thought about Reform or the Income Tax, everybody knew that he lived at the Firs, and was supplied in a creditable way by George Street tradesmen. There was no mystery whatever about him. People knew how much he had a year, and how much he paid for everything, and the way in which his accounts were kept, and all about him. Even when he had his wine direct from the growers (for naturally his own county could not supply the actual liquor), it was put in Carlingford bottles, and people knew the kinds he had, and how much, and a hundred agreeable details. And then, "he was a gentleman as was always ready to give his advice," as some of the people said. All this furnished an immense body of evidence in his favour, and made Sir John's remark eloquent. And then Carlingford, as a general rule, did not care the least in the world about Reform. There were a few people who had once done so, and it was remarked in Grove Street that Mr. Tozer had once been in a dreadful state of mind about it. But he was quite tranquil on the subject now, and so was the community in general. And what was really wanted, as Lucilla's genius had seen at a glance, was not this or that opinion, but a good man.

But at the same time it would be vain to deny that Miss Marjoribanks looked forward to a possible visit from Mr. Cavendish with a certain amount of anxiety. She was not frightened, for she knew her own powers; but she was a little excited and stimulated

by the idea that he might come in at any minute, bringing back a crowd of recollections with him; and it was a perpetual wonder to her how he would take the inevitable difference, whether he would accept it as natural, or put on the airs of an injured man. Lucilla did not go out the two afternoons after her meeting with Mrs. Woodburn, partly that she might not miss him if he called — for it was better to have it over; but Mr. Cavendish did not come on either of these days. After that, of course, she did not wait for him any longer. But on the third or fourth day, when she was in Miss Brown's photographing room (the eldest Miss Brown was not married, and was a mother to the younger girls, and always enthusiastic about sitters), Mr. Ashburton called about business, and Thomas came to fetch Miss Marjoribanks. She was sitting with the greatest good-nature for half-a-dozen pictures, knowing in her secret heart all the time that she would look a perfect fright, and that all Carlingford would see her grinning with imbecile amiability out of the hazy background of Miss Brown's *Cartes*. Lucilla knew this, and had hitherto avoided the process with success; but now she gave in; and as the Major was there, of course they talked of the coming election, which, indeed, at present was almost the only topic of conversation in Grange Lane.

"Of course, you are on Mr. Ashburton's committee," said Lucilla; "you must be, or going to be, after what you said the other day at lunch —"

"What did I say?" asked Major Brown, with an air of dismay; for to tell the truth, his heart inclined a little towards poor Mr. Cavendish, who was an old neighbour, and to whom Major Brown could not but think the Marjoribanks and others had behaved rather cruelly. But then in these electioneering matters one never knows what one may have done to compromise one's self without meaning it; and the Major was a little anxious to find out what he had said.

"Dear Major Brown," said Lucilla, seriously, "I am so sorry if you did not mean it. I am sure it was that as much as anything that influenced Mr. Ashburton. He was turning it all over in his mind, you know, and was afraid the people he most esteemed in Carlingford would not agree with him, and did not know what to do; and then you said, What did it matter about opinions, if it was a good man? — that was what decided him," said Miss Marjoribanks, with sad yet gentle reproachfulness. "I am so sorry if you did not mean what you said —"

"Good heavens! I don't remember saying anything of the sort," said Major Brown. "I—I am sure I never thought of influencing anybody. It is true enough about a good man, you know; but if I had imagined for an instant that any one was paying attention—— By George! it was you that said it, Lucilla—I remember now."

"Please don't make fun of me," said Miss Marjoribanks, "as if anybody cared what I say about politics. But I know that was what decided poor Mr. Ashburton. Indeed, he told me so; and when he finds you did not mean anything——"

"But, good heavens!—I—I did mean something," cried the accused, with dismay. And he grew quite inarticulate in his confusion, and red in the face, and lost his head altogether, while Lucilla sat calmly looking on with that air of virtue at once severe and indulgent, which pities, and blames, and hopes that perhaps there is not so much harm done as might have been expected. This was the position of affairs when Thomas came to say that Miss Marjoribanks was wanted, as she had told him to do when her candidate came; for, to be sure, it was only next door. It was terrible to hear the soft sigh she gave when she shook hands with Major Brown. "I hope he will not feel it so much as I think; but I should be afraid to tell him," said Lucilla; and she went away, leaving the good man in a state of bewilderment and embarrassment and doubt, which would have been much more unpleasant if he had not felt so flattered at the same time. "I never meant to influence anybody, I am sure," he said, with a comical mixture of complacency and dismay, when Lucilla was gone. "I have always said, papa, that you don't think enough of the weight people give to your opinion," Miss Brown replied, as she gave the final bath to her negatives; and they both left off work with a certain glow of comforted *amour propre*, and the most benevolent sentiments towards Mr. Ashburton, who, to tell the truth, until he got his lesson from Miss Marjoribanks, had never once thought about the opinion of Major Brown.

He was sitting with aunt Jemima when Lucilla came in, and talking to her in a steady sort of a way. Nothing could have made Mr. Ashburton socially attractive, but still there are many people to whom this steady sort of talk is more agreeable than brilliancy. When a man is brilliant there is always a doubt in some minds whether he is trustworthy, or sincere, or to

be relied upon; but an ordinary common-sense sort of talker is free from such suspicion. Mr. Ashburton was very sorry to hear that Mrs. John Marjoribanks had bad nights, and suggested that it might be nervous, and hoped that the air of Carlingford would do her good, and was very glad to hear that her son was getting on so well in India; and aunt Jemima could not help approving of him, and feeling that he was a person of substance and reflection, and not one of those fly-away young men who turn girls' heads, and never mean anything. Lucilla herself gained something in Mrs. John's eyes from Mr. Ashburton's high opinion; but at the same time it was quite clear that he was not thinking of anything sentimental, but was quite occupied about his election, as a man of sense should be. Lucilla came in with a fine bloom on her cheeks, but still with a shade of that sadness which had had so great an effect upon Major Brown. She had taken off her hat before she came in, and dropped into her chair with an air of languor and fatigue which was quite unusual to her. "It makes such a difference in life when one has something on one's mind," said Lucilla, and she sighed, as was but natural; for though that did not effect the energy of her proceedings, she knew and remembered at moments of discouragement how seldom one's most disinterested exertions are appreciated at the end.

"You want your lunch, my dear," said Mrs. John.

"Perhaps I do," said Miss Marjoribanks, with a mournfully affectionate smile. "I have been sitting to Maria Brown. She has taken six, and I am sure they are every one more hideous than the other; and they will go all over England, you know, for the Browns have hosts of people belonging to them; and everybody will say, 'So that is Miss Marjoribanks.' I don't think I am vain to speak of," said Lucilla, "but that sort of things goes to one's heart."

"These amateurs are terrible people," said Mr. Ashburton, in his steady way; "and photographs are a regular nuisance. For my part——"

"Don't say that," said Miss Marjoribanks. "I know what you are going to say; and you *must* sit to her, please. I have said already she must do one of you; and I will tell you presently about the Major. But wait and talk to aunt Jemima a little, for I am so tired," said Lucilla. She was lying back negligently in her seat, with that air of languor which so many young ladies excel in, but which was for her a novel in-

dulgence. Her hand hung over the arm of her chair as if there was no longer any force in it. Her head fell back, her eyes were half closed; it was a moment of abandonment to her sensations, such as a high-principled young woman like Miss Marjoribanks seldom gives away to. But Lucilla went into it conscientiously, as into everything she did, that she might regain her strength for the necessary duties that were before her.

And it was at this moment that Thomas appeared at the door with a suspicion of a grin appearing at the corners of his sober mouth, and announced Mr. Cavendish, who came in before an ordinary woman would have had time to open her eyes. This was the moment he had chosen for his first visit; and yet it was not he who had chosen it, but fate, who seemed to have in this respect a spite against Lucilla. It was not only the embarrassing presence of his rival, but the fact that neither of the two people in the room knew or had ever seen Mr. Cavendish, that put a climax to the horror of the situation. She alone knew him, and had to take upon herself to present and introduce him, and bridge over for him the long interval of absence, and all this with the sense of being in the enemy's interest, and to a certain extent false to Mr. Cavendish! Lucilla rose at once, but she was not a woman to make pretences. She did not throw off all in a moment her fatigue, and dash into spasmodic action. She held out her hand silently to Mr. Cavendish, with a look which spoke only affectionate satisfaction in a friend's return. She did not even speak at all for the first moment, but contented herself with a look, which indeed, if he had been younger and less preoccupied, would no doubt have touched his very heart.

"So you have really come back," she said. "I am so glad! after all that people said about your being married and dead and ever so many stupid things. Oh! don't look at me, please. It doesn't matter with a gentleman, but I know as well as if you had told me that you think me dreadfully gone off!"

"I entertain such a profane idea!" said Mr. Cavendish; but he was considerably embarrassed, and he was a great deal stouter, and altogether different from what he used to be, and he had not the light hand of his youth for a compliment. And then he sat down on the chair Thomas had given him; and he looked uncomfortable, to say the least of it; and he was getting large in dimensions and a little red in the face, and

had by no means the air of thinking that it didn't matter for a gentleman. As for Miss Marjoribanks, it would be impossible to say what mists of illusion dropped away from her mind at the sight of him. Even while she smiled upon the new-comer, she could not but ask herself, with momentary dismay — Had *she* really gone off as much in the same time?

"I have been looking for you," Miss Marjoribanks resumed; "I waited in for you Tuesday and Wednesday, and it is so odd you should have come just at this minute. Aunt Jemima, this is Mr. Cavendish, whom you have heard so much about — and don't go, please, Mr. Ashburton — you two must know each other. You will be hearing of each other constantly; and I suppose you will have to shake hands or something on the hustings — so it will be much the best to begin it here."

But the two candidates did not shake hands: they bowed to each other in an alarming way, which did not promise much for their future brotherliness, and then they both stood bolt upright and stared at Miss Marjoribanks, who had relapsed, in the pleasantest way in the world, into her easy-chair.

"Now, please sit down and talk a little," said Lucilla; "I am so proud of having you both together. There never has been anybody in the world that I have missed so much as *you* — you knew that when you went away, but you didn't mind. Mr. Ashburton is very nice, but he is of no use to speak of in an evening," said Miss Marjoribanks, turning a reflective glance upon her own candidate with a certain sadness; and then they both laughed as if it was a joke; but it was no joke, as one of them at least must have known.

"Lucilla," said Mrs. John, with consternation, "I never heard anybody talk as you do; I am sure Mr. Ashburton is the very best of society, and as for Mr. Cavendish!"

"Dear aunt Jemima," said Lucilla, "would you mind ringing the bell? I have been sitting to Maria Brown, and I am almost fainting. I wish you gentlemen would sit to her; it would please her, and it would not do *you* much harm; and then for your constituents, you know!"

"I hope you don't wish me to look like one of Maria Brown's photographs to *my* constituents," said Mr. Cavendish; but "then I am happy to say they all know me pretty well." This was said with a slight touch of gentlemanly spite, if there is such a thing; for, after all, he *was* an old power in Carlisle, though he had been so long away.

"Yes," said Lucilla, reflectively, "but you are a little changed since then; a little perhaps — just a little — stouter, and" —

"Gone off?" said Mr. Cavendish, with a laugh; but he felt horribly disconcerted all the same, and savage with Miss Marjoribanks, and could not think why "that fellow" did not go away. What had he to do in Lucilla's drawing-room? what did he mean by sitting down again and talking in that measured way to the old lady, as if all the ordinary rules of good breeding did not point out to him that he should have gone away and left the field clear?

"Oh, you know it does not matter for a gentleman," said Lucilla; and then she turned to Mr. Ashburton — "I am sure the Major wants to see you, and he thinks that it was he who put it into your head to stand. He was here that day at lunch, you know, and it was something he said" —

"Quite true," said Mr. Ashburton in his business way. "I shall go to see him at once. Thank you for telling me of it, Miss Marjoribanks; I shall go as soon as I leave here."

And then Mr. Cavendish laughed. "This is what I call interesting," he said. "I hope Mr. Ashburton sees the fun; but it is trying to an old friend to hear of *that* day at lunch, you know. I remember when these sort of allusions used to be pleasant enough; but when one has been banished for a thousand years" —

"Yes," said Lucilla, "one leaves all that behind, you know — one leaves ever so many things behind. I wish we could always be twenty, for my part. I always said, you know, that I should be gone off in ten years."

"Was it the only fib you ever told that you repeat it so?" said Mr. Cavendish; and it was with this pretty speech that he took her down-stairs to the well-remembered luncheon. "But you *have* gone off in some things when you have to do with a prig like that," he said in her ear, as they went down together, "and cast off old friends. It was a thing a fellow did not expect of you."

"I never cast off old friends," said Miss Marjoribanks. "We shall look for you on Thursday, you know, all the same. Must you go, Mr. Ashburton? when lunch is on the table? But then, to be sure, you will be in time at the Browns'," said Lucilla, sweetly, and she gave the one rival her hand while she held the arm of the other, at the door of the dining-room, in which Mr. Ashburton had gallantly deposited aunt Jemima before saying good-by. They were both looking a

little black, though the gloom was moderate in Mr. Ashburton's case; but as for Lucilla, she stood between them a picture of angelic sweetness and goodness, giving a certain measure of her sympathy to both — Woman the Reconciler, by the side of those other characters of Inspirer and Consoler, of which the world has heard. The two inferior creatures scowled with politeness at each other, but Miss Marjoribanks smiled upon them both. Such was the way in which she overcame the difficulties of the meeting. Mr. Ashburton went away a little annoyed, but still understanding his instructions, and ready to act upon them in that businesslike way he had, and Mr. Cavendish remained, faintly reassured in the midst of his soreness and mortification, by at least having the field to himself and seeing the last (for the present) of his antagonist — which was a kind of victory in its way.

"I thought I knew you better than to think you ever would have any thing to do with *that* sort of thing," said Mr. Cavendish. "There are people, you know, whom I could have imagined — but a prig like that." He became indeed quite violent, as aunt Jemima said afterwards, and met with that lady's decided disapproval, as may be supposed.

"Mr. Ashburton is very well bred and agreeable," Mrs. John said, with emphasis. "I wish all the young men I see nowadays were as nice."

"Young men!" said Mr. Cavendish. "Is that what people call young nowadays? And he must be insane, you know, or he would never dream of representing a town without saying a single word about his principles. I daresay he thinks it is original," said the unhappy man. He thought he was pointing out his rival's weakness to Lucilla, and he went on with energy — "I know you better than to think you can like that milk-and-water sort of thing."

"Oh, I don't pretend to know anything about politics," said Lucilla. "I hear you gentlemen talk, but I never pretend to understand. If we were not to leave you that all to yourselves, I don't know what you could find to do," Miss Marjoribanks added compassionately; and as she spoke she looked so like the Lucilla of old, who had schemed and plotted for Mr. Cavendish, that he could not believe in her desertion in his heart.

"That is a delusion like the going off," he said. "I can't believe you have gone over to the enemy. When I remember how I have been roving about all those ten

years, and how different it might have been, and whose fault it all was" —

This Mr. Cavendish said in a low voice, but it did not the less horrify aunt Jemima, who felt prepared for any atrocity after it. She would have withdrawn, in justice to her own sense of propriety; but then she thought it was not impossible that he might propose to Lucilla on the spot, or take her hand or something, and for propriety's sake she stayed.

"Yes," said Lucilla — and her heart did for one little moment give a faint thump against her breast. She could not help thinking what a difference it might have made to him, poor fellow, had he been under her lawful and righteous sway these ten years. But as she looked at him it became more and more apparent to Miss Marjoribanks that Mr. Cavendish *had* gone off, whatever she herself might have done. The outlines of his fine figure had changed considerably, and his face was a little red, and he had the look of a man whose circumstances, spiritual and temporal, would not quite bear a rigid examination. As she looked at him her pity became tinged by a certain shade of resentment, to think that after all it was his own fault. She could not, notwithstanding her natural frankness of expression, say to him — "You foolish soul, why didn't you marry me somehow, and make a man of yourself?" Lucilla carried honesty very far, but she could not go as far as that. "Yes," she said, turning her eyes upon him with a sort of abstract sympathy, and then she added softly — "Have you ever seen Her again?" with a lowering of her voice.

This interesting question, which utterly bewildered aunt Jemima, drove Mr. Cavendish wild with rage. Mrs. John said afterwards that she felt a shiver go through her as he took up the carving-knife, though it was only to cut some cold beef. He grew white all at once, and pressed his lips tightly together, and fixed his eyes on the wall straight before him. "I did not think, after what I once said to you, Miss Marjoribanks, that you would continue to insult my judgment in that way," he said, with a chill which fell upon the whole table, and took the life out of everything, and dimmed the very fire in the chimney. And after that the conversation was of a sufficiently ordinary description until they went back again into the drawing-room, by which time Mr. Cavendish seemed to have concluded that it was best to pocket the affront.

"I am going to begin my canvass to-morrow," he said. "I have not seen anybody

yet. I have nobody but my sister to take me in hand, you know. There was once a time when it might have been different" — and he gave Lucilla a look which she thought on the whole it was best to meet.

"Yes," said Miss Marjoribanks, with cruel distinctness, "there was a time when you were the most popular man in Grange Lane — everybody was fond of you. I remember it as if it had been yesterday," said Lucilla, with a sigh.

"You don't give a man much encouragement, by Jove!" said the unlucky candidate. "You remember it like yesterday! It may be vanity, but I flatter myself I shall still be found the most popular man in Grange Lane."

Miss Marjoribanks sighed again, but she did not say anything. On the contrary she turned to aunt Jemima, who kept in the background an alarmed and alert spectator, to consult her about a shade of wool — and just then Mr. Cavendish, looking out of the window, saw Major Brown conducting his rival through his garden, and shaking hands with him cordially at the door. This was more than the patience of the other candidate could bear. A sudden resolution, hot and angry, as are the resolutions of men who feel themselves to have a failing cause, came into his mind. He had been badgered and baited to such an extent (as he thought) that he had not time to consider if it was wise or not. He, too, had sat to Maria Brown, and commanded once the warmest admiration of the household. He thought he would put it to the test, and see if after all his popularity was only a thing to be remembered like yesterday — and it was with this intention that he bade a hurried good-by to Lucilla, and rushing out, threw himself at once upon the troubled waves of society, which had once been as smooth as glass to the most popular man in Grange Lane.

CHAPTER XLII.

MR. CAVENDISH thought he had been an object of admiration to Maria Brown, as we have said. He thought of it with a little middle-aged complacency, and a confidence that this vague sentiment would stand the test he was about to apply to it, which did honour to the freshness of his heart. With this idea it was Miss Brown he asked for as he knocked at the Major's door; and he found them both in the drawing-room, Maria with gloves on to hide the honourable stains of her photography, which made her com-

paratively useless when she was out of her "studio"—and her father walking about in a state of excitement, which was, indeed, what Mr. Cavendish expected. The two exchanged a guilty look when they saw who their visitor was. They looked as people might well look who had been caught in the fact and did not know how to get over it. They came forward, both of them, with a cowardly cordiality and eagerness to welcome him—"How very good of you to come to see us so soon!" Miss Brown said, and fluttered and looked at her father, and could not tell what more to say. And then a dead pause fell upon them—such a pause as not unfrequently falls upon people who have got through their mutual greetings almost with an excess of cordiality. They stopped short all at once, and looked at each other, and smiled, and made a fatal conscious effort to talk of something. "It is so good of you to come so soon," Miss Brown repeated; "perhaps you have been to see Lucilla," and then she stopped again, slightly tremulous, and turned an appealing gaze to her papa.

"I have come to see you," said Mr. Cavendish, plucking up all his courage. "I have been a long time gone, you know, but I have not forgotten Carlingford; and you must forgive me for saying that I was very glad to hear I might still come to see—Miss Brown. As for Lydia?" said the candidate, looking about him with a smile.

"Ah, Lydia," said her sister, with a sigh, "her eldest is eight, Mr. Cavendish. We don't see her so often as we should like—marriage makes such a difference. Of course it is quite natural she should be all for her own family now."

"Quite natural," said Mr. Cavendish, and then he turned to the Major. "I don't think there are quite so many public changes as I expected to see. The old Rector always holds out, and the old Colonel; and you have not done much that I can see about the new paving. You know what I have come home about, Major; and I am sure I can count upon you to support me," the candidate said, with a great deal more confidence than he felt in his voice.

Major Brown cleared his throat; his heart was moved by the familiar voice, and he could not conceal his embarrassment. "I hope nothing will ever occur," he said, "to make any difference in the friendly feelings—I am sure I shall be very glad to welcome you back permanently to Carlingford. You may always rest assured of that," and he held out his hand. But he grew red as he thought of his treachery,

and Maria, who was quaking over it, did not even try to say a word to help him—and as for Mr. Cavendish, he took up his position on the arm of the sofa, as he used to do. But he had a slim youthful figure when he used to do it, and now the attitude was one which revealed a certain dawning rotundity, very different, as Maria afterwards said, from one's idea of Mr. Cavendish. He was not aware of it himself, but as these two people looked, their simultaneous thought was how much he had changed.

"Thank you, you are very kind," said Mr. Cavendish. "I have been a little lazy, I am afraid, since I came here; but I expect my agent down to-night, and then, I hope, you'll come over to my place and have a talk with Woodburn and Centum and the rest about it. I am a poor tactician, for my part. You shall contrive what is best to be done, and I'll carry it out. I suppose I may expect almost to walk over," he said. It was the confidence of despair that moved him. The more he saw that his cause was lost, the more he would make it out that he was sure to win—which is not an unusual state of mind.

"I—I don't know, I am sure," said poor Major Brown. "To tell the truth, I—though I can safely say my sympathies are always with you, Cavendish—I—have been so unfortunate as to commit myself, you know. It was quite involuntary, I am sure, for I never thought my casual expression of opinion likely to have any weight."

"Papa, never will perceive the weight that is attached to his opinion," said Miss Brown.

"I was not thinking of it in the least, Maria," said the modest Major; "but the fact is, it seems to have been *that* that decided Ashburton to stand; and after drawing a man into such a thing, the least one can do is to back him out in it. Nobody had an idea then, you know, that you were coming back, my dear fellow. I assure you, if I had known"—

"But even if you had known, you know you never meant it, papa," said Maria. And Mr. Cavendish sat on the arm of the sofa, and put his hands deep into his pockets, and dropped his upper lip, and knit his eyebrows a little, and listened to the anxious people excusing themselves. He did not make any answer one way or another. He was terribly mortified and disappointed, and it went against his pride to make any further remonstrances. When they had done, he got down off his seat and took his right hand out of his pocket and

offered it to Miss Brown, who, putting her own into it, poor soul! with the remembrance of her ancient allegiance, was like to cry.

"Well," he said, "if that is the case, I suppose I need not bother you any longer. You'll give me your good wishes all the same. I used to hear of Ashburton sometimes, but I never had the least idea he was so popular. And to tell the truth, I don't think he's any great things to brag of — though I suppose it's not to be expected I should appreciate his qualities," Mr. Cavendish added, with a laugh. As for Miss Brown, it was all she could do to keep from crying as he went away. She said she could see, by the way he left the drawing-room, that he was a stricken deer; and yet, notwithstanding this sympathetic feeling, she could not but acknowledge, when Miss Marjoribanks mentioned it, that to have been such a handsome man, he was inconceivably gone off.

Mr. Cavendish went up Grange Lane with his hands in his pockets, and tried to think that he did not care; but he did care all the same, and was very bitter in his mind over the failure of friends and the vanity of expectations. The last time he had walked past those garden walls he had thought himself sure of the support of Carlingford, and the personal esteem of all the people in all the houses he was passing. It was after the Archdeacon had broken down in his case against the man whom he called an adventurer, and when Mr. Cavendish felt all the sweetness of being a member of an oligarchy, and entitled to the sympathy and support of his order. Now he went along the same path with his hat over his ears and his hands in his pockets, and rage and pain in his heart. Whose fault was it that his friends had deserted him and Carlingford knew him no more? He might as well have asked whose fault it was that he was getting stout and red in the face, and had not the same grace of figure nor ease of mind as he used to have? He had come very near to settling down and becoming a man of domestic respectability in this quiet place, and he had just escaped in time, and had laughed over it since, and imagined himself, with much glee, an old fogie looking after a lot of children. But the fact is that men do become old fogies even when they have no children to look after, and lose their figure and their elasticity just as soon and perhaps a little sooner in the midst of what is called life than in any milder scene of enjoyment. And it would have been very handy just

now to have been sure of his election without paying much for it. He had been living fast, and spending a great deal of money, and this, after all, was the only real ambition he had ever had; and he had thought within himself that if he won he would change his mode of life, and turn over a new leaf, and become all at once a different man. When a man has made such a resolution, and feels not only that a mere success but a moral reformation depends upon his victory, he may be permitted to consider that he has a right to win; and it may be divined what his state of mind was when he had made the discovery that even his old friends did not see his election to be of any such importance as he did, and could think of a miserable little bit of self-importance or gratified vanity more than of his interests — even the women who had once been so kind to him! He had just got so far in his thoughts when he met Mr. Centum, who stared for a moment, and then burst into one of his great laughs as he greeted him. "Good Lord! Cavendish, is this you? I never expected to see you like that!" the banker said, in his coarse way. "You're stouter than I am, old fellow; and such an Adonis as you used to be!" Mr. Cavendish had to bear all this without giving way to his feelings, or even showing them any more than he could help it. Nobody would spare him that imbecile suggestion as to how things used to be. To be growing stouter than Centum without Centum's excuse of being a well-to-do house-holder and father of a family, and respectable man from whom stoutness was expected, was very bitter to him; but he had to gulp it down, and recollect that Centum was as yet the only influential supporter, except his brother-in-law, whom he had in Carlingford.

"What have you been doing with yourself since you came that nobody has seen you?" said Mr. Centum. "If you are to do any good here, you know we shall have to look alive."

"I have been ill," said the unfortunate candidate, with a little natural loss of temper. "You would not have a man to trudge about at this time of year in all weathers when he is ill."

"I would not be ill again, if I were you, till it's all over," said Mr. Centum. "We shall have to fight every inch of our ground; and I tell you that fellow Ashburton knows what he's about — he goes at everything in a steady sort of way. He's not brilliant, you know, but he's sure" —

"Brilliant!" said Mr Cavendish, "I should think not. It is Lucilla Marjoribanks who is putting him up to it. You know she had an old grudge at me."

"Oh, nonsense about Lucilla," said Mr. Centum. "I can tell you Ashburton is not at all a contemptible adversary. He is going to work in the cunningest way — not a woman's sort of thing; and he's not a ladies'-man like you," the banker added, with a laugh.

"But I am afraid you can't go in for that sort of thing as you used to do, Cavendish. You should marry, and settle, and become a steady member of society, now you've grown so stout." This was the kind of way in which he was addressed even by his own supporter, who uttered another great laugh as he went off upon his busy way. It was a sort of thing Mr. Cavendish was not used to, and he felt it accordingly. To be sure he knew that he was ten years older, and that there were several things which he could not do with the same facility as in his youth. But he had saved up Carlingford in his imagination as a spot in which he would always be young, and where nobody should find out the difference; and instead of that, it was precisely in Carlingford that he was fated to hear how changed he was, with a frankness which only old friends would have been justified in using. As for Lucilla Marjoribanks, she was rather better looking than otherwise, and absolutely had not gone off. It did not occur to Mr. Cavendish that this might be because Lucilla at present was not still so old as he had been ten years ago, in the period which he now considered his youth. He was rather disposed, on the contrary, to take a moral view, and to consider that it was her feminine incapacity for going too far, which had kept years and amusements from having their due effect upon Miss Marjoribanks. And, poor fellow, he *had* gone too far. He had not been as careful in his life as he might have been had he stayed at Carlingford; and now he was paying the penalty. Such was the edifying state of mind which he had come to when he reached the top of Grove Street. And there a waft of soft recollections came across his mind. In the absence of all sympathy he could not help turning back to the thought of the enchantress of old who used to sing to him, and listen to him, and storm at him. Probably he would have ended by strolling along the familiar street, and canvassing for Mr. Lake's vote, which would have done him no good in Carlingford, but just then Dr. Marjoribanks stop-

ped in his brougham. The Doctor was looking very strange that morning, though nobody had particularly remarked it — perhaps because he smoothed his countenance when he was out of the brougham, which was his refuge when he had anything to think about. But he stopped suddenly to speak to Mr. Cavendish, and perhaps he had not time to perform that ceremony. He looked dark and cloudy, and constrained, and as if he forced himself to speak; which, to be sure, under the circumstances, was not so very strange.

"I am very glad to see you," the Doctor said, "though you were a day too late you know. Why didn't you give us warning before we all went and committed ourselves? If we had known that you were coming" —

"Ah, that's what old Brown said," said Mr. Cavendish, with a slight shrug of his shoulders; which was imprudent, for the Major was not so old as the Doctor, and besides was a much less important man in Grange Lane.

"So you have been to see old Brown," said Dr. Marjoribanks, in his dry way. "He always was a great admirer of yours. I can't wish you luck, you know, for if you win we lose" —

"Oh, I don't want you to wish me luck. I don't suppose there can be much comparison between my chance and that of a new man whom nobody ever heard of in my time," said the candidate for Carlingford. "I thought you Scotchmen, Doctor, always liked to be on the winning side."

"We've a way of making our side the winning side," said Dr. Marjoribanks, grimly, for he was touchy where his nationality was concerned. "Health all right, I hope?" he added, looking at Mr. Cavendish with that critical medical glance which shows that a verbal response is quite unnecessary. This time there was in the look a certain insinuation of doubt on the subject, which was not pleasant. "You are getting stout, I see," Dr. Marjoribanks added — not laughing, but as if that too was poor Mr. Cavendish's fault.

"Yes, I'm very well," he answered, curtly; but the truth was that he did not feel sure that he was quite well after he had seen the critical look in Dr. Marjoribanks's eye.

"You young men always go too fast," said the Doctor, with a strange little smile; but the term at least was consolatory; and after that Dr. Marjoribanks quite changed his tone. "Have you heard Woodburn talking of that great crash in town?" he said

—“that India house, you know—I suppose it’s quite true?”

“Quite true,” said Mr. Cavendish, promptly, and somehow he felt a pleasure in saying it. “I got all the particulars to-day in one of my letters—and lots of private people involved, which is always the way with these old houses,” he added, with a mixture of curiosity and malice—“widows, and all sorts of superannuated folks.”

“It’s a great pity,” said the Doctor: “I knew old Linchfield once, the chief partner—I am very sorry to hear it’s true;” and then the two shook hands, and the brougham drove on. As for Mr. Cavendish, he made up his mind at once that the Doctor was involved, and was not sorry, and felt that it was a sort of judicial recompense for his desertion of his friends. And he went home to tell his sister of it, who shared in his sentiments. And then it was not worth while going out any more that day—for the electioneering agent, who knew all about it, was not coming till the last train. “I suppose I shall have to work when he is here,” Mr. Cavendish said. And in the mean time he threw himself into an easy-chair. Perhaps that was why he was getting so stout.

And in the mean time the Doctor went on visiting his patients. When he came back to his brougham between his visits, and went bowling along in that comfortable way, along the familiar roads, there was a certain glumness upon his face. He was not a demonstrative man, but when he was alone you could tell by certain lines about the well-worn cordage of his countenance whether all was right with the Doctor; and it was easy to see just at this moment that all was not right with him. But he did not say anything about it when he got home; on the contrary, he was just at usual, and told his daughter all about his encounter with Mr. Cavendish. “A man at his time of life has no right to get fat—it’s a sort of thing I don’t like to see. And he’ll never be a ladies’ man no more, Lucilla,” said the Doctor, with a gleam of humour in his eye.

“He is exactly like George the Fourth, papa,” said Miss Marjoribanks; and the Doctor laughed as he sat down to dinner. If he had anything on his mind he bore it like a hero, and gave no sign; but then, as Mrs. John very truly remarked, when a man does not disclose his annoyances they always tell more upon him in the end.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THERE were a great many reasons why this should be a critical period in Miss Marjoribanks’s life. For one thing, it was the limit she had always proposed to herself for her term of young-ladyhood; and naturally, as she outgrew the age for them, she felt disposed to put away childish things. To have the control of society in her hands was a great thing; but still the mere means, without any end, was not worth Lucilla’s while—and her Thursdays were almost a bore to her in her present stage of development. They occurred every week, to be sure, as usual; but the machinery was all perfect, and went on by itself, and it was not in the nature of things that such a light adjunct of existence should satisfy Lucilla, as she opened out into the ripeness of her thirtieth year. It was this that made Mr. Ashburton so interesting to her, and his election a matter into which she entered so warmly, for she had come to an age at which she might have gone into Parliament herself had there been no disqualification of sex; and when it was almost a necessity for her to make some use of her social influence. Miss Marjoribanks had her own ideas in respect to charity, and never went upon ladies’ committees, nor took any further share than what was proper and necessary in parish work; and when a woman has an active mind, and still does not care for parish work, it is a little hard for her to find a “sphere.” And Lucilla, though she said nothing about a sphere, was still more or less in that condition of mind which has been so often and so fully described to the British public—when the ripe female intelligence, not having the natural resource of a nursery and a husband to manage, turns inwards, and begins to “make a protest” against the existing order of society, and to call the world to account for giving it no due occupation—and to consume itself. She was not the woman to make protests, nor to claim for herself the doubtful honours of a false position; but she felt all the same that at her age she had outlived the occupations that were sufficient for her youth. To be sure, there were still the dinners to attend to, a branch of human affairs worthy of the weightiest consideration, and she had a house of her own, as much as if she had been half-a-dozen times married; but still there are instincts which go even beyond dinners, and Lucilla had become conscious that her capabilities were greater than her

work. She was a Power in Carlingford, and she knew it; but still there is little good in the existence of a Power unless it can be made use of for some worthy end.

She was coming up Grange Lane rather late one evening, pondering upon these things—thinking within herself compassionately of poor Mr. Cavendish, a little in the same way as he had been thinking of her, but from the opposite point of view. For Lucilla could not but see the antithesis of their position, and how he was the foolish apprentice who had chosen his own way and was coming to a bad end, while she was the steady one about torride by in her Lord Mayor's coach. And Miss Marjoribanks was thinking at the same time of the other candidate, whose canvass was going on so successfully; and that, after the election and all the excitement was over, she would feel a blank. There could be no doubt she would feel a blank—and Lucilla did not see how the blank was to be filled up as she looked into the future; for, as has been said, parish work was not much in her way, and for a woman who feels that she is a Power, there are so few other outlets. She was a little disheartened as she thought it all over. Gleams of possibility, it is true, crossed her mind, such as that of marrying the member for Carlingford, for instance, and thus beginning a new and more important career; but she was too experienced a woman not to be aware by this time, that possibilities which did not depend upon herself alone had better not be calculated upon. And there did occur to her, among other things, the idea of making a great Experiment which could be carried out only by a woman of genius—of marrying a poor man, and affording to Carlingford and England an example which might influence unborn generations. Such were the thoughts that were passing through her mind when, to her great surprise, she came up to her father, walking up Grange Lane over the dirty remains of the snow—for there was a great deal of snow that year. It was so strange a sight to see Dr. Marjoribanks walking that at the first glance Lucilla was startled, and thought something was the matter; but, of course, it all arose from a perfectly natural and explainable cause.

"I have been down to see Mrs. Chiley," said the Doctor; "she has her rheumatism very bad again; and the horse has been so long out that I thought I would walk home. I think the old lady is a little upset about Cavendish, Lucilla. He was always a pet of hers."

"Dear Mrs. Chiley! she is not very bad, I hope?" said Miss Marjoribanks.

"Oh no, she is not very bad," said the Doctor, in a dreary tone. "The poor old machine is just about breaking up, that is all. We can cobble it this once, but next time perhaps"—

"Don't talk in such a disheartening way, papa," said Lucilla. "I am sure she is not so very old."

"We're all pretty old, for that matter," said the Doctor; "we can't run on for ever, you know. If you had been a boy like that stupid fellow, Tom, you might have carried on my practice, Lucilla—and even extended it, I shouldn't wonder," Dr. Marjoribanks added, with a little grunt, as who should say *that* is the way of the world.

"But I am not a boy," said Lucilla, mildly; "and even if I had been, you know, I might have chosen another profession. Tom never had any turn for medicine that I ever heard of"—

"I hope you know pretty well about all the turns he ever had with that old—woman," said the Doctor, pulling himself up sharply, "always at your ear. I suppose she never talks of anything else. But I hope you have too much sense for that sort of thing, Lucilla. Tom will never be anything but a poor man if he were to live a hundred years."

"Perhaps not, papa," said Lucilla, with a little sigh. The Doctor knew nothing about the great social experiment which it had entered into Miss Marjoribanks's mind to make for the regeneration of her contemporaries and the good of society, or possibly he might not have distinguished Tom by that particular title. Was it he, perhaps, who was destined to be the hero of a domestic drama embodying the best principles of that Moral Philosophy which Lucilla had studied with such success at Mount Pleasant? She could not ask herself the question, for things had not as yet come to that point, but it gleamed upon her mind as by a side-light.

"I don't know how you would get on if you were poor," said the Doctor. "I don't think that would suit you. You would make somebody a capital wife, I can say that for you, Lucilla, that had plenty of money and a liberal disposition like yourself. But poverty is another sort of thing, I can tell you. Luckily you're old enough to have got over all the love-in-a-cottage ideas—if you ever had them," Dr. Marjoribanks added. He was a worldly man himself, and he thought his daughter a

worldly woman; and yet, though he thoroughly approved of it, he still despised Lucilla a little for her prudence, which is a paradoxical state of mind not very unusual in the world.

"I don't think I ever had them," said Lucilla—"not that kind of poverty. I know what a cottage means; it means a wretched man, always about the house with his feet in slippers, you know—what poor dear Mr. Cavendish would come to if he was poor"—

The Doctor laughed, though he had not seemed up to this moment much disposed for laughing. "So that is all your opinion of Cavendish," he said; "and I don't think you are far wrong either; and yet that was a young fellow that might have done better," Dr. Marjoribanks said reflectively, perhaps not without a slight prick of conscience that he had forsaken an old friend.

"Yes," said Lucilla, with a certain solemnity—"but you know, papa, if a man will not when he may"—And she sighed, though the Doctor, who had not been thinking of Mr. Cavendish's prospects in that light, laughed once more; but it was a sharp sort of sudden laugh without much heart in it. He had most likely other things of more importance in his mind.

"Well, there have been a great many off and on since that time," he said, smiling rather grimly. "It is time you were thinking about it seriously, Lucilla. I am not so sure about some things as I once was, and I'd rather like to see you well settled before—It's a kind of prejudice a man has," the Doctor said abruptly, which, whatever he might mean by it, was a dismal sort of speech to make.

"Before what, papa?" asked Lucilla, with a little alarm.

"Tut—before long, to be sure," he said, impatiently. "Ashburton would not be at all amies if he liked it and you liked it; but it's no use making any suggestions about those things. So long as you don't marry a fool"—Dr. Marjoribanks said, with energy. "I know—that is, of course, I've seen what that is; you can't expect to get perfection, as you might have looked for perhaps at twenty; but I advise you to marry, Lucilla. I don't think you are cut out for a single woman, for my part."

"I don't see the good of single women," said Lucilla, "unless they are awfully rich; and I don't suppose I shall ever be awfully rich. But, papa, so long as I can be a comfort to you"—

"Yes," said the Doctor, with that tone which Lucilla could remember fifteen years

ago, when she made the same magnanimous suggestion, "but I can't live for ever, you know. It would be a pity to sacrifice yourself to me, and then perhaps next morning find that it was a useless sacrifice. It very often happens like that when self-devotion is carried too far. You've behaved very well, and shown a great deal of good sense, Lucilla—more than I gave you credit for when you commenced—I may say that; and if there was to be any change, for instance"—

"What change?" said Lucilla, not without some anxiety; for it was an odd way of talking, to say the least of it; but the Doctor had come to a pause, and did not seem disposed to resume.

"It is not so pleasant as I thought walking over this snow," he said. "I can't give that up, that I can see. And there's more snow in the air if I'm any judge of the weather. There—go in—go in; don't wait for me;—but mind you make haste and dress, for I want my dinner. I may have to go down to Mrs. Chiley again to-night."

It was an odd way of talking, and it was odd to break off like this; but then, to be sure, there was no occasion for any more conversation, since they had just arrived at their own door. It made Lucilla uneasy for the moment, but while she was dressing she managed to explain it to herself, and to think, after all, it was only natural that her papa should have seen a little into the movement and commotion of her thoughts; and then poor dear old Mrs. Chiley being so ill, who was one of his own set, so to speak. He was quite cheerful later in the evening, and enjoyed his dinner, and was even more civil than usual to Mrs. John. And though he did not come up to tea, he made his appearance afterwards with a flake of new-fallen snow still upon his rusty grey whiskers. He had gone to see his patient again, notwithstanding the silent storm outside. And his countenance was a little overcast this time, no doubt by the late walk, and the serious state Mrs. Chiley was in, and his encounter with the snow.

"Oh yes, she is better," he said. "I knew she would do this time. People at our time of life don't go off in that accidental kind of a way. When a woman has been so long used to living, it takes her a time to get into the way of dying. She might be a long time thinking about it yet, if all goes well"—

"Papa, don't speak like that!" said Lucilla. "Dying! I can't bear to think of such a thing. She is not so very old."

"Such things will happen whether you can bear to think of them or not," said the Doctor. "I said you would go down and see her to-morrow. We've all held out a long time — the lot of us. I don't like to think of the first gap myself, but somebody must make a beginning, you know."

"The Chileys were always older than you," said Mrs. John. "I remember in poor Mrs. Marjoribanks's time; — they were quite elderly then, and you were just beginning. When my Tom was a baby" —

"We were always of the same set," said the Doctor, interrupting her without hesitation. "Lucilla, they say Cavendish has got hold of the Rector. He has made believe to be penitent, you know. That is cleverer than anything you could have done. And if he can't be won back again it will be serious, the Colonel says. You are to try if you can suggest anything. It seems," said the Doctor, with mingled amusement and satire, and a kind of gratification, "that Ashburton has great confidence in you."

"It must have been the agent," said Lucilla. "I don't think any of the rest of them are equal to that. I don't see, if that is the case, how we are to win him back. If Mr. Ashburton had ever done anything very wicked, perhaps" —

"You are safe to say *he* is not penitent anyhow," said Dr. Marjoribanks, and he took his candle and went away with a smile. But either Mr. Ashburton's good opinion of Lucilla, or some other notion, had touched the Doctor. He was not a man who said much at any time, but when he bade her good-night, his hand drooped upon Lucilla's shoulder, and he patted it softly, as he might have patted the head of a child. It was not much, but still it was a good deal from him. To feel the lingering touch of her father's hand caressing her, even in so mild a way, was something quite surprising and strange to Miss Marjoribanks. She looked up at him almost with alarm, but he was just then turning away with his candle in his hand. And he seemed to have laid aside his gloom, and even smiled to himself as he went up-stairs. "If *she* had been the boy instead of that young ass," he said to himself. He could not have explained why he was more than ordinarily hard just then upon the innocent, far-distant Tom, who was unlucky, it is true, but not exactly an ass, after all. But somehow it struck the Doctor more than ever how great a loss it was to society and to herself that Lucilla was not "the boy." She could have continued, and perhaps extended, the practice,

whereas just now it was quite possible that she might drop down into worsted-work and tea-parties like any other single woman — while Tom, who had carried off the family honours, and was "the boy" in this limited and unfruitful generation, was never likely to do anything to speak of, and would be a poor man if he were to live for a hundred years. Perhaps there was something else behind that made the Doctor's brow contract a little as he crossed the threshold of his chamber, into which, no more than into the recesses of his heart, no one ever penetrated; but it was the lighter idea of that comparison, which had no actual pain in it, but only a kind of humorous discontent, which was the last articulate thought in his mind as he went to his room and closed his door with a little sharpness as he always did, upon the outside world.

Aunt Jemima, for her part, lingered a little with Lucilla down-stairs. "My dear, I don't think my brother-in-law looks well to-night. I don't think Carlingford is so healthy as it is said to be. If I were you, Lucilla, I would try and get your papa to take something," said Mrs. John, with anxiety, "before he goes to bed."

"Dear aunt Jemima, he never takes anything. You forget he is a doctor," said Miss Marjoribanks. "It always puts him out when he has to go out in the evening; and he is sad about Mrs. Chiley, though he would not say so." But nevertheless Lucilla knocked at his door when she went up-stairs. And the Doctor, though he did not open, growled within with a voice which reassured his dutiful daughter. "What should I want, do you think, but to be left quiet?" the Doctor said. And even Mrs. John, who had waited at his door, with her candle in her hand, to hear the result, shrank within at the sound and was seen no more. And Miss Marjoribanks, too, went to her rest, with more than one subject of thought which kept her awake. In the first place, the Rector was popular in his way, and if he chose to call all his forces to rally round a penitent, there was no saying what might come of it; and then Lucilla could not help going back in the most illogical manner to her father's caress, and wondering what was the meaning of it. Meantime the snow fell heavily outside, and wrapped everything in a soft and secret whiteness. And amid the whiteness and darkness, the lamp burned steadily outside at the garden-gate, which pointed out the Doctor's door amid all the closed houses and dark garden-walls in Grange Lane — a kind of visible succour and help always at hand for those who were

suffering. And though Dr. Marjoribanks was not like a young man making a practice, but had perfect command of Carlingford, and was one of the richest men in it, it was well known in the town that the very poorest, if in extremity, in the depths of the wildest night that ever blew, would not seek help there in vain. The bell that had roused him when he was young, still hung near him in the silence of his closed-up house when he was old, and still could make him spring up, all self-possessed and ready, when the enemy death had to be fought with. But that night the snow cushioned the wire outside, and even made white cornices and columns about the steady lamp, and the Doctor slept within, and no one disturbed him; for except Mrs. Chiley and a few chronic patients, there was nothing particularly amiss in Carlingford, and then it was Dr. Rider whom all the new people went to, the people who lived in the innumerable new houses at the other end of Carlingford, and had no hallowing tradition of the superior authority of Grange Lane.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE talk of this evening might not have been considered of any importance to speak of, but for the extraordinary and most unlooked-for event which startled all Carlingford next morning. Nobody could believe that it was true. Dr. Marjoribanks's patients waited for him, and declared to their nurses that it was all a made-up-story, and that he would come and prove that he was not dead. How could he be dead? He had been as well as he ever was that last evening. He had gone down Grange Lane in the snow, to see the poor old lady who was now sobbing in her bed, and saying it was all a mistake, and that it was she who ought to have died. But all those protestations were of no avail against the cold and stony fact which had frightened Thomas out of his senses, when he went to call the Doctor. He had died in the night without calling or disturbing anybody. He must have felt faint, it seemed, for he had got up and taken a little brandy, the remains of which still stood on the table by his bedside; but that was all that anybody could tell about it. They brought Dr. Rider, of course; but all that he could do was to examine the strong, still frame, old, and yet not old enough to be weakly, or to explain such sudden extinction, which had ceased its human functions. And then the news swept over Carlingford like a breath of

wind, though there was no wind even on that silent snowy day to carry the matter. Dr. Marjoribanks was dead. It put the election out of people's heads, and even their own affairs for the time being; for had he not known all about the greater part of them — seen them come into the world and kept them in it — and put himself always in the breach when the pale Death approached that way? He had never made very much boast of his friendliness or been large in sympathetic expressions, but yet he had never flinched at any time, or deserted his patients for any consideration. Carlingford was sorry, profoundly sorry, with that true sorrow which is not so much for the person mourned as for the mourner's self, who feels a sense of something lost. The people said to themselves, Whom could they ever find who would know their constitution so well, and who was to take care of So-and-so if he had another attack? To be sure Dr. Rider was at hand, who felt a little agitated about it, and was conscious of the wonderful opening, and was very ready to answer, "I am here;" but a young doctor is different from an old one, and a living man all in commonplace health and comfort is not to be compared with a dead one, on the morning at least of his sudden ending. Thank heaven, when a life is ended there is always that hour or two remaining to set straight the defective balances, and do a hasty late justice to the dead, before the wave sweeps on over him and washes out the traces of his steps, and lets in the common crowd to make their thoroughfare over the grave.

"It cannot be the Doctor," Mrs. Chiley said, sobbing in her bed, "or else it has been in mistake for me. He was always a healthy man and never had anything the matter with him — and a great deal younger than we are, you know. If anything has happened to him it must have been in mistake for me," said the poor old lady, and she was so hysterical that they had to send for Dr. Rider, and she was thus the first to begin to build the new world on the foundations of the old, little as she meant it. But for the moment everything was paralysed in Grange Lane, and canvassing came to a standstill, and nothing was discussed but Dr. Marjoribanks — how he was dead, though nobody could or would believe it; and how Lucilla would be left, and who her trustees were, and how the place could ever get used to the want of him, or would ever look like itself again without his familiar presence. It was by way of relieving their minds from the horror of the idea,

that the good people rushed into consultations what Lucilla would do. It took their minds a little off the ghastly imagination of that dark room with the snow on the window, and the late moonlight trying to get into the darkness, and the white rigid face inside, as he was said to have been found. It could not but make a terrible change to her — indeed, through her it could not but make a great change to everybody. The Doctor's house would, of course, be shut up, which had been the most hospitable house in Carlingford, and things would drop into the unsatisfactory state they used to be in before Miss Marjoribanks's time, and there would no longer be anybody to organize society. Such were the ideas the ladies of Grange Lane relapsed into by way of delivering themselves from the pain of their first realization of what had happened. It would make a great change. Even the election and its anticipated joys could not but change character in some respects at least, and there would be nobody to make the best of them; and then the question was, What would Lucilla do? Would she have strength to "make an effort," as some people suggested; or would she feel not only her grief, but her downfall, and that she was now only a single woman, and sink into a private life, as some others were inclined to believe.

Inside the house, naturally, the state of affairs was sad enough. Lucilla, notwithstanding the many other things she had had to occupy her mind, was fond of her father, and the shock overwhelmed her for the moment. Though she was not the kind of woman to torture herself with thinking of things that she might have done, still at the first moment the idea that she ought not to have left him alone — that she should have sat up and watched or taken some extraordinary unusual precaution — was not to be driven away from her mind. The reign of reason was eclipsed in her as it often is in such an emergency. She said it was her fault in the first horror. "When I saw how he was looking, and how he was talking, I should never have left him," said Lucilla, which indeed was a very natural thing to say, but would have been an utterly impossible one to carry out, as she saw when she came to think of it. But she could not think of it just then. She did not think at all that first long snowy, troubled day, but went about the house, on the bedroom floor, wringing her hands like a creature distracted. "If I had only sat up," she said; and then she would recall the touch of his hand on her shoulder, which she seemed still to

be feeling, and cry out, like all the rest of the world, that it could not be true. But, to be sure, that was a state of feeling that could not last long. There are even's for which something higher than accident must be held accountable, were one ever so ready to take the burden of affairs on one's own shoulders; and Lucilla knew, when she came to herself, that if she had watched ever so long or so closely, that could have had no effect upon the matter. After a while the bewildering sense of her own changed position began to come upon her, and roused her up into that feverish and unnatural activity of thought which, in some minds, is the inevitable reaction after the unaccustomed curb and shock of grief. When she had got used to that dreadful certainty about her father, and had suddenly come with a leap to the knowledge that she was not to blame, and could not help it, and that though *he* was gone, *she* remained, it is no censure upon Lucilla to say that her head became immediately full of a horror and confusion of thoughts, an involuntary stir and bustle of plans and projects, which she did all she could to put down, but which would return and overwhelm her whether she chose it or not. She could not help asking herself what her new position was, thinking it over, so strangely free and new and unlimited as it seemed. And it must be recollected that Miss Marjoribanks was a woman of very active mind and great energies, too old to take up a girl's fancy that all was over because she had encountered a natural grief on her passage, and too young not to see a long future still before her. She kept her room, as was to be expected, and saw nobody, and only moved the household and superintended the arrangements in a muffled way through Thomas, who was an old servant, and knew "the ways" of the house; but notwithstanding her seclusion and her honest sorrow, and her perfect observance of all the ordinary restraints of the moment, it would be wrong to omit all mention of this feverish bustle of thinking which came into Lucilla's mind in her solitude. Of all that she had to bear, it was the thing that vexed and irritated and distressed her the most — as if, she said to herself indignantly, she ought to have been able to think of anything! And the chances are that Lucilla, for sheer duty's sake, would have said, if anybody had asked, that of course she had not thought of anything as yet; without being aware that the mere shock, and horror, and profound commotion had a great deal more to do than anything else in producing that

fluttering crowd of busy, vexatious speculations which had come, without any will of hers, into her heart.

It looked a dreadful change in one way as she looked at it without wishing to look at it in the solitude of her own room, where the blinds were all down, and the snow sometimes came with a little thump against the window, and where it was so dark that it was a comfort when night came, and the lamp could be lighted. So far as Carlingford was concerned, it would be almost as bad for Miss Marjoribanks as if she were her father's widow instead of his daughter. To keep up a position of social importance in a single woman's house, unless as she had herself lightly said so short a time since, she were awfully rich, would be next to impossible. All that gave importance to the centre of society—the hospitable table, the open house—had come to an end with the Doctor. Things could no more be as they had once been, in that respect at least. She might stay in the house, and keep up to the furthest extent possible to her its old traditions; but even to the utmost limit to which Lucilla could think it right to go it could never be the same. This consciousness kept gleaming upon her as she sat in the dull daylight, behind the closed blinds, with articles of mourning piled about everywhere, and the grey dimness getting into her very eyes, and her mind distressed by the consciousness that she ought to have been unable to think; and the sadness of the prospect altogether was enough to stir up a reaction, in spite of herself, in Miss Marjoribanks's mind.

And on the other side she would no doubt be very well off, and could go wherever she liked, and had no limit, except what was right and proper and becoming, to what she might please to do. She might go abroad if she liked, which perhaps is the first idea of the modern English mind when anything happens to it, and settle wherever she pleased, and arrange her mode of existence as seemed good in her own eyes. She would be an heiress in a moderate way, and aunt Jemima was by this time absolutely at her disposal, and could be taken anywhere; and at Lucilla's age it was quite impossible to predict what might not happen to a woman in such a position. When these fairer possibilities gleamed into Lucilla's mind, it would be difficult to describe the anger and self-disgust with which she reproached herself—for perhaps it was the first time that she had consciously failed in maintaining a state of mind becoming the occasion; and though nobody but herself

knew of it, the pain of the accusation was acute and bitter. But how could Miss Marjoribanks help it?—the mind travels so much quicker than anything else, and so far, and makes its expeditions in such subtle, stealthy ways. She might begin by thinking of her dear papa, and yet before she could dry her eyes might be off in the midst of one of these bewildering speculations. For everything was certain now so far as he was concerned; and everything was so uncertain, and full of such unknown issues for herself. Thus the dark days before the funeral passed by—and everybody was very kind. Dr. Marjoribanks was one of the props of the place, and all Carlingford bestirred itself to do him the final honours; and all her friends conspired how to save Lucilla from all possible trouble, and help her over the trial; and to see how much he was respected was the greatest of all possible comforts to her, as she said.

Thus it was that among the changes that everybody looked for, there occurred all at once this change which was entirely unexpected, and put everything else out of mind for the moment. For to tell the truth, Dr. Marjoribanks was one of the men who, according to external appearance, need never have died. There was nothing about him that wanted to be set right, no sort of loss, or failure, or misunderstanding, so far as anybody could see. An existence in which he could have his friends' dinner every week, and a good house, and good wine, and a very good table, and nothing particular to put him out of his way, seemed in fact the very ideal of the best life for the Doctor. There was nothing in him that seemed to demand anything better, and it was confusing to try to follow him into that which, no doubt, must be in all its fundamentals a very different kind of world. He was a just man and a good man in his way, and had been kind to many people in his lifetime—but still he did not seem to have that need of another rectifying completer existence which most men have. There seemed no reason why he should die—a man who was so well contented with this lower region in which many of us fare badly, and where so few of us are contented. This was a fact which exercised a very confusing influence, even when they themselves were not aware of it, on many people's minds. It was hard to think of him under any other circumstances, or identify him with angels and spirits—which feeling on the whole made the regret for him a more poignant sort of regret.

And they buried him with the greatest signs of respect. People from twenty miles

off sent their carriages, and all the George Street people shut their shops, and there was very little business done all day. Mr. Cavendish and Mr. Ashburton walked side by side at the funeral, which was an affecting sight to see; and if anything more could have been done to show their respect which was not done, the corporation of Carlingford would have been sorry for it. And the snow still lay deep in all the corners, though it had been trampled down all about the Doctor's house, where the lamp was not lighted now of nights; for what was the use of lighting the lamp, which was a kind of lighthouse in its way, and meant to point out succour and safety for the neighbours, when the physician himself was lying beyond all hope of succour or aid? And all the Grange Lane people retired in a sympathetic, awe-stricken way, and decided, or at least the ladies did, to see Lucilla next day, if she was able to see them, and to find out whether she was going to make an effort, or what she meant to do. And Mrs. Chiley was so much better that she was able to be up a little in the evening, though she scarcely could forgive herself, and still could not help thinking that it was she who had really been sent for, and that the Doctor had been taken in mistake. And as for Lucilla, she sat in her room and cried, and thought of her father's hand upon her shoulder—that last unusual caress which was more touching to think of than a world of words. He had been fond of her and proud of her, and at the last moment he had showed it. And by times she seemed to feel again that lingering touch, and cried as if her heart would break: and yet, for all that, she could not keep her thoughts steady, nor prevent them from wandering to all kinds of profane out-of-door matters, and to considerations of the future, and estimates of her own position. It wounded her sadly to feel herself in such an inappropriate state of mind, but she could not help it; and then the want of natural light and air oppressed her sorely, and she longed for the evening, which felt a little more natural,

and thought that at last she might have a long talk with aunt Jemima, who was a kind of refuge in her present loneliness, and gave her a means of escape at the same time from all this bustle and commotion of unbecoming thoughts.

This was enough surely for any one to have to encounter at one time; but that very night another rumour began to murmur through Carlingford—a rumour more bewildering, more incredible still, than that of the Doctor's death, which the town had been obliged to confirm and acknowledge, and put its seal to. When the thing was first mentioned, everybody (who could find it in their heart to laugh) laughed loud in the face of the first narrator with mingled scepticism and indignation. They asked him what he meant by it, and ridiculed and scoffed at him to his face. "Lucilla will be the richest woman in Grange Lane," people said; "everybody in Carlingford knows that." But after this statement had been made, the town began to listen. It was obliged to listen, for other witnesses came in to confirm the story. It never might have been found out while the Doctor lived, for he had a great practice, and made a great deal of money; but now that he was dead, nothing could be hid. He was dead, and he had made an elaborate will, which was all as just and righteous as a will could be; but after the will was read, it was found out that everything named in it had disappeared like a bubble. Instead of being the richest, Dr. Marjoribanks was one of the poorest men in Carlingford, when he shut his door behind him on that snowy night. It was a revelation which took the town perfectly by storm, and startled everybody out of their senses. Lucilla's plans, which she thought so wicked, went out all of a sudden, in a certain dull amaze and dismay, to which no words could give any expression. Such was the second inconceivable reverse of fortune which happened to Miss Marjoribanks, more unexpected, more incomprehensible still than the other, in the very midst of her most important activities and hopes.

THE COUNTY CROP FOR CHIGNONS.—CHIGNONS! CHIGNONS! CHIGNONS! For Sale, by Order of Government, several cwt. of HAIR cut from the HEADS of FEMALE CONVICTS in conformity with the Regulations established in Her Majesty's Gaols throughout the United Kingdom. In Lots, of every description of colour. The attention of **PERRUQUIERS, PERFORMERS** and others is invited to this opportunity of securing an adequate Supply of Material for

the manufacture of CHIGNONS of every Shade and Hue. A Liberal Allowance will be made to PURCHASERS on taking a QUANTITY. — N. B. The whole of the HAIR representing the average COUNTY CROP of the United Kingdom has been carefully subjected to a DISINFECTING PROCESS and exposed to a temperature of 212° Fahrenheit.

H. WADDINGTON.
Punch.

WHITEHALL JAN. 1, 1866.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

STUART MILL ON MIND AND MATTER.*

A NEW SONG.

AIR — "*Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.*"

*Stuart Mill, on Mind and Matter,
All our old Beliefs would scatter :
Stuart Mill exerts his skill
To make an end of Mind and Matter.*

The self-same tale I've surely heard,
Employed before, our faith to batter :
Has David Hume again appeared,
To run a-muck at Mind and Matter ?

*David Hume could Mind and Matter
Ruthlessly assault and batter :
Those who Hume would now exhume
Must mean to end both Mind and Matter.*

Now Mind, now Matter, to destroy,
Was oft proposed, at least the latter :
But David was the daring boy
Who fairly floored both Mind and Matter.

*David Hume, both Mind and Matter,
While he lived, would boldly batter :
Hume to Mill bequeathed by Will
His favourite feud with Mind and Matter.*

Men think they see the Things that be ;
But Truth is coy, we can't get at her ;
For what we spy is all my eye,
And isn't really Mind or Matter.

*Hume and Mill on Mind and Matter
Sweat that others merely smatter :
Sense reveals that Something feels,
But tells no tale of Mind or Matter.*

Against a stone you strike your toe ;
You feel 'tis sore, it makes a clatter :
But what you feel is all you know
Of toe, or stone, or Mind, or Matter.

*Mill and Hume of Mind and Matter
Wouldn't leave a rag or tatter :
What although we feel the blow ?
That doesn't show there's Mind or Matter.*

*"Matter, then, may be defined a Permanent Possibility of Sensation." — *Mill's Examination of Hamilton*, p. 198.

"The belief I entertain that my mind exists, when it is not feeling, nor thinking, nor conscious of its own existence, resolves itself into the belief of a Permanent Possibility of these states." "The Permanent Possibility of feeling, which forms my notion of myself." — *Ibid.*, pp. 206, 206.

We meet and mix with other men ;
With women, too, who sweetly chatter :
But mayn't we here be duped again,
And take our thoughts for Mind and Matter ?

*Sights and sounds like Mind and Matter,
Fairy forms that seem to chatter,
May be gleams in Fancy's dreams
Of Men and Women, Mind and Matter.*

Successive feelings on us seize
(As thick as falling hail-stones patter),
The Chance of some return of these,
Is all we mean by Mind or Matter.

*Those who talk of Mind and Matter
Just a senseless jargon patter :
What are We, or you, or he ? —
Dissolving views, not Mind or Matter.*

We're but a train of visions vain,
Of thoughts that cheat, and hopes that flatter :
This hour's our own, the past is flown ;
The rest unknown, like Mind and Matter.

*Then farewell to Mind and Matter ;
To the winds at once we scatter
Time and Place, and Form and Space
And You and Me, and Mind and Matter,*

We banish hence Reid's Common Sense ;
We laugh at Dugald Stewart's blatter ;
Sir William, too, and Mansel's crew,
We've done for You, and Mind and Matter.

*Speak no more of Mind and Matter :
Mill with mud may else bespatter
All your schools of silly fools,
That dare believe in Mind or Matter.*

But had I skill, like Stuart Mill,
His own position I could shatter :
The weight of Mill, I count as Nil —
If Mill has neither Mind nor Matter.

*Mill, when minus Mind and Matter,
Though he make a kind of clatter,
Must himself just mount the Shelf,
And there be laid with Mind and Matter.*

I'd push my logic further still
(Though this may have the look of satire) :
I'd prove there's no such man as Mill, —
If Mill disproves both Mind and Matter.

*If there's neither Mind nor Matter,
Mill's existence, too, we shatter :
If you still believe in Mill,
Believe as well in Mind and Matter.*

from the Saturday Review.

THE TIMES ON AMERICAN TRADE.

A SINGULAR controversy has lately arisen between the *Times* and some of its commercial correspondents, which is not the less important though it may be impossible to arrive at a certain conclusion. The *Times* insists that the trade with the United States is absorbing English capital to an extent which threatens soon to lead to a pressure, and possibly to a genuine crisis, such as has not been witnessed for nearly ten years. The American merchants, on the other hand, show, or attempt to show, that the balance of our exports to their country over the imports during the last few months is extremely small; that the trade, though rapidly augmented, is thoroughly sound; and that there never was less occasion for commercial alarm. After the most careful consideration of the returns which relate to the commerce of the country, it is by no means easy to ascertain the exact truth as to the figures in dispute. It is undoubtedly true, as the *Times* maintains, that there has recently been a great expansion of the export trade to the American ports. On the other hand, it is equally true that the arrivals of cotton have been largely in excess of the import of former years, and that to some considerable extent the remaining balance has been made good by the importation of American securities. Without entering into the fruitless controversy as to the precise amount of the debt which is running up against America, we may assume that it is not very far from being represented by the amount of imported bonds. Though the great impulse to this trade began two or three months ago, there is no flow of bullion either way between the two countries, nor any very distinct trace of an equivalent operation through the channel of any third country. Whatever America may owe us is clearly a debt of which payment is not at present very urgently demanded; and though, in part, this may be due to the fact that credits are unexpired, it is probably attributable in much greater measure to the considerable amount of Federal bonds and other American securities which has been purchased in England since the establishment of peace. This, of course, has only the effect of changing the form, without diminishing the amount, of national indebtedness; but it must not be forgotten that, if a tendency now exists to invest in Transatlantic securities, it may work for some time before it supplies us with as large a total as was always held in England be-

fore the civil war. Moreover, the excess of exports over imports is not yet supposed by the most gloomy prophets to exceed seven or eight millions; and it is a fair observation that, while the City prophet of the *Times* sees no cause for alarm in a foreign loan recently announced for about the same amount, he need scarcely be frightened out of his senses by trading operations on a corresponding scale. It is noticeable that foreign loans, which may be rational investments for surplus capital, have a far more serious influence on our Money-market than the application of an equal sum of money to domestic enterprise or foreign trade; and yet it always happens that the *Times*, which watches with so much jealousy—and, we may add, with so much reason—the progress of joint-stock speculation and export trade, has never a word to say against the wildest proposals for putting British capital into the hands of foreign Governments whose solvency is measured by promised rates of interest of the most extravagant kind. It is probably this one-sided view of the transactions of the Exchange that has produced much of the unbelief with which the warnings of the *Times* City articles have been recently received. They are palpably over-strained in attributing the most tremendous possible consequences to the absorption of what cannot be considered a very vast amount of capital; and many traders who know that the American trade is going on very smoothly, and to all appearance very profitably, at present, have jumped to the opposite conclusion, that there is nothing in the present state of commerce to call for any special degree of watchfulness. It may turn out that in this theory they are wandering further on one side of the truth than the *Times* has done on the other, and certainly excessive confidence is a more dangerous temper than excessive caution.

The fact seems to be that the really important point has been lost sight of, or at any rate kept in the back-ground, by both parties to the discussion. They have wasted their ingenuity and their power of assertion in the endeavour to determine the precise amount of the adverse balance, when the real danger is not at all that a moderate temporary outlay of this kind will prove more than English capital is able to provide for. At the most, if we assume American trade to be thoroughly sound, there is only an investment of a few millions in safe hands, and it will need something more than this to derange the whole course of English commerce. But, in the midst of

all the wrangling about a secondary point, the real question of which the importance cannot be exaggerated is wholly overlooked. What the ultimate issue of the present activity of commerce may be depends mainly on the position in which our American debtors may find themselves before the year is over. If no part of the foreign and internal activity of American traders is due to the enormous expansion of their currency; if they have emerged from the war with a solid basis of capital capable of supporting a traffic twice as large as that which existed before the first shot was fired; if the exhaustion of the South and the feverish speculation of the North involve no elements of weakness; if there is no risk that trade may collapse as soon as the attempt shall be made to bring back the currency to par; if, in short Mr. McCULLOCH is entirely wrong in warning his countrymen against the existing tendency to inflation; then we may rest assured that nothing will shake the foundations of American commerce, and that the profits on our exports will well repay us for locking up a little of the aggregate national capital for a short time in American ventures. We do not observe, however, that any of the vindicators of American merchants put the case as high as this. All they do say is, that at present remittances come as satisfactorily and rapidly as could be desired; that the profits on all sides have been large; that, in spite of the duties, the American people have found the money to purchase and consume unheard-of quantities of European goods; and that no indication of immediate financial weakness is discernible. All this may be perfectly true, and yet an American crisis may be brewing all the more rapidly for the present appearance of universal prosperity. And the great danger for England is the probability, approaching to certainty, that we shall become so extensively and so intimately engaged on American account as to preclude all hope of localising any commercial disturbance, and sustaining our own financial position in spite of any disasters that may occur elsewhere. The very fact that, with a circulation enormously beyond anything which has ever existed before, the premium on gold has stood, ever since the peace, at no more than 50 per cent. is the reverse of encouraging. An excessive currency can only be absorbed in this way by an excessive trade, and reaction follows as inevitably upon excess in this as in other

matters. The stability of American markets would be much better secured if gold bore a premium more in proportion to the actual amount of superfluous notes; and it is impossible to contemplate the restrictive operations which Mr. McCULLOCH is, properly enough, bent upon, without grave doubts whether American trade will come safely through the ordeal. The trial cannot be avoided by any policy, and there is much sense in the determination of the Finance Minister to grapple with the risk at once, instead of waiting for a time when the commerce of his country may be still more inflated, and allowing the evils which follow in the train of a mock-prosperity to be aggravated, as they must be, by every day's delay.

If it were only certain that we should escape the consequences of any monetary disturbance in America, the course of affairs there might be watched with the placid interest with which we ordinarily contemplate the struggles and disasters of our friends; but there has been no example of a general commercial crisis in the United States which has not been severely felt also in the English markets. It is in the possible consequences of such a calamity that the only serious danger need be feared from the expansion of our trade with the United States; and, however much the *Times* may have erred in supposing that England was unable to bear the weight of a prosperous trade on the scale recently carried on, it would be a much more fatal error on the part of our merchants if they should assume that, after all she has gone through, and with all the difficulties yet to be mastered, America is not now in a very critical financial position. It is clearly not well for this country to stimulate the already unprecedented activity of American importers, or to cast in its lot too completely with a neighbour so peculiarly situated: and, with the fullest admission of the completeness of the answers to some of the reasonings of the *Times*, it must be owned that the conclusion was not very erroneous. If not precisely for the reason assigned, still as a matter of fact, it is just now the most prudent course to keep transactions with America within moderate bounds; and the *Times* may well be thanked for giving a wholesome warning, even by those who utterly dissent from its somewhat extravagant picture of the present condition of our American trade.

From the Spectator, Jan. 6.

THE TRIUMPH OF IDEAS.

THERE is strength, then, in ideas after all. Never, perhaps, in the history of the world did an idea gain so rapid, complete, and visible a triumph as that which was consummated at Washington on the 19th December. One of the many depressing signs around us which observers watch with alarm, is the apparent decay, or rather temporary paralysis, of the faith in ideas. In the new search for intellectual realism people doubt audibly—witness the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Thursday, on the French Press—whether thought is stronger than armies, whether an idea has, simply because it is great, the power of making itself effective. They do not despise thought, they do not many of them deny that it would be well if it were stronger than bayonets, but they question its effectiveness, its power to cloth itself in flesh and bones, and do great things in the world. Freedom is better than tyranny; but, after all, French freedom has battled for a hundred years only to be suppressed by the peasants of France. Pauperism is an evil; but, after all, the ideas of the social thinkers of Europe have not perceptibly diminished pauperism. Ignorance is bad; but, after all, crime varies in the ratio of population, and not in that of education and enlightenment. Is it worth while to fight for a great idea, and with vast pain and expenditure of energy and self-sacrifice to accelerate its diffusion one little hairbreadth, when, after all, it may never grow strong enough to affect the welfare of mankind? Ideas must grow, and for growth there must be soil, and there is as yet no such thing, but only sand. Enthusiasts waste their lives in preaching co-operation, and co-operation is good; but to be effective, it needs a lower class aware that self-sacrifice is essential to its success—and there is no such class. Why strive and toil, and it may be perish, to advance a principle which after all may never be more than abstract? Is it not better, or even nobler, says the modern Archimedes, to become wise one's-self, but never apply wisdom, to study the lever, but never build a catapult, to play the part of the intellectual Sadducee, seeing the wrong and the right and commenting thereon, but otherwise well content to know that sugar is sweet, and that one has sugar? Or better still, to do all that, and also what little good comes to hand easily, and leave principles to take of themselves; punish the beadle who starves the pauper, but level no stroke at pauperism? Now, as

ever, ideas seem "to the wise," that is to those who want results, a "stumbling-block," and "to the Greeks," that is to *Saturday Reviewers*, who want everything to conduct itself in a highly cultured way, mere "foolishness."

The advocates of this "philosophy of common sense" which after all is only utilitarianism degraded from a creed into an opinion, always seem to us to omit one great datum from their calculation. Souls always accrete themselves bodies of some kind, though not necessarily the fittest bodies. Great ideas do not always triumph only by percolation; if they did, enthusiasts might well despair, for no generation would ever witness the realization of its own greatest thoughts. The labour of sending a new thought requiring the assent of millions before it can be effective through those millions of hostile and unreceptive minds would daunt the imagination of the thinkers of to-day, as it did those of the same class in the century before Christ, and again during the Renaissance. Individuals dislike planting oaks till the only oaks planted in Europe for timber are those planted by States, or by nobles who expect their families to endure like States. Let posterity judge, is the wish of the dreamer, rarely that of the man intent on diffusing a real idea. He wants to see it succeed, and, if he cannot see it, turns aside, as Comte did, to plunge into himself till he becomes a mere dreamer of dreams. Fortunately for mankind, the first property of an idea, that is of a thought with fructifying power, a thought for which men can be martyrs, is to accrete to itself weapons not its own, to use causes and dominate classes, and as it were *dye* acts, with all which it has little or no connection. The French idea of equality won its way not by percolation, but because there was in the France of 1789 no road to justice and physical comfort but through it. The idea of Free Trade by itself would never have won the battle, for the English masses are not free-traders yet, but it drew to itself the desire for cheaper food, and so used the "big loaf" as to come out triumphant. It will be triumphant in America, when it has found a similar weapon, and all who support it assist the day when the search for such a weapon shall be successful. We remember reading once an account in an American magazine, how far accurate we know not, of the way in which education triumphed in Rhode Island. The rulers there, middle-class, well-to-do men, would not have the idea, declared it expensive and visionary, fought it on the ground of economy, suc-

cooded year after in preventing its taking to itself a body in the shape of a legislative Act. The suffrage, however, was wide, and one fine morning Rhode Island found itself in presence of an imminent agrarian law. The idea had found its weapon, opposition died instantly away, and the common schools of Rhode Island are amongst the best in the Union. The truth would seem to be that conviction, or as most men following an Oriental model call it, faith, is in itself power, and that a minority once fully imbued with a principle can and does lead a majority anxious for something very different, but convinced against their will, or rather with their will and against their prejudices. Conviction gives the power to convince, and as we see every day in theological life and the life of scientific enthusiasts, faith is an effluent power as much as fire or electricity, or many other of the physical forces. Even inferior men, once possessed of it, can dominate superior men, and those who are not statesmen can lead masses, who are seeking far different results, direct to the one the enthusiasts have desired.

The recent illustration is, we believe, the most wonderful, or at least the most visible, yet recorded. On the 19th December Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, announced officially that the constitutional amendments abolishing slavery and enabling Congress to make that abolition effectual, had been signed by twenty-seven States, and had consequently become part of the Federal Constitution. It is not yet six years since John Brown died on the gallows, saying, "God sees that I am of more use to hang than for any other earthly purpose." He was the first abolitionist who died fighting the slave power, and in his death was one more illustration of the "worn out" truth that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. It is impossible to conceive a cause more triumphant than that of slavery was when that old man, after kissing the negro child — thick-lipped child, with yellow whites to its eyes — walked quietly up to the gallows surrounded by an execrating soldiery. The institution, fenced in by the active love of eight millions who could slay or be slain for it, by the reverence of twenty millions more, who when the national existence was in question hardly dared to touch it, by the silent respect of probably five-sixths of the rulers of earth, who felt slavery an outpost of their own dominion, seemed beyond all human attack. The most sanguine dreamer only hoped that time and

civilization might in their slow development gradually ameliorate the curse. The "wise" defended it, the "Greeks," — always wiser than the wise, as the *Saturday Review* is wiser than the *Record*, — thought John Brown's attempt a foolish waste of life, and yet as the fanatic body gave up its soul, slavery, to end which John Brown had given his body and offered his soul, died too. In all history nothing is more certain than that from John Brown's "mad" attempt sprang secession. "These men, then, can fight," said the South, "can die for their wild fanaticism, are not cowards, but madmen;" and from that moment, as Calhoun had prophesied, the South saw in separation the only chance for its beloved institution. It seceded, and the "idea" so long contemned, and derided, and despised, leaped up armed. Its advocates, by no means able men as a rule, were still the only men who saw, what the statesmen could not see, that in slavery was the root of the evil, that it or the Union must die, that in it lay the death warrant of Republican institutions. Alone decided amidst the rushing crowd, these men were always foremost, and always therefore guided the else vacillating rush. Reluctantly, defiantly almost, another idea, the thirst for empire, always armed and always ready for battle, placed its armies at the disposal of a nobler thought, and to secure a geographical gain worked out a moral victory. A half convinced President proclaimed to a partly convinced army and an unconvinced people that he accepted an idea he had not made, that not because it stood condemned of God, not because it was in itself the sum and aggregate of all human wickedness, but because it was opposed to a glorious dream — the dream of a continent set apart for the peaceful progress of humanity — slavery should die. And he did die, die of hard blows, and blood shed, and brave men put to flight, and strong men sent to the gallows — Captain Gordon, *e. g.* — and all those things which are done only by power clothed in flesh and dressed in armour. The idea had become flesh, had dressed itself in armour, and struck — this abstract and lightly ungentelemanly thing, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* would say — terrible physical blows, as social equality has also struck, as religious freedom may strike, as democracy, one of the grandest, if one of the most imperfect ideas which ever visited man, will yet strike, at recalcitrant power. In 1859 abolition was John Brown. In 1865 it was John Brown followed by a million of armed and drilled Anglo-Saxons, intent doubtless on many ends, but fulfilling in their own

despite always the end that to John Brown was living, when as he walked—slightly slouching, possibly—to the gallows he kissed that thick-lipped child.

And so it will always be. It is hard even for trained thinkers intent upon their work to explain precisely why a true idea always wins—except indeed by saying what to-day is an argument only with the *Record*, and the *Record's* bitterest antagonist, that the Judge of all the earth can do only right, and that He is irresistible—but the fact remains. Great ideas have strength. Let the strongest man in Europe try a fall with the Emperor Napoleon and he will be beaten, will possibly end his days in rowing a boat under the lash through the bayous of Cayenne. Nevertheless, as sure as the idea of freedom is higher than the idea of authority, so surely will Napoleonism pass away, leaving only the trace a beacon light leaves when it flashes on a quagmire or a rock. Nothing on earth at this moment seems so invincible as English pauperism. It is protected by the faith of the strongest people that ever lived, by the impregnable earth wall of human ignorance, by a wretched perversion of the words of the Son of God, and it will fall nevertheless, fall till its defence will seem, not to our "sons" or our posterity, but to us, a momentary aberration which volumes will be written to explain. Ideas are stronger than armies, for they can not only produce armies, as the idea which led to the Crusades did, but they can borrow armies, as the idea which produced Abolition did, and as the idea which demands justice in Jamaica will do. These good Tories think they will have a majority upon that question, which is really an "idea,"—the right of the British subject with pigment in his cuticle to the same measure as the British subject without pigment—and their view, though an improbable one, is of course a possible one. What then? The Sadducees may say the true policy is to see that the people of Jamaica are oppressed, and be silent lest there should be a fuss about it, and uncultivated people say things pleasing to the Almighty but not to Oxford, and the Sadducees will be for their ends in the right. And the idea will march on nevertheless, till it meets some day, and at no long day, the flesh, beautiful or hideous, which will clothe it with the required physical power, and the Sadducees will cower first of all, and acknowledge, "Lo! here is Truth armed." Fighting her is not my business, but concession. Why fight with expedien-
cies which have become strong? Whence the flesh is to come we

know not, possibly from some low greed for gain which only the negro can secure to us, but come it will at last, and then the idea clothed and visible will rule with the tyrannical sway all Anglo-Saxon ideas assume. Meanwhile it is well for the few who have not lost the capacity for intellectual faith to march on, carrying their idea over an ever widening range until at last the body is found, careless of those who satirize them as fanatics, dangerous to those who denounce them as evil men, firm even against those who, seeing as clearly as themselves, will lend no hand to help because the workmen reek so with their toil. Was ever enthusiast yet so silly as he who first put a seed into the ground and expected the rotten mite to grow?

From the Saturday Review.

THE GOVERNMENT OF COLOURED RACES IN COLONIES.

* PERHAPS nothing so much illustrates the careless hand-to-mouth state of political opinion in England as the utter ignorance of two-thirds of the people, and the utter indifference of nearly the whole other third, as to the principles on which alien and dissimilar races ought to be governed. Whoever at any time thinks at all on the subject of civil government must think on this. But the fact is that, in England, very few people ever do think of the theory of government. We pride ourselves on our "practical" character and habits. We rejoice that we are not as other nations are, theorists and formalists. We have shaped, rather than designed, a form of government which altogether suits our disposition and our wants, but which is so full of modifications, inconsistencies, checks and counter-checks, that we should wholly despair of making it intelligible to an enlightened citizen of those nations which rejoice in the elaborate enunciation of first principles, and the rigid formularies of codified constitutions. We do not care very much about first principles. We fashion for ourselves a Parliament and Government, and refashion them as we feel the need of change. But we leave to a select few, whether natives or foreigners, the duty of explaining, criticizing, and formalizing what we have done.

This so-called "practical" character of our minds has made most of us wholly in-

different, if not blind, to one of the greatest problems which can puzzle the ingenuity of statesmen. For certainly no question can well be more puzzling than this: — "How ought subject alien races to be governed?" Even when the unexpected flash of a Jamaica rebellion or tumult startles us, we fail to recognize in the event a symptom which we ought long since to have studied and examined. We had a graver warning in the Indian mutiny; smaller ones in disturbances at St. Vincent's and Antigua. The Indian mutiny was put down, but it flared long enough to startle the whole of England with its unwonted blaze. The riots at St. Vincent's and Antigua were also put down, though not in a very satisfactory or honourable way; for the one required the intervention of French troops, and the other left vestiges of greater alarm on the minds of those who had been assailed than of those who disturbed the public peace. The final suppression of the first, and the comparative obscurity of the latter insurrections deadened inquiry and thought in England. "Practical" men took it for granted that, if such outbreaks did occur, some means would be found to put them down. So all concern was dissipated, men ceased to think on the subject, and its important bearings on the relations, not only of England, but of other European countries, to other multifarious races were soon lost sight of.

Yet, even in an age in which intelligent artisans allow themselves to be persuaded by a powerful demagogue that there was a time in the history of England when the right of voting for members of Parliament was possessed by all yearly tenants of houses (as that phrase is now understood), it may not be impossible to convince some persons that the question which we have propounded, even if difficult of solution, is worthy of consideration. To us, as a people, it is one of urgent importance. To others — for example, Holland, France, Spain, and the United States — it is only of less importance because their coloured and alien subjects are less numerous than ours. But it is important to all Europe and to the European races in North America, because both Europe and America will, every succeeding year, have greater intercourse with this motley herd of dissimilar populations. In England we see little of these races. A Lascar at a crossing, an old negro servant preserved as a relic by an only half-ruined Jamaica family, are objects which excite occasional sympathy or liking or pity in the mind of the worldly Londoner. A negro

preacher or law student occasionally falls in our way; but it would hardly be accurate to say that either of these specimens is generally calculated to excite sympathy or liking beyond the unctuous pale of Exeter Hall. As a rule, English people out of London see little either of the Eastern or the African races. They do not know what it is to grow up with, and in close proximity to, a race of different origin, manners, thoughts, intellect, from themselves, and bearing on their bodies the strong ineradicable signs of this hereditary difference. Not only are the races different in all other characteristics, but they have the two signal marks of distinction — a distinct feature and a distinct colour. Of this contiguity of populations nothing is known in England, as it is known in the East Indies, in the West Indies, and the Southern States of the American Federation. But something distantly resembling it is known in our larger towns. There, mixed up with our own native artisans, is a large body of Irish immigrants — different indeed in race, lineament, and religion, but not different in colour or language. Such dissimilarity as does exist, though fruitful in small disputes, and inimical to fusion, does not prevent a general harmony of existence and occasional intermarriages. It gives, however, a peculiar, and perhaps not a desirable, character to the life of those districts in which the two races are found together. There is a great deal of Celtic impulse, of Celtic warmth, of Celtic mobility, and Celtic quickness, together with a certain degree of Celtic insincerity and want of truth, thrown, in casual and unadjusted proportions, into mixture with this dull stolid obstinacy of the lower Englishman. The result is not, on the whole, particularly pleasing. But then there is this to be remembered. Both the races thus brought together in frequent collision and only partial combination are of the lowest and poorest class. All the temptations and all the irritations of poverty are common to both. And the result could hardly be expected to be pleasing. When the Irish become disproportionately numerous (which they have a faculty of becoming), their characteristics give a decided tone and colour to the suburb or district. What that tone and that colour are, magistrates, vestry-men, and parish officers can best define. Whatever they are (and they are not unmixedly bad) they illustrate — partially, indeed, imperfectly, and suggestively — what it is to deal with a whole population of which not one-half or two thirds, but eight or nine-tenths,

are as dissimilar and as alien from the governing race as the great Author of mankind can make his creatures.

Does it ever occur to mere loungers in a London club, laying down the law with a positiveness of assertion that makes men of experience and knowledge dumb with amazement, that there are not only inherent but increasing difficulties in the way of governing these dusky populations? That such is the case will be testified by every Englishman who returns from official, professional, or commercial life in India or the West Indies. It is natural that the feeling of nationality, and the desire of vindicating it, should in every people be intensified and exasperated by the presence of another, and that a dominant, race; and we must not be surprised if the mixed races who make up the population of British India—Hindoos, Mussulmans, and what not—should gradually learn from the incumbent sway of England the dreamy notion of a united Indian People. It may take generations to give the vision body and form; but whether it ever will—or will within any assignable period of time—become a reality, depends, according to all trustworthy accounts, much more upon Englishmen, English officers civil and military, and English residents, than on the natives themselves. "As long as we prove ourselves worthy to govern and capable of governing so long shall we continue to govern. From the moment we betray the slightest consciousness of incapacity, from that moment our raj is doomed." Such is the testimony of those who know India best and longest. And what they mean is this:—In order to govern an Eastern people, you must not shirk the outward and visible signs of governing. You must not appear to fear them, or to fear anything. You must not allow the people to take liberties with you. You must not allow them to jostle you in the streets, as they now do in Bombay. You must assert your authority in ways which might be thought strange in England. "If," say they, "you treat a Bombay man or a Bengalee as you would treat an Englishman of the lower class, you do not conciliate him; you simply affront his pride. You are of the governing race; yet you allow him to push and jostle you as he would push or jostle some wretched Pariah. He knows you do not permit this through pure affection. Therefore, he infers, you do it through fear. That simple suspicion of fear on your part is a loss equal to the loss of a great battle. It destroys the feeling of veneration, which is an

instinct of the Oriental. It saps the innate submissiveness of the natives, and stimulates a rebellious contempt which one day may be fatal."

This doctrine, if it has some followers, has many opponents in England. All the religious world is opposed to it. It is apparently opposed to the teaching of the Gospel. It is not readily reconcilable with those texts which inculcate humility, long-suffering, and turning the cheek to the smiter. But, if this be so, and if India can not be retained by a precise adhesion to the most pacific texts of the New Testament, some rather embarrassing questions present themselves. If India were Christian—that is, if the people of India admitted the obligation of Christian precepts—of course every English officer of every kind might be expected to deal with them as he would deal with his own countrymen at home. But not only is this not the case now, but there seems no chance of its ever being the case. There are, and probably will continue to be, conversions, more or less genuine, to Christianity all over the peninsula. But to suppose that the mass of the Mussulman and Hindoo population will ever profess Christianity of the English Protestant type is simply one of those expectations on which no statesman would ever think of acting. And so long as they remain Mussulmans or Hindoos, so long will their awe and obedience be ensured by those virtues on the part of their masters which, though co-existent with many Christian qualities, are not themselves specially and eminently typical of the Christian character. To hold out-numbering foes at bay, to preserve a haughty and imperious demeanour amid treacherous and rebellious subjects, to forego not one jot of merited severity even when all around is ominous of danger and perfidy, these are the virtues which awe the Eastern mind; but they are not the virtues most specially inculcated in the Epistles of St. James or St. John. And we fear that those virtues which are most specially enjoined by the last-named Apostle are signally calculated to excite in the Eastern mind feelings as opposed as well can be to awe, reverence, and submission.

With regard to the negroes, a superficial contrast is established between them and the natives of India by the readiness with which the former have learned to profess Christianity. It must be remembered that the negroes who are known to us as Christians had no choice but between Christianity and Paganism. No other religion, at the time of their conversion, was known to

them. At this day it is an open question whether Mahometanism, whenever it does compete with Christianity in Central and even in Western Africa, does not compete successfully. Certainly the superior tribes, the more warlike races — those of whom, because they are the more warlike, we see the least in our own colonies — are for the most part Mahometans. These men will die rather than be sold as slaves. Our own negroes became Christians after they had become slaves. And there was much in the Christianity popularly taught by the missionaries to the negroes which was likely to engage the sympathies of the latter. Compassionateness and long-suffering were qualities calculated to gain the hearts of men living in bondage. Subsequently, after the days of bondage, the negro found particular attractions in the doctrines which his Baptist teachers love to dwell on, without qualification or limitation — namely, the equality of all men; the duty of calling no man "master;" in fine, all those doctrines which are generally known as those of Christian socialism. Preached to men endowed with no power of reflection, but gifted with an amount of self-conceit which no other race of human beings ever possessed, and with a love of lazy devotion, they naturally inflated their self-importance until it broke down the barriers of ancient customs, manners, and feelings. The negro, civilly free and religiously exalted, began, like all other races, to dream of a nationality for his own colour. He was the equal of the white man. Why should he work for the white man? Why should he be governed by the white man? Such, we are informed on good authority, are the questions with which the negroes of our West India colonies season their social gatherings. Neither identity of language nor identity of creed has broken down the barrier between the white race and the black race. Both have made the negroes fanatical democrats of the socialist type. Though speaking the same tongue and living under the same laws, they have very few sympathies with white men. The black man craves an equality which the white man will not concede. The white man avows a superiority which the modern negro will not admit. The gulf widens deeper between them every day. A strong external power keeps the two elements together. It compels them in appearance to maintain a genuine harmony. In truth, it only compels them to keep a long truce. But how long will this truce last? And is this government? Can any sort of recognised polity be said to exist where two dis-

similar races, of the most opposite natures, are kept from flying at one another only by a Power three thousand miles away? And that they cannot be so kept apart forever, this Jamaica outbreak shows.

Many persons who speak with a personal knowledge of the West Indies say that events have long been moving up to this catastrophe; that it was long foreseen; that it was a mere question of sooner or later; that the conflict was simply postponed by tact and management; and that it will again be repeated at no distant day. We have not experience or knowledge sufficient to affirm or deny these allegations. But we feel assured of this. If there is any truth in them, two things are clear. First, that there can be no public opinion in the West Indies; only heated passion in two hostile camps. Next, that to attempt to govern the West Indies on the principles of Exeter Hall would be as unfair to our white brethren as to govern them on the principles of Colonel Hobbes, Colonel Whitfield, and the West India ensigns would be cruel to our black subjects. Who shall discover the true art of governing the two races? The French treat their free blacks as aliens, amenable to police protection and police supervision. But this cannot now be even tried in English colonies. Such are the fruits of a government founded on a public opinion of the narrowest metropolitan pretensions. The two races are becoming intolerant of each other, and there is no powerful dispassionate mediator between them possessing the requisite knowledge of local habits, relations, and prejudices.

From the Reader.

BELGIAN BONE CAVES.

THE explorations of the Belgian bone caves, which have been carried on for some time past by MM. Van Beneden and Dupont, have been referred to several times in the pages of THE READER. We have now to lay before our readers an account of the progress of the work up to the end of November last, and for this purpose we make use of a report recently presented by M. Dupont to the Belgian Minister of the Interior. We may premise that all the bone caves in this locality furnish indisputable evidence of one fact — viz., that the cave-dwellers were destroyed by a sudden inun-

dation, which covered the whole of Belgium and the North of France, the evidences of which M. Dupont finds in the *limon* of Hesbaye and the yellow clay of the fields, and in the peculiar arrangement of the *débris* in the caverns. The cave at present under examination was discovered in May last, and is situated on the banks of the river Lesse, opposite the hamlet of Chaleux, about a mile and a half from the well-known Furfooz cave.

At an epoch long before that of its habitation by man, this cavern was traversed by a thermal spring. It is well lighted, is easy of access, and its situation is most picturesque. The number of objects found in this cave is enormous, and would appear to point to an extended period of occupation by these primitive people. The *grand trou de Chaleux*, as M. Van Beneden has proposed to call it, has also been subjected to the inundation, but the contents have been preserved almost intact, and this circumstance gives a value to the discoveries which was to some extent wanting in the Furfooz caves. According to M. Dupont's theory, the former inhabitants of the cave, warned by the dangerous cracks in the walls and ceiling, suddenly abandoned their dwelling-place, leaving behind them their tools, ornaments, and the remains of their meals. Soon afterwards the roof and sides fell in, and the pieces thus detached covered the floor. In this manner the remains have been preserved from the action of the waters, and have remained undisturbed until the present day. The unfortunate inhabitants doubtless saw in this occurrence the manifestation of a superior power, since the cavern does not appear to have been inhabited after this period, only a few worked flints and bones, probably the result of an occasional visit, having been discovered on the upper surface of the cavern.

An important point seems to be established by M. Dupont's researches — viz., the extended commercial relations of these primitive peoples. The flint which was used for the manufacture of their implements is not that of Belgium, but, according to M. de Mortillet, was brought from Touraine. Several specimens of fossil shells, most of which had been perforated, probably for the purpose of being strung together, and worn as ornaments, were collected, and were submitted to M. Nyst, the well-known palæontologist. He recognized most of them as belonging to the *calcaire grossier* of Courtagnon, near Rheims. Two species belonged to the department of Seine-et-Oise. Some fragments of

jet and a few sharks' teeth were from the same locality. "We cannot therefore deny," says M. Dupont, "the relations of these men with Champagne, whilst there is no evidence to show their connexion with Hainaut and the province of Liège, which could have also furnished them with their flint."

Amongst other objects brought to light during the excavations was the forearm of an elephant, which appears to be that of the mammoth of Siberia, an animal which did not exist in Belgium at that epoch. "When we reflect that, till within a comparatively short time, these bones were looked upon as those of a race of giants, and gifted with miraculous powers, we cannot be surprised that our inhabitants of the caverns of the Lesse, whose civilization may be compared to that of those African nations who are sunk in the darkest depths of fetichism, attributed similar properties to those enormous bones which were placed as a fetich near their hearth."

Judging from the quantity of bones found in the cavern, the principal food of these cave-dwellers was the flesh of the horse. M. Dupont collected 937 molar teeth belonging to this animal, a number which corresponds to about forty heads, supposing each set of teeth to be complete. The marrow seems to have been in great request, all the long bones having been broken, so as to extract it. Most of them retain traces of incisions made by their flint tools. The large number of bones of water rats would also lead us to suppose that they formed a part of the food of these people, as did the badger, hair, and boar.

The number of objects obtained from this cavern is greater than that obtained from the whole of the caves previously explored. Of worked flints, in various stages of manufacture, 30,000 were collected. Besides these, M. Dupont obtained several cubic metres of bones of all kinds, the horses' teeth already mentioned, and a vast quantity of miscellaneous articles.

The facts acquired by the excavations at Chaleux, combined with those obtained at the Furfooz caves, form a striking picture of the early ages of man in Belgium. "These ancient people and their customs re-appear, after having been forgotten for thousands of years, and like the fabulous bird in whose ashes are found the germs of a new life, antiquity becomes regenerated from its own *débris*. We see them in their dark, subterranean dwellings surrounding the hearth, which is protected by the supernatural power of immense fantastically-

shaped bones, engaged in patiently making their flint tools and utensils of reindeer horn, in the midst of pestilential emanations from the animal remains, which their indifference allowed them to retain in their dwelling. The skins of wild beasts, having the hair removed, were stitched together by the aid of their sharpened flints and ivory needles, and served as clothing. We see them pursuing wild animals armed with arrows and lances tipped with a barb of flint. We take part in their feasts, where a horse, bear, or reindeer, replaces, on days when their hunting has been successful, the tainted flesh of the rat, their only resource against famine. Their trading extended as far as the regions now forming part of France, from whose inhabitants they obtained shells, jet, with which they delight to ornament themselves, and the flint which is so valuable to them. But a falling-in of the roof drives them from their principal dwelling, in which lie buried the objects of their faith and their domestic utensils, and they are forced to seek another habitation.

. . . We know nothing certain of the relation of these people with those of earlier times. Had they ancestors in this country? The great discoveries of our illustrious compatriot Schmerling, and those which Professor Malaise has made at Engihoul, seem to prove that the men whose traces I have brought to light on the Leese did not belong to the indigenous races of Belgium, but were the only successors of the more ancient population. I have even met with certain evidences of our primordial ancestors at Chaleux, but the trail was lost as soon as found. Our knowledge of these ancestors stops short at this point."

We have given in the above abstract an account of the most important features in M. Dupont's report, which is of great interest. We trust that these explorations, which have been carried on at the expense of the Government, will be continued.

From the Commercial Gazette, St. Louis, Mauritius, 21 Nov., 1865.

THE DODO.

We presume that most of our readers have seen the picture of an odd-looking bird, bearing a very odd name—the Dodo. Old travellers state that this curious creature once existed in great numbers in Mauritius. It was about the height of a large turkey, but very much more bulky, weigh-

ing fifty pounds, or more. This unwieldy bird was mounted on stout dumpy legs, and its wings were mere rudiments of those of gans, so that it is not likely it ever made any attempt at flight. Its head was large, with a long and very stout beak, curved at the tip like that of the petrel. It is represented as destitute of a tail, properly speaking, but furnished with a plume of curling feathers, somewhat like those of the ostrich, on the hinder part of the back. Several good paintings of this bird, by Dutch artists, are in existence: one in the British Museum, one at the Hague, another at Berlin, and another at Vienna. Mention is also made of the exhibition of a living specimen in London, about 1640. But notwithstanding all these evidences of the existence of such a bird, the fact would have been doubted, had not some remains of it confirmed its truth. These remains were but very few. A head in the Museum at Copenhagen, a head and a foot in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, and a foot in the British Museum, attested that a bird unlike any known existing species, and resembling, in some degree, the paintings mentioned, had actually furnished those remains, and been the subject from which the portraits were taken. Several of the early voyagers who visited the island now called Mauritius spoke of these birds, and not only feasted on their flesh during their sojourn there, but salted them in numbers for their sea-stock. It is stated that they sometimes took as many as forty of them at a single hunt. Neither tradition nor history records their existence in this island after it had received the name of *l'Isle de France*. If the Dutch, on abandoning the island, left any there, they were probably exterminated by the Maroons, who were its only inhabitants till the French settled there. No naturalist formed part of the crews of the various ships which touched here during the existence of the Dodo, and the accounts given of it are vague and unsatisfactory. Tastes must not be disputed; and we may therefore receive as of equal value the accounts of those who extol and those who decry the flesh of the Dodo. The difference between an old gander and a Michaelmas gosling is sufficient to prove that both may have been right in their statements.

After the island had resumed its name, Mauritius, diligent inquiry was made both as to the traditional existence of the Dodo, or of the actual existence of any remains of it; but both were alike fruitless, though distinguished naturalists, both Creole and European, undertook the search. So great

was the interest in the history of this non-descript bird, that about twenty years ago, a large volume, compiled with vast labor, and illustrated with elaborately-executed engravings, was published on it by Mr. Strickland; and this volume was the means of assuring Mr. Clark that the bones he has lately discovered were really and truly those of the Mauritian Dodo, *Didus ineptus*.

Mr. Clark, during a very long residence here, had made many inquiries and researches, in order to learn something more about the Dodo than was already known generally, or to find some remnants of it, but without success.

On Dr. Ayres's last visit to Mahébourg he conversed with Mr. Clark about the Dodo, and asked whether by digging round the ruins of the old Dutch settlement, there might not be a chance of meeting with some remains? Mr. Clark did not see any probability of success in that quarter, as these dwellings were situated on a spot where nothing would be likely to bury itself in the earth, of which the surface is every year swept completely by the water which flows from the mountains; but he said he thought a likely spot to contain such remains would be alluvial deposits. A few days after, Mr. Clark remarked that some marshes in the vicinity of Mahébourg were likely to furnish these coveted remains; but having neither time nor means at his disposal, he did not undertake the search, though bearing in mind his impression on the subject. The commencement of the railway works, with their numerous cuttings at various heights, gave hopes to Mr. Clark that some remains might be discovered; but his inquiries from those employed there on this subject failed to elicit any information.

About two months ago, Mr. Gaston de Bissy caused to be dug from a marsh on his property, known as "La Mare aux Songes," the alluvium contained in it, to use as manure. After digging two or three feet, the men came in contact with bones of tortoises and deer, the former in vast numbers. As soon as Mr. Clark heard of this, he went to Mr. de Bissy and stated to him what had long been his opinion as to the position in which Dodos' bones might be found, requesting him to give orders to the diggers to lay by carefully whatever bones they might turn up. Mr. de Bissy was much pleased with the chance of making so interesting a discovery, and at once ordered that Mr. Clark's request should be fulfilled. Mr. Clark visited the estate many times, but without obtaining any satisfactory intelligence. He at length engaged two

men to enter the dark-colored water, about three feet deep, and feel in the soft mud at the bottom with their feet. In a short time he had the inexpressible satisfaction of finding a broken tarsus, an entire tibia and part of another. He at once commenced operations in earnest, and has been fortunate enough to find every important bone of that remarkable bird, including cranium, upper and lower mandibles of bill, cervical and dorsal vertebrae, ribs, coracoid bones, scapulae and clavicle, sternum, humerus, ulna, pelvis, femur, tibia and tarsometatarsus, so that an experienced person can well build a Dodo from these remains, the toes being the only part wanting.

The skull of this bird is of amazing thickness, and the cerebral cavity very small. The beak of great strength and solidity, as are the condyles of the lower mandible. Some of the cervical vertebrae are more than two inches in diameter, and of very elaborate structure. The sternum, of which the form shows a strong resemblance to that of the pigeon tribe, in some specimens is more than five inches wide and seven long. The keel is a quarter of an inch thick, and about an inch deep in the deepest part, which is at the centre; and the sternum is there three-quarters of an inch in thickness, but it thins off to a sharp edge at the margin. The humerus is less than four inches in length, and the shaft only about three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and the ulna under three inches, and less than a quarter of an inch in thickness. Some femurs are nearly seven inches long and more than an inch in diameter, the tibiae nine inches long, and the upper condyles two inches in diameter. The tarsometatarsi are of very solid bone, and have been found in greater numbers than any others. They are about the length of those of a good-sized turkey, but more than twice the thickness. Only two or three craniums have been found, with a few fragments. The paucity of these remains, as compared with other parts of the frame, may very possibly arise from the numerous apertures in the head, into which roots insinuate themselves, thus disintegrating the structure. The upper mandible of the bill has suffered from the same cause, and only two tolerably perfect specimens of that organ have been obtained, while the under mandibles are numerous; but only three or four have been found in which both rami remained attached. The tip of one upper mandible is two inches in depth, and an inch in thickness. The vertebrae are very strong, and show that the spinal cord was fully double the size of that of the turkey.

In only one instance has the presence of a fragment of the furcula been found attached to the coracoid bone, but several have the scapula united to them.

These bones present a great diversity of colours. Those which were found near the springs in the marsh are nearly of their original hue. Some found alongside of a large bois-denatée tree were nearly of the colour of that wood, and many others are nearly as black as ebony.

The quantity of tortoise bones found here is truly astonishing; they would more than fill a large cart. Some of the femurs are more than three inches in diameter. Mr. Clark believes that these bones belong to two species of tortoise.

Several flamingo bones, including humerus, ulna, radius, tibia and tarsometatarsus, have been found, but not a single femur. Two upper mandibles and one lower of that singularly formed bird prove the identity of other bones found in juxtaposition with them.

Bones of the egret curlew, moor-hen and sand-lark have been found in great numbers, and many deer's bones, including a skull with horns attached, and the jaw of an old sow, of great strength but very small size, have also been turned up.

It is remarkable that the bones of the tortoises and deer were found in the com-

paratively compact peaty soil, overlying the soft mud which contains the bones of the dodo, of which none are found in the upper stratum. This accounts for none of the latter having been discovered by those who were digging for manure.

Mr. Clark deposited the first specimens of dodo's bones he obtained in the Museum at the Royal College, as well as those of the flamingo, the existence of which in Mauritius was remembered by the parents of persons now living. He has also sent a complete set of dodo's bones to Professor Owen, for the British Museum.

It is probable that a search in marshes of this nature in Reunion and Rodrigues, might lead to the discovery of remains of the large extinct birds believed to have been indigenous in and peculiar to those islands.

"La Mare aux Sonehs" is a spot singularly propitious for the haunt of the animals of which the bones have been found there. A sheltered glen, clothed with thick wood in the memory of persons still living, with two springs in it, and so near the sea as to be a convenient refuge in stormy weather for flamingoes and curlews.

Several other marshes have been tried for such remains as those contained in it, but thus far without any success.

FITZ-DANDO'S LAMENT.

Ye good bivalves, ye savoury molluscs,
Ye living titbits, born of Ocean's mud,
Still toothsome when Time's hand hath drawn
our tusks,

Regenerators bland of aged blood :
I gaze on ye in fish-shops with such eye
As might poor swain view lofty maiden's
brow.

O lovely, but alas for me too high !
Three halfpence each — so much are natives
now !

Ye oysters, how is it you've grown so dear,
In price ascending ever more and more,
Up up aloft as year rolls after year ?
Scarce are ye now, so plentiful of yore ?
An oyster famine ! What's the cause of that ?
Of ocean foes some sages talk to me
That prey upon you and devour your spat,
Of stormy waves that wash it out to sea.

They tell me how you perish, left to freeze
In rigorous winter by an ebbing tide,
But you had always chances such as these,
When ye were cheap and common, to abide.

It is but in relation that you've grown
Less numerous, not absolutely few ;
There are more mouths that gape — alas ! my
own
But waters — now than once there were for
you.

For you, but not for you alone ; for meat,
And all besides that smokes upon the board ;
Fish, fowl, eggs, butter too ; things good to
eat
Exceed what moderate incomes can afford.
Increase of population must be fed ;
Our numbers with prosperity extend :
Where, if we keep on going thus ahead,
Will this prosperity, ye oysters, end ?

Will ye become as costly as the pearls
Torn by the diver from your kind, a prey
To decorate the brows of splendid girls ?
And girls, oh how expensive, too, are they !
Ah, no more natives for the frugal swain,
No possibility of married life !
Oysters are for the rich — and he's insane
Who, rolling not in riches, takes a wife.

— Punch.

PART IX.—CHAPTER XXXII.

MORNING AT THE PRIORY.

SEWELL was awoke from a sound and heavy sleep by the Chief Baron's valet asking if it was his pleasure to see his lordship before he went down to Court, in which case there was not much time to be lost.

"How soon does he go?" asked Sewell, curtly.

"He likes to be on the Bench by eleven exactly, sir, and he has always some business in Chamber first."

"All that tells me nothing," my good friend. "How much time have I now to catch him before he starts?"

"Half an hour, sir. Forty minutes at most."

"Well, I'll try and do it. Say I'm in my bath, and that I'll be with him immediately."

The man was not well out of the room when Sewell burst out into a torrent of abuse of the old Judge and his ways—"His inordinate vanity, his consummate conceit, to imagine that any activity of an old worn-out intellect like his could be of service to the public! If he knew but all, he is just as useful in his nightcap as in his wig, and it would be fully as dignified to sleep in his bed as in the Court of Exchequer." While he poured forth this invective, he dressed himself with all possible haste; indeed his ill-temper stimulated his alacrity, and he very soon issued from his room, trying to compose his features into a semblance of pleasure on meeting with his host.

"I hope and trust I have not disturbed you unreasonably," said the Judge, rising from the breakfast-table as Sewell entered. "I know you arrived very late, and I'd have given you a longer sleep if it were in my power."

"An old soldier, my lord, knows how to manage with very little. I am only sorry if I have kept you waiting."

"No man ever kept me waiting, sir. It is a slight I have yet to experience."

"I mean, my lord, it would have grieved me much, had I occasioned you an inconvenience."

"If you had, sir, it might have reacted injuriously upon yourself."

Sewell bowed submissively, for what he knew not; but he surmised that as there was an opening for regret, there might also be a reason for gratitude; he waited to see if he were right.

"My telegram only told you that I wanted you; it could not say for what," continued

the Judge, and his voice still retained the metallic ring the late irritation had lent it. "There has been a contested question between the Crown and myself as to the patronage to an office in my Court. I have carried my point. They have yielded. They would have me believe that they have submitted out of deference to myself personally, my age, and long services. I know better, sir. They have taken the opinion of the Solicitor-General in England, who, with no flattering sentiments to what is called 'Irish law,' has pronounced against them. The gift of the office rests with me, and it is my intention to confer it upon you."

"Oh, my lord, I have no words to express my gratitude!"

"Very well, sir, it shall be assumed to have been expressed. The salary is one thousand a-year. The duties are almost nominal."

"I was going to ask, my lord, whether my education and habits are such as would enable me to discharge these duties?"

"I respect your conscientious scruple, sir. It is creditable and commendable. Your mind may, however, be at ease. Your immediate predecessor passed the last thirteen years at Tours, in France, and there was never a complaint of official irregularity till, three years ago, when he came over to afford his substitute a brief leave of absence, he forgot to sign his name to certain documents—a mistake the less pardonable that his signature formed his whole and sole official drudgery."

It was on Sewell's lips to say, "that if he had not signed his name a little too frequently in life, his difficulties would not have been such as they now were."

"I am afraid I did not catch what you said, sir," said the Judge.

"I did not speak, my lord," replied he, bowing.

"You will see, therefore, sir, that the details of your official life need not deter you, although I have little doubt the Ministerial press will comment sharply upon your absence, if you give them the opportunity, and will reflect severely upon your unfitness if they can detect a flaw in you. Is there anything, therefore, in your former life to which these writers can refer—I will not say disparagingly—but unpleasantly?"

"I am not aware, my lord, of anything."

"Of course, sir, I could not mean what might impugn your honour or affect your fame. I spoke simply of what soldiers are, perhaps, more exposed to than civilians—the lighter scandals of society. You apprehend me?"

"I do, my lord; and I repeat that I have a very easy conscience on this score: for though I have filled some rather responsible stations at times, and been intrusted with high functions, all my tastes and habits have been so domestic and quiet—I have been so much more a man of home than a man of pleasure—that I have escaped even the common passing criticisms bestowed on people who are before the world."

"Is this man—this Sir Brook Fossbrooke—one likely to occasion you any trouble?"

"In the first place, my lord, he is out of the country, not very likely to return to it; and secondly, it is not in his power—not in any man's power—to make me a subject for attack."

"You are fortunate, sir; more fortunate than men who have served their country longer. It will scarcely be denied what I have contributed to the public service, and yet, sir, I have been arraigned before the bar of that insensate jury they call Public Opinion, and it is only in denying the jurisdiction I have deferred the trial."

Sewell responded to the vain-glorious outburst by a look of admiring wonder, and the Judge smiled a gracious acceptance of the tribute.

"I gather, therefore, sir, that you can accept this place without fear of what scandal or malignity may assail you by."

"Yes, my lord, I can say as much with confidence."

"It is necessary, sir, that I should be satisfied on this head. The very essence of the struggle between the Crown and myself is in the fact that my responsibility is pledged, my reputation is in bond for the integrity and the sufficiency of this officer, and I will not leave to some future biographer of the Irish Chief Barons of the Exchequer the task of apology for one who was certainly not the least eminent of the line."

"Your lordship's high character shall not suffer through me," said Sewell, bowing respectfully.

"The matter, then, is so far settled; perhaps, however, you would like to consult your wife? She might be averse to your leaving the army."

"No, my lord. She wishes—she has long wished it. We are both domestic in our tastes, and we have always been looking to the time when we could live more for each other, and devote ourselves to the education of our children."

"Commendable and praiseworthy," said the Judge, with a half grunt, as though he had heard something of this same domesticity and home-happiness, but that his own

experience scarcely corroborated the report. "There are certain steps you will have to take before leaving the service; it may, then, be better to defer your public nomination to this post till they be taken?"

This, which was said in question, Sewell answered at once, saying, "There need be no delay on this score, my lord; by this day week I shall be free."

"On this day week, then, you shall be duly sworn in. Now, there is another point—I throw it out simply as a suggestion—you will not receive it as more if you are indisposed to it. It may be some time before you can find a suitable house or be fully satisfied where to settle down. There is ample room here; one entire wing is unoccupied. May I beg to place it at your disposal?"

"Oh, my lord, this is really too much kindness. You overwhelm me with obligations. I have never heard of such generosity."

"Sir, it is not all generosity—I reckon much on the value of your society. Your companionable qualities are gifts I would secure by a 'retainer.'"

"In your society, my lord, the benefits would be all on my side."

"There was a time, sir—I may say it without boastfulness—men thought me an agreeable companion. The three Chiefs, as we were called from our separate Courts, were reputed to be able talkers. I am the sole survivor; and it would be a gain to those who care to look back on the really great days of Ireland, if some record should remain of a time when there were giants in the land. I have myself some very curious materials—masses of letters and such like—which we may turn over some winter's evening together."

Sewell professed his delight at such a prospect, and the Judge then suddenly bethinking himself of the hour—it was already nigh eleven—arose. "Can I set you down anywhere? are you for town?" asked he.

"Yes, my lord; I was about to pay my mother a visit."

"I'll drop you there; perhaps you would convey a message from me, and say how grateful I should feel if she would give us her company at dinner—say seven o'clock. I will just step up to say good-bye to my grand-daughter, and be with you immediately."

Sewell had not time to bethink him of all the strange events which a few minutes had grouped around him, when the Chief Baron appeared, and they drove off.

As they drove along, their converse was most agreeable. Sewell's attentive manner was an admirable stimulant, and the old Judge was actually sorry to lose his companion, as the carriage stopped at Lady Lendrick's door.

"What on earth brought you up, Dudley?" said she, as he entered the room where she sat at breakfast.

"Let me have something to eat, and I'll tell you," said he, seating himself at table, and drawing towards him a dish of cutlets. "You may imagine what an appetite I have, when I tell you whose guest I am."

"Whose?"

"Your husband's."

"You! at the Priory! and how came that to pass?"

"I told you already I must eat before I talk. When I got down stairs this morning I found the old man just finishing his breakfast, and instead of asking me to join him, he entertained me with the siege of Derry, and some choice anecdotes of Lord Bristol and 'the Volunteers.' This coffee is cold."

"Ring and they'll bring you some."

"If I am to take him as a type of Irish hospitality as well as Irish agreeability, I must say I get rid of two delusions together."

"There's the coffee. Will you have eggs?"

"Yes, and a rasher along with them. You can afford to be liberal with the larder, mother, for I bring you an invitation to dine."

"At the Priory?"

"Yes; he said seven o'clock."

"Who dines there?"

"Himself and his grand-daughter and I make the company, I believe."

"Then I shall not go. I never do go when there's not a party."

"He's safer, I suppose, before people?"

"Just so. I could not trust to his temper under the temptation of a family circle. But what brought you to town?"

"He sent for me by telegraph — just, too, when I had the whole county with me, and was booked to ride a match I had made with immense trouble. I got his message — 'Come up immediately.' There was not the slightest reason for haste, nor for the telegraph at all. The whole could have been done by letter, and replied to at leisure, besides" —

"What was it then?"

"It is a place he has given me — a magistracy of something in his Court, that he has been fighting the Castle people about for eighteen years, and to which, heaven knows if he has the right of appointment this minute."

"What's it worth?"

"A thousand a-year net. There were pickings — at least the last man made a good thing of them — but there are to be no more. We are to inaugurate, as the newspapers say, a reign of integrity and incorruptibility."

"So much the better."

"So much the worse," say I. "My motto is, Full batta and plenty of loot; and it's every man's motto, only that every man is not honest enough to own it."

"And when are you to enter upon the duties of your office?"

"Immediately. I'm to be sworn in — there's an oath, it seems — this day week, and we're to take up our abode at the Priory till we find a house to suit us."

"At the Priory?"

"Yes. May I light a cigarette, mother? only one. He gave the invitation most royally. A whole wing is to be at our disposal. He said nothing about the cook or the wine-cellar, and these are the very ingredients I want to secure."

She shook her head dubiously, but made no answer.

"You don't think, then, that he meant to have us as his guests?"

"I think it unlikely."

"How shall I find out? It's quite certain I'll not go live under his roof — which means his surveillance — without an adequate compensation. I'll only consent to being bored by being fed."

"House-rent is something, however."

"Yes, mother, but not everything. That old man would be inquiring who dined with me, how late he stayed, who came to supper, and what they did afterwards. Now, if he take the whole charge of us, I'll put up with a great deal, because I could manage a little '*pied à terre*' somewhere about Kingstown or Dalkey, and 'carry on' pleasantly enough. You must find out his intentions, mother, before I commit myself to an acceptance. You must indeed."

"Take my advice, Dudley, and look out for a house at once. You'll not be in *his* three weeks."

"I can submit to a great deal when it suits me, mother," said he, with a derisive smile, and a look of intense treachery at the same time.

"I suppose you can," said she, nodding an assent. "How is she?"

"As usual," said he, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"And the children?"

"They are quite well. By the way, before I forget it, don't let the Judge know

that I have already sent in my papers to sell out. I want him to believe that I do so now in consequence of his offer."

"It is not likely we shall soon meet, and I may not have an opportunity of mentioning the matter."

"You'll come to dinner to-day, won't you?"

"No."

"You ought, even out of gratitude on my account. It would be only commonly decent to thank him."

"I couldn't."

"Couldn't what? Couldn't come, or couldn't thank him?"

"Couldn't do either. You don't know, Dudley, that whenever our intercourse rises above the common passing courtesies of mere acquaintanceship, it is certain to end in a quarrel. We must never condemn or approve. We must never venture upon an opinion, lest it lead to a discussion, for discussion means a fight."

"Pleasant, certainly — pleasant and amiable too!"

"It would be better, perhaps, that I had some of that happy disposition of my son," said she, with a cutting tone, "and could submit to whatever suited me."

He started as if he had seen something, and, turning on her a look of passionate anger, began — "Is it from *you* that this should come?" Then suddenly recollecting himself, he subdued his tone, and said, "We'll not do better by losing our tempers. Can you put me in the way to raise a little money? I shall have the payment for my commission in about a fortnight; but I want a couple of hundred pounds at once."

"It's not two months since you raised five hundred."

"I know it, and there's the last of it. I left Lucy ten sovereigns when I came away, and this twenty pounds is all that I now have in the world."

"And all these fine dinners and grand entertainments that I have been told of — what was the meaning of them?"

"They were what the railway people call preliminary expenses, mother. Before one can get fellows to come to a house where there is play there must be a sort of easy style of good living established that all men like: excellent dinners and good wine are the tame elephants, and without them you'll not get the wild ones into your 'com-pound.'"

"And to tell me that this could pay!"

"Ay, and pay splendidly. If I had three thousand pounds in the world to carry on

with, I'd see the old Judge and his rotten place at Jericho before I'd accept it. One needs a little capital, that's all. It's just like blockade-running — you must be able to lose three for one you succeed with."

"I see nothing but ruin — disreputable ruin — in such a course."

"Come down and look at it, mother, and you'll change your mind. You'll own you never saw a better ordered society in your life — the *beau idéal* of a nice country house on a small scale. I admit our *chef* is not a Frenchman, and I have only one fellow out of livery; but the thing is well done, I promise you. As for any serious play, you'll never hear of it — never suspect it — no more than a man turning over Leech's sketches in a dentist's drawing-room suspects there's a fellow getting his eye-tooth extracted in the next room."

"I disapprove of it all, Dudley. It is sure to end ill."

"For that matter, mother so shall I! All I have asked from Fate this many a year is, a deferred sentence — a long day, my lord — a long day!"

"Tell Sir William I am sorry I can't dine at the Priory to-day. It is one of my cruel-headache days. Say you found me looking very poorly. It puts him in good-humour to hear it; and if you can get away in the evening, come in to tea."

"You will think of this loan I want — won't you?"

"I'll think of it, but I don't know what good thinking will do." She paused, and after a few minutes' silence said, "If you really are serious about taking up your abode at the Priory, you'll have to get rid of the grand-daughter."

"We could marry her off easily enough."

"You might, and you mightn't. If she marry to Sir William's satisfaction he'll leave her all he has in the world."

"Egad, he must have a rare taste in a son-in-law if he likes the fellow I'd promote to the place."

"You seem to forget, Dudley, that the young lady has a will of her own. She's a Lendrick too."

"With all my heart, mother. She'll not be a match for Lucy."

"And would *she*?"

"Ay would *she*," interrupted he, "if her pride as a woman — if her jealousy, was touched. I have made her do more than that when I wounded her self-love!"

"You are a very amiable husband, I must say."

"We might be better, perhaps, mother;

but I suspect we are pretty much like our neighbours. And it's positive you won't come to dinner?"

"No! certainly not."

"Well, I'll try and look in at tea-time. You'll not forget what I spoke of. I shall be in funds in less than three weeks."

She gave a little incredulous laugh as she said good-bye. She had heard of such pledges before, and knew well what faith to attach to them.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

EVENING AT THE PRIORY.

THE Chief Baron brought his friend Haire back from Court to dine with him. The table had been laid for five, and it was only when Sewell entered the drawing-room that it was known Lady Lendrick had declined the invitation. Sir William heard the apology to the end; he even waited when Sewell concluded, to see if he desired to add anything more, but nothing came.

"In that case," said he at length, "we'll order dinner." That his irritation was extreme needed no close observation to detect, and the bell-rope came down with the pull by which he summoned the servant.

The dinner proceeded drearily enough. None liked to adventure on a remark which might lead to something unpleasant in discussion, and little was spoken on any side. Sewell praised the mutton, and the Chief Baron bowed stiffly. When Haire remarked that the pale sherry was excellent, he dryly told the butler to "fill Mr. Haire's glass;" and though Lucy, with more caution, was silent, she did not escape, for he turned towards her and said, "We have not been favoured with a word from your lips, Miss Lendrick; I hope these neuralgic headaches are not becoming a family affection."

"I am perfectly well, sir," said she, with a smile.

"It is Haire's fault, then," said the Judge, with one of his malicious twinkles of the eye — "all Haire's fault if we are dull. It is ever so with wits, Colonel Sewell; they will not perform to empty benches."

"I don't know whom you call a wit," began Haire.

"My dear friend, the men of pleasantry and happy conceits must no more deny the reputation that attaches to them than must a rich merchant dishonour his bill; nor need a man resent more being called a Wit, than being styled a Poet, a Painter, a Chief

Baron, or" — here he waved his hand towards Sewell, and bowing slightly, added — "a Chief Registrar to the Court of Exchequer."

"Oh, have you got the appointment?" said Haire to the Colonel. "I'm heartily glad of it. I'm delighted to know it has been given to one of the family."

"As I said a while ago," said the Judge, with a smile of deeper malice, "these witty fellows spare nobody! At the very moment he praises the sherry he disparages the host. Why should not this place be filled by one of my family, Haire? I call upon you to show cause."

"There's no reason against it. I never said there was. Nay, I was far from satisfied with you on the day you refused my prayer on behalf of one belonging to you."

"Sir, you are travelling out of the record," said the Judge, angrily.

"I can only say," added Haire, "that I wish Colonel Sewell joy with all my heart; and if he'll allow me, I'll do it in a bumper."

"A reason fair to drink his health again! That's not the line. How does it go Lucy? Don't you remember the verse?"

"No, sir; I never heard it."

"A reason fair — a reason fair.' I declare I believe the newspapers are right. I am losing my memory. One of the scurrilous rascals t'other day said, they saw no reason Justice should be deaf as well as blind. Haire, was that yours?"

"A thousand a-year," muttered Haire to Sewell.

"What is that, Haire?" cried the old Judge. "Do I hear you aright? You utter one thousand things just as good every year?"

"I was speaking of the Registrar's salary," said Haire, half testily.

"A thousand a-year is a pittance — a mere pittance, sir, in a country like England. It is like the place at a window to see a procession. You may gaze at the passing tide of humanity, but must not dare to mix in it."

"And yet papa went half across the globe for it," said Lucy, with a flushed and burning cheek.

"In your father's profession the rewards are less money, Lucy, than the esteem and regard of society. I have ever thought it wise of our rulers not to bestow titles on physicians, but to leave them the unobtrusive and undistinguished comforters of every class and condition. The equal of any — the companion of all."

It was evident that the old Judge was

eager for discussion on anything. He had tried in vain to provoke each of his guests, and he was almost irritable at the deference accorded him.

"Do I see you pass the decanter, Colonel Sewell? Are you not drinking any wine?"

"No, my Lord."

"Perhaps you like coffee? Don't you think, Lucy, you could give him some?"

"Yes, sir. I shall be delighted."

"Very well. Haire and I will finish this magnum, and then join you in the drawing-room."

Lucy took Sewell's arm and retired. They were scarcely well out of the room when Sewell halted suddenly, and in a voice so artificial that, if Lucy had been given to suspectfulness, she would have detected at once, said, "Is the Judge always as pleasant and as witty as we saw him to-day?"

"To-day he was very far from himself; something, I'm sure, must have irritated him, for he was not in his usual mood."

"I confess I thought him charming; so full of neat reply, pleasant apropos, and happy quotation."

"He very often has days of all that you have just said, and I am delighted with them."

"What an immense gain to a young girl—I mean to one whose education and tastes have fitted her for it—to be the companion of such a mind as his! Who is this Mr. Haire?"

"A very old friend. I believe he was a schoolfellow of grandpapa's."

"Not his equal, I suspect, in ability or knowledge."

"Oh, nothing like it; a most worthy man, respected by every one, and devotedly attached to grandpapa, but not clever."

"The Chief, I remarked, called him witty," said Sewell, with a faint twinkle in his eye.

"It was done in jest. He is fond of fathering on him the smart sayings of the day, and watching his attempts to disown them."

"And Haire likes that?"

"I believe he likes grandpapa in every mood he has."

"What an invaluable friend! I wish to heaven he could find such another for me. I want—there's nothing I want more than some one who would always approve of me."

"Perhaps you might push this fidelity further than grandpapa does," said she, with a smile.

"You mean that it might not always be so easy to applaud me."

She only laughed and made no effort to disclaim the assertion.

"Well," said he, with a sigh, "who knows but if I live to be old and rich I may be fortunate enough to have such an accommodating friend? Who are the other inmates here? I ask because we are going to be domesticated also."

"I heard so this morning."

"I hope with pleasure, though you haven't said as much."

"With pleasure certainly; but with more misgiving than pleasure."

"Pray explain this."

"Simply that the very quiet life we lead here would not be endurable by people who like the world, and whom the world likes. We never see any one, we never go out, we have not even those second-hand glances at society that people have who admit gossiping acquaintances; in fact, regard what you have witnessed to-day as a dinner-party, and then fashion for yourself our ordinary life."

"And do you like it?"

"I know nothing else, and I am tolerably happy. If papa and Tom were here I should be perfectly happy."

"By Jove! you startle me," said he, throwing away the unlighted cigar he had held for some minutes in his fingers; "I didn't know it was so bad."

"It is possible he may relax for you and Mrs. Sewell; indeed, I think it more than likely that he will."

"Ay, but the relaxation might only be in favour of a few more like that old gent we had to-day. No, no—the thing will never work. I see it at once. My mother said we could not possibly stand it three weeks, and I perceive it is your opinion too."

"I did not say so much," said she, smiling.

"Joking apart," said he, in a tone that assuredly bespoke sincerity, "I couldn't stand such a dinner as we had to-day very often. I can bear being bullied, for I was brought up to it. I served on Rolfe's staff in Bombay for four years, and when a man has been an aide-de-camp he knows what being bullied means; but what I could not endure is that outpouring of conceit mingled with rotten recollections. Another evening of it would kill me."

"I certainly would not advise your coming here at that price," said she, with a gravity almost comical.

"The difficulty is how to get off. He appears to me to resent as an affront everything that differs from his own views."

"He is not accustomed to much contradiction."

"Not to any at all!"

The energy with which he said this made her laugh heartily, and he half smiled at the situation himself.

"They are coming up-stairs," said she; "will you ring for tea? — the bell is beside you."

"Oh, if they're coming I'm off. I promised my mother a short visit this evening. Make my excuses if I am asked for;" and with this he slipped from the room and went his way.

"Where's the Colonel, Lucy? has he gone to bed?"

"No, sir, he has gone to see his mother; he had made some engagement to visit her this evening."

"This new school of politeness is too liberal for my taste. When we were young men, Haire, we would not have ventured to leave the house where we had dined without saluting the host."

"I take it we must keep up with the spirit of our time."

"You mistake, Haire — it is the spirit of our time is in arrears. It is that same spirit lagging behind, and deserting the post it once occupied, makes us seem in default. Let us have the cribbage-board, Lucy. Haire has said all the smart things he means to give us this evening, and I will take my revenge at the only game at which I am his master. Haire, who reads men like a book, Lucy," continued the Chief, as he dealt the cards, "says that our gallant friend will rebel against our humdrum life here. I demur to the opinion — what say you?" But he was now deep in his game, and never heeded the answer.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SEWELL'S TROUBLES.

"A LETTER for you by the post, sir, and his lordship's compliments to say he is waiting breakfast," were the first words which Sewell heard, the next morning.

"Waiting breakfast! Tell him not to wait — I mean, make my respects to his lordship, and say I feel very poorly to-day — that I think I'll not get up just yet."

"Would you like to see Dr. Beattie, sir? — he's in the drawing-room."

"Nothing of the kind. It's a complaint I caught in India; I manage it myself. Bring me up some coffee and rum in about an hour, and mind don't disturb me on any

account till then. What an infernal house!" muttered he, as the man withdrew. "A subaltern called up for morning parade has a better life than this. Nine o'clock only! What can this old ass mean by this pretended activity? Upon whom can it impose? Who will believe that it signifies a rush whether he lay abed till noon or rose by daybreak?" A gentle tap came to the door, but as he made no reply there came after a pause another a little louder. Sewell still preserved silence, and at last the sound of retiring footsteps along the corridor. Not if I know it," muttered he to himself as he turned round and fell off asleep again.

"The coffee, sir, and a dispatch; shall I sign the receipt for you?" said the servant, as he reappeared about noon.

"Yes; open the window a little and leave me."

Leaning on his arm he tore open the envelope and glanced at the signature — Lucy. He then read, "Send down Eccles or Beattie by next train; he is worse." He read and re-read this at least half-a-dozen times over before he bethought him of the letter that lay still unopened on the bed. He now broke the seal; it was also from his wife, dated the preceding evening, and very brief: —

"DEAR DUDLEY, — Mr. Trafford has had a severe fall. Crescy balked at the brook and fell afterwards. Trafford was struck on the head as he rose by Mr. Creagh's horse. It is feared the skull is fractured. You are much blamed for having asked him to ride a horse so much under his weight. All have refused to accept their bets but Kinahela the grocer. I have written to Sir H. Trafford, and I telegraphed to him Dr. Tobin's opinion, which is not favourable. I suppose you will come back at once: if not, telegraph what you advise to be done. Mr. Balfour is here still, but I do not find he is of much use. The veterinary decided Crescy should be shot, as the plate bone, I think be called it, was fractured; and as he was in great pain I consented. I hope I have done right. — Yours truly,

"LUCY SEWELL."

"Here's a go! a horse I refused four hundred and fifty for on Tuesday last! I am a lucky dog, there's no denying it. I didn't know there was a man in Europe could have made that horse balk his fence. What a rumpus to make about a fellow getting a 'cropper.' My share of the dis-

aster is a deuced deal the worst. I'll never chance on such a horse again. How am I to find either of these men?" muttered he, as he took up the telegram. He rang the bell violently, and scarcely ceased to pull at it till the servant entered.

"Where does Dr. Eccles live?"

"Sir Gilbert, sir?"

"Ay, if he be Sir Gilbert."

"Merrion Square, sir," said the man reproachfully, for he thought it rather hard to ignore one of the great celebrities of the land.

"Take this note to him, that I'll write now, and if he be from home go to the other man — what's his name? — Beattie."

"Dr. Beattie is coming to dinner to-day, sir," said the servant, thinking to facilitate matters.

"Just do as I tell you, my good fellow, and don't interrupt. If I am to take up my quarters here, you'll all of you have to change some of your present habits." As he spoke, he dashed off a few hasty lines, addressing them to Sir Gilbert Eccles or Dr. Beattie. Ask if it's 'all right;' that will be sufficient reply; and now, send me my bath." As he proceeded with his dressing — a very lengthy affair it always was — he canvassed with himself whether or not he ought to take the train and go down to the country with the Doctor. Possibly few men in such circumstances would have given the matter a doubt. The poor fellow who had incurred the mishap had been, at his instance, acting for him. Had it not been for Sewell's pressing this task upon him, Trafford would at that moment have been hale and hearty. Sewell knew all this well; he read the event just as nineteen out of every twenty would have read it, but having done so, he proceeded to satisfy himself why all these reasonings should give way to weightier considerations.

First of all, it would not be quite convenient to let the old Judge know anything of these doings in the country. His strait-laced notions might revolt at races and betting rings. It might not be perhaps decorous that a registrar of a high court should be the patron of such sports. These were prudential reasons, which he dilated on for some time. Then came some others more sentimental. It was to a house of doctors and nurses, and gloom and sorrow, he should go back. All these were to him peculiarly distasteful. He should be tremendously 'bored' by it all, and being 'bored' was to him whatever was least tolerable in life. It was strange that there was one other reason stronger than all these — a

reason that really touched him in what was the nearest thing in his nature to heart. He couldn't go back and look at the empty loose-box where his favourite horse once stood, and where he was never to stand more. Crescy — the animal he was so proud of — the horse he counted on for who knows what future triumphs — the first steeple-chase horse, he felt convinced, in Ireland, if not in the kingdom — such strength, such power in the loins, such square joints, such courage, should he ever see united again? If there was anything in that man's nature that represented affection, he had it for this horse. He knew well to what advantage he looked when on his back — he knew what admiration and envy it drew upon him to see him thus mounted. He had won him at billiards from a man who was half-broken-hearted at parting with him, and who offered immense terms rather than lose him.

"He said, I'd have no luck with him," muttered Sewell, now in his misery — "and, confound the fellow, he was right. No, I can't go back to look at his empty stall. It would half kill me."

It was very real grief all this; he was as thoroughly heart-sore as it was possible for him to be. He sorrowed for what nothing in his future life could replace to him; and this is a very deep sorrow.

Trafford's misfortune was so much the origin and cause of his own disaster, that he actually thought of him with bitterness. The man who could make Crescy balk! What fate could be too hard for him?

Nor was he quite easy in his mind about that passage in his wife's letter stating that men would not take their bets. Was this meant as reflecting upon him? Was it a censure on him for making Trafford ride a horse beneath his weight? "They get up some stupid cry of that sort," muttered he, "as if I am not the heaviest loser of all. I lose a horse that was worth a score of Traffords."

When dressed, Sewell went down to the garden and lit his cigar. His sorrow had grown calmer, and he began to think that in the new life before him he should have had to give up horses and sport of every kind. "I must make my book now on this old fellow, and get him to make me his heir. He cares little for his son, and he can be made to care just as little for his granddaughter. That's the only game open to me — a dreary life it promises to be, but it's better than a jail."

The great large wilderness of a garden, stretching away into an orchard at the end,

was in itself a place to suggest sombre thoughts — so silent and forsaken did it all appear. The fruit lay thick on the ground uncared for — the artichokes, grown to the height of shrubs, looked monsters of uncouthness; and even in the alleys flower-seeds had fallen and given birth to flowers, which struggled up through the gravel and hung their bright petals over the footway. There was in the neglect, the silence, the uncared-for luxuriance of the place, all that could make a moody man moodier; and as he knocked off the great heads of the tall hollyhocks, he thought, and even said aloud, "This is about as much amusement as such a spot offers."

"Oh no, not so bad as that," said a laughing voice, and Lucy peeped over a laurel-hedge with a rake in her hand, and seemed immensely amused at his discomfiture.

"Where are you? — I mean, how is one to come near you?" said he, trying to laugh, but not successfully.

"Go round yonder by the fish-pond, and you'll find a wicket. This is *my* garden, and I till it myself."

"So!" said he, entering a neat little enclosure, with beds of flowers and flowering shrubs, "this is your garden?"

"Yes — what do you think of it?"

"It's very pretty — it's very nice. I should like it larger, perhaps."

"So would I; but, being my own gardener, I find it quite big enough."

"Why don't the Chief give you a gardener? — he's rich enough surely."

"He never cared for gardening himself. Indeed, I think it is the wild confusion of foliage here that he likes. He said to me one day, 'In my old garden a man loses himself in thought. In this trimly kept place one is ever occupied by the melon-frame or the forcing-house.'"

"That's the dreadful thing about old people; they are ever for making the whims and crotchets of age the rules of life to others. I wonder you bear this so well."

"I didn't know that I bore anything," said she, with a smile.

"That's true slave doctrine, I must say; and when one does not feel bondage, there's no more to be said."

"I suspect I have a great deal more freedom than most girls; my time is almost all my own, to dispose of as I will. I read or play or walk or work as I feel inclined. If I wish to occupy myself with household matters, I am the mistress here."

"In other words, you are free to do everything that is not worth doing — you lead the life of a nun in a convent, only that you have not even a sister nun to talk to."

"And which are the things you say are worth doing?"

"Would you not care to go out into the world, to mix in society, to go to balls, theatres, fêtes, and such like? would you not like to ride? I don't mean it for flattery, but would you not like the admiration you would be sure to meet — the sort of homage people render to beauty, the only tribute the world ever paid freely, — are all these not worth something?"

"I am sure they are: they are worth a great deal to those who can enjoy them with a happy heart; but remember, Colonel Sewell, I have a father living in exile, simply to earn a livelihood, and I have a brother toiling for his bread in a strange land; is it likely I could forget these, or is it likely that I could carry such cares about with me, and enjoy the pleasures you tell of?"

"Oh! as for that, I never met the man nor woman either that could bring into the world a mind unburdened by care. You must take life as it is. If I was to wait for a heart at ease before I went into society, I'd have to decline a few dinner-parties. Your only chance of a little respite, besides, is at your age. The misfortunes of life begin a light drizzle, but become a regular downpour when one gets to *my* time of life. Let me just tell you what this morning brought forth. A letter and then a telegram from my wife, to tell me that my favourite horse — an animal worth five hundred pounds if he was worth five shillings — the truest, bravest, best horse I ever backed — has just been killed by a stupid fellow I got to ride for me. What he did to make the horse refuse his leap, what magic he used, what conjuring trick he performed, I can't tell. With *me* it was enough to show him his fence, and if I wanted it I couldn't have held him back. But this fellow, a dragoon too, and the crack rider of his regiment, contrives to discourage my poor beast, then rushes him at the jump at half speed. I know it was a wide-ish brook, and they tumbled in, and my horse smashed his blade-bone — of course there was nothing for it but to shoot him."

"How sad! I am really sorry for you."

"And all this came of the old Judge's message, the stupidity of sending me five words in a telegram, instead of writing a proper note, and saying what he wanted. But for that I'd have stayed at home, ridden my horse, won my match, and spared myself the whole disaster."

"Grandpapa is often very hasty in his decisions, but I believe he seldom sees cause to revoke them."

"The old theory, 'the king can do no wrong,'" said Sewell, with a saucy laugh; "but remember he can often do a deal of mischief incidentally, as it were — as on the present occasion."

"And the rider, what of him? did he escape unhurt?" said she, eager to avoid unpleasant discussion.

"The rider! my dear young lady," said he, with affected slowness — "the rider came to grief. What he did, or how he did it, to throw my poor horse down, is his own secret, and, from what I hear, he is likely to keep it. No, no, don't look so horrified — he's not killed, but I don't suspect he's a long way off it. He got a smashing fall at a fence I'd have backed myself to ride with my hands tied. Ay, and to have my good horse back again, I'd ride in that fashion to-morrow."

"And the poor fellow, where is he now?"

"The poor fellow is receiving the very sweetest of Mrs. Sewell's attentions. He is at my house — in all likelihood in my room — not that he is very conscious of all the favours bestowed upon him."

"Oh, don't talk with that pretended indifference. You must be, you cannot help being, deeply sorry for what has happened."

"There can be very little doubt on that score. I've lost such a horse as I never shall own again."

"Pray think of something besides your horse. Who was he? what's his name?"

"A stranger — an Englishman; you never heard of him; and I wish I had never heard of him!"

"What are you smiling at?" said she, after a pause, for he stood as though reflecting, and a very strange half-smile moved his mouth.

"I was just thinking," said he gravely, "what his younger brother ought to give me; for this fellow was an elder son, and heir to a fine estate too."

She turned an indignant glance towards him, and moved away. He was quickly after her, however, and laying his hand on her arm, said good-humouredly, "Come, don't be angry with me. I'm sorry, if you like — I'm very sorry for this poor fellow. I won't say that my own loss does not dash my sorrow with a little anger — he was such a horse! and the whole thing was such a blunder! as fair a brook — with a high bank, it's true — but as fair a fence as ever a man rode at, and ground like this we're walking over to take off from."

"Is he in danger?"

"I believe so; here's what my wife says. Oh, I haven't got the letter about me, but it comes to this, I was to send down one of the best doctors by the first train, telling him it was a case of compression or concussion, which is it? And so I have despatched Beattie, your grandfather's man. I suppose there's no better?"

"But why have you not gone back yourself? he was a friend, was he not?"

"Yes, he was what people would call a friend. I'm like the hare in the fable, I have many friends; but if I must be confidential, I'll tell you why I did *not* go. I had a notion just as likely to be wrong as right, that the Chief would take offence at his Registrar being a sporting character, and that if I were to absent myself just now, he'd find out the reason, whereas by staying here I could keep all quiet, and when Beattie came back I could square him."

"You could what?"

"A thousand pardons for my bit of slang; but the fact is, just as one talks French when he wants to say nothings, one takes to slang when one requires to be shift. I meant to say, I could manage to make the Doctor hold his tongue."

"Not if grandpapa were to question him."

Sewell smiled, and shook his head in dissent.

"No, no. You're quite mistaken in Dr. Beattie; and what's more, you're quite mistaken in grandpapa too, if you imagine that he'll think the better of you for forgetting the claims of friendship."

"There was none."

"Well, of humanity, then! It was in your cause this man suffered, and it is in your house he lies ill. I think you ought to be there also."

"Do you think so?"

"I'm sure of it. You know the world a great deal better than I do, and you can tell what people will say of your absence, but I think it requires no knowledge of more than one's own nature to feel what is right and proper here."

"Indeed!" said he reflectively.

"Don't you agree with me?"

"Perhaps — that is, in part. I suppose what you mean about the world is, that there will be some scandal afloat, the 'young wife' story, and all that sort of balderdash?"

"I really do not understand you."

"You don't?"

"No. Certainly not. What do you mean?"

"Possibly you did not understand me.

Well, if I am to go, there's no time to be lost. It's four o'clock already, and the last train leaves at five forty. I will go."

"You are quite right."

"You'll make my excuses to the Chief. You'll tell him that my wife's message was so alarming, that I could not delay my departure. Beattie will probably be back to-morrow, and bring you news of us."

"Won't you write a few lines?"

"I'm not sure, — I'll not promise. I'm a bad penman, but my wife will write, I've no doubt. Say all sorts of affectionate and dutiful things to the Chief for me; tell him I went away in despair at not being able to say good-bye; he likes that style of thing, doesn't he?"

"I don't think he cares much for 'that style of thing,'" said she, with a saucy smile.

"What a capital mimic you are! Do you know I am just beginning to suspect that you are, for all your quiet simplicity of manner, a deuced deep one? Am I right?"

She shook her head, but made no reply.

"Not that I'd like you the less for it," said he, eagerly; "on the contrary, we'd understand each other all the better; there's nothing like people talking the same language, eh?"

"I hope you'll not lose your train," said she, looking at her watch; "I am half-past four."

"A broad hint," said he, laughing; bye-bye — *à bientôt*."

CHAPTER XXXV.

BEATTIE'S RETURN.

THE old Chief sat alone in his dining-room over his wine. If somewhat fatigued by the labours of the day — for the Court had sat late — he showed little of exhaustion; still less was he, as his years might have excused, drowsy or heavy. He sat bolt upright in his chair, and by an occasional gesture of his hand, or motion of his head, seemed as though he were giving assent to some statement he was listening to, or making his comments on it as it proceeded.

The post had brought a letter to Lucy just as dinner was over. It bore the postmark "Cagliari," and was in her brother's hand, and the old man, with considerate kindness, told her to go to her room and read it. "No, my dear child," said he as she arose to leave the room; "no! I shall

not be lonely — where there is memory, there are troops of friends. Come back and tell me your news when you have read your letter."

More than an hour passed over, and he sat there heedless of time. A whole long life was passing in review before him, not connectedly, or in due sequence of events, but in detached scenes and incidents. Now it was some stormy night in the old Irish House, when Flood and Grattan exchanged their terrific denunciations and insults — now it was a brilliant dinner at Ponsonby's, with all the wits of the day — now he was leading the famous Kitty O'Dwyer, the beauty of the Irish Court, to her carriage, amid such a murmur of admiration as made the progress a triumph — or again it was a raw morning of November, and he was driving across the Park to be present at Curran's meeting with Egan.

A violent ring of the hall bell startled him, and before he could inquire the cause a servant had announced Dr. Beattie.

"I thought I might be fortunate enough to catch you before bed-hour," said the Doctor, "and I knew you would like to hear some tidings of my mission."

"You have been to — Where have you been?" said the old Judge, embarrassed between the late flood of his recollections and the sudden start of his arrival.

"To Killaloe, to see that poor fellow who had the severe fall in the hurdle race."

"Ay — to be sure — yes. I remember all now. Give me a moment, however." He nodded his head twice or thrice, as if concurring with some statement, and then said, "Go on, sir; the Court is with you."

Beattie proceeded to detail the accident and the state of the sufferer — of whom he pronounced favourably — saying that there was no fracture, nor anything worse than severe concussion. "In fact," said he, "were it an hospital case, I'd say there was very little danger."

"And do you mean to tell me, sir," said the Judge, who had followed the narrative with extreme attention, "that the man of birth and blood must succumb in any conflict more readily than the low born?"

"It's not the individual I was thinking of, so much as his belongings here. What I fear for in the present case is what the patient must confront every day of his convalescence."

Seeing that the Judge waited for some explanation, Beattie began to relate that, as he had started from Dublin the day before, he found himself in the same carriage

with the young man's mother, who had been summoned by telegraph to her son's bedside.

"I have met," said he, "in my time, nearly all sorts and conditions of people. Indeed, a doctor's life brings him into contact with more maladies of nature and temperament than diseases of material origin; but anything like this woman I never saw before. To begin: she combined within herself two qualities that seem opposed to each other—a most lavish candour on the score of herself and her family, and an intense distrust of all the rest of mankind. She told me she was a baronet's wife—how she had married him—where they lived—what his estate was worth—how this young fellow had become, by the death of a brother, the heir to the property—and how his father, indignant at his extravagance, had disentailed the estate, to leave it to a younger son if so disposed. She showed at times the very greatest anxiety about her son's state; but at other moments just as intense an eagerness to learn what schemes and intrigues were being formed against him—who were the people in whose house he then was—what they were—and how he came there. To all my assurances that they were persons in every respect her son's equals, she answered by a toss of the head or a saucy half laugh. 'Irish?' asked she. 'Yes, Irish.' 'I thought so,' rejoined she; 'I told Sir Hugh I was sure of it, though he said there were English Sewells.' From this instant her distrust broke forth. All Ireland had been in a conspiracy against her family for years. She had a brother, she said it with a shiver of horror, who was cruelly beaten by an attorney in Cork for a little passing pleasantry to the man's sister; he had kissed her, or something of the kind, in a railroad carriage; and her cousin—poor dear Cornwallis Merivale—it was in Ireland he found that creature that got the divorce against him two years ago. She went on to say that there had been a plot against her son, in the very neighbourhood where he now lay ill, only a year ago—some intrigue to involve him in a marriage, the whole details of which she threatened me with the first time we should be alone.

"Though at some moments expressing herself in terms of real affection and anxiety about her poor son, she would suddenly break off to speculate on what might happen from his death. 'You know, Doctor, there is only one more boy, and if his life lapsed, Holt and the Holt estate goes to the Carringtons.'"

"An odious woman, sir—a most odious woman; I only wonder why you continued to travel in the same carriage with her."

"My profession teaches great tolerance," said the Doctor, mildly.

"Don't call tolerance, sir, what there is the better word for, subserviency. I am amazed how you endured this woman."

"Remember—it is to be remembered—that in my version of her I have condensed the conversation of some hours, and given you, as it were, the substance of much talking; and also, that I have not attempted to convey what certainly was a very perfect manner. She had no small share of good looks, a very sweet voice, and considerable attraction in point of breeding."

"I will accept none of these as alleviations, sir; her blandishments cannot blind the Court."

"I will not deny their influence upon myself," said Beattie, gently.

"I can understand you, sir," said the Judge, pompously. "The habits of your profession teach you to swallow so much that is nauseous in a sweet vehicle, that you carry the same custom into morals."

Beattie laughed so heartily at the analogy that the old man's good-humour returned to him, and he bade him continue his narrative.

"I have not much more to tell. We reached the house by about eleven o'clock at night, and my fellow-traveller sat in the carriage till I announced her to Mrs. Sewell. My own cares called me to the sick-room, and I saw no more of the ladies till this morning, just before I came away."

"She is then domesticated there. She has taken up her quarters at the Sewells' house?"

"Yes. I found her maid, too, had taken possession of Colonel Sewell's dressing-room, and dispossessed a number of his chattels to make room for her own."

"It is a happy thing, a very happy thing for me, that I have not been tried by these ordeals," said the Judge, with a long-drawn breath. "I wonder how Colonel Sewell will endure it."

"I have no means of knowing; he arrived late at night, and was still in bed and asleep when I left."

"You have not told me these people's name?"

"Trafford—Sir Hugh Beechan Trafford of Holt-Trafford, Staffordshire."

"I have met the man, or rather his father, for it was nigh fifty years ago—an old family, and of Saxon origin; and his wife—who was she?"

"Her name was Merivale: her father, I think, was Governor of Madras."

"If so, sir, she has hereditary claims for impertinence and presumption. Sir Ulysses Merivale enjoyed the proud distinction of being the most insolent man in England. It is well that you have told me who she was, Beattie, for I might have made a very fatal blunder. I was going to write to Sewell to say, 'As this is a great issue, I would advise you to bring down your mother, "special,"' but I recall my intention. Lady Lendrick would have no chance against Lady Trafford. Irish insolence has not the finish of the English article, and we put an alloy of feeling in it that destroys it altogether. Will the young man recover?"

"He is going on favourably, and I see nothing to apprehend, except, indeed, that the indiscretions of his mother may prejudice his case. She is very likely to insist on removing him; she hinted it to me as I took my leave."

"I will write to the Sewells to come up here at once. They shall evacuate the territory, and leave her in possession. As persons closely connected with my family, they must not have this outrage put upon them." He rang the bell violently, and desired the servant to request Miss Lendrick to come to him.

"She is not very well, my lord, and has gone to her room. She told Mrs. Beales to serve your lordship's tea when you were ready for it."

"What is this? What does all this mean?" said the old Judge, eagerly; for the idea of any one presuming to be ill without duly apprising him—without the preliminary step of ascertaining that it could not inconvenience him—was more than he was fully prepared for.

"Tell Mrs. Beales I want her," said he, as he rose and left the room. Muttering angrily as he went, he ascended the stairs and traversed the long corridor which led to Lucy's room; but before he had reached the door the housekeeper was at his side.

"Miss Lucy said she'd like to see your lordship, if it wasn't too much trouble, my lord."

"I am going to see her. Ask her if I may come in."

"Ycs, my lord," said Mrs. Beales from the open door. "She is awake."

"My own dear grandpapa," said Lucy, stretching out her arms to him from her bed, "how good and kind of you to come here!"

"My dear, dear child," said he, fondly;

"tell me you are not ill; tell me that it is a mere passing indisposition."

"Not even so much, grandpapa. It is simply a headache. I was crying, and I was ashamed that you should see it; and I walked out into the air; and I came back again, trying to look at ease; and my head began to throb and to pain me so, that I thought it best to go to bed. It was a letter I got—a letter from Cagliari. Poor Tom has had the terrible fever of the island. He said nothing about it at first, but now he has relapsed. There are only three lines in his own hand—the rest is from his friend. You shall see what he says. It is very short, and not very hard to read."

The old man put on his spectacles and read—

"My very dear Lucy."

"Who presumes to address you in this way? Brook Fossbrooke! What! is this the man who is called Sir Brook Fossbrooke? By what means have you become so intimate with a person of his character?"

"I know nothing better, nothing more truly noble and generous, than his character," said she, holding her temples as she spoke, for the pain of her head was almost agony. "Do read on—read on, dearest grandpapa."

He turned again to the letter, and read it over in silence till he came to the few words in Tom's hand, which he read aloud:—"Darling Lu—I shall be all right in a week. Don't fret, but write me a long—long"—he had forgotten the word "letter," "and love me always."

She burst into tears as the old man read the words, for by some strange magic, the syllables of deep affection, uttered by one unmoved, smite the heart with a pang that is actual torture. "I will take this letter down to Beattie, Lucy, and hear what he says of it," said the old man, and left the room.

"Read this, Beattie, and tell me what you say to it," said the Chief Baron, as he handed the Doctor Sir Brook's letter. "I'll tell you of the writer when you have read it."

Beattie read the note in silence, and as he laid it on the table said, "I know the man, and his strange old-fashioned writing would have recalled him without his name."

"And what do you know of him, sir?" asked the Judge, sternly.

"I can tell you the story in three words: He came to consult me one morning,

about six or eight months ago. It was about an insurance on his life—a very small sum he wanted to raise, to go out to this very place he writes from. He got to talk about the project, and I don't exactly know how it came about—I forget the details now—but it ended by my lending him the money myself."

"What, sir! do you combine usury with physic?"

"On that occasion I appear to have done so," said Beattie, laughing.

"And you advanced a sum of money to a man whom you saw for the first time, simply on his showing that his life was too insecure to guarantee repayment?"

"That puts the matter a little too nakedly."

"It puts it truthfully, sir, I apprehend."

"If you mean that the man impressed me so favourably that I was disposed to do him a small service, you are right."

"You and I, Beattie, are too old for this impulsive generosity—too old by thirty years! After forty, philanthropy should take a chronic form, and never have paroxysms. I think I am correct in my medical language."

"Your medicine pleases me more than your morality," said Beattie, laughing; "but to come back to this Sir Brook—I wish you had seen him."

"Sir, I have seen him, and I have heard of him, and if not at liberty to say what I have heard of him, it is quite enough to state that my information cannot corroborate your opinion."

"Well, my lord, the possibility of what I might hear will not shake the stability of what I have seen. Remember that we doctors imagine we read human nature by stronger spectacles than the laity generally."

"You imagine it, I am aware, sir; but I have met with no such instances of acuteness amongst your co-professionals as would sustain the claim; but why are we wandering from the record? I gave you that letter to read that you might tell me, is this boy's case a dangerous one?"

"It is a very grave case, no doubt? this is the malaria fever of Sardinia—bad enough with the natives, but worse with strangers. He should be removed to better air at once if he could bear removal."

"So is it ever with your art," said the Judge, in a loud declamatory voice. "You know nothing in your difficulties but a piteous entreaty to the unknown resources of nature to assist you. No, sir; I will not hear your defence; there is no issue before

the Court. What sort of practitioners have they in this island?"

"Rude enough, I can believe."

"Could a man of eminence be found to go out there and see him?"

"A man in large practice could not spare the time; but there are men of ability who are not yet in high repute; one of these might be possibly induced."

"And what might the expense be?"

"A couple of hundred—say three hundred pounds, would perhaps suffice."

"Go up-stairs and see my grand-daughter. She is very nervous and feverish; calm her mind so far as you are able; say that we are concerting measures for her brother's benefit; and by the time you shall come down again I will have made up my mind what to do."

Beattie was a valued friend of Lucy's, and she was glad to see him enter her room, but she would not suffer him to speak of herself; it was of poor Tom alone she would talk. She heard with delight the generous intentions of her grandfather, and exclaimed with rapture, "This is his real nature, and yet it is only by the little foibles of his temper that the world knows him; but we, Doctor, we, who see him as he is, know how noble-hearted and affectionate he can be!"

"I must hasten back to him," said Beattie, after a short space; "for should he decide on sending out a doctor, I must lose no time, as I must return to see this young fellow at Killaloe to-morrow."

"Oh, in my greater anxieties I forgot him! How is he?—will he recover?"

"Yes, I regard him as out of danger—that is, if Lady Trafford can be persuaded not to talk him into a relapse."

"Lady Trafford! who is she?"

"His mother: she arrived last night."

"And his name is Trafford, and his Christian name Lionel!"

"Lionel Wentworth Trafford. I took it from his dressing-case when I prescribed for him."

Lucy had been leaning on her arm as she spoke, but she now sank slowly backwards and fainted.

It was a long time before consciousness came back, and even then she lay voiceless and motionless; and, though she heard what Beattie said to her, unable to speak to him, or intimate by a gesture that she heard him.

The Doctor needed no confidences—he read the whole story. There are expressions in the human face which have no reference to physical ills; nor are they indi-

cations of bodily suffering. He who asked, "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" knew how hopeless was his question; and this very despair it is—this sense of an affliction beyond the reach of art—gives a character to the expression which the doctor's eye never fails to discriminate from the look worn by malady.

As she lay there motionless, her large eyes looking at him with that expression in which eagerness struggles against debility, he saw how he had become her confidant.

"Come, my dear child," said he, taking her hand between both his own, "you have no occasion for fears on this score—so far I assure you, on my honour."

She gave his hand a slight, a very slight, pressure, and tried to say something, but could not.

"I will go down now, and see what is to be done about your brother;" she nodded,

and he continued, "I will pay you another visit to-morrow early, before I leave town, and let me find you strong and hearty; and remember, that though I force no confidences, Lucy, I will not refuse them if you offer."

"I have none, sir—none," said she, in a voice of deep melancholy.

"So that I know all that is to be known?" asked he.

"All, sir," said she, with a trembling lip.

"Well, accept me as a friend whom you may trust, my dear Lucy. If you want me I will not fail you; and if you have no need of me, there is nothing that has passed to-day between us ever to be remembered—you understand me?"

"I do, sir. You will come to-morrow—won't you?"

He nodded assent, and left her.

EVENING HYMN.

HELP me, my God and King,
Rightly Thy praise to sing,
And Thee for everything
Ever adore :

For all Thy light to-day,
Lighting my darksome way,
With its celestial ray
Going before :

For that rich heavenly food
Feast of Thy flesh and blood,
Life, strength, and healthful mood
Quick'ning in me :

And for my safe retreat
From the world's storm and heat,
Under Thy mercy-seat
Hiding in Thee.

Lord, in Thy loving voice
Let my cold heart rejoice ;
Oh, may my ready choice
Make Thee my Guest ! *

Sombre the night, and drear,
Oh, let me find Thee near,
My fainting soul to cheer
With quiet rest !

On that dear breast of Thine
May I my head recline,
And may that touch divine
Thrill through my soul !

Cleansing away all dross,
Counting all else but loss,
May I Thy sacred Cross
Take for my goal !

Strong in the strength of God,
Freed from my sinful load,
Daily to tread the road
Leading to Thee.

Shield, sword, and helmet — Thine,
Strength, courage, aid — divine,
Only this body — mine ;
So let it be.

Keen be the fight below,
Hard be the tempter's blow,
Nothing can overthrow
Whom Thou dost keep.

Waiting Thy great behest,
I lay me down to rest ;
Calm Thou my troubled breast,
Grant me sweet sleep.

— *Sunday Magazine.*

E. S. D.

* Rev. iii. 20.

NUNC EST BIBENDUM.

HUNGARIAN wine, Hungarian wine,
('Twas thus mellifluous GLADSTONE sang)
Thy hue is bright, thy tone is fine,
And suited to an English tongue.
And if thy names are slightly hard,
They'll soon be learned by pensive BULL ;
When on each vinous merchant's card,
He reads thy titles clear and full.

The Badasconyer's good as needs,
'Tis free from acid, white, and dry ;
The Pesther Steinbruch, flowing, pleads
It's just the thing to wet your eye.
The Szamorodny's dry Tokay,
The Ruszta is a rich white flood ;
And when the Hock pours bright and gay,
It cools the brain and warms the blood.

Red Adelberger Ofner, thou,
The oftener drunk the more art loved ;
To thee, full Menes, let me bow,
For what I mean is, " much approved."
Erlaure, the man who likes not thee,
Gives me small promise of his wits ;
Now to my lips, my bright, my free,
My proud, my glowing Carlovitz !

More, many more I call to mind,
Which soon shall household words be made,
Now Austria hath her Treaty signed,
And vowed to something like Free Trade.
The House shall know its Leader's choice
When GLADSTONE's self with GLADSTONE
dines ;
And I will bid you all rejoice,
O Thirsty Souls ; in Hungary wines.

Punch.

THE INS AND OUTS OF THE CASE AT WASHINGTON.

SAYS JOHNSON, " To hold that the States of
the South,
'Were e'er out of the Union is sin."
Says Congress, " Wa'al, guess if they never
were out,
There ain't no call for letting 'em in."

Punch.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

MR. CARLYLE.*

THE conclusion of the *History of Frederick the Great*, the most elaborate of Mr. Carlyle's books, appears to afford a good opportunity, not only for reviewing that work as a whole, but for making some observations on the other works of its author, and on the general characteristics of his literary career, which has now been extended over upwards of forty years. The following list of the books contained in Messrs. Chapman and Hall's collected edition is curious in itself, and will appear, upon examination, to throw very considerable light upon the nature of his career:—

Translation of Wilhelm Meister	1824
Life of Schiller	1825
Translations from Tieck, &c.	1827
Four vols. of Miscellaneous Essays	1827-40
Sartor Resartus	1831
French Revolution	1840(?)
Chartism	1840
Hero-Worship	1840
Past and Present	1843
Cromwell	1845-48 or '9
Latter-day Pamphlets	1850
Life of Sterling	1851
Frederick the Great	1858-65

These works naturally fall into three main divisions. The first set includes the translations from the German, the *Life of Schiller*, and a considerable number of the more important miscellaneous essays, which also relate to German authors. *Sartor Resartus* is, as it were, the final result and personal application of these studies. The next set includes *Chartism*, *Hero-Worship*, *Past and Present*, and the *Latter-day Pamphlets*. *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches* and the *History of Frederick II.* form the third class; and the *Life of Sterling* stands by itself, and has an interest of its own. It throws greater light than all the rest on the personal history, feelings, and character of its author.

* 1. *Works of Thomas Carlyle*. London: Chapman and Hall. 1848.

2. *History of Frederick II., called Frederick the Great*. By Thomas Carlyle. London: Chapman and Hall. 1838-63. Six volumes.

Between these three sets of books there is a real and close connexion; and well as they are, no doubt, known to most of our readers, we will try to point out what it is.

The earliest works of all, the *Life of Schiller* and the German translations, must, no doubt, have been written when their author was quite a young man, and it is easy to see from them what a revelation German literature was to him. His reviews of Goethe, Novalis, and others, but especially his reviews of Richter, are those of an admiring student and disciple; and though there was that in him which there never yet was in any German whatever (if so wide a proposition may be permitted to any human creature), it is abundantly clear that not merely his style, but the whole tone and temper of his mind and cast of his opinions, were most deeply influenced by these studies. It would appear that they were the foundation on which rested his fundamental theories about life and its affairs, his religion, if the word be used in a wide untechnical sense.

Sartor Resartus is the nearest approach which he has ever made to a systematic statement upon this subject. He was, however, too much of an Englishman, and far too deeply imbued with the busy and practical spirit of the age in which he lived, to rest satisfied with the mere investigation or organization of principles. Practice was to the full as valuable to Mr. Carlyle as theory, and the problem which specially engaged his attention, and on which he brought his general theories to bear, was pre-eminently practical. It was the great social and political problem of the age. How ought England to be governed, and for what purposes? and above all, how ought the great question as to the condition of the poor to be dealt with? The *History of the French Revolution* no doubt forced these thoughts upon his mind, and he expressed them in what we have described as the second class of his works—*Chartism*, *Hero-Worship*, *Past and Present*, and afterwards in the *Latter-day Pamphlets*. It is obvious enough, and has been repeated almost *ad nauseam*, that these works, with the exception of the *Latter-day Pamphlets* only state, and that not in the most satisfactory manner, a prob-

lem which they do not even attempt to solve. It is obvious enough to every impartial reader, that no one could feel this more deeply than their author. He admits continually, in a thousand forms, that he has not the special knowledge which will enable him to make specific suggestions; he expresses in various ways his contempt for such suggestions, and his belief that the disease over which he laments is too deep to be reached by any 'Morrison's Pill' remedy, and he maintains that it is to be cured only by a radical change in the whole spirit of our lives and institutions. This seems to form the point of connection between the second and third class of his works. In his histories, he reflects that others have had to deal with modifications of the same problem, and that, for practical purpose, example and sympathy are of far greater efficacy than mere theory; hence he takes up historically the great problem which had fascinated him. How did Cromwell govern this country? How did Frederick play his part as king, and elevate Prussia into a great nation, not by leaving it to itself, but by the most active and persistent government? The *Letters and Speeches of Cromwell* and the *History of Frederick* are the answers to these questions.

Such appears to us to be, in general terms, the relation between Mr. Carlyle's different writings. They disclose, first, his general principles and views; next, his estimate of the political and social condition of his own time and country; and lastly, his conception, thrown into the narrative form, of the true path to be taken, and of the conditions under which better things may be hoped for. Of course it would be highly pedantic to affect to make any marked distinction between these different classes of writings. Each book has its own object and its own unity; and their author is much too considerable a writer, and far too great an artist, to neglect that fact in order to strain them so as to subserve any special purpose. Still this general vein does run through them all, and does give them a general unity. At all events, it affords a convenient classification for the purpose of making some observations—*first*, on Mr. Carlyle's general principles; *secondly*, on his view of the social and political condition of the country; and *thirdly*, on his view of the light thrown upon it by those passages of history which he has treated in detail, and specially by his *History of Frederick the Great*.

First, then, let us shortly consider the nature and chief articles of Mr. Carlyle's gen-

eral creed. It is expressed over and over again in almost everything that he has written, and is embodied in his very style and habitual terms of expression in a manner as vivid and impressive as it is unsystematic. *Sartor Resartus*, perhaps, approaches more closely to a systematic exposition of it than any other of his works. His chief and fundamental tenet may be described in a single word. He is a Transcendentalist. He utterly rebelled in his youth, and down to the present time has persisted in his rebellion, against the ruling doctrines of the age, the doctrine, namely, which reduces knowledge to experience generalized, and morality to a system of utilitarianism, and which supplies kindred explanations of religion, beauty, and the other objects by which the human feelings are most deeply stirred. Nothing can exceed the scorn with which he repudiates, satirizes, caricatures, and tramples on these doctrines whenever he has reason to speak of them. Perhaps the best and raciest explosion of this sort to be found in his works is his summary of the pig-philosophy in the *Latter-day Pamphlets*. Even those unhappy persons who (like the present reviewer to some extent) hold these pernicious doctrines, must enjoy the manner in which they are handled. The passage is well known, but too much to our purpose to be left unquoted, as it exhibits to perfection the nature of the views from which its author revolts, and the sentiment under the influence of which he revolts against them.

1. 'The universe, as far as swine conjecture can go, is an immeasurable swine-trough, consisting of solids and liquids, and other contrasts and kinds; especially consisting of attainable and unattainable, the latter in immensely larger proportion for most pigs.'

2. 'Moral evil is unattainability of pig's wash; moral good attainability of ditto.'

4. 'Define the whole duty of pigs. It is the mission of universal pighood, and the duty of all pigs, at all times, to diminish the quantity of unattainable, and increase that of attainable. All knowledge, and device, and effort, ought to be directed thither, and thither only; pig science, pig enthusiasm and devotion, have this one aim. It is the whole duty of pigs.'

5. 'Pig-poetry ought to consist of the universal recognition of the excellence of pig's-wash and ground barley, and the felicity of pigs whose trough is in order and who have had enough. Hrrumph!

7. 'Who made the pig? Unknown; perhaps the pork-butcher.' (There is a

perfectly sublime humour in this, especially when we consider that it has nothing to do with the subject).

8. 'Have you law and justice in Pigdom? Pigs of observation have discerned that there is or was once supposed to be a thing called justice. Undeniably, at least there is a sentiment in pig-nature called indignation, revenge, &c., which, if one pig provoke another, comes out in a more or less destructive manner: hence, laws are necessary, amazing quantities of laws. For quarrelling is attended with loss of blood, of life, or, at any rate, with frightful effusion of the general stock of hog's-wash, and ruin (temporary ruin) to large sections of the universal swine's-trough: wherefore, let justice be observed that so quarrelling be avoided.

9. 'What is justice? Your own share of the general swine's-trough, not any portion of my share.

10. 'But what is my share? Ah, there, in fact, lies the grand difficulty. . . . My share is on the whole whatever I can contrive to get without being hanged or sent to the huiks.'

We have made this long extract because it sets in the clearest light Mr. Carlyle's contempt of the character of the system which he has to attack and protest against. Democracy and Utilitarianism, and all things connected with or related to them, are in his eyes the giant evil of the day, against which he is always, and in all legitimate ways, to make war. He carries on the war not by argument or by set refutation, but by ridicule, by irony, by indignant denunciation and counter assertion. It would be waste of time and space to attempt to give any analysis or compressed account of the attacks which he makes upon these views. *Sartor Resartus*, or at least the three chapters on the Everlasting No, the Centre of Indifference, and the Everlasting Yea, are a short history of the course by which his mind arrived at its settled principles. Herr Teufelsdröckh revolts against the established creed of his country, and falls fast into a state of indifferent dissatisfaction and terror. He then becomes calm: 'Suppose the worst is true,—suppose I am to die and be damned. I will take it at least like a man, and not tremble before it like a cur. What matter where, so I am still the same.' On this foundation he denies and repudiates whatever he considers false, notwithstanding the penalties usually supposed to be attached to such denials, and at last he is rewarded, as John Bunyan would have said, by a vision of the Celestial City, and the shining ones who

walked there. He obtains a transcendental vision of goodness, of immortality, of eternal truth and justice, and of God who is the centre and essence of it all. The eternal world shines out in indefinite but real and indescribable splendour and truth, and seen in its light, he is enabled to look upon the world in which he lives with cheerfulness, with courageous resignation, and with an earnest desire to make it better, and to be on the side of the good influences which play upon it and against the bad ones. It is impossible, from the very nature of the case, that these views should be expressed in a definite manner. They run, as a matter of course into poetry and metaphor. He writes of 'the Destinies,' 'the writings on the marble tablet,' the Silences, and Eternities, and Immensities, as the ultimate ruling principles of life. A single specimen may stand for a thousand. In the *Latter-day Pamphlets* a group is introduced, 'under the summer beech-tree,' including an 'official law dignitary' and 'an ancient figure not engaged in smoking,' who observes, on the question of 'What to do with our criminals?'—'If we could do approximately as God Almighty does towards them: in a word, if we could try to do justice towards them. . . . 'I'll thank you for a definition of justice,' sneered the official person, in a cheerily scornful and triumphant manner. . . . 'Well, I have no pocket definition of justice to give your lordship. It has not been quite my trade to look after such a definition. I could rather fancy it had been your lordship's trade, sitting on your high place this long while. But one thing I can tell you: justice always is, whether we define it or not. Everything done, suffered, or proposed in Parliament, or out of it, is either just or unjust; either is accepted by the gods and eternal facts, or is repelled by them.' A vast deal of Mr. Carlyle's philosophy is fairly illustrated by this short specimen. He believes in Justice, in Right, in the Eternities, and the Silences, in God, in the soul. He does not believe in the pig-philosophy, or in democracy, which is its political equivalent.

As the present reviewer, to borrow one of Mr. Carlyle's own phrases, has a good deal more sympathy than Mr. Carlyle himself with the pig-philosophy, and also with democracy, it may be as well to go a little into the subject, and to state why and how far, notwithstanding this difference, we (to resume the common dialect) agree with Mr. Carlyle upon these topics, and what is the extent of our difference with him.

It is almost too trite a remark to be made that the great controversy between Platonists and Aristotelians, Realists and Nominalists, Locke and Kant, Mr. John Stuart Mill and Sir W. Hamilton, or by whatever other name it may be known, is the fundamental controversy which runs through nearly all intellectual subjects. It shows itself in every subject of human knowledge; for instance, in theology, in ethics, in jurisprudence, in mathematics, and in politics, and in its own proper and natural metaphysical form it is even now just as eager, as vivacious, and as attractive to all manner of men as it was in ancient Athens, and probably in the days when the Pyramids of Egypt were still new. Nothing but great ignorance or extreme presumption could induce any man to suppose that he could contribute anything of the least importance to the decision of such a controversy, if, indeed, any one seriously thinks that it is a controversy which in the nature of things can ever be decided. It is, however, not only possible, but, as it appears to us highly desirable, to make some observations on one particular aspect of the controversy, which, though highly important, has been much neglected.

The question at issue between the Transcendentalist and the Empiricist is, whether all our knowledge is simply generalized experience as the Empiricist affirms, or whether, as the Transcendentalist affirms, we have mental organs by the use of which we are able to affirm various truths of the highest importance, the truths which Transcendentalists do usually affirm being such as the existence of God, the distinction between right and wrong, and their universal obligation. The practical difference between the two schools, and the one which gives the controversy between them that tone of eagerness and something like indignation which it is apt to assume, consists in the fact that Transcendentalists always consider that if their doctrines were universally admitted, mankind would lead a nobler, more exalted life than they actually do lead, and would be free from all manner of debasing and ignoble conceptions of their duties here and of their prospects hereafter, which are supposed to be the natural growth of Empiricism carried out to its full consequences in all the different departments of life. The controversialists on each side appear to us to do each other great practical injustice. Be the merits of the controversy itself what they will, we think it clear that they stand in need of each other, and that, though neither side is complete in its belief, each has got hold of a truth which the other side

ought to recognize. In order to explain this we will try to state shortly, and with special reference to Mr. Carlyle's writings, the strong and weak side of Transcendentalism and Empiricism respectively.

The strong side of Transcendentalism is, that it does act powerfully on the imagination and on the passions. It is an unquestionable fact that men are immensely influenced by the terms which Transcendentalists employ and of which they profess to justify the employment. The weak side of Transcendentalism is, that no Transcendentalist has ever yet succeeded in making a statement of his views which commands general assent. The Absolute and the Infinite, Faith, Beauty, Justice, Duty, and the like are words of power, but Empiricists have always been able to push their fingers through them. On the other hand, Empiricists can point to results the authority of which no one can deny. The multiplication table is true. Newton's Principia are true. The same may be said of large sections of physical philosophy, and of all results obtained and verified by the application of the approved methods of philosophizing. The most resolute Transcendentalist does not deny that his characteristic and cherished beliefs *might* be strengthened by further evidence. Theodore Parker, probably, stood alone in the assertion that the actual reappearance of the dead would add nothing to his conviction of the truth of the doctrine of a future state. The immense success and influence of Christianity, and of other religions resting on a basis of fact either true or taken to be true, are so many proofs of the vast importance of the empirical view of things in regard to religion and morals. If the fundamental propositions of both or either could be supported by proofs similar in kind to those on which physical science rests its claims to belief, it cannot be seriously doubted that this would both be and be felt to be a great gain to all who profess to be their friends. The weak side of Empiricism is an incompleteness which is inseparable from the early stages of every philosophy, and which may turn out ultimately to be inseparable from human knowledge and human thought when carried to its highest pitch. Incomplete, however, Empiricism most undoubtedly is upon the moral and religious side. It is far from having thoroughly answered the questions why men should be virtuous? what virtue consists of? and how A B is to know whether this or that is right or wrong? Its utterances are still more unsatisfactory upon the subject of religion, as to which it constantly has to say,

'Perhaps,' and 'I don't know.' In the meantime life has to go on, men are continually called upon to act here, there, and everywhere, in regard to all manner of matters which cannot be properly managed without reference to topics on which the Transcendentalists speak in an unsatisfactory manner, and on which the Empiricists have nothing at all to say. I am tempted to lie or steal. Why should I refrain? Virtue and Justice forbid you, says the Transcendentalist. And what are Virtue and Justice? They are the writing on the Iron Tablets; the voice of the Eternities; I have no pocket definition of them; but unless you *know* them and *do* them they will vindicate themselves in an altogether frightful manner, &c., &c., says the Transcendentalist. In a word, he threatens and rages instead of answering. The Empiricist carries the matter a little further. Virtue is compliance with a system of rules calculated to produce happiness which consists of such and such elements. And why should I try to promote general happiness, even if I got over the difficulty of ascertaining in a satisfactory way in what it consists and what would promote it? You may, perhaps, be more or less hung, damned, and hated, all or either, by yourself and others, says the Empiricist. And suppose I choose to run my chance? Then take your chance and go about your business. This is an answer, but it hardly explains in a completely satisfactory manner all the questions that may be asked, especially if the questioner resolutely pushes home the questions — what degree of probability there is that he will incur the consequences suggested? who is to inflict them? and why his instructor thinks that they will be inflicted? Still, incomplete as the answer of the Empiricist is, it is undoubtedly to the purpose, and is true as far as it goes; and what is more, it contains all, or at all events, most of the precise attainable truth which it is possible to state on the subject. Happiness is approximately a definite idea; so is punishment. No one can affect to misunderstand their meaning; and though a man may affect to despise and defy the penalties which the utilitarian system holds out, as a matter of fact they have a real and an exceedingly powerful influence, as far as they go, though they certainly do not, at all events, as usually stated, exhaust the topics to which they refer.

The case of morality, of which we have thus given a statement of the most summary kind, affords an excellent illustration of the relation in which, as it appears to us, the two great schools of thought ought to stand

to each. The Transcendentalists are preachers, the Empiricists are philosophers. The object of the Transcendentalist is to excite the passions, that of the Empiricist is to give the theory of the doctrine which the Transcendentalists preach. Each function is necessary to the great object of human well-being on the large scale, and there is really no reason whatever for their being opposed to each other. The Transcendentalist describes the majesty, the beauty, the superlative glory and worth of justice in a thousand ways. He tells men, with perfect truth, that they ought above all things to know and to do justice; that if they do not know it, it will make them know it; that an age which knows and does what is just is by that very fact happy and blessed above all other ages, and so on. This kind of language is of immense importance. In the hands of a man like Mr. Carlyle it may be made to come home to every heart, and to influence thousands upon thousands in the most powerful way in the direction of all that is most worthy of admiration, but it is not in reality opposed to the Empiricist philosophy any more than anatomy or chemistry is opposed to painting. The knowledge of a just man, the contemplation of a just act, excites in my mind feelings of admiration and awe, which are capable of being deepened and rendered habitual and influential over my conduct to an almost indefinite extent by the use of such eloquent and noble phraseology as Mr. Carlyle's, for men are to a great extent the creatures of habit and sympathy. But why need these impressions be in any degree disturbed by my learning that justice consists in adherence to fixed rules, framed so as to promote the general happiness? Would the study of anatomy destroy my delight in the beauty of the human face? or is there any reason why I shall cease to care about water as soon as I learn that it is composed of oxygen and hydrogen gas mixed in certain proportions? One thing is certain at all events, the Transcendentalist will no more be able to reform an unjust law by declaiming about justice without knowing what it means, than the painter will be able to cure a squint without the aid of the surgeon. On the other hand, a man will never fall in love with a mere anatomical plate, or admire a landscape which represents nothing but geological sections; and that, be it what it may, which eludes the anatomist or the geologist, and which is worshipped, indicated, passionately asserted in a thousand forms by the poet and the painter under the name of Beauty, marks the incomplete-

ness but not the falsehood of science, and the sphere in which it stands in need of the assistance of art.

These considerations appear to us to show in what respects Mr. Carlyle has been unjustly treated by the Empirical school, and in what respects he in his turn has been unjust to them. It appears to us that there has been a great deal of injustice on each side. We shall best give our own estimate of Mr. Carlyle by attempting to give a notion of the kind and extent of each of these injustices. We will take first the injustice of the Empirical school to Mr. Carlyle. He is taunted with his inability to suggest practical remedies for the evils of which he complains. He is constantly treated as a mere visionary. His express doctrines are analyzed and declared to be contradictory or unmeaning. His continual employment of humour and irony is stigmatized as impertinence and affectation. In short, he is treated as a mere pretender, or, as he would say himself, as a sham. All such criticism appears to us to be unfair, because it proceeds on a false notion of the part which Mr. Carlyle takes, and is fitted by nature to take, in the world of thought and literature. Let us take in turn the different accusations just specified, which are the most important of those which are brought against him, and try to appreciate their value.

First, it is said that he is a mere prophet of evil. A Jeremiah, who suggests no remedies for the evils which he points out in the affairs of the world.

This is in the first place no crime if it were true, and in the next place it is very far indeed from being true. No man is universal; and in a world which contains so strange a mixture of good and evil as the world in which we live, there is abundant room for the discharge of every sort of function. We want prophets of evil as well as prophets of good, for there is plenty for them to prophesy about. That the whole head is sick and the whole heart sore, and that there is no health in us, may be an exaggerated statement; but it is perfectly true and very important that we do suffer under a great variety of political, social, and moral diseases, and that those who point out their existence and insist upon the necessity of curing them do a great service. Every one no doubt has his bias; and the dyspeptic bias is certainly less agreeable to all parties—to those who have it as well as to those who hear the dyspeptic preacher—than the euphletic; but Heraclitus has his place in the world as well as Democritus,

and the unhappy Jeremiah requires a place in society as well as those who take a brighter view of life.

It is, however, very far indeed from being true that Mr. Carlyle is a mere Jeremiah, and that his lamentations have no practical issue or application. In point of fact his writings have produced a strong practical effect on many people, and are well calculated to produce such an effect. They are quaint and strangely-worded sermons on all the great moral virtues. Mr. Carlyle's object is to exhort his readers to truth, industry, fortitude, justice, belief and trust in God, and other things admitted by moralists of all times and countries to be the cardinal and fundamental virtues. That he does this in a most effectual manner, is proved by the immense influence and popularity which, in fact, he has acquired. That he has done it by the use of unusual phraseology, by startling figures, by an admirable employment of humour and imagination, by drawing attractive pictures of the virtues which he preaches, and showing the weak and ridiculous side of the contrary vices in the case of real men—all this is mere accident. Parables are the most impressive of all exhortations, and probably it would be hardly possible in any set discourse on the subject to give so striking an exhortation to manliness, vigour, and truthfulness as is conveyed by Mr. Carlyle in his account of Abbot Sampson in *Past and Present*. The portrait may or may not resemble the original, but its intrinsic value, considered as a sermon, does not depend on that. It depends on the vigour with which it sets before us the excellence and beauty of the characteristics which it holds up to our admiration. This is true of nearly every picture which Mr. Carlyle has ever painted of great, or even of inconsiderable men. His object always is to construct in his own mind, from such materials as are accessible to him, a picture of the living man as he really was; and when he has got him, he invariably enlists our affections on the side of what was good in him, with as much vigour as the most powerful novelist, and, as it seems to us, with a truth and force of moral sentiment which hardly any writer of fiction, at least in our days, has ever attained to. In all his voluminous writings there is probably not a line which ever did any one any moral harm. There are hundreds, nay thousands of pages, which have taught hundreds of thousands of readers to love and honour every form of virtue, especially the harder and more active forms of it. This might be illustrated to any extent

from every one of his historical or biographical works. The essence of all of them is the same. Here is Burns, Voltaire, Johnson, Rousseau, Cromwell, Napoleon, who you will. This was how he lived and worked. This was the net result of his activity in life. Thus and thus you may satisfy yourselves that in so far as he succeeded, in so far as his work prospered or lasted, it was because it corresponded with fact, and was done well, honestly, and with a true appreciation, express or tacit, of the conditions under which it had to be done. In every single instance, even in those cases in which his general dislike of the person of whom he is writing is greatest, Mr. Carlyle finds something to illustrate his belief in the immense value and beauty of every form of goodness. It is the theme on which he dwells so continually, that it becomes almost a trick with him. Surely this is a practical way of dealing with evils which, according to him, are in every case the companions at least, if not the result, of moral wrong-doings or shortcomings. His sermon, his practical advice to those whom he addresses, may be expressed in the most definite and practical of all possible forms. It is shortly this — Here, there, and everywhere you are all labouring under a variety of evils which I point out to you, and present to your notice in the most picturesque and striking forms. If you want to cure them, you must begin by being sincere, active, truthful, energetic, and self-sacrificing yourselves, and you must learn to recognize these qualities in others when you see them, and to understand the different results which they and the opposite vices have in fact continually produced in human affairs. That you may take this advice to heart, understand its bearing and see and feel how true it is; look here, and here, and here, and here, at the problems which have been solved by other men under other circumstances by the help of the very powers which I press you to exert. It is for especial men to devise special remedies for particular evils. All that I can do is to point out to you the general means by which all the evils of human life must be remedied, if they are to be remedied at all. Surely if this is not practical teaching it is hard to say what is.

It is continually said, however, that Mr. Carlyle is a mere visionary, and that his style is a mass of affected singularity.

This accusation appears to us as unjust as the other. No doubt he is a Transcendentalist, and as such he labours under the difficulty of being, as he would say himself, semi-articulate. The leading doctrine of

Transcendentalism, as Mr. Carlyle frequently says, is, that intellect is in the nature of insight or direct vision, and that the logical faculty is but a secondary subordinate part of it. The humble pig-philosophers would express this by saying that he attaches more importance to power and richness of perception than to the precision of its outlines. Undoubtedly this power is most important. Without good meat cooks are a nuisance. Unless the things which you see are the important and ruling elements of life, it is no great matter to be able to describe clearly to other people what you do see. If, on the other hand, you have your eye on what is permanent and of primary importance, much confusion of language, some tendency to paradox, and any quantity of mannerism are, after all, venial faults. What looks like affected singularity in Mr. Carlyle's style is the natural effect of his position. The strange language which he uses is used because it is the way in which he finds it natural to express the extreme depth, earnestness, and vivacity of his own feelings on the topics on which he writes. It is only by the use of humour and paradox that he can give full scope to his feelings. It is by these means alone that he can show how much he is in earnest, and that he can venture to introduce those occasional bursts of passion into his writings which form so prominent a feature in them. We should describe his style rather as restrained and studiously reticent, than as impertinent or affected. It is the style of a man who does not choose to let himself loose, and to give unrestrained utterance to all that is in his mind. There is no shrieking, or bewailing, or craving for sympathy in it. It is the style of a man of deep sensibility and great self-respect, who is continually saying to his readers, Laugh if you will. There is a ludicrous side to all this. I see and feel it as clearly as any one; but there are also deeper ways of looking at it — things to which I, for my part, attach intense importance, as you may see by every word I write, as much by my laughter as by anything else. Mr. Carlyle's writings almost always suggest that whatever strangeness there may be in his style was put there not by Mr. Carlyle himself, with a view to make an impression, but because that was the way in which the facts presented themselves to his mind. In his earlier writings there is also a dash of something apologetic. He writes as young men often do when they take to periodical literature, as if they felt it a sort of liberty to address the public at all, and were obliged

to make special efforts to attract their attention; but by degrees his way becomes clearer before him, he appears to stand more firmly on his legs, and his style becomes what every good style ought to be, the genuine expression of the mind and character of the author, though it retains tricks which certainly deform it, but which, after a certain time, a judicious reader becomes used to, and allows for, just as he allows for the allusive style of Gibbon or the ponderous sentences of Johnson. After all, the singularities of Mr. Carlyle's style form a very small part of it. Some of them, as the use of 'this' and 'that,' are nothing more than Lowland Scotch, the like of which are to be found, for instance, in Chalmers. Others, as the constant translation of the German 'ganz' into 'quite,' are relics of his early German studies, a much greater singularity forty years ago than they are now. After allowing, however, for these and many scores of other really unimportant matters, which might be brushed away without altering the substance of his works, what remains is a style, in some respects, of almost unequalled excellence. It is admirable for every purpose of description — nervous, natural, and vivid, to a degree which cannot be exaggerated. There is hardly to be found in the whole range of English literature a book which by mere power of style produced so great and permanent an effect as the *History of the French Revolution*. The men, the nation, their works and ways, their creeds and their writings, stand before us with an outline so clear and brilliant, that we feel as if we had known and lived with them. Probably several generations of Englishmen will take from Mr. Carlyle their notions of Mirabeau, Robespierre, Danton, and Louis XVI. The exquisite life and energy of these pictures is best seen by contrast. Compare the account of the flight to Varennes, or of the scene of the 10th of August, with the parallel passages in Lamartine. They differ as the conversation of a lively, well-bred man of the world differs from the declamation of a rather pompous and not first-rate actor. A style which has such merits as these must after all be taken on its own terms. Tricks of all kinds — such as twists of language, the frequent repetition of stock phrases (Dead-Sea-Apism, Wind-bag, &c.), the queer habit of quoting from unwritten books by non-existent authors, who are only Mr. Carlyle over again — are points in which, if such a man will indulge himself, he must indulge himself. If Doctor John-

son were still to be met with at the Club, who would object to meet him for fear of his making uncouth faces, or putting orange-peel in his pocket?

There is one singular and conclusive proof of the injustice of regarding Mr. Carlyle as a mere visionary, which has become much more prominent in his later works than it was in his earlier ones. In all English literature there is not to be found an instance of a historian who shows such industry and shrewdness in the investigation of matters of fact. No attorney preparing a brief for counsel could have taken so much pains to get legal evidence of every fact which could possibly be relevant to the cause, as Mr. Carlyle has taken to elucidate everything which can in any way be brought to bear upon the history of his various heroes. Indeed, one of the defects of the *History of Frederick II.*, as it appears to us, is that too much trouble has been expended upon the details of it. This alone would be conclusive proof that whatever else he is, Mr. Carlyle is not a mere spinner of fine phrases which have no relation to practical life, and that whatever else may be said of his Transcendentalism, it is a real belief, founded on real facts, and held by a man who knows what facts are, and how to argue about them. There is a sort of Transcendentalism which people take to because it is the easiest of all forms of talking, and very poor stuff it is; but there is also another kind, which, however strange it may seem to those who incline rather (like ourselves) to the porcine view of things, does as a fact appear eternally true and intensely important to those who show in other ways that their intellects are thoroughly sound and vigorous, and Mr. Carlyle has given superabundant collateral proof of his possession of this soundness and vigour. This in itself ought to protect him from the charge of being visionary, so far as the charge is one which involves a censure.

To those who not merely defend, but admire Mr. Carlyle, his practical sagacity will probably appear one of the most characteristic features of his character. It is entirely in harmony with the whole of his philosophy, which might almost be described as fact-worship. To truth, to fact, to whatever is, and, as he says, thereby proves its right to be, Mr. Carlyle, to use his own language, is unflinchingly 'loyal'; and this reverence for truth expresses itself, amongst other things, in the keen sagacity with which he seeks out and sets in order the minutest scraps of it. The well-known con-

trovery about the sinking of the *Vengeur*, which Mr. Carlyle had described in the early editions of his *History of the Revolution* in the usual way, and which, notwithstanding its picturesqueness, and notwithstanding the intercession of various admiring Frenchmen, he afterwards expunged, was one of the earliest proofs which he gave of this disposition. Every one of his subsequent books abounds in further illustrations of it.

The last point on which Mr. Carlyle is usually attacked by the Empirical school, is in relation to his specific doctrines which, they say, are generally fallacies or paradoxes. For instance, that silence is better than speech, and that might is right, are doctrines of his which have been a constant source of attack, sometimes humorous, sometimes serious. Sterling said that he preached the doctrine of silence with a battery of cannon, and when one is told that might is right, there certainly is a strong temptation to ask which of the two it is intended to compliment. Does it mean that when I kill my father I merely seem to have the might to do so, because I have no right to do so? or does it mean that I have the right to do so because I have the might to do so? If the first, the proposition appears to add nothing to the meaning of the word right, but makes the word might unmeaning. In the second case it adds nothing to our knowledge of might, but makes right unmeaning.

Some excuse may probably be found for the unhappy swineherds who are puzzled by these considerations, but we think that nevertheless there is a way out of them. The fact is, that in each of these cases — and they are samples of several which might be mentioned — Mr. Carlyle has a real and important meaning, which it pleases him to throw into a paradoxical form. The silence which is said to be golden is not the silence of sleep or stupidity, but the silence of self-restraint. Johnson, for instance, who passed his whole life in writing, is praised for his silence, and the meaning of the phrase apparently is, first, that he did not write about himself and his troubles, and next, that he did not write upon subjects upon which it would probably have been pleasant for him, but not good for his neighbors that he should write. It is a great and a most important truth that there is a style of writing and talking, and a very attractive style it is, which is simply bad, and bad in proportion to its attractiveness. Most of the novels which idealize the author, such poems as the most popular of Byron's, in a

word, appeals for sympathy and confessions of weakness of all kinds, ought never to be written at all. The same may be said of those rebellious ravings in which people kick against the pricks, and defy destiny. A man with a considerable gift of expression is under a great temptation to speak unadvisedly with his lips upon matters of this sort, and the self-command which enables him to hold his tongue is certainly a more valuable gift than the fluency which constitutes his temptation to speak. Indeed, Mr. Carlyle's favourite phrase is little more than an adaptation of a very high authority. 'If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body.' A talent for silence involves this gift to a great extent. So far, we entirely agree with Mr. Carlyle's admiration of the gift of silence, which is compatible, be it observed, with talking and writing being the trade of the man who possesses it, and may be exercised by a barrister in large practice, or by a newspaper writer as well as by a ploughman. It must, however, be observed that he sometimes appears to mean something more than this. The contrast which sometimes occurs between clearness of inward perception or, as he would say, vision, and difficulty of articulate expression is undoubtedly picturesque, and it strikes Mr. Carlyle's fancy so forcibly that he seems to think that a difficulty in expressing oneself — such, for instance, as Cromwell's — is a positive intellectual or moral excellency, that it adds something, as it were, to the inner light which it conceals. This appears to us to be a fallacy into which Mr. Carlyle has been seduced by his passion for the picturesque.

As to the maxim that Might and Right are identical — that, too, has a meaning, and a most vitally important one, the denial of the truth of which would lead a man straight to the deepest kind of scepticism. The meaning of it appears to be, that the world is so constituted that, on the whole, and in the long run, truth and justice prevail, and are successful; that they are the principles on which alone men can permanently carry on their intercourse with each other. This is a sort of commonplace, the assertion of which would attract little attention. The peculiarity of Mr. Carlyle's way of looking at it is, that he believes it so firmly that he takes permanent and widespread success as evidence of the truth and justice of that which causes it; and in this, again, we think he is perfectly right, though if his mind had had an analytical bent he would have taken the trouble to ascertain

the conditions under which delusions may, as they certainly sometimes do, endure for a great length of time, and would have furnished us with some tests for distinguishing the sort of success and durability which affords evidence of the justice of a cause from that which not unfrequently goes along with gross falsehood and imposture. His *History of Frederick II.* affords a good illustration of the importance of this side of the problem. Silesia was an Austrian province, by wrong, says Mr. Carlyle, from the middle of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century. It then became, and has since been, a Prussian province. Why did the century of Austrian might prove nothing as to Austrian right; whilst the century of Prussian might is put forward as evidence of Prussian right? If Mr. Carlyle were able to reply — The Austrian rule never succeeded in assimilating Silesia to the rest of the Austrian empire, and was a military occupation, which came to an end as soon as a stronger than he bound the strong man armed who kept the house; whereas the Prussian rule has made Silesia, to all intents and purposes, a part of Prussia, as French rule has made Franche Comté and Rousillon parts of France — he would have answered the question. Whether he could say so in point of fact, we do not venture to say; but if he wished to prove as well as passionately to assert his doctrine about Might and Right, he ought to provide answers for such questions. The doctrine itself, strange as it may appear that such should be the case, is, in a slightly different form, one of the leading tenets of our porcine creed. Pig philosophy becomes coherent and systematic only by the assertion of the ultimate identity of truth and utility. Truth is to be pursued (according to that philosophy) unflinchingly to all lengths, notwithstanding any apparent and immediate sacrifices, because the widest and largest experience that we can form proves that it, and it alone, is useful and good in the long run. Great as may be the temptation at particular moments to make your sum come right by counting $5+2=8$, it will be better for you, in the long run, to make the sum equal to 7. Moreover, you will find that systems which do succeed, which do produce general happiness, for long periods of time, and in a great number of cases, do so because they contain some degree of truth, and in proportion to the degree of truth which they contain. This is Mr. Carlyle's doctrine in other words. Indeed, no one, we imagine, would deny that in every controversy it is an enormous and

unspeakable advantage to be on the right side. If, then, there is a long and intricate controversy, the rights of which are not immediately apparent, and in which the parties are in other respects pretty equally matched, and if one side steadily gains upon and gradually overpowers the other, is it not at all events probable that the winning side is the one in which this vast hidden advantage lies? In common life, every one says so. Ask any lawyer whether any advantage in a lawsuit can be compared to the advantage of having a good case, and whether, on the other hand, if he knew nothing of the special merits of the case, he would not bet that the side which won in a cause thoroughly fought out, was the right side? Thus the ultimate and essential identity of might and right is a truth of vital importance, though it may be at times expressed by Mr. Carlyle in a paradoxical way. We have taken these doctrines as specimens, because they are perhaps more frequently attacked and ridiculed than any others; but we believe that analogous defences might be set up for most of the maxims which he so pertinaciously preaches, and which are so frequently stigmatized as false or paradoxical.

Having thus tried to show in what respects Mr. Carlyle is unjustly treated by the Empirical school, let us look a little at the injustice of which Mr. Carlyle himself is guilty towards the poor pigs and their creed. It is in the second or practical division of his works that this injustice is most apparent, in such works, that is to say, as *Past and Present*, *Chartism*, the *Later-day Pamphlets*, and, in a word, those which deal with the great question of the condition of England, and especially of the labouring classes. A very few words will be enough to recall to his readers the general outline of his views on these subjects. Benthamism, Political Economy, *Laissez-faire*, are the objects of his special detestation and unsparing ridicule and denunciation. Parliamentary debates, journalism, democratic government, and democratic institutions in general are a vain janglement and babblement. Our first right is to be ruled. Our first necessity is the hero who will take command of us, and lead us gently, if it may be, but lead us at all events, in the direction of truth and right, and away from our present anarchy, our beaver-like energy, our aristocratic idleness and selfishness. *Laissez-faire*, Benthamism, and Democracy have brought us to anarchy, the slough of despond and the brink of the precipice. Nothing can set us to rights but the strong arm of some new

Cromwell, who will be a real leader and king of men.

This sort of doctrine fills many volumes, and is well calculated to make a great impression on the imagination. Yet we think it is unjust and thoroughly false in fact. We assert, and will try to prove our assertion, that tried by Mr. Carlyle's own canons, Benthamism and Democracy, have a vast deal of truth in them, and have proved their right by might of the most undeniable kind, and that parliamentary debates, journalism, and the rest, are so far from being justly described as mere janglement and babblement, that they, and the other things which Mr. Carlyle despises so heartily, constitute collectively a most vigilant, active, powerful, and benevolent government, which has done, and is doing in this country and elsewhere, one of the greatest works that ever was done in the world, and that in a way in which no Cromwell, Mahomet, or other individual hero could possibly do it, however much his heroism and kingship might be recognized by mankind.

In order to show this we must vindicate a little the leading principle of Benthamism and Democracy, which, as a matter of fact, has been the guiding and ruling spirit of the government of this country for the whole of the present and during part of the last century. The 'greatest happiness principle,' as Bentham delighted to call it (and there is by the way a curious analogy between Benthames and Carlylese, and also between the characters of the two men, if we had time to draw it out), did not mean, in Bentham's works, or in those of his disciples, the personal gratification of each individual man. It was 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number.' It is very true that it is the weak side of Bentham's theories that he does not give sufficient prominence to the reasons which may and ought to induce men to try to further this object; but the question between him and Mr. Carlyle is as to the goodness of the object itself; and at the risk of being stigmatized as mere pigs, with no souls to speak of above the trough and its contents, we think that Mr. Carlyle would find it extremely difficult to deny either of the following propositions:—

1. A pocket definition of justice is essentially necessary to all practical attempts to introduce justice into the actual relations between men.

2. Adherence to rules of conduct founded on the principle of promoting the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the best

pocket definition of justice yet propounded.

As a matter of fact this definition has been applied to a vast number of practical questions of the highest importance, and has produced results which Mr. Carlyle on his own principles ought to approve; and which he most assuredly would have extolled to the skies if they had been brought about, not gradually by parliamentary means, but by some Cromwell or Frederick, out of his own head, and in opposition to the wishes and prejudices of his time and country.

Let us take a few of them. Look, for instance, at the question of law reform. That in this department Benthamism has been triumphant, and had its way without opposition for about forty years past, no one with a competent knowledge of the subject will deny. Let us look a little at its results. Was it pleasing to the Immensities and the Eternities that men should be liable to precisely the same punishment for murder, for sheep-stealing, for stealing to the value of forty shillings in a dwelling house, or five shillings in a shop, and for breaking the dam of a fish-pond? That they should by way of compensation go scot free in a vast number of cases because juries would not convict them, and in a vast number of other cases because some microscopic defect was obscurely visible in some part of a most clumsy and elaborate procedure? Was it pleasing to the Veracities and Eternal Facts that the process of judicially ascertaining truth should be such as to prevent it from coming to light, and to arm those who were interested in its suppression or perversion with a thousand effectual means of concealing it? Was it written on the iron tablets that a man who had landed property worth ten thousand a-year might run into debt with every tradesman who would trust him to the extent, say of fifty thousand, and that if he suddenly died his heir should be able to enjoy that estate and repudiate the debts? Were the ecclesiastical courts, which granted probate of wills, and letters of administration to intestate estates, in the nature of owleries, enchanted wiggeries, and haunts of foul creatures swollen with fees to the extent of many thousands of pounds a-year, and if not, were there ever any institutions in the world which deserved such names? Was it vain janglement and babblement to spin out suits in Chancery to a monstrous length, and to use in conveyances and acts of parliament fifty words to express one thought?

The despised pig philosophers were the persons who first succeeded in impressing on the world the fact that these things were unjust and monstrous, the reasons why they were unjust and monstrous, and the alterations which were required to put just things in their places, and this they never could have done if they had not devised their pocket definition of justice and applied it to the particular matters in hand.

Take another illustration. The only specific measures of social reform on which Mr. Carlyle insists are education and emigration. Who preached these things quite independently of Mr. Carlyle, in season and out of season, till they became positive bores to mankind? The Benthamites, the authors of the new Poor-law, the professors of the Dismal Science, men like Mr. Senior, Sir George Lewis, Sir James Shuttleworth, and others of similar views. Mr. Carlyle says that the new Poor-law was only a half truth: no one knew that better than its authors. No one struggled more energetically or persistently to supply education, as the supplement to the Poor-law; to teach men to live like human creatures, and not like beasts, besides pricking and goading them into doing so. Teach men industry and self-reliance by your schools, force them into industry and self-reliance by your workhouses, was the doctrine of the pig philosophers. Has it not borne fruit? Do not the Gods and the Eternal Facts (if they have any sense in them) say Well done? Are not pauperism and crime too greatly reduced, and are not the rising generation, the working men of thirty-five years of age and under, better taught, better behaved, more of human beings and less of beasts than their predecessors? The answer to every one of these questions is notoriously Yes; and if you ask how the thing was done, the answer is that the pig philosophers, with their dismal science, contributed more to the result than any other body of men in England.

If proof is required of facts so notorious, look at the whole history of the growth of the system of popular education — a system which now embraces the bulk of the children of the poor, and which does give them, in a substantial way, a hold of the indispensable elements of all knowledge. This system was founded, extended, adapted by all sorts of ingenious devices, to the strange and highly complicated state of feeling and of society existing in the country by Benthamites and Utilitarians, in the teeth of all sorts of stupid, arrogant, and ignorant opposition from every person through whom

they had to work, and whom in process of time they actually did convert into serviceable instruments in the great object in view. It would have been much more striking and picturesque, no doubt, if some Jupiter Tonans had issued decrees on the subject in the *fiat lux* style, and if schools had thereupon risen all over the country; but *fiat lux* in this case was a complicated business; the coals had to be got of the cellar, the grate to be swept up, the wood to be laid, and a light to be struck with very old-fashioned flint and steel and damp tinder. All this was at last effectually done, and we have now got a roaring fire which is gradually warming the whole house. Ought not a worshipper of Facts and the Eternal Silences and Veracities to recognize in this something worthy of his admiration?

The truth is, that the common-places about the advantages of parliamentary government, a free press, and all the rest of it, are in the main true. Downing-street, Westminster Hall, and the Houses of Parliament, with all their babblements, janglements, and doleful creatures having the honour to be, are collectively a far better king than any Cromwell or Frederick could possibly be. Will any one compare King Parliament to King Louis Napoleon? We fancy that the Veracities, the Eternities, and the Immensities would make a very emphatic deliverance on that subject if they had a suitable organ to speak through. The state of public and private virtue, of morality and religion in France, is not a very cheerful one. With all the goodwill in the world no single mind in the present day could possibly take in all the knowledge which is required to manage the institutions of mankind as they now exist. There are single departments of affairs in the present day which require as much thought as Cromwell had to bestow on the government of the whole nation, and thus Democracy is a simple necessity. The despot, if you got him, would have to act blindly and at random when he passed out of a very narrow sphere indeed. The collective king is far more powerful, he is far less likely to abuse his power, he is infinitely more amenable to reason, he is in general much wiser and much more humane than the single despot. Mr. Carlyle seems to us to have altogether misunderstood and undervalued the character of Democracy, and to have failed to give it credit for the real hold which it has on facts, and for its desire to do justice, to benefit mankind, and to produce gradually a higher form of life than we see at

present. Here and there, especially in his earlier works, Mr. Carlyle appears to see this, but he does not keep to it, and after a certain time loses sight of it. In the course of the last two centuries all institutions and creeds have been thrown into one vast crucible. The times have been in labour, and the earnest and perpetual efforts of the human race to establish something permanent and satisfactory have apparently begun to be rewarded by the establishment of principles which are not to be despised because at present they look anything but romantic or attractive. Mr. Carlyle himself points out in various places that there are modern 'gospels,' as he would say, which have been preached in all directions and with a singular degree of success by Democracy and its heroes. There is, for instance, Napoleon's gospel of '*la carrière ouverte aux talents*.' There is the doctrine of '*laissez-faire*,' which, if Mr. Carlyle will only attend to it, is singularly like most of his own creed, for it is nothing else than the doctrine of natural sanctions—or if a man will not work neither let him eat. These and others of the same sort have, as he himself would admit, a foundation as solid as human nature itself. That they are in themselves incomplete, that other doctrines of a more beautiful kind will be required by way of supplement to them, is unquestionably true; but that they are the basis on which all such doctrines must and will be built—that they are the conditions to which, like it or like it not, our modern life must conform itself—these are propositions which Mr. Carlyle ought to be the last person to deny.

If, then, Democratic principles are to prevail, the practical question will really be, whether its powers ought to be vested in one hand or in many? and we can hardly conceive how any one who compares Louis Napoleon, the British Parliament, and the American Congress, can feel any sort of doubt on the question. It is like a comparison between health and disease. Mr. Carlyle might safely be challenged to show a single thing which would clearly be beneficial on the wide scale to mankind, and which would not have a full hearing with a very fair chance of ultimate adoption from Parliament or Congress. As to the special subject on which he has preached so eloquently and so long, the necessity of all the common prosaic virtues, namely, truth, honesty, courage, what he calls 'veracity,' and the like, as the indispensable condition of all reform, they flourish all round him in the richest abundance

if he would only open his eyes and look at the general current of life in which he is placed. To speak of the way in which the practical business of life is transacted as mere babblements and janglements is quite as unjust as it could be to apply such phrases to Mr. Carlyle's own writings. There is a vast deal of talking in Parliament no doubt, but Frederick and Cromwell also talked a great deal, and wrote whole libraries of letters. Indeed it is yet to be seen how business of any kind can be done without the communication of ideas, or how ideas can be communicated without language. If men were guided, like ants or bees, by a dumb instinct, they might no doubt dispense with words written or spoken; but as matters actually stand this is not, and cannot possibly be the case, and the only fair question is one of degree—Does the quantity of talk which takes place in Parliament exceed what is required for the purposes of business? It seems to us rash and not just to assert that it does. The House of Commons is by no means patient of people who talk for the sake of hearing themselves speak, and has its own methods of keeping them within bounds. A reluctance to cry 'question,' or by coughing, talking, and shuffling about, to bring a man to the point, is not one of the sins which can justly be charged on the British M. P. That Parliaments work slowly, by degrees, and in a very laborious, elaborate, and prosaic way, is undoubtedly true; but is not their work all the more solid and servicable in consequence? Joseph II. made all manner of reforms, some of which were highly important, in Austrian institutions, and they all more or less fell through because they had not been ground into the minds of the people by the parliamentary mill. A worshipper of fact and veracity, ought to see something eminently respectable and satisfactory in the slow irresistible elephantine manner in which the English Parliament and cognate institutions do their work.

It is when we compare the judgment of Mr. Carlyle on the one hand, and that of the British Parliament on the other, upon some specific question, that we get the strongest impression of his injustice to popular institutions and ways of arguing. Take, for instance, the slavery question. The British Parliament, after years of agitation, discussion, inquiry, and the like, arrived at last at the conclusion that slavery was a sin and a shame, which must be abolished at any price, and abolished it accordingly was at the price of £20,000,000

sterling and a great deal of power of producing sugar in the West Indian islands and especially in Jamaica. Mr. Carlyle always resented this. He thought that the British public had been imposed upon by effeminate cant. He considered that the black man was a kind of booby, an inferior, unlovely creature who, above all things, required to be well governed. He liked permanence: why should not servants be hired for life? Was it not on the whole better for Gurth, the thrall of Cedric the Saxon, to go about with an iron collar round his neck, loyally attached (in every sense of the word) to Cedric, than that he should squat on a patch of waste land, and there bask in the sun and look at the pumpkins growing of themselves? In short, was not slavery the decree of nature, fact, and the gods, who 'wish, besides pumpkins, that spices and valuable products be grown in the West Indies?' So that 'Quashee, if he will not help in bringing out the spices, will get himself made a slave again, and with beneficent whip, since other methods avail not, be compelled to work.' As Mr. Biglow puts it, 'the blacks ought to labour, and we lie on sofas, and reel our Maker's original idee.' Mr. Carlyle, however, certainly wished for slavery freed from its abuses. 'How to abolish the abuses of slavery, and save the precious thing in it,' and there is much more to the same purpose.

Here the British nation and Mr. Carlyle are distinctly at issue on a definite point. Abolish slavery says the one—reform it says the other. Mr. Carlyle entirely omits to notice the fact that it was precisely because long experience and repeated trials showed that it could not possibly be reformed that it was at last abolished. The 'gods,' whoever they may be, must have a most passionate and insatiable appetite for sugar if they are so anxious to have it grown in Jamaica and Demerara, that they are willing, in order to get it, that one set of human creatures shall be turned into beasts of burden, and another set into something very like beasts of prey. Those which Mr. Carlyle himself regarded as the abuses of slavery were the very incidents which made it profitable. A slave who could not be sold, who was allowed to marry, who could learn to read and write, who could give evidence in courts of justice, who was to be protected by law from his master's cruelty and lust, would be about as unprofitable a piece of property as a man could have. Let any man imagine himself owning farm-labourers on such terms, and being bound to support them. Or suppose

that a man had a dog which he was not allowed to drown or to sell, or to separate from her puppies, or even to sequester from the other sex, which he was obliged to support in decent comfort, and out of which in return he got the service of having certain beggars barked at. Who would not avoid such a gift like the plague? A black slave, with the essential privileges of freedom, *plus* the right of permanent residence and support on a particular estate, would be a ten times worse incumbrance than such a dog. It was the concession of such privileges to serfs which put an end to serfdom in Europe. Treat blacks as you treat cattle in all respects, and you may perhaps under circumstances gratify 'the gods' by making them grow sugar. Treat them like men, and slavery becomes an insupportable nuisance to the master. Hence, so long as the essential point of slavery—irresponsible proprietary power vested in the master—is permitted to exist, any attempt to remove the abuses of slavery will be futile. The slave will be treated as a mere instrument of avarice and lust, without the faintest regard either to his own moral elevation, or to the 'gods,' or to God Almighty, or to the growth of sugar and spice, or to any one thing in the heavens, or the earth, or the water under the earth, except the personal profit and pleasure of the slaveowner. It was the conviction of this fact that led the British nation to abolish the whole system as incurably bad and vile, and it is not a week's insurrection at the end of thirty-three years that will convince them that they were wrong. It is because he resolutely shuts his eyes to all these facts, and because he persists in viewing a most deliberate act done on the most mature consideration as a mere piece of sentimental weakness, that we think Mr. Carlyle unjust, in this as in some other cases, to popular institutions and convictions.

It is remarkable that in some cases Mr. Carlyle falls into transparent fallacies in his heat on this topic. For instance, he talks of slavery as a 'hiring for life.' Do I hire my horse for life when I retain 'he right to sell him at any moment? The horse would probably take a very different view of the transaction, and maintain with some plausibility that he was not 'hired' at all, but bought out and out, which is quite another thing. The truths that slavery and nothing else caused the American civil war—that the North found it necessary, as the very first step towards reconstruction, to abolish it utterly, and that they are now attempting, with the best prospect of

success, to reorganize the whole condition of Southern society on the basis of freedom to the blacks, ought to teach Mr. Carlyle that democracy and its doctrines on this subject have more in them than he has been disposed to admit.

Such are a few illustrations of the injustice which Mr. Carlyle appears to be guilty of towards Benthamites, Democrats, and Philanthropists. He does not see that in pouring upon us the vials of his wrath, he is really hitting his friends, who have been guilty of no other offence but that of trying to give a definite practical shape to much of his own teaching by substituting cosmos for chaos in various departments of life to the best of our judgments and opportunities.

Such being, in general terms, our view of the general principles of Mr. Carlyle's philosophy, and of the way in which he has applied it to the practical affairs of life, we pass to the third division of his works, his histories, and especially to his history of Frederick II. History, as we have already observed, is his natural resource, because it affords the best opportunities possible for preaching and exhibiting his doctrines on the large scale. As a Transcendentalist he cannot be expected to state his views in the shape of categorical propositions, but he can exhibit them to any extent as illustrated in and by the facts which history discloses. There is a certain relation between the different works in which he has made the attempt to do so. The extraordinary prominence and importance of the French Revolution of course attracted his attention in the first instance. Indeed, it could hardly fail to do so. Several generations will have to pass before that great event ceases to be regarded as a sort of gate or porch opening into a new order of things. To give a sketch of the Revolution, therefore, was what one might view almost as an indispensable prologue to his other writings. Of the way in which he succeeded in this undertaking we have already spoken to some extent, and as the book is probably better known than any other of his works, it is unnecessary to say more of it. *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches* we may refer to in the same summary manner, observing merely that the extent to which Cromwell realized Mr. Carlyle's ideal of greatness and magnificence of character, is too obvious to any one acquainted with Mr. Carlyle's writings to require any detailed remarks. We come, then, to Frederick II. Why should Mr. Carlyle trouble himself to write his life?

What is the net result of it now that he has written it? How far is the result deduced by Mr. Carlyle just and true? On each of these subjects we propose to make some observations. Fewer will be needed than would have been required if we had not noticed detached parts of the work on their first appearance.

How came Mr. Carlyle to take Frederick II. for a subject? The answer would appear to be that he considered him at all events as a sort of connecting link between the old and the new, 'the last of the kings hitherto, I define him.' He was a king, and yet he ruled with an eye to the new principles which were coming in, and with the spirit of the age impressed upon him more emphatically than almost any other man of our own and the last century. Mr. Carlyle appears to have been attracted to him by the thought that here, perhaps, he should find an illustration of his own principles in the closest connexion with all the thoughts and feelings of our own times. He has worked at his self-imposed task with wonderful energy, and in some respects with the most conspicuous success; for he has certainly produced a book which testifies to his own gifts as one of the greatest historians of our age — as the greatest by far in his own direction — in an undeniable manner, but he has not attained what he would himself probably consider as the still higher success of thoroughly understanding Frederick, and entering into his mind in such a way as to read to mankind any very definite lesson as deducible from his life. Every part of the book gives the impression that Mr. Carlyle never came thoroughly to like Frederick. He tries his best to do so, and succeeds in admiring certain parts of his character, but in other matters, and especially in what lies deepest and is of most lasting importance, he seems to be sometimes baffled and sometimes repelled by him. With all his French verses and volumes of correspondence, Frederick appears to have possessed a talent for silence so remarkable that he entirely suppressed all traces of what people in these days would call his 'inner life.' He has nowhere left on record, either in express words or by any of those indications which a biographer like Mr. Carlyle would construe with so much skill and eagerness, the nature of his habitual tone of feeling about the world in which he played so prominent a part, or the principles in which he in his inmost heart believed, and on which he really regulated his conduct.

We have said that Mr. Carlyle would

probably have regarded the attainment of such an understanding of Frederick's character as a still higher form of success than that which he actually has achieved, for in all his writings, and especially in his biographies, such has been his continual aim. We are, however, by no means sure that he would be right in viewing the matter thus. We do not think that his happiest portraits or writings are those in which he is perpetually in the worshipping vein. He is, perhaps, even more instructive and satisfactory when the extraordinary powers of his imagination are not exaggerated by the additional stimulus of worship, and when he feels himself justified in looking on the men and things around him with that keen practical good sense which he possesses in a larger measure than almost any other contemporary author, and without any special reference to his peculiar doctrines and transcendentalisms. That fulness of information and sympathy which a man gets from actual personal observation with his own eyes, is of perhaps even more importance to a man who has such an imagination as Mr. Carlyle than to less gifted writers. His estimates being formed principally from the imagination, he is liable when he writes from mere book knowledge to think that he knows more of people than he really does. We always suspect that the importance of the 'sea-green' aspect of Robespierre is exaggerated, because it happened to fit in with the Robespierre whom Mr. Carlyle had created in his own mind. Besides, perhaps after all he was not really sea-green. With regard, however, to people whom he himself has known, this difficulty does not arise. Nothing can be more perfect, for instance, than the portraits in the *Life of Sterling*. Take as a palmary instance the portrait of Coleridge roving dubiously from side to side of the gravel-walk, and talking about his 'sum-m-jects' and 'om-m-jects.' The freedom from the necessity of worshipping gives to the likeness of Frederick and his companions something of this natural life-like character. If he had succeeded better in making a hero of Frederick, his history would have had much less historical value. As it is, it appears to us to be not only the best, but almost the only history in English which gives any account of any considerable section of German history which it is possible to read with interest, or to remember when it is read in any tolerable degree. We have plenty of books about England and France which are accessible enough to all the world, and which when read leave some

traces behind them; but, if we accept Robertson's *Charles V.*, which in the present day it is the fashion to depreciate perhaps rather unduly, there is no English book from which anything but the driest outline of bare facts can be obtained about the history of Germany. Mr. Carlyle has certainly managed to throw upon the history of Prussia, from the beginning of time to the eve of the French Revolution, as broad and bright a light as could be desired. There will, we imagine, be but very few of his numerous readers who will not feel that he has permanently enlarged not merely their knowledge of names and dates, but their conception of the way in which one important section of the human race has demeaned itself upon the face of the earth. This is a matter of much greater importance than the portrait of a single hero; and though no doubt some drawbacks must be made from the merits of the book on grounds sufficiently obvious to all readers of it, the general result is most successful. It enables us to get a vivid notion of the politics of a large part of the eighteenth century, of the persons who took part in them, and of the questions then at issue. We will try to make a slight copy of this elaborate picture, and to make a few observations as we proceed on the view taken by Mr. Carlyle of the chief groups and incidents depicted in it.

Mr. Carlyle begins his book with a history of Prussia in miniature. It fills about half a volume, and is a model of picturesque vigor, giving all the leading points of a tedious and intricate story with beautiful clearness. Condensed to the highest degree, it is somewhat as follows:—The country was visited by Pytheas, the ancient traveller, or 'Marseilles Travelling Commissioner,' as Mr. Carlyle calls him, 327 B.C., after which nothing specific is known of it till the time of Henry the Fowler; who, in 928 A.D., 'marching across the frozen bogs, took Brannibor, a chief fortress of the Wends,' and ultimately made it one of the six margraves, or border provinces, by which the empire was limited on different sides. His margraves lasted till 1023, when they were succeeded by certain A-canier margraves, who lasted till 1319. They again gave place to a succession of Bavarian electors till 1373. The Bavarian electors were followed by a period of intricate confusion, in which it seemed as if the country was about to go to pieces, and to be broken up into a variety of petty districts. It came at last partly as a pledge, partly by way of escheat, into the hands of

the Emperor Sigismund, who, at the Council of Constance, and in the year 1417, sold it to Frederick of Hohenzollern for about £200,000. Frederick of Hohenzollern was the descendant of Conrad of Hohenzollern, who, in 1170, had taken service with Frederic Barbarossa, and had risen in course of time to be burgrave of Nuremberg and margrave of Baireuth and Anspach, districts which through his descendant became annexed to Bradenburgh.

From the purchase by Frederick in 1417, down to the birth of Frederick the Great in 1712, there were twelve electors,* the last of whom, Frederick III. became king in 1701. The history of these twelve electors is very briefly described by Mr. Carlyle. Very little, he says, is known about them or their doings, nor are the details much worth knowing. The main fact is that by various ways and means they consolidated their power at home, and contrived to be continually adding to their dominions by one means or another, till the original margravate of Bradenburgh grew into a considerable country. As to the moral side of their history, Mr. Carlyle sums it up in one of his pregnant sentences, which are a little picture in themselves, not to be forgotten when once read. 'How the Hohenzollerns got their big territories, and came to be what they are in the world, will be seen. Probably they were not any of them paragons of virtue. They did not walk in altogether speckless Sunday pumps, or much clear-starched into consciousness of the moral sublime, but in rugged practical boots, and in such ways as there were.'

The history of the country itself, and of its politics, is certainly meagre enough. With the exception of a number of claims which the Hohenzollerns made in some cases successfully, and in others not, on various neighboring principalities, very little appears to have happened till the Reformation. Joachim II. became a Protestant in 1539, and some of his relations, who belonged to the Baireuth-Anspach branch of the family, especially a certain Margrave George, were somewhat conspicuous on the Protestant side; but on the whole, Bradenburgh did not make a conspicuous figure in the world at this time, nor till long afterwards. Throughout the whole of the Thirty Years' War it was passive, though it was several times itself the theatre of war, and

as such was frightfully devastated. After the war, or rather near the end of it, in 1640, Frederick William, called the Great Elector, came to the throne. He ruled the country apparently with remarkable vigour for forty-eight years, and was succeeded by Frederick III., who took part in the wars against Louis XIV., and was promoted by being made into a king.

The important, it cannot be called the interesting, part of the history of Bradenburgh, is the history of the gradual growth of the country, the principal steps in which were as follows:—The acquisition of Neumark, of West Preussen, of Pomerania; the acquisition of claims on Cleves, Jülich, and Berg—the nucleus of modern Rhenish Prussia; and the acquisition of claims on Silesia. A few words on these points are a necessary introduction to any account of Frederick II. himself.

Neumark and West Preussen were acquired from the Knights of the Teutonic order. Neumark was bought and paid for by Joachim II. in 1455, when the order were in great distress on account of long and terrible wars, chiefly with Poland.

West Preussen fell to Bradenburgh in a more complicated way. Albert, the third Elector, had several sons; one of whom, also called Albert, was elected to be the Grand Master of the Teutonic order. He was born in 1490, elected to his office in 1511, and became a Protestant in 1523. He and the other Protestant members of the order possessed themselves of West Preussen, of which he became hereditary duke and they the hereditary nobility. He had a son, Albert Frederick, who succeeded him; on whose death without male issue West Preussen fell to the Bradenburgh Electoral House.

The claims to Jülich, Berg, and the Duchy of Cleves arose through the same Albert Frederic. He married, in 1572, Maria Eleonora, the daughter of the Duke of Cleves, who died in 1592. The Duke of Cleves made a will, by which, after the death of his only son without issue, the duchies were to go to Maria Eleonora, with remainder to her daughters successively, if she had no sons. His own younger daughters were excluded from the concession. The son did die without issue in 1609. Maria Eleonora had then already died, leaving several daughters, one of whom had married the Elector, John Sigismund, and he claimed Cleves in her right. It was also claimed by the Prince of Pfalz-Neuburg, who was the son of the testator's second daughter. The contention between the ri-

* Frederic I., 1417; Frederic II., 1440; Albert, 1471; John, 1486; Joachim I., 1499; Joachim II., 1536; John George, 1571; Joachim Frederic, 1578; John Sigismund, 1609; George William, 1619; Frederick William, 1640; Frederick III., 1688 (king, 1701).

vals ran so high that on one occasion the Elector slapped the Prince's face. This insult, and the feelings which had produced it, had such an effect on Pfalz-Neuburg that he became a Roman Catholic, married the sister of the Elector of Bavaria, and was consequently backed by the Roman Catholic party in his claims. The Emperor seized Julich. The Dutch and Spanish troops, each on their own side, entered the territory, and the quarrel became one of the principal occasions of the Thirty Years' War. After about half a century, namely in 1666, an arrangement was made by which the great Elector and Pfalz-Neuburg divided the territory between them, with an additional provision that on the failure of either family the other should succeed to its share. Under this limitation fresh questions arose, and the matter was not finally settled till the Treaty of Vienna in 1815.

The Silesian claims were a still more complicated affair. Various districts, Liegnitz, Brieg, and Woblan, belonged to a certain Duke of Liegnitz, who in the year 1537 made what was called an Erbverbrüderung treaty with the Elector, Joachim II. The nature of this deed was that if the Liegnitz family became extinct, the Brandenburgs were to get Liegnitz, which included a great part of Silesia, and that if the Brandenburgs became extinct then the Liegnitz family were to get the Bohemian fiefs of Brandenburg. The States of Bohemia, at the orders of the King of Bohemia, afterwards the Emperor Ferdinand, annulled this deed, but the Brandenburg electors always denied their right to do so. In 1675 the last Duke of Liegnitz died, and the Emperor Ferdinand took and kept possession of the Duchies.

Besides the duchy of Liegnitz there was also a duchy of Jagerndorf in the same neighbourhood. This duchy originally belonged to Vladislaus, the last king but one of Hungary and Bohemia. He sold it in 1524, to the Margrave George, the second son of Albert, the third Elector. From the Margrave George it descended to his son George Frederic, and from George Frederic to the Elector Joachim Frederic, who, in 1606, put into it his second son, John George. John George took part with the Elector Palatine, King of Bohemia, and husband of Henrietta, the sister of Charles I., and both were put to the ban of the empire in the year 1621. Shortly afterwards John George died, and Ferdinand II. seized Jagerndorf, notwithstanding the fact that the late Duke's relations had a right to it. Not-

withstanding all remonstrances he kept possession of it.

The Brandenburg family had also claims under other Erbverbrüderungs on Pomerania, but all sorts of intricate disputes arose about it. In the Thirty Years' War it was taken by the Imperialists, and afterwards retaken by the Swedes. Part of it was allotted to the Great Elector, at the peace of Westphalia, part was recaptured by the Great Elector from the Swedes in 1670, but had to be restored on the representations of Louis XIV.

These, in a very few words, were the principal points in the history of Brandenburg under the Hohenzollern Electors, and down to the time when the Electorate merged in a kingdom. When they became kings, the character of their history, internal and external, did not much change. The first king, Frederic I., was a man of rather weak character and very expensive tastes. He had his back half broken by an accident in his childhood, and the shock to his nerves had a very great effect on his whole character and career. The later part of his life was made miserable, by an extremely absurd marriage. He was succeeded by his son Frederic William, the father of Frederic the Great, and of him and his affairs Mr. Carlyle naturally has a great deal more to say than of his predecessors. He was in many ways highly remarkable, and Mr. Carlyle's picture of him and his doings is in some respects the most attractive part of the whole book. He is known to the world at large rather by those memoirs of his daughter, Wilhelmina the Margravine of Baireuth than by any thing else, and the kind of impression produced by her book may be inferred with considerable accuracy from Lord Jeffrey's review of it. He represents him as a strange, half mad, furious sort of person, whose fits of violence were the terror of his family, and indeed of the nation at large. The book, however, contains much more than this, which, with other matter, Mr. Carlyle combines into a most striking and almost attractive picture.

Frederic William, according to this view of him, which we believe is generally accepted in Germany, was the founder of the prosperity and greatness of Prussia. 'His history,' says Mr. Carlyle, 'is one of economics.' There is a domestic chapter, too, which had a singularly important bearing on Frederic II.'s affairs and prospects.

Of the economic history Mr. Carlyle gives us rather glimpses and specimens than any-

thing like a continuous statement. The short result of it is that guided partly by inclination, partly by that remarkable instinct towards the aggrandisement of his nation which is sometimes seen in princes, he aimed with considerable success at making Prussia the most thrifty, and, as Mr. Carlyle says, the most Spartan of nations. As soon as his father was dead he dismissed all the useless part of his court, and cut down the expense of it to about a fifth of its former extent. He applied himself, in all directions, to enforcing the strictest rules of government in every part of the country, and, in particular, he resolved, and carried out his resolution by the most rigorous and even harsh economy, that he would have as good an army as was to be had out of the national resources. By rigorous exertion, extreme economy, and an unsparring use of power, he gradually formed an army of eighty thousand men, who were better drilled and disciplined than any other troops in Europe. This he effected principally by the help of the Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, the sovereign of a small principality on the frontier, who is one of the most characteristic figures in Mr. Carlyle's whole book. He also gradually amassed a considerable treasure by these means, and in short, in the course of his long reign, made himself one of the most powerful princes in Europe, the most powerful by far in proportion to the extent of his dominions. This rigour of temper, which greatly endears him to Mr. Carlyle, was sometimes pushed to the length of positive tyranny and barbarity. For instance, he hung a certain nobleman of the name of Schlubhut for peculation, with little if any form of law, and in order to get Berlin built according to his own views he forced people to build houses there, whether they could afford it or not. He was a man of infinite grotesqueness of disposition, and of a great deal of strange humour and tenderness. His well-known regiment of giants is an illustration of the first characteristic, and many wonderful scenes reported by Mr. Carlyle between him and his son and his other connexions and dependents of the other. His tobacco parliaments, or smoking privy councils, were, perhaps, the strangest of these. He and his ministers met of an evening, just like labouring men in a public house tap-room, smoked pipes, talked politics, and played practical jokes of the roughest kind on unfortunate butts, in a manner which was a spectacle to men and gods.

The diplomatic external part of his life was by no means remarkable. He reigned

from 1713 to 1740, during which time he had but one war. This was in 1715, when he took Stralsund from Charles XII. He continually pressed for a settlement of his claims on Jülich and Berg, which appeared likely to come into force under the settlement of 1666, on the failure then imminent of the Pfalz-Neuburg line. These claims, however, with all his diplomacy, were not settled either in his days or in his son's. The most important and most intricate, however, of his foreign affairs arose out of his position as a member of the Empire, and had a very important bearing on the history and prospects of his son. The history of this matter is related in the most minute detail, and at somewhat wearisome length by Mr. Carlyle, who contrives, however, in his peculiar way, to connect it with the general course of European history, so as to show the mutual relations of many transactions the bare names of which are all that the present generation, or at least the greater part of them, can be said to remember. In a highly condensed shape the matter stands thus:—After the Treaty of Utrecht the Emperor Charles VI. became involved in a variety of intricate bickerings and intrigues, which Mr. Carlyle calls his 'spectre-hunts.' The most important of his objects was to secure the succession to his dominions to his daughter, Maria Theresa, in default of sons, by what was called the Pragmatic Sanction, a peculiarly solemn kind of instrument, which he tried to get accepted and guaranteed by every court in Europe. Prince Eugene told him that a full treasury and an army of two hundred thousand men would be the only real guarantee, which Mr. Carlyle justly calls a piece of 'insight.' He preferred to do it by intrigue and diplomacy, the object of which was to make all sorts of powers undertake to promise to support his view when the case arose. Besides this, he would not give up his titular right to be King of Spain, which involved disputes with King Philip and his wife, Elizabeth Farnese. Elizabeth Farnese, on the other hand, was exceedingly anxious about appanages for her son Carlos, and was continually claiming the duchies of Parma and Placenza, amongst other things, for that object. These quarrels kept Europe, in a continuous dread of war, and produced all sorts of treaties, leagues, and devices for keeping the peace. In the course of these negotiations England, Prussia, and the other northern and Protestant powers were a good deal drawn together, and for various reasons it was proposed that a double marriage should

take place between Frederick, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and the Princess Amelia; and between Frederick, Prince of Wales, and Wilhelmina Frederick William's daughter. The Austrian court was afraid that if these marriages took place England and Prussia would be too closely connected to suit the Austrian interests, and accordingly the Austrian agents, and especially one Seckendorf, secretly laboured to their utmost to prevent it, and as a means to that end to promote discord between Frederick William and his son. They succeeded in their efforts, and produced quarrels between the father and the son, which all but ended fatally. Ultimately Frederick William found out what their policy had been, and though the marriages were broken off and others substituted for them, he never forgave the treatment he had received, and his son signally revenged it on the House of Austria.

Short as it is, this is not a very defective account of the public events of the reign of Frederick William, who died in 1740, yet something more must be added as to his relations with his son. Frederick the Great was born on the 24th of January, 1712, and was educated under his father's eye in a very rigid effective way: the scheme laid down for this purpose by the father is given at length by Mr. Carlyle, and appears to have been strictly carried out.

A sort of time-table is also given according to which these lessons were to be taught; very strict and grim it is, every hour of the day from six a. m. to five p. m. having its allotted task. As the Prince got older he was put into the Potsdam Guards or giants, but he did not grow in favour with his father as he grew in years. He was of rather delicate, and, as his father considered, effeminate ways. 'Conceive,' says Mr. Carlyle, 'a rugged, thick-sided Squire Western of supreme degree . . . and that he produces a son who takes into Voltairism, piping, fiddling and belles-lettres, with apparently a total contempt for Grumkow (one of the principal counsellors of Frederick William) and the giant regiment.' There was a strong French element in young Frederick's education, and, as far as manners went, the bent of his mind was in the same direction, though deep down, a more emphatically sturdy German never lived. The likeness, however, between the father and son was not apparent to either till near the end of the father's life. The points of disagreement and want of sympathy produced great calamities to both, especially when they were carefully irritated

by the Austrian agents, who wished to prevent the marriage for which the Crown Prince was anxious, and with the prospect of which his father tantalized him. The stages through which this diversity between the father and son went, are related by Mr. Carlyle at great length. Old Frederick William, who must have had a vein of something very like madness about him, at last, when the Crown Prince was about seventeen years of age, violently beat him with his stick more than once, and otherwise behaved to him and to his sister with the most outrageous cruelty. The final result is sufficiently well known. Young Frederick determined to run away from his father, and with the assistance of Lieutenant Katte actually attempted to do so during a journey which they made with the King into the Empire. The scheme was discovered when at the point of execution, Katte was sentenced by court-martial to two years' imprisonment in a fortress, which sentence was extended by Frederick William to beheading, which was executed accordingly. Frederick himself had a narrow escape from the same fate, on the ground that he was a colonel in the service, and had meant to desert. He was kept a close prisoner from August to November, 1730, and for more than a year afterwards was kept under very rigid terms to a strict course of duty in the neighbourhood of Custrin, where he had to superintend certain royal domains, and to give an exceedingly strict account of himself and of his way of employing his time.

This penal period of his life was gradually closed by the removal of the different restrictions under which he was placed, and at last, on the 12th of June, 1733, he was married to the Princess Elizabeth Christina, of Brunswick Bevern. His sister about the same time was married to the Margrave of Baireuth. Of his life after his marriage, and during the rest of his father's reign, there is very little to be said. He got a sight of war at the siege of Philippsburg in July, 1734; at which he was present with the Prussian contingent, and where Marshal Berwick was killed, and Prince Eugene took the field for the last time. He afterwards had the revenues of one district of Prussia assigned to him for his maintenance, and lived there at a country house called Reinsberg, where he passed his time in literature. He corresponded, amongst other things, with Voltaire, and wrote his first book — *Anti-Machiavel*. He passed seven years quietly enough in this manner, until he himself became King on the death of his father, May 31st, 1740. Of the final

scene of old Frederick William's life, Mr. Carlyle draws one of those pictures which no one but himself can draw. It is full of humour and pathos. One little touch is all that we can notice here. It is inimitable in its way. His chief preacher urged on the King very courageously and honestly his various duties, amongst others that of forgiveness of enemies. 'Well, I will. I do. You, Fee-kin (his wife) write to your brother (untorgivablist of beings) after I am dead, that I forgave him, died in peace with him.' Better her Majesty should write at once, suggests the preacher. 'No, after I am dead—that will be safer.' He was clearly afraid that his forgiveness might have been thrown away if he recovered.

When Frederick II. succeeded to the crown, he began by a series of measures not very like those of his rigorous old father, and not particularly likely, one would suppose, to endear him to his biographer. He abolished legal torture and established general toleration, and tried to get about him a variety of French literary friends and associates. In other respects, however (except that he disbanded the Giants), he walked in his father's footsteps and governed the country, and especially the army, pretty much for himself. The most important of his ministers were three clerks, for such was their real function rather than anything higher—Eichel, Schuhmacher, and Lautensack. 'They lasted all his life,' says Mr. Carlyle, 'came punctually at four in the morning in summer and five in winter,' and did an immense quantity of work in a most effective and perfectly obscure and silent manner. The very thought of such men must be like water in a thirsty land to Mr. Carlyle. The history of Frederick's reign forms four thick and wonderfully elaborate volumes, every line of which bears traces of an amount of patient labour which is hardly exemplified elsewhere. Its leading points, however, may, by altering the arrangement slightly, be indicated very shortly. They may be arranged under three heads:—1. Foreign policy and war. 2. Domestic policy. 3. Literature and friendship.

In order to give a fair view of the nature and relations of Frederick's foreign policy and wars, Mr. Carlyle gives in various places an outline of the principal relations of all the European States to the two great wars in which Frederick took part—the war of the Austrian Succession and the Seven Years' War. The Emperor Charles VI. died on the 20th of October, 1740. Just a year before (19th October, 1739) England had declared war against Spain,

greatly against the will of Walpole, who was forced into it by the popular indignation roused by the way in which the Spaniards exercised their right of restraining English commerce with South America. Mr. Carlyle always speaks of this quarrel as the 'Great Jenkins's Ear Question,' in reference to the well-known story of Captain Jenkins, whose ear was cut off by the crew of a guarda-costa, on which occasion Jenkins 'recommended,' as he observed, 'his soul to God and his cause to his country.'

According to Mr. Carlyle, the English nation had a real ground of quarrel with Spain, though Burke, long afterwards, declared that none of the principal persons who brought it about, 'No, not one did in the least degree defend the measure.' Mr. Carlyle's view is, that by what he calls the everlasting laws of fact and nature, the English had a right to trade with South America, notwithstanding all treaties to the contrary; and he appears to consider that by the same laws of fact and nature England had a right to possess and people the greater part, not to say the whole, of the North American continent. Without discussing this view—which reminds us of the remark of a witty foreigner, that the English nation appeared to him conscientiously to believe that it had a moral right to the whole world, including the moon—it will be enough to say that the English nation very decidedly meant to have as much liberty of trade, and as large a share of the North American continent, and most other places, as it could possibly get: that the French, and to some extent the Spaniards, had similar, though less energetic sentiments; and that the collision of their respective views on this point had a very great effect on the politics of the world at large and those of Germany in particular, inasmuch as it disposed them to take different sides in continental disputes, in order to damage each other's power. England and France, besides this, had each a private and special bias of their own in relation to Germany. As the King of England was Elector of Hanover, he was to some extent a German power, and he was the only sovereign who, being firm in his adhesion to the Pragmatic Sanction, kept his word like a man, and determined to support the claims of Maria Theresa to all lengths and at any risk. The French, on the other hand, had views of their own about Germany. Their notion was that it would be a good plan for them in particular, and for Europe in general; they undertook

the general superintendence and regulation of Germany, and divided it symmetrically according to their own views. When the death of Charles VI. made necessary the election of a new emperor, they did interfere in a very emphatic manner, and with very remarkable designs. Such was the position of the principal powers which were interested in German affairs at the time of the Emperor's death.

Frederick II.'s own notions on the subject were at once more direct and more limited. It appeared to him that the death of the Emperor, and the difficulties to which it would give rise, afforded an excellent opportunity for the vindication of his claims on Silesia, the nature of which we have already stated. He acted with wonderful secrecy, expedition, and resolution upon this view of the case. The news of the Emperor's death reached Berlin on the 25th of October. On the 13th of December Frederick marched upon Silesia, and as the Austrians were altogether unprepared and taken by surprise, overran the province, took, Breslau, the capital, on the 2nd of January, took various strong places, and defeated an Austrian army under Neipperg at Mollwitz, some way to the south of Breslau, on the 10th of April, 1741.

This defeat brought the difficulties of Austria to a crisis. The election of the Emperor was coming on. Marshal Belleisle and the French were intriguing (as it afterwards appeared with success) against the election of the Grand Duke Franz, Maria Theresa's husband. The powers which had accepted the Pragmatic Sanction, all (with the exception of George II.) repudiated it, and many of them claimed succession adversely to Maria Theresa. Frederick II. offered to support it, and to support the election of the Archduke Francis as emperor if his Silesian claims were settled. He added that Prussia had never assented to it at all except on condition that the Emperor Charles VI. would settle the Prussian claims on Berg and Jülich, which he had never done. Under these circumstances, both the English on the one hand, and the French on the other, tried to make treaties with Frederick. The English object was to get his support for the Pragmatic Sanction; the French object, to get his support for the schemes of Belleisle. The different negotiators bid against each other for some time; but at last Frederick signed a treaty with France (5th of June, 1741), the terms of which are still indefinite in the extreme. The French guaranteed Lower Silesia and Breslau to Fre-

derick. What consideration Frederick was to give in return appears altogether vague. This treaty was kept profoundly secret at the time, and the negotiations between Frederick and the Austrians, through English agents, continued for several months in ignorance of it. Military operations in the meantime proceeded. The French marched an army under Maillebois in the direction of Hanover, and the Bavarians threatened Austria itself. Under these circumstances a secret arrangement was at last made at Klein-Schellendorf, on the 9th of October, 1741, that the Austrian forces should be allowed to retire from Silesia towards Moravia unmolested, and that Lower Silesia should be ceded to Frederick, and that in particular he should take Neisse by a sham siege. The effect of this, no doubt, was to throw the French over, and probably few persons will think Mr. Carlyle too severe in observing: 'Magnanimous I can by no means call Frederick to his allies, nor even superstitiously voracious in this business, but he thoroughly understands, he alone, what just thing he wants out of it.' Whether Frederick cared much about the adjective which we have underlined may be questionable. Whether he did or not, the rest of the sentence is undeniably true, and it is useless to haggle over trifles.

On the 24th of January, 1742, the Elector of Bavaria was, under French auspices, elected emperor, but his prospects against Austria were hardly so good as they had been. The French had advanced towards Vienna, but had had to retreat, and they called on Frederick, in virtue of his French treaty, and as a proof of the falsehood of the Austrian assertion that he had made a treaty with them (as he had), to create a diversion in their favour. He advanced into Moravia for that, amongst other purposes, in February, 1742, and after passing some time in various manœuvres and encampments there, fought a fierce and not very decisive battle with the Austrians at Chotusitz, which, however, he was on the whole entitled to consider as a victory. The result, however, of this battle and of the discovery by Frederick of certain double dealing on behalf of the French towards him — the counterpart of his behaviour towards them — was that a public and final treaty was made at Breslau, dated on the 11th of July, by which Silesia was conclusively ceded to him in full satisfaction of all his claims.

After this peace the Austrian and French quarrel still remained outstanding; and principally by the help of English subsidies,

and to some extent by the help of English and Hanoverian troops, the Austrians gained considerable advantages. At last the English and Hanoverians, who had advanced to the southwards in rather a purposeless way, were intercepted on their retreat by the French at Dettingen. They contrived to defeat the French (27th of June, 1743). The defeat, though considerable in itself, did not produce very much effect. The Austrian fortunes, however, continued to improve, though for some time the English were of very little use to them, except by money. The Bavarians and French were driven back, till at last, in the summer of 1744, they were driven across the Rhine by Prince Charles, Maria Theresa's brother-in-law. Louis XV. just at this time (August 8) fell ill at Metz, and was supposed to be dying, and there really was serious danger of an invasion of France on a great scale. It was rescued from that danger by Frederick, whose behavior on the occasion it is difficult to reconcile with any other notion of veracity than that of knowing what he wanted and trying to get it. He declared that he wished to restore peace to the Empire and to Europe, that the way in which the Emperor was treated by Austria was not to be endured, and that he accordingly must interfere. He had been trying since the peace of Breslau to procure a union of independent German powers and other means to accomplish this purpose, but without effect. He had, however, bargained with Louis XV. that he was to have a large share of Bohemia as the payment for his assistance. He accordingly set out unexpectedly on the 13th of August, and by the 18th of September had taken Prague. This brought back Prince Charles from his French invasion at once. He recrossed the Rhine on the 23rd of August, and marched against Frederick, whilst the French prepared to strengthen their own frontier, leaving Frederick to shift for himself. Between Prince Charles and Marshal Traun, a very skilful old soldier, Frederick was driven back beyond the Elbe and had to give up Prague. Indeed, Silesia was invaded by the Austrians in the winter of 1744-5, though they were defeated by the old Dessaner.

On the 20th of January, 1745, Charles Albert, the Bavarian Emperor, died, after a nominal reign of three years all but four days; and just a month before (20th of December, 1744) Marshal Belleisle was taken prisoner by a curious accident as he happened in some of his journeys to pass over a little extra-parochial portion of

Hanoverian territory, and was forwarded to England, and there confined in a sort of hospitable captivity at Windsor Castle, till the following August. These two events produced various complications in German politics, as they made it necessary to choose a new emperor, and disarranged all those French schemes which had exercised so much influence over German affairs. Instead of invading Germany, the French in the course of this summer invaded the Netherlands, besieged Tournay, and being attacked by the English under the Duke of Cumberland, won the battle of Fontenoy on the 11th of May, after being within a hair's breadth of losing it. The death of the Emperor Charles Albert led to the election of the Archduke Francis, Maria Theresa's husband (13th of September), and in the meantime deprived Frederick of whatever advantage he could get from the excuse which he had urged for his advance into Bohemia.

The Austrians passed the greater part of this year in invading Silesia, with the assistance of the Saxons, whom they had induced to join them against Frederick; but they met with wonderfully bad fortune. Frederick, having ensnared them into advancing, defeated them at Hohenfriedberg (4th of June), and he followed them into Bohemia, where, after various enampments and manoeuvres, he again defeated them at Sohr (September 30th). Prince Charles, however, was not easily discouraged. He made an effort, while pretending to go into winter quarters, to march into Brandenburg and upon Berlin itself. Frederick, however, contrived to disconcert all his schemes by a well-managed attack at a place called Hennesdorf (20th of November), where, having information as to his tactics, he surprised his army on the march and succeeded in cutting it in two. The Saxons, who were to have supported this attempt, with the assistance of an Austrian division, by an advance in a different line towards the same point, were defeated on the 15th of December at Kesselsdorf, by the old Dessaner, who died of a paralytic stroke two years afterwards. This was the end of the war of the Austrian succession so far as Prussia was concerned. It left matters very much as they were at the Treaty of Breslau. Austria got nothing. Silesia remained to Prussia. The peace was concluded at the end of 1745, by the Treaty of Dresden. Ten years of peace followed, but the Seven Years' War (1756-63) was substantially nothing more than a second edition of the Silesian wars, the parts taken by the

other actors being curiously inverted. Maria Theresa found herself quite unable to acquiesce in the loss of Silesia, and entered, about the year 1752, if not earlier, into secret negotiations with Saxony and Russia, with a view to the arrangement of a scheme for picking a quarrel with Prussia and partitioning it afterwards. This was a renewal of an earlier scheme for the same purpose, contained in a treaty of Warsaw made between Maria Theresa and Poland in 1745. Frederick and his minister, Winterfeld, came to the knowledge of this scheme by bribing certain clerks in the Dresden offices, who sent them copies of the despatches which related to it. The Czarina was to some extent disposed to enter into the alliance by Frederick's sarcasms against her, and was enabled by a fortunate accident to make her preparations without exciting much suspicion. The quarrels between France and England about the limits of their respective dominions in America appeared to supply a favourable opportunity for the execution of their plans. The English, according to their custom at that time, began operations by looking out for continental allies, who were to be secured by the payment of subsidies, but Maria Theresa refused to join against France. The Russians agreed to let out fifty-five thousand men for any purpose that might be required, at a very low rate, and actually got them on foot and posted them in the immediate neighbourhood of the eastern frontier of Prussia. This piece of good fortune, however, was counterbalanced, for Frederick managed to conclude with George II. a convention by which each party agreed to guarantee Germany from invasion by any foreign power. The consideration to George II. for that course was that it would protect Hanover, which would otherwise be open to the French. On the other side, Maria Theresa condescended to court the Marquise de Pompadour, whom, also, Frederick had offended by expressing his opinion of her in a pungent manner, and by these and other means she secured the assistance of France. The alliances were thus the reverse of what they had been in the earlier Silesian wars. England supported Prussia instead of Austria and the Pragmatic Sanction. France supported Austria instead of Prussia and Bavaria.

Having paid the greatest attention to his army throughout the ten years' peace, and being in a state of high preparation, Frederick thought he had better attack his enemies instead of waiting to be attacked by them. Accordingly, having instructed his

ambassador at Vienna to demand an explanation of certain warlike preparations of Maria Theresa's, and an answer having been refused, he marched into Saxony on the 20th August, 1756, overran the greater part of the country, and blockaded the small Saxon army in Pirna. The Austrians attempted to relieve them, but were defeated at Lobositz (5th October, 1756). The Saxons then attempted, under circumstances of extreme hardship and difficulty, to break out; in this they failed to effect, and were forced to capitulate. Frederick compelled the bulk of the private troops to enter his service, and took possession of the whole of the resources of the country for warlike purposes.

This was a prosperous beginning of the war, but it was more than balanced by other events. Frederick was put to the ban of the empire, which involved the raising against him of an army composed of contingents from all the German States, and France took the field with nearly one hundred thousand men. Frederick felt that he was in extreme danger, and before the opening of the campaign of 1757, left directions as to what was to be done in case of his own death or capture. A fac-simile of the letter containing them is given by Mr. Carlyle, and a remarkable document it is. There was great need for it, for when the campaign opened in April or May, Prussia was invaded in four separate directions by the Russians, the Austrians, the French, and the Swedes (whose operations throughout the war were contemptible and not worth more than bare mention), besides which, the army of the Empire was in preparation. Frederick took the offensive by marching upon Prague. Prince Charles was encamped in a strong position near the town, and a desperate battle took place (6th May) between him and the Prussians, in which, after a loss of twelve thousand five hundred Prussians and thirteen thousand three hundred Austrians, the Austrians were defeated, and had more than one narrow escape from being destroyed. They did, however, escape destruction, and managed even to keep possession of Prague, though it was fiercely besieged and bombarded by Frederick. Marshal Daun advanced to relieve the town, and Frederick set out to fight him. They fought at Kolin on the 18th of June. The Prussians, who were greatly out-numbered, lost the battle and a third of their army. One result of this was that Prague was relieved. During the whole of the summer and autumn Frederick remained in a state of the greatest

difficulty and perplexity. The English army under the Duke of Cumberland was managed, as usual, with extreme imbecility. The French, under Soubise, and the Imperial army were mustering. The Austrians were in great strength and occupied impregnable positions, and Frederick wandered about in various directions, wondering, apparently, which of his numerous enemies was to overwhelm him. The most fortunate circumstance for him at this time was the accession of Pitt to power in England, and his determination to 'conquer America in Germany.' This, however, was rather a fortunate symptom than an actual change for the better. The immediate prospects were still very black. In the midst of his despondency, however, his fortune took a marvellous turn. On the 5th November, as the French and Imperial army, under Soubise, was advancing in the direction of Leipsic, he skilfully fell upon it at Rossbach, at an opportune moment, and utterly routed the whole army with a loss of eight thousand men, prisoners included, in twenty-five minutes, at the expense of one hundred and sixty-five Prussians killed and three hundred and seventy-six wounded. He then marched across the country to Silesia, and at Leuthen, near Breslau, inflicted an even more severe defeat, though it was better contested, upon the Austrians who, however, were two to one in number.

These victories had given Frederick relief; but he was fearfully overmatched — as much as the Southerners in the late civil war. He passed the winter of 1757-8 at Breslau, and in the spring besieged Olmutz unsuccessfully; but in the late summer he was called out to meet an enemy almost more dangerous than any he had yet encountered. This was Marshal Fermor, who had entered Prussia at the north-east corner with a large army of Russians. They met at Zorndorf (12th of August), near Custrin, and a little to the north of Frankfurt on Oder. 'It was the bloodiest battle of the Seven-Years' War. One of the most furious ever fought.' Frederick got the best of it; but the battle was not very decisive though horribly bloody; still it checked the Russian invasion. From Zorndorf, Frederick speedily returned again to the Silesian corner of his dominions, where on the 14th of October, he was surprised by the Austrians near Hochkirch, where he was forced to retreat with a loss of about eight thousand men, Marshal Keith for one, and one hundred and one guns.

Frederick's position had now become critical in the extreme. There was another

Russian invasion in 1759 in the same direction as the one in the preceding year. The Russians gained a victory at Zullichau over Wedell on the 23rd of July, and on the 13th of August they gained a far more important victory, inflicting, indeed, on Frederick himself far the most severe defeat that he ever sustained. This occurred in the terrible battle of Kunersdorf, in which the Prussian army was half destroyed and for the moment almost entirely dispersed. Frederick made up his mind to kill himself, and handed over the army to General Von Finck. By degrees, however, he slightly recovered himself. The Russian army was greatly crippled and did not know how to use its victory. They did not advance on Berlin, but gradually drew off to the eastward. Terrible misfortunes happened in another quarter. Dresden was taken by the Austrians early in September, and on the 21st of November a division under General Finck was forced, after much severe handling, to capitulate to the Austrians at Maxen, the loss to Frederick being about twelve thousand men.

The fifth campaign in 1760 was in Lower Silesia, and Frederick attempted to retake Dresden, but failed, and was exposed to terrible danger from the superior forces opposed to him. Being, however, surrounded on all sides, he was attacked by the Austrians at Liegnitz, but repulsed and broke through them, gaining a remarkable and unexpected victory. The Russians were in the main very inactive this year, though they made a flying expedition as far as Berlin, and laid it under contribution, but were unable to hold it. The great event of the year, however, was the battle of Torgau on the Elbe, on the 3rd of November, some way north of Dresden. The battle was fought in the afternoon, and at night Frederick gained a decided victory. This was the last great battle of the war, which was crippled by the defection of Russia from the alliance at the beginning of 1762. This was caused by the death of the Czarina Elizabeth, and the accession of Peter III., who was a devoted admirer of Frederick. Peter was deposed and murdered by the 9th of July, but the Empress Catherine, who succeeded him, was not unfriendly to Frederick, and left Maria Theresa to fight out her battle with him alone. The ultimate result was the Peace of Hubertsberg, which was made in February, 1763, and as between Austria and Prussia left matters just where they were at the beginning of the war.

From 1763 to 1786, Frederick had no

more wars worth particular mention. The only great political event in which he took a leading part was the partition of Poland. Of this transaction Mr. Carlyle says little that adds much to the common stock of knowledge on the subject. That Poland was so governed as to be a dangerous nuisance to all its neighbours is indisputably true; that it was partitioned without any regard to anything except the aggrandisement of the partitioning powers, is no less true. The result appears to be that little sympathy is due to either party. If an habitual drunkard continually disturbs his neighbours, and if they, having certainly no other remedy, knock him on the head and divide his property, the general verdict of mankind would perhaps be, you are great rogues; but he brought it on himself. And something like this appears to be the true view of the partition of Poland, though after all the whole matter is exceedingly obscure, and little authentic information is to be had about it.

Such is the outline of Frederick's transactions as a soldier. As an administrator, we have rather glimpses of his doings than a detailed account of them. His military administration was very effective, but desperately harsh. His army was recruited to a great extent by crimps, who procured recruits from every part of Europe by enormous lying and frauds of the most monstrous kind. It was recruited in part by a rigorous conscription over every part of the Prussian dominions, and also over Saxony. Mr. Carlyle himself finds it difficult to say where the money came from. The explanation appears to be that so long as there is food, clothing, and ammunition in the country, and so long as an army can take what it wants, there is no great occasion for money. The misery of war is dreadfully intensified by such a process; but so long as there is food to take, there is no limit to the extent to which warfare may go.

As to Frederick's pacific administration, his great feats were his Code, and the different enterprises which he promoted and carried out in various parts of his dominions. Mr. Carlyle gives us very little special information about them, and it must be owned that if he had bestowed more of his time and trouble on these points, and troubled himself and his readers less about tactics, with which he fills many hundred pages, his book would have been a good deal improved. Perhaps, however, the materials were wanting. It is pretty safe to assume that the system of administration was as

vigorous, as harsh, and as peremptory as the other part of Frederick's character. Such specimens as we do get are not very favourable. He introduced, for instance, a system of collecting taxes which appears to have given immense offence, and to have been abolished after his death. He intermeddled in every sort of private affair, and managed nearly all the business of the kingdom personally. Here and there, of course, such a system produced picturesque instances of fair dealing, but that it was generally beneficial is quite another proposition, and one of which we have no evidence at all. On at least one famous occasion he chose to interfere personally with the ordinary course of civil justice, by reversing the decision of a court of justice about a watercourse. Mr. Carlyle tells the whole story with his usual elaborate carefulness and good faith. He would obviously like to say that Frederick was right, and asserted the eternal laws of nature and fact. He cannot, however, conscientiously say so; he is obliged to own that the matter after all was extremely doubtful, and it is obvious enough that unless the interference was absolutely necessary it was an immense evil.

A much larger and fuller part of the book is devoted to an account of Frederick's personal friendships, especially of his long and strange relations with Voltaire. So full, indeed, is Mr. Carlyle on this topic that he has almost interwoven a life of Voltaire with his life of Frederick. It forms a marvellously entertaining underplot to the history, and gives a more vivid notion of Voltaire's character and career than is to be found elsewhere in English literature. The merit of the story, however, depends principally on the way in which it is told, and on the endless variety of anecdotes with which it is illustrated. Any sort of condensation of it, even if space were not wanting, would be tedious.

We feel that the short sketch which we have thus given of Mr. Carlyle's most elaborate work conveys no notion at all of its real character, though it contains the main points of the history itself. The six thick volumes are an immense repertory, in which something is to be found about nearly every important event in European history which was in any way whatever connected with Prussia or with Frederick. It also contains a number of detached anecdotes and personal histories so elaborate, so authentic, in some instances so inconceivably picturesque and vivid, that wherever the book is opened it has all the interest of a novel.

Voltaire and his divine Emilie; his quarrels with Maupertuis; his extremely disreputable and dirty quarrel with the Jew stock-jobber, Hirsch; his quarrel with the King of Prussia; his way of living in his old age; are all brought before us with inimitable vivacity, and throw more light on the character of the man than anything else written in English. He, however, is only one of many figures introduced into the book. There are excellent sketches of George II., the Duke of Cumberland, Chatham, Wolfe, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, Prince Henri of Prussia, Belleisle, and innumerable others. We have, besides, incidental accounts of the principal English naval expeditions of the eighteenth century, of the exploits of Vernon and Anson, of the siege of Minorca, of Braddock's expedition and defeat, and of the other wars between the French and English colonies in America. This includes an excellent account of the taking of Quebec, with portraits of Wolfe and Montcalm. Every one of these incidents is told with a degree of skill which no other man could, and of care which hardly any other man would have expended on it all. Such a union of the special gifts of Dryadust and Walter Scott, with a depth of thought and feeling to which hardly any antiquary or novelist can pretend, has never before been produced in our country. Whatever else the book may be, it is a monument of its author's genius, which will at all events effectually preserve his memory in the world.

The fault of the work appears to us to lie in the selection of its subject. When all is said and done, it is difficult to care much about Frederick or his doings. His

history is very curious and highly interesting, and it is impossible not to sympathise with a man who so thoroughly knew what he wanted, and who got it after such desperate struggles. He did get Silesia, and he had probably about as much right to it as Maria Theresa. The population, apparently, rather preferred him to her; but the question of right depends on the question whether the States of Bohemia in the year 1544 had or had not a right to annul the Erbverbrüderung made by the Duke of Liegnitz, and whether the Emperor Ferdinand had a right to confiscate Jägerndorf. Frederick's claim dated from 1624 as to Jägerndorf, and from 1675 as to Liegnitz and Brieg; but it seems to have been the way of the German Empire to keep such claims alive and to wrangle, and finally fight over them as was done only two years ago in the instance of the lovely Schleswig-Holstein controversy. What the laws of eternal fact and nature and of everlasting justice may be as to the power of the States of Bohemia over Erbverbrüderungs, appears to us a question as difficult as it is uninteresting; nor can we get beyond the assertion that Frederick, knowing his own mind and watching his opportunity, and having extraordinary good fortune, got what he wanted. Something may be said for his first war, and the last he could not help; but the second war appears to us a mere undisguised piece of rapacity, an attempt to get a slice of Bohemia to which he did not even allege that he had any sort of claim. It is difficult to make this square with fact and nature, as Mr. Carlyle uses the words. The attempt certainly was a fact, and it probably appeared to Frederick very natural.

AN Australian paper says: — "The desire of the Chinese to adopt European children appears to be so strong as to lead them in some instances to break the law. Recently a Chinaman was arrested upon the criminal charge of stealing a child. The accused states that he has had the child in his possession for some time, and we can only say that it looks as if it

had been well cared for. In connection with this we may state that the Chinese have a great inclination to adopt European male children to whom their cast of countenance may be pleasing. Instances are under our own knowledge where the Celestial has offered a good round sum in exchange for a child to whom he had taken a liking."

PART II — CHAPTER VI.

EVERYTHING went on well enough at the station for some time after the great occurrence which counted for so much in Mrs. Ochterlony's life; and the Major was very peaceable, for him, and nothing but trifling matters being in his way to move him, had fewer fidgets than usual. To be sure he was put out now and then by something the Colonel said or did, or by Hesketh's well-off-ness, which had come to the length of a moral peculiarity, and was trying to a man; but these little disturbances fizzed themselves out, and got done with without troubling anybody much. There was a lull, and most people were surprised at it, and disposed to think that something must be the matter with the Major; but there was nothing the matter. Probably it occurred to him now and then that his last great fidget had rather gone a step too far — but this is mere conjecture, for he certainly never said so. And then, after a while, he began to play, as it were, with the next grand object of uneasiness which was to distract his existence. This was the sending "home" of little Hugh. It was not that he did not feel to the utmost the blank this event would cause in the house, and the dreadful tug at his heart, and the difference it would make to Mary. But at the same time it was a thing that had to be done, and Major Ochterlony hoped his feelings would never make him fail in his duty. He used to feel Hugh's head if it was hot, and look at his tongue at all sorts of untimely moments, which Mary knew meant nothing, but yet which made her thrill and tremble to her heart; and then he would shake his own head, and look sad. "I would give him a little quinine, my dear," he would say; and then Mary, out of her very alarm and pain, would turn upon him.

"Why should I give him quinine? It is time enough when he shows signs of wanting it. The child is quite well, Hugh." But there was a certain quiver in Mrs. Ochterlony's voice which the Major could not and did not mistake.

"Oh yes, he is quite well," he would reply; "come and let me feel if you have any flesh on your bones, old fellow. He is awfully thin, Mary. I don't think he would weigh half so much as he did a year ago if you were to try. I don't want to alarm you, my dear; but we must do it sooner or later, and in a thing that is so important for the child, we must not think of ourselves," said Major Ochterlony; and then again he laid his hand with that doubting,

experimenting look upon his boy's brow, to feel "if there was any fever," as he said.

"He is quite well," said Mary, who felt as if she were going distracted while this pantomime went on. "You do frighten me, though you don't mean it; but I *know* he is quite well."

"Oh yes," said Major Ochterlony, with a sigh; and he kissed his little boy solemnly, and set him down as if things were in a very bad way; "he is quite well. But I have seen when five or six hours have changed all that," he added with a still more profound sigh, and got up as if he could not bear further consideration of the subject, and went out and strolled into somebody's quarters, where Mary did not see how lighthearted he was half an hour after, quite naturally, because he had poured out his uneasiness, and a little more, and got quite rid of it, leaving her with the arrow sticking in her heart. No wonder that Mrs. Kirkman, who came in as the Major went out, said that even a very experienced Christian would have found it trying. As for Mary, when she woke up in the middle of the night, which little peevish Wilfrid gave her plenty of occasion to do, she used to steal off as soon as she had quieted that baby-tyrant, and look at her eldest boy in his little bed, and put her soft hand on his head, and stoop over him to listen to his breathing. And sometimes she persuaded herself that his forehead *was* hot, which it was quite likely to be, and got no more sleep that night; though as for the Major he was a capital sleeper. And then somehow it was not so easy as it had been to conclude that it was only his way; for after his way had once brought about such consequences as in that re-marriage which Mary felt a positive physical pain in remembering, it was no longer to be taken lightly. The consequence was, that Mrs. Ochterlony wound herself up and summoned all her courage and wrote to Aunt Agatha, though she thought it best, until she had an answer, to say nothing about it; and she began to look over all little Hugh's wardrobe, to make and mend and consider within herself what warm things she could get him for the termination of that inevitable voyage, and to think what might happen before she had these little things of his in her care again — how they would wear out and be replenished and his mother have no hand in it — and how he would get on without her. She used to make pictures of the little forlorn fellow on shipboard, and how he would cry himself to sleep, till the tears came dropping on her needle and rusted it; and then

would try to think how good Aunt Agatha would be to him, but was not to say comforted by that — not so much as she ought to have been. There was nothing in the least remarkable in all this, but only what a great many people have to go through, and what Mrs. Ochterlony no doubt would go through with courage when the inevitable moment came. It was the looking forward to and rehearsing it, and the Major's awful suggestions, and the constant dread of feeling little Hugh's head hot or his tongue white, and thinking it was her fault — this was what made it so hard upon Mary; though Major Ochterlony never meant to alarm her, as anybody might see.

"I think he should certainly go home," Mrs. Kirkman said. "It is a trial, but it is one of the trials that will work for good. I don't like to blame you, Mary, but I have always thought your children were a temptation to you; oh, take care! — if you were to make idols of them" —

"I don't make idols of them," said Mrs. Ochterlony, hastily; and then she added, with an effort of self-control which stopped even the rising colour on her cheek, "You know I don't agree with you about these things." She did not agree with Mrs. Kirkman; and yet to tell the truth, where so much is concerned, it is a little hard for a woman not to stop short, however convinced she may be, and think that, after all, the opinion which would make an end of her best hopes and her surest confidence may be true.

"I know you don't agree with me," said the Colonel's wife, sitting down with a sigh. "Oh, Mary, if you only knew how much I would give to see you taking these things to heart — to see you not almost, but altogether such as I am," she added, with solemn pathos. "If you would but remember that these blessings are only lent us — that we don't know what day or hour they may be taken back again" —

All this Mary listened to with a rising of nature in her heart against it, and yet with that wavering behind, — What if it might be true?

"Don't speak to me so," she said. "You always make me think that something is going to happen. As if God grudged us our little happiness. Don't talk of lending and taking back again. If He is not a cheerful giver, who can be?" For she was carried away by her feelings, and was not quite sure what she was saying — and at the same time, it comes so much easier to human nature to think that God grudges and takes back again, and is not a cheerful giver. As

for Mrs. Kirkman, she thought it sinful so much as to imagine anything of the kind.

"It grieves me to hear you speak in that loose sort of latitudinarian way," she said; "oh, my dear Mary, if you could only see how much need you have to be brought low. When one cross is not enough, another comes — and I feel that you are not going to be let alone. This trial, if you take it in a right spirit, may have the most blessed consequences. It must be to keep you from making an idol of him, my dear — for if he takes up your heart from better things" —

What could Mary say? She stopped in her work to give her hands an impatient wring together, by way of expressing somehow in secret to herself the impatience with which she listened. Yet, perhaps, after all, it might be true. Perhaps God was not such a Father as He, the supreme and all-loving, whom her own motherhood shadowed forth in Mary's heart, but such a one as those old pedant fathers, who took away pleasures and reclaimed gifts, for discipline's sake. Perhaps — for when a heart has everything most dear to it at stake, it has such a miserable inclination to believe the worst of Him who leaves his explanation to the end, — Mary thought perhaps it might be true, and that God her Father might be lying in wait for her somewhere to crush her to the ground for having too much pleasure in his gift, — which was the state of mind which her friend, who was at the bottom of her heart a good woman, would have liked to bring about.

"I think it is simply because we are in India," said Mrs. Ochterlony, recovering herself; "it is one of the conditions of our lot. It is a very hard condition, but of course we have to bear it. I think, for my part, that God, instead of doing it to punish me, is sorry for me, and that He would mend it and spare us if something else did not make it necessary. But perhaps it is you who are right," she added, faltering again, and wondering if it was wrong to believe that God, in a wonderful supreme way, must be acting, somehow as in a blind ineffective way, she, a mother, would do to her children. But happily her companion was not aware of that profane thought. And then, Mrs. Hesketh had come in, who looked at the question from entirely a different point of view.

"We have all got to do it, you know," said that comfortable woman, "whether we idolize them or not. I don't see what that has to do with it; but then I never do understand you. The great thing is, if you have somebody nice to send them to. One's

mother is a great comfort for that; but then there is one's husband's friends to think about. I am not sure, for my own part, that a good school is not the best. *That* can't offend anybody, you know; neither your own people nor *his*; and then they can go all round in the holidays. Mine have all got on famously," said Mrs. Hesketh; and nobody who looked at her could have thought anything else. Though, indeed, Mrs. Hesketh's well-off-ness was not nearly so disagreeable or offensive to other people as her husband's, who had his balance at his banker's written on his face; whereas in her case it was only evident that she was on the best of terms with her milliner and her jeweller, and all her tradespeople, and never had any trouble with her bills. Mary sat between the woman who had no children, and who thought she made idols of her boys — and the woman who had quantities of children and saw no reason why anybody should be much put out of their way about them; and neither the one nor the other knew what she meant, any more than she perhaps knew exactly what they meant, though, as was natural, that latter idea did not much strike her. And the sole strengthening which Mrs. Ochterlony drew from this talk, was a resolution never to say anything more about it; to keep what she was thinking of to herself, and shut another door in her heart, which, after all, is a process which has to be pretty often repeated as one goes through the world.

"But Mary has no friends — no *female* friends, poor thing. It is so sad for a girl when that happens, and accounts for so many things," the colonel's wife said, dropping the lids over her eyes, and with an imperceptible shake of her head, which brought the little chapel and the scene of her second marriage in a moment before Mary's indignant eyes; "but there is one good even in that, for it gives greater ground for faith; when we have nothing and nobody to cling to" —

"We were talking of the children," Mrs. Hesketh broke in calmly. "If I were you I should keep Hugh until Islay was old enough to go with him. They are such companions to each other, you know, and two children don't cost much more than one. If I were you, Mary, I would send the two together. I always did it with mine. And I am sure you have somebody that will take care of them; one always has somebody in one's eye; and as for *female* friends" —

Mary stopped short the profanity which

doubtless her comfortable visitor was about to utter on this subject. "I have only *female* friends," she said, with a natural touch of sharpness in her voice. "I have an old aunt and a sister who are my nearest relatives — and it is there Hugh is going," for the prick of offence had been good for her nerves, and strung them up.

"Then I can't see what you have to be anxious about," said Mrs. Hesketh; "some people always make a fuss about things happening to children; why should anything happen to them? mine have had everything, I think, that children can have, and never been a bit the worse; and though it makes one uncomfortable at the time to think of their being ill, and so far away if anything should happen, still, if you know they are in good hands, and that everything is done that can be done — And then, one never bears till the worst is over," said the well-off woman, drawing her lace shawl round her. "Good-by, Mary, and don't fret; there is nothing that is not made worse by fretting about it; I never do, for my part."

Mrs. Kirkman threw a glance of pathetic import out of the corners of her down-dropped eyes at the large departing skirts of Mary's other visitor. The colonel's wife was one of the people who always stay last, and her friends generally cut their visits short when they encountered her, with a knowledge of this peculiarity, and at the same time an awful sense of something that would be said when they had withdrawn. "Not that I care for what she says," Mrs. Hesketh murmured to herself as she went out, "and Mary ought to know better at least;" but at the same time, society at the station, though it was quite used to it, did not like to think of the sigh, and the tender, bitter lamentations which would be made over them when they took their leave. Mrs. Hesketh was not sensitive, but she could not help feeling a little aggrieved, and wondering what special view of her evil ways her regimental superior would take this time — for in so limited a community, everybody knew about everybody, and any little faults one might have were not likely to be hid.

Mrs. Kirkman had risen too, and when Mary came back from the door the colonel's wife came and sat down beside her on the sofa, and took Mrs. Ochterlony's hand. "She would be very nice, if she only took a little thought about the one thing needful," said Mrs. Kirkman, with her usual sigh. "What does it matter about all the rest? Oh,

Mary, if we could only choose the good part which cannot be taken away from us!"

"But surely we all try, a little, after that," said Mary. "She is a kind woman, and very good to the poor. And how can we tell what her thoughts are? I don't think we ever understand each other's thoughts."

"I never pretend to understand. I judge according to the scripture rule," said Mrs. Kirkman; "you are too charitable, Mary; and too often, you know, charity only means laxness. Oh, I cannot tell you how those people are all laid upon my soul! Colonel Kirkman being the principal officer, you know, and so little real Christian work to be expected from Mr. Churchill, the responsibility is terrible. I feel sometimes as if I must die under it. If their blood should be demanded at my hands!"

"But surely God must care a little about them Himself," said Mrs. Ochterlony. "Don't you think so? I cannot think that He has left it all upon you"—

"Dear Mary, if you would but give me the comfort of thinking I had been of use to you," said Mrs. Kirkman, pressing Mary's hand. And when she went away she believed that she had done her duty by Mrs. Ochterlony at least; and felt that perhaps, as a brand snatched from the burning, this woman, who was so wrapped up in regard for the world and idolatry of her children, might still be brought into a better state. From this it will be seen that the painful impression made by the marriage had a little faded out of the mind of the station. It was there, waiting any chance moment or circumstance that might bring the name of the Madonna Mary into question; but in the meantime, for the convenience of ordinary life, it had been dropped. It was a nuisance to keep up a sort of shadowy censure which never came to anything, and by tacit consent the thing had dropped. For it was a very small community, and if any one had to be tabooed, the taboo must have been complete and crushing, and nobody had the courage for that. And so gradually the cloudiness passed away like a breath on a mirror, and Mary to all appearance was among them as she had been before. Only no sort of compromise could really obliterate the fact from anybody's recollection or above all from her own mind.

And Mary went back to little Hugh's wardrobe when her visitors were gone, with that sense of having shut another door in her heart which has already been mention-

ed. It is so natural to open all the doors and leave all the chambers open to the day; but when people walk up to the threshold and look in and turn blank looks of surprise or sad looks of disapproval upon you, what is to be done but to shut the door? Mrs. Ochterlony thought as most people do, that it was almost incredible that her neighbours did not understand what she meant; and she thought too, like an inexperienced woman, that this was an accident of the station, and that elsewhere other people knew better, which was a very fortunate thought, and did her good. And so she continued to put the little things in order, and felt half angry when she saw the Major come in, and knew beforehand that he was going to resume his pantomime with little Hugh, and to try if his head was hot and look at his tongue. If his tongue turned out to be white and his head feverish, then Mary knew that he would think it was her fault, and began to long for Aunt Agatha's letter, which she had been fearing, and which might be looked for by the next mail.

As for the Major, he came home with the air of a man who has hit upon a new trouble. His wife saw it before he had been five minutes in the house. She saw it in his eyes, which sought her and retired from her in their significant restless way, as if studying how to begin. In former days Mrs. Ochterlony, when she saw this, used to help her husband out; but recently she had had no heart for that, and he was left unaided to make a beginning for himself. She took no notice of his fidgeting, nor of the researches he made all about the room and all the things he put out of their places. She could wait until he informed her what it was. But Mary felt a little nervous until such time as her husband had seated himself opposite her and begun to pull her working things about and to take up little Hugh's linen blouses which she had been setting in order. Then the Major heaved a demonstrative sigh. He meant to be asked what it meant, and even gave a glance up at her from the corner of his eye to see if she remarked it, but Mary was hard-hearted and would take no notice. He had to take all the trouble himself.

"He will want warmer things when he goes home," said the Major. "You must write to Aunt Agatha about that, Mary. I have been thinking a great deal about his going home. I don't know how I shall get on without him, nor you either, my darling; but it is for his good. How old is Islay?" Major Ochterlony added with a little ab-

ruptness: and then his wife knew what it was.

"Islay is not quite three," said Mary, quietly, as if the question was of no importance; but for all that her heart began to jump and beat against her breast.

"Three! and so big for his age," said the guilty Major, labouring with his secret meaning. "I don't want to vex you, Mary, my love, but I was thinking perhaps when Hugh went — It comes to about the same thing, you see — the little beggar would be dreadfully solitary by himself, and I don't see that it would make any difference to Aunt Agatha" —

"It would make a difference to me," said Mary. "Oh, Hugh, don't be so cruel to me. I cannot let him go so young. If Hugh must go it may be for his good — but not for Islay's, who is only a baby. He would not know us or have any recollection of us. Don't make me send both of my boys away."

"You would still have the baby," said the Major. "My darling, I am not going to do anything without your consent. Islay looked dreadfully feverish the other day, you know. I told you so; and as I was coming home I met Mrs. Hesketh" —

"You took her advice about it," said Mary, with a little bitterness. As for the Major, he set his Mary a whole heaven above such a woman as Mrs. Hesketh, and yet he had taken her advice about it, and it irritated him a little to perceive his wife's tone of reproach.

"If I listened to her advice it was, because she is a very sensible woman," said Major Ochterlony. "You are so heedless, my dear. When your children's health is ruined, you know, that is not the time to send them home. We ought to do it now, while they are quite well; though indeed I thought Islay very feverish the other night," he added, getting up again in his restless way. And then the Major was struck with compunction when he saw Mary bending down over her work, and remembered how constantly she was there, working for them, and how much more trouble those children cost her than they ever could cost him. "My love," he said, coming up to her and laying his hand caressingly upon her bent head, "my bonnie Mary! you did not think I meant that you cared less for them or what was for their good, than I do? It will be a terrible trial; but then, if it is for their good and our own peace of mind" —

"God help me," said Mary, who was a little beside herself. "I don't think you

will leave me any peace of mind. You will drive me to do what I think wrong, or, if I don't do it, you will make me think that everything that happens is my fault. You don't mean it, but you are cruel, Hugh."

"I am sure I don't mean it," said the Major, who, as usual, had had his say out; "and when you come to think — but we will say no more about it to-night. Give me your book, and I will read to you for an hour or two. It is a comfort to come in to you and get a little peace. And after all, my love, Mrs Hesketh means well, and she's a very sensible woman. I don't like Hesketh, but there's not a word to say against her. They are all very kind and friendly. We are in great luck in our regiment. Is this your mark where you left off? Don't let us say anything more about it, Mary, for to-night."

"No," said Mrs. Ochterlony, with a sigh; but she knew in her heart that the Major would begin to feel Islay's head, if it was hot, and look at his tongue, as he had done to Hugh's, and drive her out of her senses. And that most likely when she had come to an end of her powers, she would be beaten and give in at the last. But they said no more about it that night; and the Major got so interested in the book that he sat all the evening reading, and Mary got very well on with her work. Major Ochterlony was so interested that he even forgot to look as if he thought the children feverish when they came to say good night, which was the most wonderful relief to his wife. If thoughts came into her head while she trimmed Hugh's little blouses, of another little three-year-old traveller tottering by his brother's side, and going away on the stormy dangerous sea, she kept them to herself. It did not seem to her as if she could outlive the separation, nor how she could permit a ship so richly freighted to sail away into the dark distance and the terrible storms; and yet she knew that she must outlive it, and that it must happen, if not now, yet at least some time. It is the condition of existence for the English sojourners in India. And what was she more than another, that any one should think there was any special hardship in her case?

CHAPTER VII.

THE next mail was an important one in many ways. It was to bring Aunt Agatha's letter about little Hugh, and it did bring something which had still more effect upon

the Ochterlony peace of mind. The Major, as has been already said, was not a man to be greatly excited by the arrival of the mail. All his close and pressing interests were at present concentrated in the station. His married sisters wrote to him now and then, and he was very glad to get their letters, and to hear when a new niece or nephew arrived, which was the general burden of these epistles. Sometimes it was a death, and Major Ochterlony was sorry; but neither the joy nor the sorrow disturbed him much. For he was far away, and he was tolerably happy himself, and could bear with equanimity the vicissitudes in the lot of his friends. But this time the letter which arrived was of a different description. It was from his brother, the head of the house—who was a little of an invalid and a good deal of a dilettante, and gave the Major no nephews or nieces, being indeed a confirmed bachelor of the most hopeless kind. He was a man who never wrote letters, so that the communication was a little startling. And yet there was nothing very particular in it. Something had occurred to make Mr. Ochterlony think of his brother, and the consequence was that he had drawn his writing things to his hand and written a few kind words, with a sense of having done something meritorious to himself and deeply gratifying to Hugh. He sent his love to Mary, and hoped the little fellow, was all right who was, he supposed, to carry on the family honours—"If there are any family honours," the Squire had said, not without an agreeable sense that there was something in his last paper on the "Coins of Agrippa," that the Numismatic Society would not willingly let die. This was the innocent morsel of correspondence which had come to the Major's hand. Mary was sitting by with the baby on her lap while he read it, and busy with a very different kind of communication. She was reading Aunt Agatha's letter which she had been dreading and wishing for, and her heart was growing sick over the innocent flutter of expectation and kindness and delight which was in it. Every assurance of the joy she would feel in seeing little Hugh, and the care she would take of him, which the simple-minded writer sent to be a comfort to Mary, came upon the mother's unreasonable mind like a kind of injury. To think that anybody could be happy about an occurrence that would be so terrible to her; to think anybody could have the bad taste to say that they looked with impatience for the moment that to Mary would be like dying! She was unhunged, and for the first

time perhaps in her life her nerves were thoroughly out of order, and she was unreasonable to the bottom of her heart; and when she came to her young sister's gay announcement of what for *her* part she would do for her little nephew's education, and how she had been studying the subject ever since Mary's letter arrived, Mrs. Ochterlony felt as if she could have beaten the girl, and was ready to cry with wretchedness and irritation and despair. All these details served somehow to fix it, though she knew it had been fixed before. They told her the little room Hugh should have, and the old maid who would take of him; and how he should play in the garden, and learn his lessons in Aunt Agatha's parlor, and all those details which would be sweet to Mary when her boy was actually there. But at present they made his going away so real, that they were very bitter to her, and she had to draw the astonished child away from his play and take hold of him and keep him by her, to feel quite sure that he was still here, and not in the little North-country cottage which she knew so well. But this was an arrangement which did not please the baby, who liked to have his mother all to himself, and pushed Hugh away, and kicked and screamed at him lustily. Thus it was an agitated little group upon which the Major looked down as he turned from his brother's pleasant letter. He was in a very pleasant frame of mind himself, and was excessively entertained by the self-assertion of little Wilfrid on his mother's knee.

"He is a plucky little soul though he is so small," said Major Ochterlony; "but Willy, my boy, there's precious little for you of the grandeurs of the family. It is from Francis, my dear. It's very surprising, you know, but still it's true. And he sends you his love. You know I always said that there was a great deal of good in Francis; he is not a demonstrative man—but still, when you get at it, he has a warm heart. I am sure he would be a good friend to you, Mary, if ever."

"I hope I shall never need him to be a good friend to me," said Mrs. Ochterlony. "He is your brother, Hugh, but you know we never got on." It was a perfectly correct statement of fact, but yet perhaps Mary would not have made it, had she not been so much disturbed by Aunt Agatha's letter. She was almost disposed to persuade herself for that moment that she had not got on with Aunt Agatha, which was a moral impossibility. As for the Major, he took no notice of his wife's little ill-tempered unenthusiastic speech.

"You will be pleased when you read it," he said. "He talks of Hugh quite plainly as the heir of Earlstown. I can't help being pleased. I wonder what kind of Squire the little beggar will make: but we shall not live to see that—or at least, I shan't," the Major went on, and he looked at his boy with a wistful look which Mary used to think of afterwards. As for little Hugh, he was very indifferent, and not much more conscious of the affection near home than of the inheritance far off. Major Ochterlony stood by the side of Mary's chair, and he had it in his heart to give her a little lesson upon her unbelief and want of confidence in him, who was always acting for the very best, and who thought much more of her interests than of his own.

"My darling," he said, in that coaxing tone which Mary knew so well, "I don't mean to blame you. It was a bad thing to make you do; and you might have thought me cruel and too precise. But only see now how important it was to be exact about our marriage—*too exact* even. If Hugh should come into the estate!"

Here Major Ochterlony stopped short all at once, without any apparent reason. He had still his brother's letter in his hand, and was standing by Mary's side; and nobody had come in, and nothing had happened. But all at once, like a flash of lightning, something of which he had never thought before had entered his mind. He stopped short, and said "Good God!" low to himself, though he was not a man who used profane expressions. His face changed as a summer day changes when the wind seizes it like a ghost, and covers its heaven with clouds. So great was the shock he had received, that he made no attempt to hide it, but stood gazing at Mary, appealing to her out of the midst of his sudden trouble. "Good God!" he said. His eyes went in a piteous way from little Hugh, who knew nothing about it, to his mother, who was at present the chief sufferer. Was it possible that instead of helping he had done his best to dishonor Hugh? It was so new an idea to him, that he looked helplessly into Mary's eyes to see if it was true. And she, for her part, had nothing to say to him. She gave a little tremulous cry which did but echo his own exclamation, and pitifully held out her hand to her husband. Yes; it was true. Between them they had sown thorns in their boy's path, and thrown doubt on his name, and brought humiliation and uncertainty into his future life. Major Ochterlony dropped into a chair by his wife's side, and covered his face with her

hand. He was struck dumb, by his discovery. It was only she who, had seen it all long ago—to whom no sudden revelation could come—who had been suffering, even angrily and bitterly, but who was now altogether subdued and conscious only of a common calamity; who was the only one capable of speech or thought.

"Hugh, it is done now," said Mary; "perhaps it may never do him any harm. We are in India, a long way from all our friends. They know what took place in Scotland, but they can't know what happened here."

The Major only replied once more, "Good God!" Perhaps he was not thinking so much of Hugh as of the failure he had himself made. To think he should have landed in the most apparent folly by way of being wise—that perhaps was the immediate sting. But as for Mrs. Ochterlony, her heart was full of her little boy who was going away from her, and her husband's horror and dismay seemed only natural. She had to withdraw her hand from him, for the tyrant baby did not approve of any other claim upon her attention, but she carressed his stooping head as she did so. "Oh, Hugh, let us hope things will turn out better than we think," she said, with her heart overflowing in her eyes; and the soft tears fell on Wilfrid's little frock as she soothed and consoled him. Little Hugh for his part had been startled in the midst of his play, and had come forward to see what was going on. He was not particularly interested, it is true, but still he rather wanted to know what it was all about. And when the pugnacious baby saw his brother he returned to the conflict. It was his baby efforts with hands and feet to thrust Hugh away which roused the Major. He got up and took a walk about the room, sighing heavily. "When you saw what was involved, why did you let me do it, Mary?" he said, amid his sighs. That was all the advantage his wife had from his discovery. He was still walking about the room and sighing, when the baby went to sleep, and Hugh left the room; and then to be sure the father and mother were alone.

"That never came into my head," Major Ochterlony said, drawing a chair again to Mary's side. "When you saw the danger why did you not tell me? I thought it was only because you did not like it. And then, on the other side, if anything happened to me—Why did you let me do it when you saw that?" said the Major, almost angrily. And he drew another long impatient sigh.

"Perhaps it will do no harm, after all," said Mary, who felt herself suddenly put upon her defence.

"Harm! it is sure to do harm," said the Major. "It is as good as saying we were never married till now. Good heavens! to think you should have seen all that, and yet let me do it. We may have ruined him, for all we know. And the question is, what's to be done? Perhaps I should write to Francis, and tell him that I thought it best for your sake, in case anything happened to me—and as it was merely a matter of form, I don't see that Churchill could have any hesitation in striking it out of the register"——

"Oh, Hugh, let it alone now," said Mrs. Ochterlony. "It is done, and we cannot undo it. Let us only be quiet and make no more commotion. People may forget it, perhaps, if we forget it."

"Forget it!" the Major said, and sighed. He shook his head, and at the same time he looked with a certain tender patronage on Mary. "You may forget it, my dear, and I hope you will," he said, with a magnanimous pathos; "but it is too much to expect that I should forget what may have such important results. I feel sure I ought to let Francis know. I daresay he could advise us what would best. It is a very kind letter," said the Major; and he sighed, and gave Mary Mr. Ochterlony's brief and unimportant note with an air of resigned yet hopeless affliction, which half irritated her and half awoke those possibilities of laughter which come "when there is little laughing in one's head," as we say in Scotland. She could have laughed, and she could have stormed at him; and yet in the midst of all she felt a poignant sense of contrast, and knew that it was she and not he who would really suffer—as it was he and not she who was in fault.

While Mary read Mr. Ochterlony's letter, lulling now and then with a soft movement the baby on her knee, the Major at the other side got attracted after a while by the pretty picture of the sleeping child, and began at length to forego his sighing and to smooth out the long white drapery that lay over Mary's dress. He was thinking no harm, the tender-hearted man. He looked at little Wilfrid's small waxen face pillowed on his mother's arm—so much smaller and feebler than Hugh and Islay had been, the great, gallant fellows—and his heart was touched by his little child. "My little man! *you* are all right, at least," said the inconsiderate father. He said it to himself, and thought, if he

thought at all on the subject, that Mary, who was reading his brother's letter, did not hear him. And when Mrs. Ochterlony gave that cry which roused all the house and brought everybody trooping to the door, in the full idea that it must be a cobra at least, the Major jumped up to his feet as much startled as any of them, and looked down to the floor and cried, "Where?—what is it?" with as little an idea of what was the matter as the ayah who grinned and gazed in the distance. When he saw that instead of indicating somewhere a reptile intruder, Mary had dropped the letter and fallen into a weak outburst of tears, the Major was confounded. He sent the servants away, and took his wife in his arms and held her fast. "What is it, my love?" said the Major. "Are you ill? For Heaven's sake tell me what it is; my poor darling, my bonnie Mary!" This was how he soothed her, without the most distant idea what was the matter, or what had made her cry out. And when Mary came to herself, she did not explain very clearly. She said to herself that it was no use making him unhappy by the fantastical horror which had come into her mind with his words, or indeed had been already lurking there. And, poor soul, she was better when she had had her cry out and had given over little Wilfrid, woke up by the sound, to his nurse's hands. She said, "Never mind me, Hugh; I am nervous, I suppose;" and cried on his shoulder as he never remembered her to have cried, except for very serious griefs. And when at last he had made her lie down, which was the Major's favorite panacea for all female ills of body or mind, and had covered her over, and patted and caressed and kissed her, Major Ochterlony went out with a troubled mind. It could not be anything in Francis's letter, which was a model of brotherly correctness, that had vexed or excited her: and then he began to think that for some time past her nerves had not been what they used to be. The idea disturbed him greatly, as may be supposed; for the thought of Mary ailing and weakly, or perhaps ill and in danger, was one which had never yet entered his mind. The first thing he thought of was to go and have a talk with Sorbette, who ought to know, if he was good for anything, what it was.

"I am sure I don't know in the least what is the matter," the Major said. "She is not ill, you know. This morning she looked as well as ever she did, and then all at once gave a cry and burst into tears. It is so unlike Mary."

"It is very unlike her," said the doctor.

"Perhaps you were saying something that upset her nerves."

"Nerves!" said the Major, with calm pride. "My dear fellow, you know that Mary has no nerves; she never was one of that sort of women. To tell the truth, I don't think she has ever been quite herself since that stupid business, you know."

"What stupid business?" said Mr. Sorbette.

"Oh, you know—the marriage, to be sure. A man looks very silly afterwards," said the Major with candour, "when he lets himself be carried away by his feelings. She ought not to have consented when that was her idea. I would give a hundred pounds I had not been so foolish. I don't think she has ever been quite herself since."

The doctor had opened *de grands yeux*. He looked at his companion as if he could not believe his ears. "Of course you would never have taken such an unusual step if there had not been good reason for it," he ventured to say—which was rather a hazardous speech; for the Major might have divined its actual meaning, and then things would have gone badly with Mr. Sorbette. But, as it happened, Major Ochterlony was far too much occupied to pay attention to anybody's meaning except his own.

"Yes, there was good reason," he said. "She lost her marriage 'lines,' you know; and all our witnesses are dead. I thought she might perhaps find herself in a disagreeable position if anything happened to me."

As he spoke, the doctor regarded him with surprise so profound as to be half sublime—surprise and a perplexity and doubt wonderful to behold. Was this a story the Major had made up, or was it perhaps after all the certain truth? It was just what he had said at first; but the first time it was stated with more warmth, and did not produce the same effect. Mr. Sorbette respected Mrs. Ochterlony to the bottom of his heart; but still he had shaken his head, and said, "There was no accounting for those things." And now he did not know what to make of it; whether to believe in the innocence of the couple, or to think the Major had made up a story—which, to be sure, would be by much the greatest miracle of all.

"If that was the case, I think it would have been better to let well alone," said the doctor. "That is what I would have done had it been me."

"Then why did not you tell me so?" said Major Ochterlony. "I asked you before; and what you all said to me was, 'If

that's the case, best to repeat it at once.' Good Lord! to think how little one can rely upon one's friends when one asks their advice. But in the meantime the question is about Mary. I wish you'd go and see her and give her something—a tonic, you know, or something strengthening. I think I'll step over and see Churchill, and get him to strike that unfortunate piece of nonsense out of the register. As it was only a piece of form, I should think he would do it; and if it is *that* that ails her, it would do her good."

"If I were you, I'd let well alone," said the doctor; but he said it low, and he was putting on his hat as he spoke, and went off immediately to see his patient. Even if curiosity and surprise had not been in operation, he would still probably have hastened to Madonna Mary. For the regiment loved her in its heart, and the loss of her fair serene presence would have made a terrible gap at the station. "We must not let her be ill if we can help it," Mr. Sorbette said to himself; and then he made a private reflection about that *ass* Ochterlony and his fidgets. But yet, notwithstanding all his faults, the Major was not an *ass*. On thinking it over again, he decided not to go to Churchill with that little request about the register; and he felt more and more, the more he reflected upon it, how hard it was that in a moment of real emergency a man should be able to put so little dependence upon his friends. Even Mary had let him do it, though she had seen how dangerous and impolitic it was; and all the others had let him do it: for certainly it was not without asking advice that he had taken what the doctor called so unusual a step. Major Ochterlony felt as he took this into consideration that he was an injured man. What was the good of being on intimate terms with so many people, if not one of them could give him the real counsel of a friend when he wanted it? And even Mary had let him do it! The thought of such a strange dereliction of duty on the part of everybody connected with him went to the Major's heart.

As for Mary, it would be a little difficult to express her feelings. She got up as soon as her husband was gone, and threw off the light covering he had put over her so carefully, and went back to her work; for to lie still in a darkened room was not a remedy in which she put any faith. And to tell the truth, poor Mary's heart was eased a little, perhaps physically, by her tears, which had done her good, and by the other incidents of the evening, which had thrown down as

it were the separation between her and her husband, and taken away the one rankling and aching wound she had. Now that he saw that he had done wrong — now that he was aware that it was a wrong step he had taken — a certain remnant of bitterness which had been lurking in a corner of Mary's heart came all to nothing and died down in a moment. As soon as he was himself awakened to it, Mary forgot her own wound and every evil thought she had ever had, in her sorrow for him. She remembered his look of dismay, his dead silence, his unusual exclamation; and she said, "poor Hugh!" in her heart, and was ready to condone his worst faults. *Otherwise*, as Mrs. Ochterlony said to herself, he had scarcely a fault that anybody could point out. He was the kindest, the most true and tender! Everybody acknowledged that he was the best husband in the regiment, and which of them could stand beside him, even in an inferior place? Not Colonel Kirkman, who might have been a petrified Colonel out of the Drift (if there were Colonels in those days), for any particular internal evidence to the contrary; nor Captain Hesketh, who was so well off; nor any half dozen of the other officers. This was the state of mind in which Mrs. Ochterlony was when the doctor called. And he found her quite well, and thought her an unaccountable woman, and shrugged his shoulders, and wondered what the Major would take into his head next. "He said it was on the nerves, as the poor women call it," said the doctor. "I should like to know what he means by making game of people — as if I had as much time to talk nonsense as he has: but I thought, to be sure, when he said that, that it was a cock-and-bull story. I ought to know something about your nerves."

"He was quite right," said Mrs. Ochterlony; and she smiled and took hold of the great trouble that was approaching her and made a buckler of it for her husband. "My nerves were very much upset. You know we have to make up our minds to send Hugh home."

And as she spoke she looked up at Mr. Sorbette with eyes brimming over with two great tears — real tears, Heaven knows, which came but too readily to back out her sacred plea. The doctor recoiled before them as if somebody had levelled a pistol at him; for he was a man that could not bear to see women crying, as he said — or to see anybody in distress, which was a true statement of the case.

"There — there," he said, "don't excite yourself. What is the good of thinking

about it? Everybody has to do it, and the monkeys get on as well as possible. Look here, pack up all this work and trash, and amuse yourself. Why don't you go out more and take a little relaxation? You had better send over to my sister for a novel; or if there's nothing else for it, get the baby. Don't sit working and driving yourself crazy here."

So that was all Mr. Sorbette could do in the case; and a wonderfully puzzled doctor he was as he went back to his quarters, and took the first opportunity of telling his sister that she was all wrong about the Ochterlony, and he always knew she was. "As if a man could know anything about it," Miss Sorbette said. And in the meantime the Major went home, and was very tender of Mary, and petted and watched over her as if she had had a real illness. Though, after all, the question why she had let him do so, was often, nearly on his lips, as it was always in his heart.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT Mrs. Ochterlony had to do after this was to write to Aunt Agatha settling everything about little Hugh, which was by no means an easy thing to do, especially since the matter had been complicated by that most unnecessary suggestion about Islay which Mrs. Hesketh had thought proper to make; as if she, who had a grown-up daughter to be her companion, and swarms of children, so many as almost to pass the bounds of possible recollection, could know anything about how it felt to send off one's entire family, leaving only a baby behind; but then that is so often the way with those well-off people who have never had anything happen to them. Mary had to write that if all was well, and they could find "an opportunity," probably Hugh would be sent by the next mail but one; for she succeeded in persuading herself and the Major that sooner than that it would be impossible to have his things ready. "You do not say anything about Islay, my dear," said the Major, when he read the letter, "and you must see that for the child's sake" —

"Oh, Hugh, what difference can it make?" said Mrs. Ochterlony, with conscious sophistry. "If she can take one child, she can take two. It is not like a man" — But whether it was Islay or Aunt Agatha who was not like a man, Mary did not explain; and she went on with her preparations with a desperate trust in circumstances, such as women are often driven

to. Something might happen to preserve to her yet for a little while longer her three-year-old boy. Hugh was past hoping for, but it seemed to her now that she would accept with gratitude, as a mitigated calamity, the separation from one which had seemed so terrible to her at first. As for the Major, he adhered to the idea with a tenacity unusual to him. He even came and superintended her at her work-table, and asked continually, How about Islay? if all these things were for Hugh? — which was a question that called forth all the power of sophistry and equivocation which Mrs Ochterlony possessed to answer. But still she put a certain trust in circumstances that something might still happen to save Islay — and indeed something did happen, though far, very far, from being as Mary wished.

The Major in the meantime had done his best to shake himself free from the alarm and dismay indirectly produced in his mind by his brother's letter. He had gone to Mr. Churchill after all, but found it impracticable to get the entry blotted out of the register, notwithstanding his assurance that it was simply a matter of form. Mr. Churchill had no doubt on that point, but he could not alter the record, though he consoled with the sufferer. "I cannot think how you all could let me do it," the Major said. "A man may be excused for taking the alarm if he is persuaded that his wife will get into trouble when he is gone, for want of a formality; but how all of you, with cool heads and no excitement to take away your judgment?" —

"Who persuaded you?" said the clergyman, with a little dismay.

"Well, you know Kirkman said that things looked very bad in Scotland when the marriage lines were lost. How could I tell? he is Scotch and he ought to know. And then to think of Mary in trouble, and perhaps losing her little provision if anything happened to me. It was enough to make a man do anything foolish; but how all of you who know better should have let me do it?" —

"My dear Major," said Mr. Churchill, mildly, "I don't think you are a man to be kept from doing anything when your heart is set upon it; — and then you were in such a hurry" —

"Ah, yes," said Major Ochterlony, with a deep sigh; "and nobody, that I can remember, ever suggested to me to wait a little. That's what it is, Churchill; to have so many friends, and not one among them

who would take the trouble to tell a man he was wrong."

"Major Ochterlony," said the clergyman, a little stiffly, "you forget that I said everything I could say to convince you. Of course I did not know all the circumstances — but I hope I shall always have courage enough, when I think so, to tell any man he is in the wrong."

"My dear fellow, I did not mean you," said the Major, with another sigh; and perhaps it was with a similar statement that the conversation always concluded when Major Ochterlony confided to any special individual of his daily associates, this general condemnation of his friends, of which he made as little a secret as he had made of his re-marriage. The station knew as well after that, that Major Ochterlony was greatly disturbed about the "unusual step" he had taken, and was afraid it might be bad for little Hugh's future prospects, as it had been aware beforehand of the wonderful event itself. And naturally there was a great deal of discussion on the subject. There were some people who contented themselves with thinking, like the doctor, that Ochterlony was an ass with his fidgets; while there were others who thought he was "deep," and was trying, as they said, to do away with the bad impression. The former class were men and the latter were women, but it was by no means all the women who thought so. Not to speak of the younger class like poor little Mrs. Askell, there was at least two of the most important voices at the station which did not declare themselves. Mrs. Kirkman shook her head, and hoped that however it turned out it might be for all their good, and above all might convince Mary of the error of her ways; and Mrs. Hesketh thought everybody made a great deal too much fuss about it, and begged the public in general to let the Ochterlonys alone. But the fact was, that so far as the ordinary members of society were concerned, the Major's new agitation revived the gossip that had nearly died out, and set it all afloat again. It had been dying away under the mingled influences of time and the non-action of the leading ladies, and Mrs. Ochterlony's serene demeanor, which forbade the idea of evil. But when it was thus started again the second time it was less likely to be made an end of. Mary, however, was as unconscious of the renewed commotion, as if she had been a thousand miles away. The bitterness had gone out of her heart, and she had half begun to think as the Major did, that he was an in-

injured man, and that it was her fault and his friend's fault; and then she was occupied with something still more important, and could not go back to the old pain, from which she had suffered enough. Thus it was with her in those troubled, but yet, as she afterwards thought, happy days; when she was very miserable sometimes and very glad — when she had a great deal, as people said, to put up with, a great deal to forgive, and many a thing of which she did not herself approve, to excuse, and justify to others; this was her condition, and she had at the same time before her the dreadful probability of a separation from both of her children, the certainty of separation and a long, dangerous voyage for one of them, and sat and worked to this end day after day with a sense of what at the moment seemed exquisite wretchedness. But yet, thinking over it afterwards and looking back upon it, it seemed to Mary as if those were happy days.

The time was coming very near when Hugh (as Mrs. Ochterlony said) or the children (as the Major was accustomed to say) were going home: when all at once, without any preparation, very startling news came to the station. One of the little local rebellions that are always taking place in India had broken out somewhere, and a strong detachment of the regiment was to be sent immediately to quell it. Major Ochterlony came home that day a little excited by the news, and still more by the certainty that it was he who must take the command. He was excited because he was a soldier at heart, and liked, kind man as he was, to see something doing; and because active service was more hopeful and exhilarating and profitable than reposing at the station, where there was no danger and very little to do. "I don't venture to hope that the rogues will show fight," he said cheerfully; "so there is no need to be anxious, Mary: and you can keep the boys with you till I come back — that is only fair," he said, in his exultation. As for Mary, the announcement took all the colour out of her cheeks, and drove both Hugh and Islay out of her mind. He had seen service enough, it is true, since they were married, to habituate her to that sort of thing; and she had made, on the whole, a very good soldier's wife, bearing her anxiety in silence, and keeping a brave front to the world. But perhaps Mr. Sorbette was right when he thought her nerves were upset. So many things all coming together may have been too much for her. When she heard of this she broke down altogether, and felt

a cold thrill of terror go through her from her head to her heart, or from her heart to her head, which perhaps would be the most just expression: but she dared not say a word to her husband to deter or discourage him. When he saw the two tears that sprang into her eyes, and the sudden paleness that came over her face, he kissed her, all flushed and smiling as he was, and said: "Now, don't be silly, Mary. Don't forget you are a soldier's wife." There was not a touch of despondency or foreboding about him; and what could she say who knew, had there been ever so much foreboding, that his duty was the thing to be thought of, and not anybody's feelings? Her cheek did not regain its colour all that day, but she kept it to herself, and forgot even about little Hugh's reprieve. The children were dear, but their father was dearer, or at least so it seemed at that moment. Perhaps if the lives of the little ones had been threatened, the Major's expedition might have bulked smaller — for the heart can hold only one overwhelming emotion at a time. But the affair was urgent, and Mary did not have very much time left to her to think of it. Almost before she had realized what it was, the drums had beat, and the brisk music of the band — that music that people called exhilarating — had roused all the station, and the measured march of the men had sounded past as if they were all treading upon her heart. The Major kissed his little boys in their beds, for it was, to be sure, unnaturally early, as everything is in India: and he had made his wife promise to go and lie down, and take care of herself, when he was gone. "Have the baby, and don't think any more of me than you can help, and take care of my boys. We shall be back sooner than you want us," the Major had said, as he took tender leave of his "bonnie Mary." And for her part she stood as long as she could see them, with her two white lips pressed tight together, waving her hand to her soldier till he was gone and out of sight. And then she obeyed him, and lay down and covered her head and sobbed to herself in the growing light, as the big blazing sun began to touch the horizon. She was sick with pain and terror, and she could not tell why. She had watched him go away before, and had hailed him coming back again, and had known him in hotter conflict than this could be, and wounded, and yet he had taken no great harm. But all that did her little good now: perhaps because her nerves were weaker than usual, from the repeated shocks she had had to bear.

And it was to be expected that Mrs. Kirkman would come to see her, to console her that morning, and put the worst thoughts into her head. But before even Mrs. Kirkman, little Emma Askell came rushing in, with her baby and a bundle, and threw herself at Mary's feet. The Ensign had gone to the wars, and it was the first experience of such a kind that had fallen to the lot of his little baby wife; and naturally her anxiety told more distinctly upon her than it did upon Mary's ripe soul and frame. The poor little thing was white and cold and shivering, notwithstanding the blazing Indian day that began to lift itself over their heads. She fell down at Mary's feet, forgetting all about the beetles and scorpions which were the horror of her ordinary existence, and clasped her knees, and held Mrs. Ochterlony fast, grasping the bundle and the little waxen baby at the same time in the other arm.

"Do you think they will ever come back?" said poor little Emma. "Oh, Mrs. Ochterlony, tell me. I can bear it if you will tell me the worst. If anything were to happen to Charlie, and me not with him! I never, never, never can live until the news comes. Oh, tell me, do you think they will ever come back?"

"If I did not think they would come back, do you think I could take it so quietly?" said Mary; and she smiled as best she could, and lifted up the poor little girl, and took from her the baby and the bundle, which seemed all one, so closely were they held. Mrs. Ochterlony had deep eyes, which did not show when she had been crying; and she was not young enough to cry in thunder showers, as Emma Askell at eighteen might still be permitted to do; and the very sight of her soothed the young creature's heart. "You know you are a soldier's wife," Mary said; "I think I was as bad as you are the first time the Major left me—but we all get used to it after a few years."

"And he came back?" said Emma, doing all she could to choke a sob.

"He must have come back, or I should not have parted with him this morning," said Mrs. Ochterlony, who had need of all her own strength just at that moment. "Let us see in the meantime what this bundle is, and why you have brought poor baby out in her night-gown. And what a jewel she is to sleep! When my little Willy gets disturbed," said Mary, with a sigh, "he gives none of us any rest. I will make up a bed for her here on the sofa; and now tell me what this bundle is for, and why you

have rushed out half dressed. We'll talk about *them* presently. Tell me first about yourself."

Upon which Emma hung her pretty little head, and began to fold a hem upon her damp handkerchief, and did not know how to explain herself. "Don't be angry with me," she said. "Oh, my Madonna, let me come and stay with you!—that was what I meant; I can't stay there by myself—and I will nurse Willy, and do your hair and help sewing. I don't mind what I do. Oh, Mrs. Ochterlony, don't send me away! I should die if I was alone. And as for baby, she never troubles anybody. She is so good. I will be your little servant and wait upon you like a slave, if you will only let me stay."

It would be vain to say that Mrs. Ochterlony was pleased by this appeal, for she was herself in a very critical state of mind, full of fears that she could give no reason for, and a hundred fantastic pains which she would fain have hidden from human sight. She had been taking a little comfort in the thought of the solitude, the freedom from visitors and disturbance, that she might safely reckon on, and in which she thought her mind might perhaps recover a little; and this young creature's society was not specially agreeable to her. But she was touched by the looks of the forlorn girl, and could no more have sent her away than she could repress the little movement of impatience and half disgust that rose in her heart. She was not capable of giving her any effusive welcome; but she kissed poor little Emma, and put the bundle beside the baby on the sofa, and accepted her visitor without saying anything about it. Perhaps it did her no harm: though she felt by moments as if her impatient longing to be alone and silent, and free to think her own thoughts, would break out in spite of all her self-control. But little Mrs. Askell never suspected the existence of any such emotions. She thought, on the contrary, that it was because Mary was used to it that she took it so quietly, and wondered whether *she* would ever get used to it. Perhaps, on the whole, Emma hoped not. She thought to herself that Mrs. Ochterlony, who was so little disturbed by the parting, would not feel the joy of the return half so much as she should; and on these terms she preferred to take the despair along with the joy. But under the shadow of Mary's matronly presence the little thing cheered up, and got back her courage. After she had been comforted with tea, and had fully realised her position as Mrs.

Ochterlony's visitor, Emma's spirits rose. She was half or quarter Irish, as has been already mentioned, and behaved herself accordingly. She recollected her despair, it is true, in the midst of a game with Hugh and Islay, and cried a little, but soon comforted herself with the thought that at that moment her Charlie could be in no danger. "They'll be stopping somewhere for breakfast by a well, and camping all about, and they can't get any harm there," said Emma: and thus she kept on chattering all day. If she had chattered only, and been content with chattering, it would have been comparatively easy work; but then she was one of those people who require answers, and will be spoken to. And Mary had to listen and reply, and give her opinion where they would be now, and when, at the very earliest, they might be expected back. With such a discipline to undergo, it may be thought a supererogation to bring Mrs. Kirkman in upon her that morning with her handkerchief in her hand, prepared, if it was necessary, to weep with Mary. But still it is the case that Mrs. Kirkman did come, as might have been expected; and to pass over conversation so edifying as hers would, under such circumstances, be almost a crime.

"My dear Mary," Mrs. Kirkman said when she came in, "I am so glad to see you up and making an effort: it is so much better than giving way. We must accept these trials as something sent us for our good. I am sure the Major has all our prayers for his safe return. Oh, Mary, do you not remember what I said to you—that God, I was sure, was not going to leave you alone?"

"I never thought He would leave me alone," said Mrs. Ochterlony; but certainly, though it was a right enough sentiment, it was not uttered in a right tone of voice.

"He will not rest till you see your duty more clearly," said her visitor; "if it were not for that, why should He have sent you so many things one after another? It is far better and more blessed than if he had made you happy and comfortable as the carnal heart desires. But I did not see you had any one with you," said Mrs. Kirkman, stopping short at the sight of Emma, who had just come into the room.

"Poor child, she was frightened and unhappy, and came to me this morning," said Mary. "She will stay with me—till—they come home."

"Let us say, if they come home," said Mrs. Kirkman, solemnly. "I never like to be

too certain. We know when they go forth, but who can tell when they will come back? That is in God's hands."

At this speech Emma fell trembling and shivering again, and begged Mrs. Kirkman to tell her the worst, and cried out that she could bear it. She thought of nothing but her Charlie, as was natural, and that the Colonel's wife had already heard some bad news. And Mrs. Kirkman thought of nothing but improving the occasion; and both of them were equally indifferent and indeed unaware of the cold shudder which went through Mary, and the awful foreboding that closed down upon her, putting out the sunshine. It was a little safeguard to her to support the shivering girl who already half believed herself a widow, and to take up the challenge of the spiritual teacher who felt herself responsible for their souls.

"Do not make Emma think something is wrong," she said. "It is so easy to make a young creature wretched with a word. If the Colonel had been with them, it might have been different. But it is easy just now for you to frighten us. I am sure you do not mean it." And then Mary had to whisper in the young wife's ear, "She knows nothing about them—it is only her way," which was a thing very easily said to Emma, but very difficult to establish herself upon in her own heart.

And then Mrs. Hesketh came in to join the party.

"So they are gone," the new comer said. "What a way little Emma is in, to be sure. Is it the first time he has ever left you, my dear? and I daresay they have been saying something dreadful to frighten you. It is a great shame to let girls marry so young. I have been reckoning," said the easy-minded woman, whose husband was also of the party, "how long they are likely to be. If they get to Amberabad, say tomorrow, and if there is nothing very serious, and all goes well, you know, they might be back here on Saturday—and we had an engagement for Saturday," Mrs. Hesketh said. Her voice was quite easy and pleasant, as it always was; but nevertheless, Mary knew that if she had not felt excited, she would not have paid such an early morning visit, and that even her confident calculation about the return proved she was in a little anxiety about it. The fact was, that none of them were quite at their ease, except Mrs. Kirkman, who, having no personal interest in the matter, was quite equal to taking a very gloomy view of affairs.

"How can any one think of such vanities at such a moment?" Mrs. Kirkman said.

"Oh, if I only could convince you, my dear friends. None of us can tell what sort of an engagement they may have before next Saturday — perhaps the most solemn engagement ever given to man. Don't let misfortune find you in this unprepared state of mind. There is nothing on earth so solemn as seeing soldiers go away. You may think of the band and all that, but for me, I always seem to hear a voice saying, 'Prepare to meet your God.'"

To be sure the Colonel was in command of the station and was safe at home, and his wife could speculate calmly upon the probable fate of the detachment. But as for the three women who were listening to her, it was not so easy for them. There was a dreadful pause, for nobody could contradict such a speech; and poor little Emma dropped down sobbing on the floor; and the colour forsook even Mrs. Hesketh's comely cheek; and as for Mary, though she could not well be paler, her heart seemed to contract and shrink within her; and none of them had the courage to say anything. Naturally Mrs. Hesketh, with whom it was a principle not to fret, was the first to recover her voice.

"After all, though it's always an anxious time, I don't see any particular reason we have to be uneasy," she said. "Hesketh told me he felt sure they would give in at once. It may be very true all you say, but at the same time we may be reasonable, you know, and not take fright when there is no cause for it. Don't cry, Emma, you little goose; you'll have him back again in two or three days, all right."

And after awhile the anxious little assembly broke up, and Mrs. Hesketh, who though she was very liberal in her way, was not much given to personal charities, went to see some of the soldiers' wives, who, poor souls, would have been just as anxious if they had had the time for it, and gave them the best advice about their children, and promised tea and sugar if they would come to fetch it, and old frocks, in which she was always rich; and these women were so ungrateful as to like her visit better than that of the Colonel's wife, who carried them always on her heart and did them a great deal of good, and never confined herself to kindnesses of impulse. And little Emma Askell cried herself to sleep sitting on the floor, notwithstanding the beetles, reposing her pretty face flushed with weeping and her swollen eyes upon the sofa, where Mary sat and watched over her. Mrs. Hesketh got a little ease out of her visit to the soldiers' wives, and Emma

forgot her troubles in sleep; but no sort of relief came to Mary, who reasoned with herself all day long without being able to deliver herself from the pressure of the deadly cold hand that seemed to have been laid upon her heart.

CHAPTER IX.

AND Mary's forebodings came true. Though it was so unlikely, and indeed seemed so unreasonable to everybody who knew about such expeditions, instead of bringing back his men victorious, it was the men, all drooping and discouraged, who carried back the brave and tender Major, covered over with the flag he had died for. The whole station was overcast with mourning when that melancholy procession came back. Mr. Churchill, who met them coming in, hurried back with his heart swelling up into his throat to prepare Mrs. Ochterlony for what was coming; but Mary was the only creature at the station who did not need to be prepared. She knew it was going to be so when she saw him go away. She felt in her heart that this was to be the end of it from the moment when he first told her of the expedition on which he was ordered. And when she saw poor Mr. Churchill's face, from which he had vainly tried to banish the traces of the horrible shock he had just received, she saw that the blow had fallen. She came up to him and took hold of his hands, and said, "I know what it is;" and almost felt, in the strange and terrible excitement of the moment, as if she were sorry for him who felt it so much.

This was how it was, and all the station was struck with mourning. A chance bullet, which most likely had been fired without any purpose at all, had done its appointed office in Major Ochterlony's brave, tender, honest bosom. Though he had been foolish enough by times, nobody now thought of that to his disadvantage. Rather, if anything, it surrounded him with a more affectionate regret. A dozen wise men might have perished, and not left such a gap behind them as the Major did, who had been good to everybody in his restless way, and given a great deal of trouble, and made up for it, as only a man with a good heart and natural gift of friendliness could do. He had worried his men many a time as the Colonel never did, for example: but then, to Major Ochterlony they were men and fine fellows, while they were only machines, like himself, to Colonel

Kirkman; and more than one critic in regimentals was known to say with a sigh, "If it had only been the Colonel." But it was only the fated man who had been so over careful about his wife's fate in case anything happened to him. Young Askell came by stealth like a robber to take his little wife out of the house where Mary was not capable any longer of her society; and Captain Hesketh too had come back all safe—all of them except the one: and the women in their minds stood round Mary in a kind of hushed circle, looking with an awful fellow-feeling and almost self-reproach at the widowhood which might have, but had not, fallen upon themselves. It was no fault of theirs that she had to bear the cross for all of them as it were; and yet their hearts ached over her, as if somehow they had purchased their own exemption at her expense. When the first dark moment, during which nobody saw the Madonna Mary—a sweet title, which had come back to all their lips in the hour of trouble—was over, they took turns to be with her, those grieved and compunctious women—compunctious not so much because at one time in thought they had done her wrong, as because now they were happy and she was sorrowful. And thus passed over a time that cannot be described in a book, or at least in such a book as this. Mary had to separate herself, with still the bloom of her life unimpaired, from all the fair company of matrons round her; to put the widow's veil over the golden reflections in her hair, and the faint colour that came faintly back to her cheek by impermissible right of her health and comparative youth, and to go away but of the high-road of life where she had been way-faring in trouble and in happiness, to one of those humble by-ways where the feeble and broken take shelter. Heaven knows she did not think of that. All that she thought of was her dead soldier who had gone away in the bloom of his days to the unknown darkness which God alone knows the secrets of, who had left all his comrades uninjured and at peace behind him, and had himself been the only one to answer for that enterprise with his life. It is strange to see this wonderful selection going on in the world, even when one has no immediate part in it; but stranger, far stranger, to wake up from one's musings and feel all at once that it is one's-self whom God has laid his hand upon for this stern purpose. The wounded creature may writhe upon the sword, but it is of no use; and again as ever, those who are not wounded—those

perhaps for whose instruction the spectacle is made—draw round in a hushed circle and look on. Mary Ochterlony was a dutiful woman, obedient and submissive to God's will; and she gave no occasion to that circle of spectators to break up the hush and awe of natural sympathy and criticise her how she bore it. But after a while she came to perceive, what everybody comes to perceive who has been in such a position, that the sympathy had changed its character. That was natural too. How a man bears death and suffering of body, has long been one of the favourite objects of primitive human curiosity; and to see how anguish and sorrow affect the mind is a study as exciting and still more interesting. It was this that roused Mrs. Ochterlony out of her first stupor, and made her decide so soon as she did upon her journey home.

All these events had passed in so short a time, that there were many people who on waking up in the morning and recollecting that Mary and her children were going next day, could scarcely realise that the fact was possible, or that it could be true about the Major, who had so fully intended sending his little boys home by that same mail. But it is on the whole astonishing how soon and how calmly a death is accepted by the general community; and even the people who asked themselves could this change really have happened in so short a time, took pains an hour or two after to make up little parcels for friends at home which Mary was to carry; bits of Oriental embroidery and filagree ornaments, and little portraits of the children, and other trifles that were not important enough to warrant an Overland parcel, or big enough to go by the Cape. Mary was very kind in that way, they all said. She accepted all kinds of commissions, perhaps without knowing very well what she was doing, and promised to go and see people whom she had no likelihood of ever going to see: the truth was, that she heard and saw and understood only partially, sometimes rousing up for a moment and catching one word or one little incident with the intensest distinctness, and then relapsing back again into herself. She did not quite make out what Emma Askell was saying the last time her little friend came to see her. Mary was packing her boys' things at the moment, and much occupied with a host of cares, and what she heard was only a stream of talk, broken with the occasional burden which came in like a chorus, "when you see mamma."

"When I see mamma?" said Mary, with a little surprise.

"Dear Mrs. Ochterlony, you said you would perhaps go to see her—in St. John's Wood," said Emma, with tears of vexation in her eyes; "you know I told you all about it. The Laburnums, Acacia Road. And she will be so glad to see you. I explained it all, and you said you would go. I told her how kind you had been to me, and how you let me stay with you when I was so anxious about Charlie. Oh, dear Mrs. Ochterlony, forgive me! I did not mean to bring it back to your mind."

"No," said Mary, with a kind of forlorn amusement. It seemed so strange, almost droll, that they should think any of their poor little passing words would bring that back to her which was never once out of her mind, nor other than the centre of all her thoughts. "I must have been dreaming when I said so, Emma; but if I have promised, I will try to go—I have nothing to do in London, you know—I am going to the North-country, among my own people," which was an easier form of expression than to say, as they all did, that she was going home.

"But everybody goes to London," insisted Emma; and it was only when Mr. Churchill came in, also with a little packet, that the ensign's wife was silenced. Mr. Churchill's parcel was for his mother who lived in Yorkshire, naturally, as Mrs. Ochterlony was going to the North, quite in her way. But the clergyman, for his part, had something more important to say. When Mrs. Askell was gone, he stopped Mary in her packing to speak to her seriously as he said, "You will forgive me and feel for me, I know," he said. "It is about your second marriage, Mrs. Ochterlony."

"Don't speak of it—oh, don't speak of it," Mary said, with an imploring tone that went to his heart.

"But I ought to speak of it—if you can bear it," said Mr. Churchill, "and I know for the boys' sake that you can bear everything. I have brought an extract from the register, if you would like to have it; and I have added below"—

"Mr. Churchill, you are very kind, but I don't want ever to think of that," said Mrs. Ochterlony. "I don't want to recollect now that such a thing ever took place—I wish all record of it would disappear from the face of the earth. Afterwards he thought the same," she said, hurriedly. Meanwhile Mr. Churchill stood with the paper half-drawn from his pocket-book, watching the changes of her face.

"It shall be as you like," he said, slowly, but only as I have written below—if you change your mind, you have only to write to me, my dear Mrs. Ochterlony—if I stay here—and I am sure I don't know if I shall stay here; but in case I don't, you can always learn where I am, from my mother at that address."

"Do you think you will not stay here?" said Mary, whose heart was not so much absorbed in her own sorrows that she could not feel for the dismayed desponding mind that made itself apparent in the poor clergyman's voice.

"I don't know," he said, in the dreary tones of a man who has little choice, "with our large family, and my wife's poor health—I shall miss you dreadfully—both of you: you can't think how cheery and hearty he always was—and that to a down-hearted man like me"—

And then Mary sat down and cried. It went to her heart and dispersed all her heaviness and stupor, and opened the great sealed fountains. And Mr. Churchill once more felt the climbing sorrow in his throat, and said, in broken words, "Don't cry—God will take care of you. He knows why He has done it, though we don't; and He has given his own word to be a father to the boys."

That was all the poor priest could find it in his heart to say—but it was better than a sermon—and he went away with the extract from the register still in his pocket-book and tears in his eyes; while for her part Mary finished her packing with a heart relieved by her tears. Ah, how cheery and hearty he had been, how kind to the down-hearted man; how different the stagnant quietness now from that cheerful commotion he used to make, and all the restless life about him; and then his favorite words seemed to come up about and surround her, fitting in the air with a sensation between acute torture and a dull happiness. His bonnie Mary! It was not any vanity on Mary's part that made her think above all of that name. Thus she did her packing and got ready for her voyage, and took the good people's commissions without knowing very well to what it was that she pledged herself; and it was the same mail—"the mail after next"—by which she had written to Aunt Agatha that Hugh was to be sent home.

They would all have come to see her off if they could have ventured to do it that last morning: but the men prevented it, who are good for something now and then in such cases. As it was, however, Mrs. Kirkman and Mrs. Heeketh and Emma Askell were

there, and poor sick Mrs. Churchill, who had stolen from her bed in her dressing-gown to kiss Mary for the last time. "Oh, my dear, if it had been me—oh, if it had only been me!—and you would all have been so good to the poor children," sobbed the poor clergyman's ailing wife. Yet it was not her, but the strong, brave, cheery Major, the prop and pillar of a house. As for Mrs. Kirkman, there never was a better proof that she was, as we have so often said, in spite of her talk, a good woman, than the fact that she could only cry helplessly over Mary, and had not a word to say. She had thought and prayed that God would not leave her friend alone, but she had not meant Him to go so far as this; and her heart ached and fluttered at the terrible notion that perhaps *she* had something to do with the striking of this terrible blow. Mrs. Hesketh for her part packed every sort of dainties for the children in a basket, and strapped on a bundle of portable toys to amuse them on the journey, to one of Mrs. Ochterlony's box. "You will be glad of them before you get there," said the experienced woman, who had once made the journey with half-a-dozen, as she said, and knew what it was. And then one or two of the men were walking about outside in an accidental sort of way, to have a last look of Mary. It was considered a very great thing among them all when the doctor, who hated to see people in trouble, and disapproved of crying on principle, made up his mind to go in and shake hands with Mrs. Ochterlony; but it was not *that* he went for, but to look at the baby, and give Mary a little case "with some sal volatile and so forth, and the quantities marked," he said, "not that you are one to want sal volatile. The little shaver there will be all right as soon as you get to England. Good-bye. Take care of yourself." And he wrung her hand and bolted out again like a flash of lightning. He said afterwards that the only sensible thing he knew of his sister, was that she did not go; and that the sight of all those women crying was enough to give man a sunstroke, not to speak of the servants and the soldiers' wives who were howling at the back of the house.

Oh, what a change it was in so short a time, to go out of the Indian home, which had been a true home, with Mr. Churchill to take care of her and her poor babies, and set her face to the cold far-away world of her youth which she had forgotten and which everybody called home by a kind of mockery; and where was Hugh, who had always taken such care of his own?

Mary did not cry as people call crying, but now and then, two great big hot tears rolled out of the bitter fountain that was full to overflowing, and fell scalding on her hands, and gave her a momentary sense of physical relief. Almost all the ladies of the station were ill after it all the day; but Mary could not afford to be ill; and Mr. Churchill was very kind, and went with her through all the first part of her journey over the cross roads, until she had come into the trunk road, where there was no more difficulty. He was very, very kind, and she was very grateful; but yet perhaps when you have had some one of your very own to do everything for you, who was not kind but did it by nature, it is better to take to doing it yourself *after*, than have even the best of friends to do it for kindness' sake. This was what Mary felt when the good man had gone sadly back to his sick wife and his uncertain lot. It was a kind of relief to her to be all alone, entirely alone with her children, for the Ayah, to be sure, did not count—and to have everything to do; and this was how they came down mournfully to the seaboard, and to the big town which filled Hugh and Islay with childish enjoyment, and Mary bade an everlasting farewell to her life, to all that she had actually known as life—and got to sea, to go, as they said, home.

It would be quite useless for our purpose to go over the details of the voyage, which was like other voyages, bad and good by turns. When she was at sea, Mrs. Ochterlony had a little leisure, and felt ill and weak and overworn, and was the better for it after. It took her mind for the moment off that unmeasured contemplation of her sorrow which is the soul of grief, and her spirit got a little strength in the interval of repose. She had been twelve years in India, and from eighteen to thirty is a wonderful leap in a life. She did not know how she was to find the things and the people of whom she had a girl's innocent recollection. Nor how they, who had not changed, would appear to her changed eyes. Her own people were very kind, like everybody. Mary found a letter at Gibraltar from her brother-in-law, Francis, full of sympathy and friendly offers. He asked her to come to Earlston with her boys to see if they could not get on together. "Perhaps it might not do, but it would be worth a trial," Mr. Ochterlony sensibly said; and there was even a chance that Aunt Agatha, who was to have met Hugh at Southampton, would come to meet her widowed niece, who might be supposed to stand

still more in need of her good offices. Though indeed this was rather an addition to Mary's cares; for she thought the moment of landing would be bitter enough of itself, without the pain of meeting with some one who belonged to her, and yet did not belong to her, and who had doubtless grown as much out of the Aunt Agatha of old as she had grown out of the little Mary. When Mrs. Ochterlony left the North country, Aunt Agatha had been a middle-aged maiden lady, still pretty, though a little faded, with light hair growing gray, which makes a woman's countenance, already on the decline, more faded still, and does not bring out the tints as dark hair in the same powdery condition sometimes does. And at that time she was still occupied by a thought of possibilities which people who knew Agatha Seton from the time she was sixteen had decided at that early period to be impossible. No doubt twelve years had changed this — and it must have made a still greater change upon the little sister whom Mary had known only at six years old, and who was now eighteen, the age she had herself been when she married; a grown-up young woman, and of a character more decided than Mary's had ever been.

A little stir of reviving life awoke in her, when the weary journey was over, and the steamboat at length had reached Southampton, to go up to the deck and look from beneath the heavy penthouse of her widow's veil at the strangers who were coming — to see, as she said to herself, with a throb at her heart, if there was anybody she knew. Aunt Agatha was not rich, and it was a

long journey, and perhaps she had not come. Mary stood on the crowded deck, a little apart, with Hugh and Islay on each side of her, and the baby in his nurse's arms — a group such as is often seen on these decks — all clad with loss and mourning coming "home" to a country in which perhaps they have no longer any home. Nobody came to claim Mrs. Ochterlony as she stood among her little children. She thought she would have been glad of it, but when it came to the moment — when she saw the cold unknown shore and the strange country, and not a Christian soul to say welcome, poor Mary's heart sank. She sat down, for her strength was failing her, and drew Hugh and Islay close to her, to keep her from breaking down altogether. And it was just at that moment that the brightest of young faces peered down under her veil, and looked doubtfully, anxiously at her, and called out impatiently, "Aunt Agatha!" to some one at the other side, without speaking to Mary. Mrs. Ochterlony did not hear this new-comer's equally impatient demand: "Is it Mary? Are those the children?" for she had dropped her sick head upon a soft old breast, and had an old fresh sweet faded face bent down upon her, lovely with love and age and a pure heart. "Cry, my dear love, cry, it will do you good," was all that Aunt Agatha said. And she cried, too, with good-will, and yet did not know whether it was for sorrow or joy. This was how Mary, coming back to a fashion of existence which she knew not, was taken home.

LINES FOR THE DAY.

Delivered at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, February 22, 1866, by Colonel C. G. Halpine, at the Festival given by the Military Order of the Loyal Legion in Honor of Washington's Birthday — the Proceeds being devoted to Found a Home for the Disabled Soldiers and Sailors of the Recent War.

FOREVER past the days of gloom,
The long, sad days of doubt and fear,
When woman, by her idle loom,
Heard the dread battle's nearing boom
With clasped hands and straining ear;
While each new hour the past pursues
With further threat of loss and pain,
Till the sick senses would refuse
To longer drink the bloody news
That told of sons and brothers slain.

The days of calm at length are won,
And, sitting thus, with folded hands,
We talk of great deeds greatly done,
While all the future seems to run
A silvery tide o'er golden sands.
With pomp the votive sword and shield
The saviours of the land return;
And while new shrines to Peace we build,
On our great banner's azure field
Yet larger constellations burn!

Who bore the flag — who won the day?
The young, proud manhood of the land,
Called from the forge and plow away,
They seized the weapons of the fray
With eager but untutored hand;
They swarmed o'er all the roads that led
To where the peril hottest burned —
By night, by day, their hurrying tread
Still Southward to the struggle sped,
Nor ever from their purpose turned.

Why tell how long the contest hung,
 Now crowned with hope and now depressed ;
 And how the varying balance swung,
 Until, like gold in furnace flung,
 The truth grew stronger for the test ?
 'Twas our own blood we had to meet ;
 'Twas with full peers our swords were
 crossed,
 Till in the march, assault, retreat,
 And in the school of stern defeat
 We learned success at bloody cost.

Oh, comrades of camp and deck,
 All that is left by pitying Fate
 Of those who bore through fire and wreck,
 With sinewy arm and stubborn neck
 His flag whose Birth we celebrate !
 Oh, men, whose names, forever bright
 On history's golden tablets graven —
 By land, by sea who waged the fight,
 What guerdon will you ask to-night
 For service done, for perils braved ?

The charging lines no more we see,
 No more we hear the din of strife ;
 Nor under every greenwood tree,
 Stretched in their life's great agony,
 Are those who wait the surgeon's knife ;
 No more the dreaded stretchers drip,
 The jolting ambulances groan ;
 No more, while all the senses slip,
 We hear from the soon silent lip
 The prayer for death as balm alone !

And ye who, on the sea's blue breast,
 And down the rivers of the land,
 With clouds of thunder as a crest,
 Where still your conquering prowls were
 pressed,
 War's lightnings wielded in your hand !
 Ye, too, released, no longer feel
 The threat of battle, storm and rock —
 Torpedoes grating on the keel,
 While the strained sides with broadsides reel.
 And turrets feel the dinging shock.

Joint Saviours of the Land ! To-day
 What guerdon ask you of the land ?
 No boon too great for you to pray —
 What can it give that could repay
 The men we miss from our worn band ?
 The men who lie in trench and swamp,
 The dead who rock beneath the wave —
 The brother-souls of march and camp,
 Bright spirits — each a shining lamp,
 Teaching our children to be brave !

And thou — Great Shade ! in whom was nursed
 The germ and grandeur of our land —
 In peace, in war, in reverence first,
 Who taught our infancy to burst
 The tightening yoke of Britain's hand !
 Thou, too, from thy celestial height
 Will join the prayer we make to-day —
 " Homes for the crippled in the fight,
 And what of life is left, made bright
 By all that gratitude can pay."

Teach these who loil in gilded seats,
 With nodding plume and jeweled gown,
 Boasting a pedigree that dates
 Back to the men who swayed the fates
 When thou wert battling Britain's crown,
 That ere the world a century swims
 Through time — this poor, blue-coated host,
 With brevet-rank of shattered limbs,
 Will swell the fame in choral hymns
 And be of pride the proudest boast !

Homes for the men we ask, implore ;
 The brave who limbe and vigor gave,
 That North and South, from shore to shore,
 One free, rich, boundless country o'er,
 The flag of WASHINGTON should wave !
 The flag that first — the day recall —
 Long years ago, one summer morn,
 Flashed up o'er Independence Hall,
 A meteor-messenger to all,
 That a new Nation here was born !

Oh, wives and daughters of the land !
 To every gentler impulse true,
 To you we raise the invoking hand,
 Take pity on our stricken band,
 These Demi-gods disguised in Blue !
 More sweet than coo of pairing birds
 Your voice when urging gentle deeds,
 And power and beauty clothe her words —
 A West-wind through the heart's thrilled
 chords
 When woman's voice for pity pleads.

To you I leave the soldier's doom,
 Your glistening eyes assure me right ;
 Oh, think through many nights of gloom,
 When round you all was light and bloom,
 And he preparing for the fight,
 The soldier bade his fancy roam
 Far from the foe's battalions proud —
 From camps, and hot steeds champing foam,
 And fondly on your breast at home
 The forehead of his spirit bowed !

Oh, by the legions of the Dead,
 Whose ears e'en yet our love may reach —
 Whose souls, in fight or prison fled,
 Now swarm in column overhead,
 Winged with fire my faltering speech ; —
 From stricken fields and ocean caves
 I hear their voice and cry instead —
 " Gazing upon our myriad graves,
 Be generous to the crippled braves
 Who were the Comrades of the Dead !"

Our cause was holy to the height
 Of holiest cause to manhood given ;
 For Peace and Liberty to smite,
 And while the warm blood bounded bright,
 For these to die, if called by Heaven !
 The dead are cared for — in the clay
 The grinning skull no laurel seeks ;
 But for the wounded of the fray,
 It is through my weak lips to-day
 The ORDER OF THE LEGION speaks !

From the *Corahill Magazine*.

MY COUNTRYMEN.

ABOUT a year ago, the *Saturday Review* published an article which gave me, as its articles often do give me, much food for reflection. The article was about the unjust estimate which, says the *Saturday Review*, I form of my countrymen, and about the indecency of talking of "British Philistines." It appears that I assume the truth of the transcendental system of philosophy, and then lecture my wiser countrymen because they will not join me in recognizing as eternal truths a set of platitudes which may be proved to be false. "Now there is in England a school of philosophy which thoroughly understands, and, on theoretical grounds, deliberately rejects, the philosophical theory which Mr. Arnold accuses the English nation of neglecting; and the practical efforts of the English people, especially their practical efforts in the way of criticism, are for the most part strictly in accordance with the principles of that philosophy."

I do not quite know what to say about the transcendental system of philosophy, for I am a mere dabbler in these great matters, and to grasp and hold a system of philosophy is a feat much beyond my strength; but I certainly did talk about British Philistines, and to call people Philistines when they are doing just what the wisest men in the country have settled to be quite right, does seem unreasonable, not to say indecent. Being really the most teachable man alive, I could not help making, after I had read the article in the *Saturday Review*, a serious return, as the French say, upon myself; and I resolved never to call my countrymen Philistines again till I had thought more about it, and could be quite sure I was not committing an indecency.

I was very much fortified in this good resolution by something else which happened about the same time. Every one knows that the heart of the English nation is its middle class; there had been a good deal of talk, a year ago, about the education of this class, and I, among others, had imagined it was not good, and that the middle class suffered by its not being better. But Mr. Bazley, the Member for Manchester, who is a kind of representative of this class, made a speech last year at Manchester, the middle-class metropolis, which shook me a good deal. "During the last few months," said Mr. Bazley, "there had been a cry that middle-class education ought to receive more attention. He confessed himself very

much surprised by the clamour that was raised. He did not think that class need excite the sympathy either of the legislature or the public." Much to the same effect spoke Mr. Miall, another middle-class leader, in the *Nonconformist*: "Middle-class education seems to be the favourite topic of the hour, and we must confess to a feeling of shame at the nonsense which is being uttered on the subject. It might be thought from what is said, that this section of the community, which has done everything else so well, — which has astonished the world by its energy, enterprise, and self-reliance, which is continually striking out new paths of industry and subduing the forces of nature, — cannot, from some mysterious reason, get their children properly educated." Still more strong were the words of the *Daily News* (I love to range all the evidence in black and white before me, though it tends to my own discomfiture) about the blunder some of us were making: "All the world knows that the great middle class of this country supplies the mind, the will, and the power for all the great and good things that have to be done, and it is not likely that that class should surrender its powers and privileges in the one case of the training of its own children. How the idea of such a scheme can have occurred to anybody, how it can have been imagined that parents and schoolmasters in the most independent, and active, and enlightened class of English society, how it can have been supposed that the class which has done all the great things that have been done in all departments, will beg the Government to send inspectors through its schools, when it can itself command whatever advantages exist, might seem unintelligible but for two or three considerations." These considerations do not much matter just now; but it is clear how perfectly Mr. Bazley's stand was a stand such as it becomes a representative man like Mr. Bazley to make, and how well the *Daily Telegraph* might say of the speech: "It was at once grand, genial, national, and distinct;" and the *Morning Star* of the speaker: "He talked to his constituents as Manchester people like to be talked to, in the language of clear, manly intelligence, which penetrates through sophisms, ignores commonplaces, and gives to conventional illusions their true value. His speech was thoroughly instinct with that earnest good sense which characterizes Manchester, and which, indeed, may be fairly set down as the general characteristic of England and Englishmen everywhere."

Of course if Philistinism is characteristic of the British nation just now, it must in a special way be characteristic of the representative part of the British nation, the part by which the British nation is what it is, and does all its best things, the middle class. And the newspapers, who have so many more means than I of knowing the truth, and who have that trenchant authoritative style for communicating it which makes so great an impression, say that the British middle class is characterized, not by Philistinism, but by enlightenment; by a passion for penetrating through sophisms, ignoring commonplaces, and giving to conventional illusions their true value. Evidently it is nonsense, as the *Daily News* says, to think that this great middle class which supplies the mind, the will, and the power for all the great and good things that have to be done, should want its schools, the nurseries of its admirable intelligence, meddled with. It may easily be imagined that all this, coming on the top of the *Saturday Review's* rebuke of me for indecency, was enough to set me meditating; and after a long and painful self-examination, I saw that I had been making a great mistake. I had been breaking one of my own cardinal rules: the rule to keep aloof from practice, and to confine myself to the slow and obscure work of trying to understand things, to see them as they are. So I was suffering deservedly in being taunted with hawking about my nostrums of State schools for a class much too wise to want them, and of an Academy for people who have an inimitable style already. To be sure I had said that schools ought to be things of local, not State, institution and management, and that we ought not to have an Academy; but that makes no difference. I had been meddling with practice, proposing this and that, saying how it might be if we had established this or that. I saw what danger I had been running in thus intruding into a sphere where I have no business, and I resolved to offend in this way no more. Henceforward let Mr. Kinglake belabour the French as he will, let him describe as many tight merciless lips as he likes; henceforward let Educational Homes stretch themselves out in *The Times* to the crack of doom, let Lord Fortescue bewitch the middle class with ever new blandishments, let any number of Mansion House meetings propound any number of patchwork schemes to avoid facing the real difficulty; I am dumb. I let reforming and instituting alone; I meddle with my neighbour's practice no more. *He that is unjust, let him be unjust still, and*

he which is filthy, let him be filthy still, and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still, and he that is holy, let him be holy still.

This I say as a sincere penitent; but I do not see that there is any harm in my still trying to know and understand things, if I keep humbly to that, and do not meddle with greater matters, which are out of my reach. So having once got into my head this notion of British Philistinism and of the want of clear and large intelligence in our middle class, I do not consider myself bound at once to put away and crush such a notion, as people are told to do with their religious doubts; nor, when the *Saturday Review* tells me that no nation in the world is so logical as the English nation, and the *Morning Star*, that our grand national characteristic is a clear intelligence which penetrates through sophisms, ignores commonplaces, and gives to conventional illusions their true value, do I feel myself compelled to receive these propositions with absolute submission as articles of faith, transcending reason; indeed, this would be transcendentalism, which the *Saturday Review* condemns. Canvass them, then, as mere matters of speculation, I may; and having lately had occasion to travel on the Continent for many months, during which I was thrown in company with a great variety of people, I remembered what Burns says of the profitableness of trying to see ourselves as others see us, and I kept on the watch for anything to confirm or contradict my old notion, in which, without absolutely giving it up, I had begun certainly to be much shaken and staggered.

I must say that the foreign opinion about us is, not at all like that of the *Saturday Review* and the *Morning Star*. I know how madly the foreigners envy us, and that this must warp their judgment; I know, too, that this test of foreign opinion can never be decisive; I only take it for what it is worth, and as a contribution to our study of the matter in question. But I do really think that the admirers of our great middle class, which has, as its friends and enemies both agree, risen into such preponderating importance of late years, and now returns the House of Commons, dictates the policy of Ministers, makes the newspapers speak with its voice, and in short governs the country,—I do think, I say, the admirers of this great class would be astounded if they could hear how cavalierly a foreigner treats this country of their making and managing. "It is not so much that we dislike England," a Prussian official, with the graceful tact of his nation, said to me

the other day, "as that we think little of her." The *Cologne Gazette*, perhaps the chief newspaper of Germany, published in the summer a series of letters, much esteemed, I believe, by military men, on the armies of the leading Continental powers. The writer was a German officer, but not a Prussian. Speaking of the false military system followed by the Emperor Nicholas, whose great aim was to turn his soldiers into perfectly drilled machines, and contrasting this with the free play left to the individual soldier in the French system: "In consequence of their purely mechanical training," says this writer, "the Russians, in spite of their splendid courage, were in the Crimean war constantly beaten by the French, nay, decidedly beaten even by the English and the Turks."* Hardly a German newspaper can discuss territorial changes in Europe but it will add, after its remarks on the probable policy of France in this or that event: "England will probably make a fuss, but what England thinks is of no importance." I believe the German newspapers must keep a phrase of that kind stereotyped, they use it so often. France is our very good friend just now, but at bottom our "clear intelligence penetrating through sophisms," and so on, is not held in much more esteem there than in Germany. One of the gravest and most moderate of French newspapers — a newspaper, too, our very good friend, like France herself, into the bargain — broke out lately, when some jealousy of the proposed Cholera Commission in the East was shown on this side the water, in terms which, though less rough than the "great fool" of the *Saturday Review*, were still far from flattering. "Let us speak to these English the only language they can comprehend. England lives for her trade; Cholera interrupts trade; therefore it is for England's interest to join in precautions against Cholera."

Compliments of this sort are displeasing to remember, displeasing to repeat; but their abundance strikes the attention; and then the happy unconsciousness of those at whom they are aimed, their state of imperturbable self-satisfaction, strikes the attention too, and makes an inquisitive mind quite eager to see its way clearly in this apparent game of cross purposes. For never, surely, was there such a game of cross purposes played. It came to its height when Lord Palmerston died the other day. Lord Palmerston was England; "the best type of our age and country," *The Times* well

called him; he was "a great representative man, emphatically the English Minister;" the interpreter of the wishes of that great middle class of this country which supplies the mind, the will, and the power requisite for all the great and good things that have to be done, and therefore "acknowledged by a whole people as their best impersonation." Monsieur Thiers says of Pitt, that though he used and abused the strength of England, she was the second country in the world at the time of his death, and the first eight years afterwards. That was after Waterloo and the triumphs of Wellington. And that era of primacy and triumphs Lord Palmerston, say the English newspapers, has carried on to this hour. "What Wellington was as a soldier, that was Palmerston as a statesman." When I read these words in some foreign city or other, I could not help rubbing my eyes and asking myself if I was dreaming. Why, taking Lord Palmerston's career from 1830 (when he first became Foreign Secretary) to his death, there cannot be a shadow of doubt, for any one with eyes and ears in his head, that he found England the first Power in the world's estimation, and that he leaves her the third, after France and the United States. I am no politician; I mean no disparagement at all to Lord Palmerston, to whose talents and qualities I hope I can do justice; and indeed it is not Lord Palmerston's policy, or any Minister's policy, that is in question here, it is the policy of all, it is the policy of England; for in a government such as ours is at present, it is only, as we are so often reminded, by interpreting public opinion, by being "the best type of his age and country," that a Minister governs; and Lord Palmerston's greatness lay precisely in our all "acknowledging him as our best impersonation." Well, then, to this our logic, our practical efforts in the way of criticism, our clear manly intelligence penetrating through sophisms and ignoring common-places, and above all, our redoubtable phalanx possessing these advantages in the highest degree, our great middle class, which makes Parliament, and which supplies the mind, the will, and the power requisite for all the great and good things that have to be done, have brought us; to the third place in the world's estimation, instead of the first. He who disbelieves it, let him go round to every embassy in Europe and, ask if it is not true.

The foreigners, indeed, are in no doubt as to the real authors of the policy of modern England; they know that ours is no longer a policy of Pitts and aristocracies, disposing

* Ja, selbst von den Engländern und Türkern entschieden geschlagen.

of every movement of the hoodwinked nation to whom they dictate it; they know that our policy is now dictated by the strong middle part of England,—England happy, as Mr. Lowe, quoting Aristotle, says, in having her middle part strong and her extremes weak; and that, though we are administered by one of our weak extremes, the aristocracy, these managers administer us, as a weak extreme naturally must, with a nervous attention to the wishes of the strong middle part, whose agents they are. It was not the aristocracy which made the Crimean war; it was the strong middle part—the constituencies. It was the strong middle part which showered abuse and threats on Germany for mishandling Denmark; and when Germany gruffly answered, *Come and stop us*, slapped its pockets, and vowed that it had never had the slightest notion of pushing matters so far as this. It was the strong middle part which, by the voice of its favourite newspapers, kept threatening Germany, after she had snapped her fingers at us, with a future chastisement from France, just as a smarting school-boy threatens his bully with a drubbing to come from some big boy in the background. It was the strong middle part, speaking through the same newspapers, which was full of coldness, slight, and sermons for the American Federals during their late struggle; and as soon as they had succeeded, discovered that it had always wished them well, and that nothing was so much to be desired as that the United States, and we, should be the fastest friends possible. Some people will say that the aristocracy was an equal offender in this respect: very likely; but the behaviour of the strong middle part makes more impression than the behaviour of a weak extreme; and the more so, because from the middle class, their fellows in numberless ways, the Americans expected sympathy, while from the aristocracy they expected none. And, in general, the faults with which foreigners reproach us in the matters named,—rash engagement, intemperate threatening, undignified retreat, ill-timed cordiality,—are not the faults of an aristocracy, by nature in such concerns prudent, reticent, dignified, sensitive on the point of honour; they are rather the faults of a rich middle class,—testy, absolute, ill-acquainted with foreign matters, a little ignoble, very dull to perceive when it is making itself ridiculous.

I know the answer one gets at home when one says that England is not very highly

considered just now on the Continent. There is first of all the envy to account for it,—that of course; and then our clear intelligence is making a radical change in our way of dealing with the Continent; the old, bad, aristocratical policy of incessantly intermeddling with the affairs of the Continent,—this it is getting rid of; it is leaving the miserable foreigners to themselves, to their wars, despotisms, bureaucracy, and hatred of free, prosperous England. A few inconveniences may arise before the transition from our old policy to our new is fairly accomplished, and we quite leave off the habit of meddling where our own interests are not at stake. We may be exposed to a little mortification in the passage, but our clear intelligence will discern any occasion where our interests are really at stake. Then we shall come forward and prove ourselves as strong as ever; and the foreigners, in spite of their envy, know it. But what strikes me so much in all which these foreigners say is, that it is just this clear intelligence of ours that they appear at the present moment to hold cheap. Englishmen are often heard complaining of the little gratitude foreign nations show them for their sympathy, their good-will. The reason is, that the foreigners think that an Englishman's good-will to a foreign cause, or dislike to it, is never grounded in a perception of its real merits and bearings, but in some chance circumstance. They say the Englishman never, in these cases, really comprehends the situation, and so they can never feel him to be in living sympathy with them. I have got into much trouble for calling my countrymen Philistines, and all through these remarks I am determined never to use that word; but I wonder if there can be anything offensive in calling one's countryman a young man from the country. I hope not; and if not, I should say, for the benefit of those who have seen Mr. John Parry's amusing entertainment, that England and Englishmen, holding forth on some great crisis in a foreign country,—Poland, say, or Italy,—are apt to have on foreigners very much the effect of the young man from the country who talks to the nursemaid after she has upset the perambulator. There is a terrible crisis, and the discourse of the young man from the country, excellent in itself, is felt not to touch the crisis vitally. Nevertheless, on he goes; the perambulator lies a wreck, the child screams, the nursemaid wrings her hands, the old gentleman storms, the policeman gesticulates, the crowd thickens; still, that

astounding young man talks on, serenely unconscious that he is not at the centre of the situation.

Happening to be much thrown with certain foreigners, who criticised England in this sort of way, I used often to think what a short and ready way one of our hard-hitting English newspapers would take with these scorners, if they fell into its hands. But being myself a mere seeker for truth, with nothing trenchant or authoritative about me, I could do no more than look shocked and begin to ask questions. "What!" I said, "you hold the England of to-day cheap, and declare that we do not comprehend the situation; yet you rate the England of 1815 so high, and call our fathers and grandfathers the foremost people in Europe. Did they comprehend the situation better than we?" "Yes," replied my foreign friends, "the situation as they had it, a great deal better. Their time was a time for energy, and they succeeded in it perfectly. Our time is a time for intelligence, and you are not succeeding in it at all."

Though I could not hear without a shudder this insult to the earnest good sense which, as the *Morning Star* says, may be fairly set down as the general characteristic of England and Englishmen everywhere, yet I pricked up my ears when my companions talked of energy, and England's success in a time for energy, because I have always had a notion myself that energy — energy with honesty — is England's great force; a greater force to her, even, than her talent for penetrating through sophisms and ignoring commonplaces; so I begged my acquaintances to explain a little more fully to me what they meant. "Nothing can be clearer," they answered. "Your *Times* was telling you the other day, with the enlightenment it so often shows at present, that instead of being proud of Waterloo and the great war which was closed by it, it really seemed as if you ought rather to feel embarrassed at the recollection of them, since the policy for which they were fought is grown obsolete; the world has taken a turn which was not Lord Castlereagh's, and to look back on the great Tory war is to look back upon an endless account of blood and treasure wasted. Now, that is not so at all. What France had in her head, from the Convention, 'faithful to the principles of the sovereignty of the people, which will not permit them to acknowledge anywhere the institutions militating against it,' to Napoleon, with his 'immense projects for assuring to France

the empire of the world,' — what she had in her head, along with many better and sounder notions destined to happier fortune, was *supremacy*. She had always a vision of a sort of federation of the States of Europe under the primacy of France. Now to this the world, whose progress no doubt lies in the direction of more concert and common purpose among nations, but these nations free, self-impelled, and living each its own life, was not moving. Whoever knocks to pieces a scheme of this sort does the world a service. In antiquity, Roman empire had a scheme of this sort, and much more. The barbarians knocked it to pieces — honour to the barbarians. In the middle ages Frederick the Second had a scheme of this sort. The Papacy knocked it to pieces — honour to the Papacy. In our own century, France had a scheme of this sort. Your fathers knocked it to pieces — honour to your fathers. They were just the people to do it. They had a vigorous lower class, a vigorous middle class, and a vigorous aristocracy. The lower class worked and fought, the middle class found the money, and the aristocracy wielded the whole. This aristocracy was high-spirited, reticent, firm, despising frothy declamation. It had all the qualities useful for its task and time; Lord Grenville's words, as early as 1793: 'England will never consent, that France shall arrogate the power of annulling at her pleasure, and under the pretence of a pretended natural right, the political system of Europe;' these few words, with their lofty strength, contain, as one may say, the prophecy of future success: you hear the very voice of an aristocracy standing on sure ground, and with the stars in its favour. Well, you succeeded, and in 1815, after Waterloo, you were the first power in Europe. 'These people have a secret,' we all said; 'they have discerned the way the world was going, and therefore they have prevailed; while, on the other hand, the "stars in their courses fought against Sisera."' We held you in the greatest respect; we tried to copy your constitutional government; we read your writers. 'After the peace,' says George Sand, 'the literature of Great Britain crossed the straits, and came to reign amongst us.' It reigned in Byron and Scott, voices of the great aristocratical spirit which had just won the victory: Scott expressing its robust, genial conservatism, holding by a thousand roots to the past; Byron its defiant force and indomitable pride.

"We believed in you for a good while; but gradually it began to dawn upon us that

the era for which you had had the secret was over, and that a new era, for which you had not the secret, was beginning. The work of the old era was to prevent the formation of a second Roman empire, and to maintain a store of free, rich, various national lives for the future to work with and bring to harmony. This was a work of force, of energy: it was a work for an aristocratical power, since, as you yourself are always saying, aristocracies, poor in ideas, are rich in energy. You were a great aristocratical power, and did it. But then came an era with another work, a work of which it is the great glory of the French Revolution (pardon us for saying so, we know it makes some of your countrymen angry to hear it,) passionately to have embraced the idea: the work of making human life, hampered by a past which it has outgrown, natural and rational. This is a work of intelligence, and in intelligence an aristocratic power, as you know, does not so much shine. Accordingly, since the world has been steadily moving this way, you seem to have lost your secret, and we are gradually ceasing to believe in you. You will say, perhaps, that England is no longer an aristocratical power, but a middle-class power, wielded by an industrial middle class, as the England of your fathers was wielded by a territorial aristocracy. This may be so; and indeed, as the style, carriage, and policy of England have of late years been by no means those of an aristocratical power, it probably is so. But whatever class dictates it, your course, allow us to say, has not of late years been intelligent; has not, at any rate, been successful. And depend upon it, a nation who has the secret of her era, who discerns which way the world is going, is successful, keeps rising. Can you yourselves, with all your powers of self-satisfaction, suppose that the Crimean war raised you, or that your Indian mutiny raised you, or that your attitude in the Italian war raised you, as your performances at the beginning of the century raised you? Surely you cannot. You held your own, if you will; you showed tenacity; you saved yourselves from disaster; but you did not raise yourselves, did not advance one jot. Can you, on the other hand, suppose that your attitude in the Danish business, in the American business, has not lowered you? You are losing the instinct which tells people how the world is going; you are beginning to make mistakes; you are falling out of the front rank. The era of aristocracies is over; nations must now stand or fall by the intelligence of

their middle class and their people. The people with you is still an embryo; no one can yet quite say what it will come to. You lean, therefore, with your whole weight upon the intelligence of your middle class. And intelligence, in the true sense of the word, your middle class has absolutely none."

I was aghast. I thought of this great class, every morning and evening extolled for its clear, manly intelligence by a hundred vigorous and influential writers; and though the fine enthusiasm of these writers had always seemed to me to be carrying them a little too far, and I had even been guilty of the indecency of now and then calling my countrymen Philistines, these foreign critics struck me as passing all bounds, and quite out-Heroding Herod. Fortunately I had just received from England a copy of Mr. Lowe's powerful and much-admired speech against Reform. I took it out of my pocket. "Now," said I to my envious, carping foreigners, "just listen to me. You say that the early years of this century were a time for energy, and we did well in them; you say that the last thirty or forty years have been a time for intelligence, and we have done ill in them. Mr. Lowe shall answer you. Here is his reading of our last thirty or forty years' history, as made by our middle-class Parliament, as he calls it; by a Parliament, therefore, filled by the mind and will of this great class whose rule you disparage. Mr. Lowe says: 'The seven Houses of Commons that have sat since the Reform Bill have performed exploits unrivalled, not merely in the six centuries during which Parliament has existed, but in the whole history of representative assemblies.' He says: 'Look at the noble work, the heroic work which the House of Commons has performed within these thirty-five years. It has gone through and revised every institution of the country; it has scanned our trade, our colonies, our laws, and our municipal institutions; everything that was complained of, everything that had grown distasteful, has been touched with success and moderation by the amending hand. And to such a point have these amendments been carried, that when gentlemen come to argue this question, and do all in their power to get up a practical grievance, they fail in suggesting even one.' There is what Mr. Lowe says. You see we have nothing left to desire, absolutely nothing. As Mr. Lowe himself says: 'With all this continued peace, contentment, happiness, and prosperity, — England in its present state of development and civiliza-

tion, — the mighty fabric of English prosperity, — what can we want more?' Evidently nothing: therefore to propose 'for England to make a step in the direction of democracy is the strangest and wildest proposition ever broached by man.' People talk of America. 'In America the working classes are the masters; does anybody doubt that?' And compare, Mr. Lowe means, England, as the middle class is making her, with America, as the working classes are making her. How entirely must the comparison turn to the advantage of the English middle class! Then, finally, as to the figure we cut in the eyes of the world, our grandeur and our future, here is a crowning sentence, worthy of Lord Macaulay himself, whose style Mr. Lowe enthusiastically admires: '*The destiny of England is in the great heart of England!*'"

Mr. Bright had not then made his famous speech about the misdeeds of the Tories, but, if he had, I should certainly have added that our middle class, by these unrivalled exploits of theirs, had not only raised their country to an unprecedented height of greatness, but had also saved our foolish and obstructive aristocracy from being emptied into the Thames.

As it was, however, what I had urged, or rather what I had borrowed from Mr. Lowe, seemed to me exceedingly forcible, and I looked anxiously for its effect on my hearers. They did not appear so much disconcerted as I had hoped. "Undoubtedly," they said, "the coming of your middle class to power was a natural, salutary event, to be blessed, not anathematized. Aristocracies cannot deal with a time for intelligence; their sense is for facts, not ideas. The world of ideas is the possible, the future; the world of aristocracies is the established, the past, which has made their fortune and which they hope to prolong. No doubt your middle class found a great deal of commercial and social business waiting to be done, which your aristocratic governments had left undone, and had no talents for doing. Their talents were for other times and tasks; for curbing the power of the Crown when other classes were too inconsiderable to do it; for managing (if one compares them with other aristocracies) their affairs and their dependants with vigour, prudence, and moderation, during the feudal and patriarchal stage of society; for wielding the force of their country against foreign powers with energy, firmness, and dignity. But then came the modern spirit, the modern time: the notion, as

we say, of making human life more natural and rational; or, as your philosophers say, of getting the greatest happiness for the greatest number. Have you succeeded, are you succeeding, in this hour of the many, as your aristocracy succeeded in the hour of the few? You say you are; you point to 'the noble work, the heroic work which the House of Commons has performed within these last thirty-five years; everything that was complained of, everything that had grown distasteful, has been touched with success and moderation by the amending hand.' Allow us to set clap-trap on one side; we are not at one of your public meetings. What is the modern problem? to make human life, the life of society, all through, more natural and rational; to have the greatest possible number of one's nation happy. Here is the standard by which we are to try ourselves and one another now, as national grandeur, in the old regal and aristocratical conception of it, was the standard formerly. Every nation must have wished to be England in 1815, tried by the old standard: must we all wish to be England in 1865, tried by the new standard? Your aristocracy, you say, is as splendid, as fortunate, as enviable as ever: very likely; but all the world cannot be aristocracy. What do you make of the mass of your society, of its vast middle and lower portion? Are we to envy you your common people; is our common people to wish to change places with yours; are we to say that you, more than we, have the modern secret here? Without insisting too much on the stories of misery and degradation which are perpetually reaching us, we will say that no one can mix with a great crowd in your country, no one can walk with his eyes and ears open through the poor quarters of your large towns, and not feel that your common people, as it meets one's eyes, is at present more raw, to say the very least, less enviable-looking, further removed from civilized and humane life, than the common people almost anywhere. Well, then, you are not a success, according to the modern standard, with your common people. Are you a success with your middle class? They have the power now; what have they made of themselves? what sort of a life is theirs? A life more natural, more rational, fuller of happiness, more enviable, therefore, than the life of the middle classes on the Continent? Yes, you will say, because the English middle class is the most industrious and the richest. But it is just here that you go a great deal too fast, and so deceive your-

selves. What brings about, or rather tends to bring about, a natural, rational life, satisfying the modern spirit? This: the growth of a love of industry, trade, and wealth; the growth of a love of the things of the mind; and the growth of a love of beautiful things. There are body, intelligence, and soul all taken care of. Of these three factors of modern life, your middle class has no notion of any but one, the first. Their love of industry, trade, and wealth, is certainly prodigious; and their example has done us a great deal of good: we, too, are beginning to get this love, and we wanted it. But what notion have they of anything else? Do but look at them, look at their lives. Some of us know your middle class very well; a great deal better than your own upper class in general knows them. Your middle class is educated, to begin with, in the worst schools of your country, and our middle class is educated in the best of ours. What becomes of them after that? The fineness and capacity of a man's spirit is shown by his enjoyments; your middle class has an enjoyment in its business, we admit, and gets on well in business and makes money; but beyond that? Drugged with business, your middle class seems to have its sense blunted for any stimulus besides, except religion; it has a religion, narrow, unintelligent, repulsive. All sincere religion does something for the spirit, raises a man out of the bondage of his merely bestial part, and saves him; but the religion of your middle class is the very lowest form of intelligential life which one can imagine as saving. What other enjoyments have they? The newspapers, a sort of eating and drinking which are not to our taste, a literature of books almost entirely religious or semi-religious, books utterly unreadable by an educated class anywhere, but which your middle class consumes, they say, by the hundred thousand; and in their evenings, for a great treat, a lecture on teetotalism or nunneries. Can any life be imagined more hideous, more dismal, more unenviable? Compare it with the life of our middle class as you have seen it on the Rhine this summer, or at Lausanne, or Zurich. The world of enjoyment, so liberalizing and civilizing, belongs to the middle classes there, as well as the world of business; the whole world is theirs, they possess life; in England the highest class seems to have the monopoly of the world of enjoyment, the middle class enjoys itself, as your Shakspeare would say, in hugger-mugger, and possesses life only by reading in the newspapers, which it does devoutly, the

doings of great people. Well then, we do not at all want to be as your middle class; we want to learn from it to do business and to get rich, and this we are learning a great deal faster than you think; but we do not, like your middle class, fix our consummation here: we have a notion of a whole world besides not dreamed of in your middle class's philosophy; so they, too, like your common people, seem to us no success. They may be the masters of the modern, time with you, but they are not solving its problem. They cannot see the way the world is going, and the future does not belong to them. Talk of the present state of development and civilization of England, meaning England as they represent it to us! Why, the capital, pressing danger of England, is the barbarism of her middle class; the civilization of her middle class is England's capital, pressing want."

"Well, but," said I, still catching at Mr. Lowe's powerful help, "the Parliament of this class has performed exploits unrivalled not merely in the six centuries during which Parliament has existed, but in the whole history of representative assemblies. The exploits are there: all the reforms we have made in the last five-and-thirty years."

"Let us distinguish," replied the envious foreigners, "let us distinguish. We named three powers — did we not? — which go to spread that rational humane life which is the aim of modern society: the love of wealth, the love of intelligence, the love of beauty. Your middle class, we agreed, has the first; its commercial legislation, accordingly, has been very good, and in advance of that of foreign countries. Not that free-trade was really brought about by your middle class: it was brought about, as important reforms always are, by two or three great men. However, let your middle class, which had the sense to accept free trade, have the credit of it. But this only brings us a certain way. The legislation of your middle class in all that goes to give human life more intelligence and beauty, is no better than was to be expected from its own want of both. It is nothing to say that its legislation in these respects is an improvement upon what you had before; that is not the question; you are holding up its achievements as absolutely admirable, as unrivalled, as a model to us. You may have done — for you — much for religious toleration, social improvement, public instruction, municipal reform, law reform; but the French Revolution and its consequences have done, upon the Continent, a great deal more. Such a spectacle as your

Irish Church Establishment you cannot find in France or Germany. Your Irish land-question you hardly dare to face,—Stein settled as threatening a land-question in Prussia. Of the schools for your middle class we have already spoken; while these schools are what they are, while the schools for your poor are maintained in the expensive, unjust, irrational way they are, England is full of endowments and foundations, capable by themselves, if properly applied, of putting your public education on a much better footing. In France and Germany all similar funds are thus employed, having been brought under public responsible management; in England they are left to private irresponsible management, and are, in nine cases out of ten, wasted. You talk of municipal reform; and cities and the manner of life in them have, for the modern business of promoting a more rational and humane life in the great body of the community, incalculable importance. Do you suppose we should tolerate in France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, your London corporation and London vestries, and London as they make it? In your provincial towns you do better; but even there, do the municipalities show a tenth part either of the intelligence or the care for the ends, as we have laid them down, of modern society, that our municipalities show? Your middle-class man thinks it the highest pitch of development and civilization when his letters are carried twelve times a day from Islington to Camberwell, and from Camberwell to Islington, and if railway-trains run to and fro between them every quarter of an hour. He thinks it is nothing that the trains only carry him from an illiberal, dismal life at Islington to an illiberal, dismal life at Camberwell; and the letters only tell him that such is the life there. A Swiss burgher takes Heaven knows how many hours to go from Berne to Geneva, and his trains are very few; this is an extreme on the other side; but compare the life the Swiss burgher finds or leaves at Berne or Geneva with the life of the middle class in your English towns. Or else you think to cover everything by saying: 'We are free! we are free! Our newspapers can say what they like!' Freedom, like Industry, is a very good horse to ride—but to ride somewhere. You seem to think that you have only got to get on the back of your horse Freedom, or your horse Industry, and to ride away as hard as you can, to be sure of coming to the right destination. If your newspapers can say what they like, you think you are sure of being well ad-

vised. That comes of your inaptitude for ideas, and aptitude for clap-trap; you can never see the two sides of a question; never perceive that every human state of things, even a good one, has its inconveniences. We can see the conveniences of your state well enough; and the inconveniences of ours, of newspapers not free, and prefects over-busy; and there are plenty of us who proclaim them. You eagerly repeat after us all we say that redounds to your own honour and glory; but you never follow our example yourselves. You are full of acuteness to perceive the ill influence of our prefects on us; but if any one says to you, in your turn, 'The English system of a great landed aristocracy keeps your lower class a lower class for ever, and materialises and vulgarises your whole middle class,' you stare vacantly at the speaker, you cannot even take in his ideas; you can only blurt forth, in reply, some clap-trap or other about a 'system of such tried and tested efficiency as no other country was ever happy enough to possess since the world was a world.'

I have observed in my travels, that most young gentlemen of our highest class go through Europe, from Calais to Constantinople, with one sentence on their lips, and one idea in their minds, which suffices, apparently, to explain all that they see to them: *Foreigners don't wash*. No doubt, thought I to myself, my friends have fallen in with some distinguished young Britons of this sort, and had their feelings wounded by them; hence their rancour against our aristocracy. And as to our middle class, foreigners have no notion how much this class, with us, contains; how many shades and gradations in it there are, and how little what is said of one part of it will apply to another. Something of this sort I could not help urging aloud. "You do not know," I said, "that there is broken off, as one may say, from the top of our middle class, a large fragment, which receive the best education the country can give, the same education as our aristocracy; which is perfectly intelligent and which enjoys life perfectly. These men do the main part of our intellectual work, write all our best newspapers; and cleverer people, I assure you, are nowhere to be found."

"Clever enough," was the answer, "but they show not much intelligence, in the true sense of the word,—not much intelligence of the way the world is going. Whether it is that they must try to hit your current public opinion, which is not intelligent; whether it is that, having been, as you say,

brought up with your aristocracy, they have been too much influenced by it, have taken, half insensibly, an aristocracy's material standard, and do not believe in ideas; certain it is that their intelligence has no ardour, no plan, leads them nowhere; it is ineffectual. Your intellect is at this moment, to an almost unexampled degree, without influence on the intellect of Europe."

While this was being said, I noticed an Italian, who was one of our party, fumbling with his pocket-book, from whence he presently produced a number of gray newspaper slips, which I could see were English. "Now just listen to me for a moment," he cried, "and I will show you what makes us say, on the Continent, that you English have no sense for logic, for ideas, and that your praise and blame, having no substantial foundation, are worth very little. You remember the famous French pamphlet before our war began in 1859: *Napoleon the Third and Italy*. The pamphlet appealed, in the French way, to reason and first principles; the upshot of it was this: 'The treaties which bind governments would be invariable only if the world was immovable. A power which should intrench itself behind treaties in order to resist modifications demanded by general feeling would have doubtless on her side an acquired right, but she would have against her moral right and universal conscience.' You English, on the other hand, took your stand on things as they were: 'If treaties are made,' says your *Times*, 'they must be respected. Tear one, and all are waste paper.' Very well; this is a policy, at any rate, an aristocratical policy; much may be said for it. The *Times* was full of contempt for the French pamphlet, an essay, as it called it, 'conveying the dreams of an agitator expressed in the language of an academician.' It said: 'No one accustomed to the pithy comments with which liberty notices passing history, can read such a production without complacency that he does not live in the country which produces it. To see the heavy apparatus of an essay brought out to solve a question on which men have corresponded and talked and speculated in the funds, and acted in the most practical manner possible for a month past, is as strange as if we beheld some spectral review,' and so on. Still very well; there is the strong practical man despising theories and reveries. 'The sentiment of race is just now threatening to be exceedingly troublesome. It is to a considerable extent in our days a literary revival.' That is all to the same effect. Then came a hitch in

our affairs, and fortune seemed as if she was going to give, as she often does give, the anti-theorists a triumph. 'The Italian plot,' cried *The Times*, 'has failed. The Emperor and his familiars knew not the moral strength which is still left in the enlightened communities of Europe. To the unanimous and indignant reprobation of English opinion is due the failure of the imperial plots. While silence and fear reign everywhere abroad, the eyes and ears of the Continent are turned continually to these Islands. English opinion has been erected into a kind of Areopagus.' Our business went forward again, and your English opinion grew very stern indeed. 'Sardinia,' said *The Times*, 'is told very plainly that she has deserted the course by which alone she could hope either to be happy or great, and abandoned herself to the guidance of fatal delusions, which are luring her on to destruction. By cultivating the arts of peace she would have been solving, in the only possible way, the difficult problem of Italian independence. She has been taught by France to look instead to the acquisition of fresh territory by war and conquest. She has now been told with perfect truth by the warning voice of the British Parliament that she has not a moment to lose in retracing her steps, if indeed her penitence be not too late.' Well, to make a long story short, we did not retrace our steps; we went on, as you know; we succeeded; and now let us make a jump from the spring to the autumn. Here is your unanimous English opinion, here is your Areopagus, here is your *Times*, in October: 'It is very irregular (Sardinia's course), it is contrary to all diplomatic forms. Francis the Second can show a thousand texts of international law against it. Yes; but there are extremities beyond all law, and there are laws which existed before even society was formed. There are laws which are implanted in our nature, and which form part of the human mind,' and so on. Why, here you have entirely boxed the compass and come round from the aristocratical programme to the programme of the French pamphlet, 'the dreams of an agitator in the language of the rhetorician!' And you approved not only our present but our past, and kindly took off your ban of reprobation issued in February. 'How great a change has been effected by the wisely courageous policy of Sardinia! The firmness and boldness which have raised Italy from degradation form the enduring character of a ten years' policy. King Victor Emmanuel and his sagacious counsellor have achieved

success by remembering that fortune favours the bold.' There you may see why the mind of France influences the Continent so much and the mind of England so little. France has intelligence enough to perceive the ideas that are moving, or are likely to move, the world; she believes in them, sticks to them, and shapes her course to suit them. You neither perceive them nor believe in them, but you play with them like counters, taking them up and laying them down at random, and following really some turn of your imagination, some gust of liking or disliking. When I heard some of your countrymen complaining of Italy and her ingratitude for English sympathy, I made, to explain it, the collection of those extracts and of a good many more. They are all at your service; I have some here from the *Saturday Review*, which you will find exactly follow suit with those from *The Times*." "No, thank you," I answered, "*The Times* is enough. My relations with the *Saturday Review* are rather tight-stretched, as you say here, already; make me a party to none of your quarrels with them."

After this my original tormentor once more took up his parable. "You see now what I meant," he said, "by saying that you did better in the old time, in the day of aristocracies. An aristocracy has no ideas, but it has a policy, — to resist change. In this policy it believes, it sticks to it; when it is beaten in it, it holds its tongue. This is respectable, at any rate. But your great middle class, as you call it, your present governing power, having no policy, except that of doing a roaring trade, does not know what to be at in great affairs, — blows hot and cold by turns, — makes itself ridiculous in short. It was a good aristocratical policy to have helped Austria in the Italian war; it was a good aristocratical policy to have helped the South in the American war. The days of aristocratical policy are over for you; with your new middle-class public opinion you cut, in Italy, the figure our friend here has just shown you; in America you scold right and left, you get up a monster memorial to deprecate the further effusion of blood; you lament over the abridgment of civil liberty by people engaged in a struggle for life and death, and meaning to win; and when they turn a deaf ear to you and win, you say, 'Oh, now let us be one great united Anglo-Saxon family and astonish the world.' This is just of a piece with your threatening Germany with the Emperor of the French. Do you not see that all these

blunders dispose the Americans, who are very shrewd, and who have been succeeding as steadily as you have been failing, to answer: 'We have got the lead, no thanks to you, and we mean to astonish the world without you.' Unless you change, unless your middle class grows more intelligent, you will tell upon the world less and less, and end by being a second Holland. We do not hold you cheap for saying you will wash your hands of all concerns but your own, that you do not care a rush for influence in Europe; though this sentence of your Lord Bolingbroke is true: 'The opinion of mankind, which is fame after death, is superior strength and power in life.' We hold you cheap because you show so few signs, except in the one department of industry, of understanding your time and its tendencies, and of exhibiting a modern life which shall be a signal success. And the reaction is the stronger, because, after 1815, we believed in you as now-a-days we are coming to believe in America. You had won the last game, and we thought you had your hand full of trumps, and were going to win the next. Now the game has begun to be played, and we have an inkling of what your cards are; we shrewdly suspect you have scarcely any trumps at all."

I am no arguer, as is well known, "and every puny whisper gets my sword." So, instead of making bad worse by a lame answer, I held my tongue, consoling myself with the thought that these foreigners get from us, at any rate, plenty of Rolands for any stray Oliver they may have the luck to give us. I have since meditated a good deal on what was then said, but I cannot profess to be yet quite clear about it. However, all due deductions made for envy, exaggeration, and injustice, enough stuck by me of these remarks on our logic, criticism, and love of intelligence, to determine me to go on trying (taking care, of course, to steer clear of indecency) to keep my mind fixed on these, instead of singing hosannas to our actual state of development and civilization. The old recipe, to think a little more and bustle a little less, seemed to me still the best recipe to follow. So I take comfort when I find the *Guardian* reproaching me with having no influence; for I know what influence means, — a party, practical proposals, action; and I say to myself: "Even suppose I could get some followers, and assemble them, brimming with affectionate enthusiasm, in a committee-room at some inn; what on earth should I say to them? what resolutions could I

propose? I could only propose the old Soc-ratic commonplace, *Know thyself*; and how blank they would all look at that!" No; to inquire, perhaps too curiously, what that present state of English development and civilization is, which according to Mr. Lowe is so perfect that to give votes to the working class is stark madness; and, on the other hand, to be less sanguine about the divine and saving effect of a vote on its possessor than my friends in the committee-room at the "Spotted Dog,"—that is my inevitable portion. To bring things under the light of one's intelligence, to see how they look there, to accustom oneself simply to regard the Marylebone Vestry, or the Educational Home, or the Irish Church Establishment, or our railway management, or our Divorce Court, or our gin-palaces open on Sunday and the Crystal Palace shut, as absurdities—that is, I am sure, invaluable exercise for us just at present. Let all persist in it who can, and steadily set their desires on introducing, with time, a little more soul and spirit into the too, too solid flesh of English society,

I have a friend who is very sanguine, in spite of the dismal croakings of these foreigners, about the turn things are even now taking amongst us. "Mean and ignoble as our middle class looks," he says, "it has this capital virtue, it has seriousness. With frivolity, cultured or uncultured, you can do nothing; but with seriousness there is always hope. Then, too, the present bent of the world towards amusing itself, so perilous to the highest class, is curative and good for our middle class. A piano in a Quaker's drawing-room is a step for him to more humane life; nay, perhaps, even the penny gaff of the poor East-Londoner is a step for him to more humane life; it is—what example shall we choose?—it is *Strathmore*, let us say,—it is the one-pound-eleven-and-sixpenny gaff of the young gentlemen of the clubs and the young ladies of Belgravia, that is for them but a step in the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire. Besides, say what you like of the ideanness of aristocracies, the vulgarity of our middle class, the immaturity of our lower, and the poor chance which a happy type of modern life has between them, consider this: Of all that makes life liberal and humane,—of light, of ideas, of culture,—every man in every class of society who has a dash of genius in him is the boon friend. By his bringing up, by his habits, by his interest, he may be their enemy; by the primitive, unalterable complexion of his nature, he is their friend. Therefore, the movement of

the modern spirit will be more and more felt among us, it will spread, it will prevail. Nay," this enthusiast often continues, getting excited as he goes on, "*The Times* itself, which so stirs some people's indignation—what is *The Times*, but a gigantic Sancho Panza, to borrow a phrase of your friend Heine;—a gigantic Sancho Panza, following by an attraction he cannot resist that poor, mad, scorned, suffering, sublime enthusiast, the modern spirit; following it, indeed, with constant grumbling, expostulation, and opposition, with airs of protection, of compassionate superiority, with an incessant by-play of nods, shrugs, and winks addressed to the spectators; following it, in short, with all the incurable recalcitrancy of a lower nature, but still following it?" When my friend talks thus, I always shake my head, and say that this sounds very like the transcendentalism which has already brought me into so many scrapes.

I have another friend again (and I am grown so cowed by all the rebuke my original speculations have drawn upon me that I find myself more and more filling the part of a mere listener), who calls himself Anglo-Saxon rather than English, and this is what he says: "We are a small country," he says, "and our middle class has, as you say, not much gift for anything but making money. Our freedom and wealth have given us a great start, our capital will give us for a long time an advantage; but as other countries grow better-governed and richer, we must necessarily sink to the position to which our size and our want of any eminent gift for telling upon the world spiritually, doom us. But look at America; it is the same race; whether we are first or they, Anglo-Saxonism triumphs. You used to say that they had all the Philistinism of the English middle class from which they spring, and a great many faults of their own besides. But you noticed, too, that, blindly as they seemed following in general the star of their god Buncombe, they showed, at the same time, a feeling for ideas, a vivacity and play of mind, which our middle class has not, and which comes to the Americans, probably, from their democratic life, with its ardent hope, its forward stride, its gaze fixed on the future. Well, since these great events have lately come to purge and form them, how is this intelligence of theirs developing itself? Now they are manifesting a quick sense to see how the world is really going, and a sure faith, indispensable to all nations that are to be great, that greatness is only to be reached by going that way and no other? And then, if you talk of culture,

look at the culture their middle, and even their working class is getting, as compared with the culture ours are getting. The trash which circulates by the hundred thousand among our middle class has no readers in America; our rubbish is for home-consumption; all our best books, books which are read here only by the small educated class, are in America the books of the great reading public. So over there they will advance spiritually as well as materially; and if our race at last flowers to modern life there, and not here, does it so much matter?" So says my friend, who is, as I premised, a devotee of Anglo-Saxonism; I, who share his pious frenzy but imperfectly, do not feel quite satisfied with these plans of vicarious greatness, and have a longing for this old and great country of ours to be always great in herself, not only in her progeny. So I keep looking at her, and thinking of her, and as often as I consider how history

is a series of waves, coming gradually to a head and then breaking, and that, as the successive waves come up, one nation is seen at the top of this wave, and then another of the next, I ask myself, counting all the waves which have come up with England on the top of them: When the great wave which is now mounting has come up, will she be at the top of it? *Ille nihil, nec me quarentem vana moratur.*

Yes, we arraign her; but she,
The weary Titan, with deaf
Ears, and labour-dimm'd eyes,
Regarding neither to right
Nor left, goes passively by,
Staggering on to her goal;
Bearing, on shoulders immense,
Atlantéan, the load,
Wellnigh not to be borne,
Of the too vast orb of her fate.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

A VALENTINE OF THE ELIZABETHAN AGE.

(In an old Album, dated 1583.)

WHEN Slumber first unclouds my brain,
And thoughte is free,
And Sense refreshed renews her reigne, —
I thinke of Thee.

When nexte in prayer to God above
I bende my knee,
Then when I pray for those I love, —
I pray for Thee.

And when the duties of the day
Demande of mee
To rise and journey on life's way, —
I work for Thee.

Or if perchance I sing some lay,
Whate'er it bee;
All that the idle verses say, —
They say of Thee.

For if an eye whose liquid lighte
Gleams like the sea,
They sing, or tresses browne and brighte, —
They sing of Thee.

And if a wearie mood, or sad,
Possesses mee,
One thought can all times make mee glad, —
The thoughte of Thee.

And when once more upon my bed,
Full wearily,
In sweet repose I lay my head, —
I dream of Thee.

In short, one only wish I have,
To live for Thee;
Or gladly if one pang 'twould save, —
I'd die for Thee.

—London Society.

From the Spectator, 17 Feb.

NAPOLEON AND ROME.

THE weary observers who, tired with the long supremacy of wrong, declare, like Macaulay, that the Papacy is eternal, have this week received new aliment. It is no longer possible to doubt that the Emperor of the French, in spite of all hints and professions, and even promises, has decided that the temporal power shall continue to exist. When the Convention of September 15 was first announced to the world, it was believed even in Italy that Rome was in September, 1866, to be finally left to itself. The French garrison was to be withdrawn and the Italian army to stand aloof, and the Papacy and the Romans to be left for the first time since 1848 face to face. No one doubted what the result would be. The Romans, in whom hatred of their priestly rulers is scarcely so much an impulse as an instinct, who regulate their lives, and their education, and their occupations with a secret reference to an animosity, would instantly appeal to force, and either expel the Pope, or force him to avoid expulsion by an appeal to Italian arms. The temporal power would end, and Italy regain, if not absolute possession of her capital, at least a practical sovereignty which in time would harden into a right. From the first, however, observers doubted whether this were Napoleon's real design, whether he would so utterly break with the priesthood, so completely relax his grasp upon the throat of the nation he has set free. He was understood to remember keenly the vote of December, 1852, when the peasantry marched in bands with the curés at their head to place him upon the throne. He was understood to dread, though he does not share, the intense dislike of French politicians to the possible growth of a strong and united Italy, able perhaps to enfranchise the Mediterranean, and affect the whole current of European policy in the East. It was known that the idea of federation which produced the treaty of Zurich lies very close to his heart, and Reds, who disbelieve him, pronounced from the first that the Convention was a snare, that its object was to guarantee and not to menace the autonomy of the Papal peculium. As time went on this idea was strengthened by the construction of great works at Civita Vecchia, by the immense collections permitted in France for Peter's Pence, and by the favour shown to Papal projects for the levy of an international garrison for Rome. It was whispered even that the favour ex-

tended by Napoleon to La Marmora's Government had its root in the same design, that he upheld that combination in fear lest the supreme moment should find Ricasoli at the helm, and himself compelled to choose between the independence of Italy or an invasion of her territory.

The publication of the Yellow Book of France and the Red Book of Spain has set all theories at rest. It appears from the despatches of the Spanish Ambassador in Paris that the Catholic Powers had at once foreseen the course of the Roman people, and addressed to the Emperor urgent demands for explanation. To all they received substantially the same reply. The French Government, annoyed at savageness with the Encyclical—which has embarrassed them to a degree almost unintelligible to Protestants—refused to inform its questioners as to its course in the event of the Pope making concessions to his people, demanded an absolute liberty of action, but declared that it looked to a separate sovereignty in Rome as indispensable. It pointed significantly to the sacrifices made during sixteen years to protect the Papal chair as proof sufficient of the permanent policy of France. Indeed if M. Mon may be trusted, the Foreign Minister on one occasion went further, and declared that if the temporal power were upset by the Revolution, France would return to Rome; but it is not necessary to rely on a perhaps misapprehended conversation. Late in 1865 the French Government grew alarmed at the result of the Italian elections, which seemed to foreshadow a Chamber resolute to obtain Rome. The Emperor accordingly addressed a new despatch to Florence, and on the 2nd of January of this year M. Sartiges reports the result of his interview with the Italian Premier in the midst of the Cabinet crisis produced by S. Sella's fall. The Premier indignantly repudiated any intention of departing from the Convention, but M. de Sartiges informed him nevertheless that the Parliamentary history of the previous few days—La Marmora had just been turned out—had excited in the calmest minds fears for the future of Italy, that "power seemed about to pass into less conservative hands," and that it was "possible the execution of the Convention might be entrusted to men who had resisted that international act." It was therefore necessary to repeat the inevitable obligations of the Convention, the more so as the Italian press persisted in misrepresenting them. "I stated once more that, contrary to the daily statements of the Italian press, we had in-

tended in signing the Convention of 15th September to assure the co-existence in Italy of two separate sovereignties—that of the Pope reduced to the proportions it possesses to-day, and that of the kingdom of Italy.” He informed him also that the expression “moral means” had been “abused,” and signified for the French Government only conciliation, and the effects of similar interests and of time, which would ultimately produce the reconciliation of a power eminently Catholic with the chief of Catholicism. And finally, M. de Sartiges told the Premier, then in the very throes of a great Parliamentary conflict, that while he remained in power the Imperial Government had certainty, and that even if power passed to men whose ideas were neither those of the Premier nor of the Emperor, France still would not “permit” herself to doubt the strict execution of the treaty!

There, then, is the design of the Emperor at last fully revealed. He does not intend that Rome should become Italian. If the Pope will reconcile himself with Italy, well; even if the reconciliation should involve an Italian garrison in Rome the Emperor will not oppose, will rather point to that consummation as a proof of his wisdom and foresight. But in no case is the temporal power to be overset, or merged in that of the Italian kingdom, in no case is Rome to cease to obey her priestly rulers, under penalty of a declaration that a solemn treaty with France has been violated by Italy, that is, in undiplomatic language, under penalty of war. France is to be relieved of the expense of this great garrison, but Italy is to gain nothing save one more chance of reconciliation with Rome, is never to be relieved from the danger that an independent Sovereign, seated in her midst, may not summon a Frenchman or Austrian back to help him rule. Italy is to be two, not one, and the power which has liberated her assumes to dictate Cabinet combinations agreeable to herself. The idea of Villafranca is to be realized in Rome, and the Papacy, guaranteed by its only imminent foes, is to commence a new career of separate sovereignty. No wonder that the Red party gains ground in Italy. No wonder that Florentine politicians whisper of foreign interference, and that Ministry and Parliament alike seem paralyzed, and that the King fears to dissolve lest the electors should return him a Chamber still more democratic. The one object which lies close to the heart of all Italians, without which Italy must be, as M. Mon wrote to Spain, “Somehow or other a federation,” for which

successive Ministries have endured French interference and French dictation with an appearance of good-will, is lost. There is no road to Rome except through force, and what marvel that the party in Italy which believes in force should increase till rumours spread that in the last resort the King, aware that force is for the hour impossible, has resolved to meet Parliamentary opposition by means other than an appeal to the electors? Those rumours are, we believe, unfounded, but the Government, which appears to wish to exist in order to carry out an internal policy, and does exist lest the conduct of foreign affairs should be entrusted to other hands, is of necessity weak.

It is a terrible crisis for Italy; but in Rome, as in Mexico, Napoleon, will, we believe, be baffled. It is the weakness of intellects like his, it is pre-eminently his own weakness, never quite to comprehend the force of a national passion, the solidity of a feeling once engrained in the hearts of a separate people. Four of the great mistakes of his life have been due to this break in the chain of his sympathies. He did not comprehend why, if a British Government was willing to pass a Conspiracy Bill, the British people should be so certain to reject it, for he had never realized to himself the “sacredness,” as a Greek would have called it, of the English horror of foreign dictation. He has been but once defeated in his own Legislature, and it was because he forgot that France would not reason even with him about the creation of majorata. He has wasted millions in Mexico because he did not perceive that the North would be spent, treasure and men, before it would resign its dream of the American future. And now he thinks that with time he can make Italians forget that Rome is theirs. As well might he strive to cancel the Italian past. Without that forgetfulness his policy, wise, and astute, and sure as his courtiers may declare it to be, is but a policy of the hour. A population cannot perish. The Italian population, persistent beyond all human precedent, though patient beyond all Red endurance, will not give up its end, and the defeat of the Napoleonic idea there, as in Mexico, is as certain as that the Italians will survive the Bonaparts. Either an Italian Pope will weary of dependence upon “barbarians,” or the support of Austria will make France perceive that the temporal power injures her, or Napoleon will need the Italian sword, or accident will compel him once more to court the revolution, and in any one of these

events the capital will be free. M. de Sartiges has scarcely finished speaking before General della Marmora, who bows to him, tells the Spanish Court, in language almost of menace, that Italy has not pledged, and will not pledge herself, to tolerate the permanent sacrifice of Rome to the interests of the Catholic world, or the meddling of a power other than France in her internal affairs. Every word of his despatch, which is bitter to the last degree, and has been published in the official gazette of Florence, is intended to tell Italy and Napoleon that the Italian Premier only yields to force in abstaining from Rome. As the Premier thinks so thinks the population of Italy. There are among them those who think Rome would not be the better capital, but there is not from the Alps to Sicily one who believes that Rome can justly have an owner other than united Italy. The spring now so sharply pressed down must fly back some day; and when it does, in spite of Popes and Emperors, of the wiles of the Vatican, and the deep-laid schemes of the Tuileries, Rome will be Italian once more.

From the Evangelist.

NIAGARA IN WINTER.

THE 24th of January, 1866, was a white day in my calendar. I passed it amongst the white wonders of the ice of Niagara. For a score or more of years, as old inhabitants assured me, there had been nothing like it. The marvels of the grandest of the glaciers amongst the Alps did not surpass it. In some aspects they did not equal it.

The morning of Saturday, the 20th, was almost summer-like in mildness, and rainy. But before night the weather grew intensely cold, and the wind blew a gale. The morning of the Sabbath saw the waters of the cataract greatly swollen, and huge masses of ice dashing down the abyss. Whole fields of it, cracked and torn in the rapids above, plunged headlong into the awful cauldron, and were then ground and dashed into myriads of fragments. It must have been a magnificent sight.

But what was more marvellous, the ice had become jammed, or was jamming, from shore to shore; so that on the Sabbath, from the very foot of the Falls almost to the Suspension Bridge—two miles—there was one compact mass of it. The narrow channel could not disgorge the masses which had

come from the broader surfaces above, and the accumulations, held more firmly by congelation, choked up the outlet; and when the wild waters swept and eddied underneath, the foot of man could pass in safety from the United States to Canada!

But water and ice had not finished their work in building this marble bridge. It must be lifted and torn and ridged. It must have profound fissures, into which one might look with awe, wild hummocks, and broad fields of terrific roughness—roughness which I can equal in memory only by the lava of Vesuvius, freely poured and cooled from the side of the rent crater, and this was effected by continuous accessions of ice, which, coming over the cataract, plunged under the surface, and by the violence of the water, swept onward, lifted the mighty mass bodily on its back. In this way the ice was perhaps from twenty to fifty feet in thickness!

It was thus that I saw it on the 24th. Going at once down, at the inclined plane, to the ferry—just below the cataract—I crossed over to the Canada side on foot, went to Table Rock, passed under the sheet, and came back as I went. Many others were performing the same feat.

It was a glorious morning, clear and brilliant, and a myriad icicles were pendent from every point where precipice projected. Just under Table Rock a vast column had formed, as if to say, "What is left of this ancient stand-point shall never perish!" Beside it was an ice-stalagmite, perhaps two feet and a half in diameter, and just high enough to serve as an altar, and crowned with rounded crystals which might well be taken for crowded garlands. How Nature, in her most fantastic forms, seems to speak of God! Under the Fall, where the rock is hollowed from the above like a scallop-shell, was perhaps the highest concentration of beauty. This was one incrustation of icicles, glittering like diamonds in the sun. Under foot huge banks of ice had formed, inclining inward, so that the footing was more than safe; the only effort needed—to a certain distance—was to keep from sliding away from the water plump against the rocky wall.

Above, in the vicinity of Table Rock, the whole surface was one glare of ice to the very edge of the precipice; and I shuddered at the thought of a careless step plunging one downward to an awful death. At this point the icy spray was pouring like rain, making thicker and thicker the marble sheet which hid the ground.

In going over I had not sighted well my

course, and so found myself in a world of whiteness and roughness. But in returning I marked a path where an eddy, apparently, had deposited a semi-circle of finely ground ice, almost from shore to shore; and on this I made the passage homeward with twice the ease that I had gone abroad. Blest is the path over that leads us HOME!

Just under the American Fall, and in front of it, I got a view, the memory of which a life-time could not efface. The spray, freezing as it fell, had built up on the icy foundation a succession of hills, from thirty to fifty feet in height above the surrounding surface. They were beautifully rounded like a sugar loaf, and almost as white. One of these I climbed, and from it looked down into the awful gloom and madness of the plunging water. At my left, half hidden in the mist, was another, and apparently still another. It was at this point that the sense of awe culminated.

Reclimbing the bank, past ice encrusting rock and tree and shrub, ice everywhere, I crossed to Goat Island. The passage to Terapin Tower was barred and marked "Dangerous." But it was barred more effectively by the ice, which so covered the path by which you descend to it, that it was like letting yourself go from the ridge of the roof of a cathedral to start for it. But finding a place where a descent was possible, I let myself down by trees and rocks, and was soon at the Tower. Here, amidst spray and thunder, I caught the final glory. The Sea of Ice was before me; the mad, cold waters rolled and plunged in their awful descent; terror and sublimity held high carnival; while on either hand, arching one from the American and one from the Canada side — as if to whisper of hope and heaven amidst those symbols of perdition and the pit — floated a quivering rainbow. J. A. P.

THE LATE RICHARD F. BOND, of the well-known firm of William Bond & Son, chronometer makers, Congress Street, whose death occurred in Cambridge on the 6th of February last, has left behind him a monument, which, although constructed of brass, may well be termed, in the words of the Latin poet, "*Ære perennius*." This work is a simple, yet wonderfully perfect, clock escapement. His leisure moments had been devoted to its accomplishment for some months, but the finishing touch was given to it only three days before his death. A working model had been constructed under his direction, which was set up by his bed side; at intervals he was enabled to give instruction to one of his workmen, — an intelligent man who entered fully into the interest of the work, — and by frequently-interrupted efforts, it grew steadily and surely to its completion; and at length — for it seemed as though he could not die until this consummation was reached — he could whisper, almost with his dying breath, "it is perfect." And when his eyes were closed in death, the attention of the sorrowing friends who stood or knelt around his bed, was turned from the motionless form beside them to the regular pulsations of the almost living instrument which he had called into action, recording the passing away of moments, which, for him, were no more to be numbered on earth.

Equally gifted with his father and brother, the

late lamented Directors of the Cambridge Observatory, it was to his inventive genius that they were indebted for the means of attaining to such accuracy in their observations through the telescope, as to have established, beyond a question, the truth of their discoveries, in opposition to some of the predetermined dicta of the Old World. The Chronograph, or Spring Governor, to which was accorded the bronze medal of the World's Fair in 1851, was Richard Bond's individual invention, though, with the retiring modesty which was part of his character, he was anxious only to attach to it the well-known name of *William Bond and Son*; and he was happy in the conviction of the world-wide appreciation of the instrument itself, — Europe, Africa, America, and Australia bearing testimony to its perfection. His dying legacy to the scientific world is as perfect as the Chronograph, and worthy of being attached to it as a companion, — a clock escapement which seems almost to have controlled the laws of matter, being wholly divested of friction, hitherto deemed inseparable from mechanical agency.

This escapement is to be immediately attached to an astronomical clock which the firm are now manufacturing for the Observatory in Liverpool, England.

— *Transcript.*

J. H. G.

From the Fortnightly Review.

ON THE RELATIONS OF RADIANT HEAT
TO CHEMICAL CONSTITUTION, COLOUR,
AND TEXTURE.

A LECTURE, DELIVERED IN THE ROYAL
INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN, ON
FRIDAY EVENING, 19th JANUARY, 1866.

ONE of the most important functions of physical science, considered as a discipline of the mind, is to enable us by means of the tangible processes of nature to apprehend the intangible. The tangible processes give *direction* to the line of thought; but this once given, the length of the line is not limited by the boundaries of the senses. Indeed, the domain of the senses in Nature is almost infinitely small in comparison with the vast region accessible to thought which lies beyond them. From a few observations of a comet, when it comes within the range of his telescope, an astronomer can calculate its path in regions which no telescope can reach; and in like manner, by means of data furnished in the narrow world of the senses, we make ourselves at home in other and wider worlds, which can be traversed by the intellect alone.

From the earliest ages the questions, "What is light?" and "What is heat?" have occurred to the minds of men; but these questions never would have been answered had they not been preceded by the question, "What is sound?" Amid the grosser phenomena of acoustics the mind was first disciplined, conceptions being there obtained from direct observation, which were afterwards applied to phenomena of a character far too subtle to be observed directly. Sound we know to be due to vibratory motion. A vibrating tuning-fork, for example, moulds the air around it into undulations or waves, which speed away on all sides with a certain measured velocity, impinge upon the drum of the ear, shake the auditory nerve, and awake in the brain the sensation of sound. When sufficiently near a sounding body we can feel the vibrations of the air. A deaf man, for example, plunging his hand into a bell when it is sounded, feels through the common

nerves of his body those tremors which, when imparted to the nerves of healthy ears, are translated into sound. There are various ways of rendering those sonorous vibrations not only tangible but visible; and it was not until numberless experiments of this kind had been executed, that the scientific investigator abandoned himself wholly, and without a shadow of uncertainty, to the conviction that what is sound in us is, outside of us, a motion of the air.

But once having established this fact—once having proved beyond all doubt that the sensation of sound is produced by an agitation of the nerve of the ear, the thought soon suggested itself that light might be due to an agitation of the nerve of the eye. This was a great step in advance of that ancient notion which regarded light as something emitted by the eye, and not as anything imparted to it. But if light be produced by an agitation of the optic nerve or retina, what is it that produces the agitation? Newton, you know, supposed minute particles to be shot through the humours of the eye against the retina, which hangs like a target at the back of the eye. The impact of these particles against the target. Newton believed to be the cause of light. But Newton's notion has not held its ground, being entirely driven from the field by the more wonderful and far more philosophical notion that light, like sound, is a product of wave-motion.

The domain in which this motion of light is carried on lies entirely beyond the reach of our senses. The waves of light require a medium for their formation and propagation, but we cannot see, or feel, or taste, or smell this medium. Still, though thus apparently cut off from all investigation, its existence has been established. How has this been done? By showing that all the phenomena of optics are accounted for with a fullness and clearness and conclusiveness which leave no desire of the intellect unfilled, by the assumption of this wonderful intangible ether. When the law of gravitation first suggested itself to the mind of Newton, what did he do? He set himself to examine whether it accounted for all the facts. He determined the courses of the

planets; he calculated the rapidity of the moon's fall towards the earth; he considered the precession of the equinoxes, the ebb and flow of the tides, and found all explained by the law of gravitation. He therefore regarded this law as established, and the verdict of science subsequently confirmed his conclusion. On similar, and, if possible on stronger grounds, we found our belief in the existence of the universal ether. It explains facts far more various and complicated than those on which Newton based his law. If a single phenomenon could be pointed out which the ether is proved incompetent to explain, we should have to give it up; but no such phenomenon has ever been pointed out. It is, therefore, at least as certain that space is filled with a medium by means of which suns and stars diffuse their radiant power, as that it is traversed by that force which holds not only our planetary system, but the immeasurable heavens themselves, in its unconquerable grasp.

There is no more wonderful instance than this of the production of a line of thought from the world of the senses into the region of pure imagination. I mean by imagination here, not that play of fancy which can give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name, but that power which enables the mind to conceive realities which lie beyond the range of the senses—to present to itself distinct physical images of processes which, though mighty in the aggregate beyond all conception, are so minute individually, as to elude all observation. It is the waves of air excited by this tuning-fork which renders its vibrations audible. It is the waves of ether sent forth from those lamps overhead which render them luminous to us; but so minute are these waves, that it would take from 30,000 to 60,000 of them placed end to end to cover a single inch. Their number, however, compensates for their minuteness. Trillions of them have entered your eyes and hit the retina at the back of the eye in the time consumed in the utterance of the shortest sentence of this discourse. This is the steadfast result of modern research; but we never could have reached it without previous discipline. We never could have measured the waves of light, nor even imagined them to exist, had we not previously exercised ourselves among the waves of sound. Sound and light are now mutually helpful, the conceptions of each being expanded, strengthened, and defined by the conceptions of the other.

The ether which conveys the pulses of light and heat not only fills the celestial

spaces, bathing the sides of suns and planets, but it also encircles the atoms of which these suns and planets are composed. It is the motion of these atoms, and not of any sensible parts of either planets or stars, that the ether conveys; it is this motion that constitutes the objective cause of what in our sensations are light and heat. An atom, then, sending its pulses through the infinite ether, resembles a tuning-fork sending its pulses through the air. Let us look for a moment at this thrilling ether, and briefly consider its relation to the bodies whose vibrations it conveys. Different bodies, when heated to the same temperature, possess very different powers of agitating the ether: some are good radiators, others are bad radiators; which means that some are so constituted as to communicate their motion freely to the ether, producing therein powerful undulations; while others are unable thus to communicate their motion, but glide through the ether without materially affecting its repose. Experiment has proved that elementary bodies, except under certain anomalous conditions, belong to the class of bad radiators. An atom vibrating in the ether resembles this naked tuning-fork vibrating in the air. The amount of motion communicated to the air by these thin prongs is too small to evoke at any distance the sensation of sound. But if we permit the atoms to combine chemically and form molecules, the result in many cases is an enormous change in the power of radiation. The amount of ethereal disturbance produced by a compound molecule may be many thousand times that produced by its constituent atoms when uncombined. The effect is roughly typified by this tuning-fork when connected with its resonant case. The fork and its case now swing as a compound system, and the vibrations which were before inaudible, are now the source of a musical sound so powerful that it might be plainly heard by thousands at once. The fork and its case combined may be regarded as a good radiator of sound.

A single example will suffice to illustrate the vast influence of the coalescence of atoms to oscillating systems upon the radiation of heat. Supposing a pound of dry oxygen, and also a pound of the transparent vapour of water, to be taken to the top of a high mountain where the air is too attenuated to offer any sensible resistance to the passage of radiant heat towards stellar space; suppose the gas and the vapour to be there heated to the temperature of boiling water, and afterwards exposed be-

neath the cloudless heaven. By the heating of the gas and vapour a more vigorous motion — a greater amount of *vis viva*, as we term it — is imparted to the ultimate particles of both. Will the oxygen impart its motion as freely to the ether as the aqueous vapour? No. The difference between them in this respect is enormous. When their temperatures are alike, the amount of heat radiated, or, in other words, of molecular motion lost by the vapour in a given time, is at least nine thousand times the amount lost in the same time by the oxygen. So great is this power on the part of the vapour, that I profoundly doubt the correctness of the simple formula assigned to it by chemists. The molecule of water represents a sound-board of vast dimensions, otherwise it never could generate waves of the extraordinary magnitude that experience has proved it competent to produce.*

The pitch of a musical note depends upon the rapidity of its vibrations, or, in other words, on the length of its waves. Now, the pitch of a note answers to the colour of light. Taking a slice of white light from the beam of an electric lamp, I cause that light to pass through an arrangement of prisms. It is decomposed, and we have the effect obtained by Newton, who first unrolled the solar beam into the splendours of the solar spectrum. At one end of this spectrum we have red light, at the other violet, and between those extremes lie the other prismatic colours. As we advance along the spectrum from the red to the violet, the pitch of the light — if I may use the expression — heightens, the sensation of violet being produced by a more rapid succession of impulses than that which produces the impression of red. The vibrations of the violet are not quite twice as rapid as those of the red; in other words, the range of the visible spectrum is not quite equal to an octave.

There is no solution of continuity in this spectrum; one colour changes into another by insensible gradations. It is as if an infinite number of tuning-forks, of gradually augmenting pitch, were vibrating at the same time. But turning to another spectrum — that, namely, obtained from the incandescent vapour of silver — you observe that it consists of two narrow and

intensely luminous green bands. Here it is as if two forks only, of slightly different pitch, were vibrating. The length of the waves which produce this first band is such that 47,460 of them, placed end to end, would fill an inch. The waves which produce the second band are a little shorter; it would take of these 47,920 to fill an inch. In the case of the first band, the number of impulses imparted in one second to every eye which now sees it, is 577 millions of millions; while the number of impulses imparted in the same time by the second band is 600 millions of millions. I now cast upon the screen before you the beautiful stream of green light from which these bands were derived. This luminous stream is the incandescent vapour of silver. You cannot by any possibility render that vapour white hot. The rates of vibration of its atoms are as rigidly fixed as those of two tuning-forks; and to whatever height the temperature of the vapour may be raised, the rapidity of its vibrations, and consequently its colour, which wholly depends upon that rapidity, remain unchanged.

The vapour of water, as well as the vapour of silver, has its definite periods of vibration, and these are such as to disqualify the vapour from being raised to a white heat. The oxyhydrogen flame, for example, consists of hot aqueous vapour. It is scarcely visible in the air of this room, and it would be still less visible if we could burn the gas in a clean atmosphere. But our atmosphere, even at the summit of Mont Blanc, is dirty; in London it is more than dirty; and the burning dirt gives to this flame the greater portion of its present light. But the heat of the flame is enormous. Cast iron fuses at a temperature of 2,000° Fahr.; the temperature of the oxyhydrogen flame is 6,000° Fahr. A piece of platinum is heated to vivid redness at a distance of two inches beyond the visible termination of the flame. The vapour which produces incandescence is here absolutely dark. In the flame itself the platinum is raised to dazzling whiteness, and is finally pierced by the flame. When this flame impinges on a piece of lime, we have the dazzling Drummond light. But the light is here due to the fact that when it impinges upon the solid body, the vibrations excited by the flame are of periods different from its own.

Thus far we have fixed our attention on atoms and molecules in a state of vibration, and surrounded by a medium which accepts their vibrations, and transmits them through infinite space. But suppose the waves gen-

* Bulk for bulk, that wonderful substance ozone probably transcends ordinary oxygen in radiant power a hundred thousand times. This shows that the atoms of an element can be so grouped as to behave towards the ether as a highly complex compound. May not the molecule of water, from which its vast radiant power is derived, be a molecule of molecules, the chemical formula stamping only a single member of the group?

erated by one system of molecules to impinge upon another system, how will the waves be affected? Will they be stopped, or will they be permitted to pass? Will they transfer their motion to the molecules on which they impinge, or will they glide round the molecules, through the intermolecular spaces, and thus escape? The answer to this question depends upon a condition which may be beautifully exemplified by an experiment on sound. These two tuning-forks are tuned absolutely alike. They vibrate with the same rapidity, and mounted thus upon their resonant stands, you hear them loudly sounding the same musical note. I stop one of the forks, and throw the other into strong vibration. I now bring that other near the silent fork, but not into contact with it. Allowing them to continue in this position for four or five seconds, I stop the vibrating fork; but the sound has not ceased. The second fork has taken up the vibrations of its neighbour, and is now surrounded in its turn. I dismount one of the forks, and permit the other to remain upon its stand. I throw the dismounted fork into strong vibration, but you cannot hear it sound. Detached from its stand the amount of motion which it can communicate to the air is too small to make itself sensible to the ear at any distance. I now bring the dismounted fork close to the mounted one, but not into actual contact with it. Out of the silence rises a mellow sound. Whence comes it? From the transferred vibrations of the dismounted fork. That the motion should thus transfer itself through the air it is necessary that the two forks should be in perfect unison. If I place on one of the forks a morsel of wax not longer than a pea, it is rendered thereby powerless to affect, or to be affected by, the other. It is easy to understand this experiment. The pulses of the one fork can affect the other, because they are *perfectly timed*. A single pulse causes the prong of the silent fork to vibrate through an infinitesimal space. But just as it has completed this small vibration, another pulse is ready to strike it. Thus, the small impulses add themselves together. In the five seconds during which the forks were held near each other, the vibrating fork sent 1,280 waves against its neighbour, and those 1,280 shocks, all delivered at the proper moment, all, as I have said, perfectly timed, have given such strength to the vibrations of the mounted fork as to render them audible to you all.

Let me give you one other illustration of the influence of synchronism on musical vi-

brations. Here are three small gas-flames inserted in three glass tubes of different lengths. Each of these flames can be caused to emit a musical note, the pitch of which is determined by the length of the tube surrounding the flame. The shorter the tube the higher is the pitch. The flames are now silent within their respective tubes, but each of them can be caused to respond to a proper note sounded anywhere in this room. I have here an instrument called a syren, by which I can produce a powerful musical note. Beginning with a low pitch, and ascending gradually to a higher one, I finally reach the note of the flame in the longest tube. The moment it is reached, the flame bursts into song. I stop and re-excite the syren, to enable you to hear that its note and the flame's note are identical. But the other flames are still silent within their tubes. I urge the instrument on to higher notes; the second flame has now started, and the third alone remains. But a still higher note starts it also. Thus, as the sound of the syren rises gradually in pitch, it awakens every flame in passing, by striking it with a series of waves whose periods of recurrence are similar to its own.

Let us apply these facts to radiant heat, taking as before the vapour of water as a representative case. The molecules of this vapour have definite periods of vibration to which they are as rigidly bound as a tuning-fork is to its periods. Recurring then to our experiment on the mountain top: instead of exposing our hot vapour in the manner described, with nothing above it, let us suppose a stratum of aqueous vapour to be spread out between it and the firmament. The light of the stars is unaffected by this stratum, which I suppose to be true vapour, and, therefore, perfectly transparent. But the case is different as regards the rays issuing from the hot vapour underneath. The molecules of this vapour and of the stratum overhead are, if I may use the expression, tuned to precisely the same note, and instead of the direct transference of the vibratory motion into space, we have it transferred to the molecules of the vapour above. The motion is thus intercepted — in technical language the heat is *absorbed*. The upper stratum of vapour having thus become warmed, first at its under surface, and then, by a gradual progression, through its entire mass, it would radiate in all directions, returning a portion of the heat communicated to it to the source from which it is derived. We are here manifestly dealing with that great principle which lies at the basis of spectrum analysis, and which

has enabled scientific men to determine the substances of which the sun, the stars, and even the nebulae, are composed: — the principle, namely, that a body which is competent to emit any ray, whether of heat or light, is competent in the same degree to absorb that ray. The absorption depends on the synchronism which exists between the vibrations of the atoms from which the rays, or more correctly the *waves*, issue, and those of the atoms against which these waves impinge.

To its incompetence to emit white light, aqueous vapour adds incompetence to absorb white light. It cannot, for example, absorb the luminous rays of the sun, though it can absorb, and that with mighty power, the non-luminous rays of the earth. This incompetence of aqueous vapour to absorb luminous rays is shared by water and ice — in fact, by all really transparent substances. Their transparency is due to their inability to absorb luminous rays. The molecules of such substances are in dissonance with the luminous waves, and hence such waves pass through transparent substances without disturbing the molecular rest. A purely luminous beam, however intense may be its heat, is sensibly incompetent to melt the smallest particle of ice. I can, for example, converge a powerful luminous beam upon a surface covered with hoar frost without melt a single spicula of the ice-crystals. How then, it may be asked, are the snows of the Alps swept away by the sunshine of summer? I answer they are not swept away by sunshine at all, but by solar rays which have no shine whatever in them. The luminous rays of the sun fall upon the snow-fields and are flashed in echoes from crystal to crystal, but they find no lodgment within the crystals. They are not absorbed, and hence they cannot produce fusion. But a body of powerful dark rays are emitted by the sun, and it is these rays that cause the glaciers to shrink and the snows to disappear; it is they that fill the banks of the Arve and Arveyron, and liberate from their captivity upon the heights the Rhone and the Rhine.

Placing a concave silvered mirror behind the electric light I converge its rays to a focus of dazzling brilliancy. I place in the path of the rays, between the light and the focus, a vessel of water, and now introduce at the focus a piece of ice. The ice is not melted by the concentrated beam which has passed through the water, though matches are ignited at the focus and wood is set on fire. The powerful heat then of this luminous beam is incompetent to melt the ice. I

withdraw the cell of water; the ice immediately liquefies, and you see the water trickling from it in drops. I re-introduce the cell of water; the fusion is arrested and the drops cease to fall. The transparent water of the cell exerts no sensible absorption in the luminous rays, still it withdraws something from the beam, which, when permitted to act, is competent to melt the ice. This something is the dark radiation of the electric light. Again, I place a slab of pure ice in front of the electric lamp; send a luminous beam first through our cell of water and then through the ice. By means of a lens I cast an image of the slab upon a white screen. The beam, sifted by the water, has no power upon the ice. But observe what occurs when the water is removed: we have here a star and there a star, each resembling a flower of six petals, and growing visibly larger before your eyes. As the leaves enlarge their edges become serrated, but there is no deviation from the six-rayed type. We have here, in fact, the crystallization of the ice inverted by the invisible rays of the electric beam. They take the molecules down in this wonderful way, and reveal to us the exquisite atomic structure of the substance with which nature every winter roofs our ponds and lakes.

Numberless effects, apparently anomalous, might be adduced in illustration of the action of these lightless rays. Here, for example, are two powders both white, and undistinguishable from each other by the eye. The luminous rays of the lamp are unabsorbed by both powders, — from those rays they acquire no heat; still one of the substances is heated so highly by the concentrated beam of the electric lamp that it first smokes violently and then inflames, while the other substance is barely warmed at the focus. Here, again, are two perfectly transparent liquids placed in a test tube at the focus; one of them boils in a couple of seconds, while the other in a similar position is hardly warmed. The boiling point of the first is 78° C., which is speedily reached; that of the second liquid is only 48° C., which is never reached at all. These anomalies are entirely due to the unseen element which mingles with the luminous rays of the electric beam, and indeed constitutes 90 per cent. of its calorific power.

I have here a substance by which these dark rays may be detached from the total omission of the electric lamp. This ray-filter is a black liquid — that is to say, black as pitch to the luminous, but bright as a diamond to the non-luminous radiation. It mercilessly cuts off the former, but allows

the latter free transmission. I bring these invisible rays to a focus at a distance of several feet from the electric lamp; the dark rays form there an image of the source from which they issue. By proper means this invisible image may be transformed into a visible one of dazzling brightness. I could, moreover, show you, if time permitted, how out of those perfectly dark rays we might extract, by a process of transmutation, all the colours of the solar spectrum. I could also prove to you that those rays, powerful as they are, and sufficient to fuse many metals, may be permitted to enter the eye and to break upon the retina without injury to the eye, without producing the least luminous impression. The dark rays are now collected before you; you see nothing at their place of convergence; with a proper thermometer it could be proved that even the air at the focus is just as cold as the surrounding air. And mark the conclusion to which this leads. It proves the ether at the focus to be practically detached from the air, and that the most violent ethereal motion may there exist without the least aerial motion. But though you see it not, there is sufficient heat at that focus to set London on fire. The heat there at the present moment is competent to raise iron to a temperature at which it throws off brilliant scintillations. It can heat platinum to whiteness and almost fuse that refractory metal. It actually can fuse gold, silver, copper, and aluminium. The moment, moreover, that wood is placed at the focus it bursts into a blaze.

It has been already affirmed that whether as regards radiation or absorption the elementary atoms possess but little power. This might be illustrated by a long array of facts; and one of the most singular of these is furnished by the deportment of that extremely combustible substance phosphorus, when placed at this dark focus. It is impossible to ignite there a fragment of amorphous phosphorus. But ordinary phosphorus is a far quicker combustible, and its deportment to radiant heat is still more impressive. It may be exposed to the intense radiation of an ordinary fire without bursting into flame. It may also be held for twenty or thirty seconds at an obscure focus of sufficient power to raise platinum to a white heat, without ignition. Notwithstanding the energy of the ethereal waves here concentrated, notwithstanding the extremely inflammable character of the elementary body exposed to their action, the atoms of that body refuse to share in the motion of the

waves, and consequently cannot be powerfully affected by their heat.

The knowledge which we now possess will enable us to analyze with profit a practical question. White dresses are worn in summer because they are found to be cooler than dark ones. The celebrated Benjamin Franklin made the following experiment:—He placed bits of cloth of various colours upon snow, exposed them to direct sunshine, and found that they sank to different depths in the snow. The black cloth sank deepest, the white did not sink at all. Franklin inferred from his experiment that black bodies are the best absorbers, and white ones the worst absorbers, of radiant heat. Let us test the generality of this conclusion. I have here two cards, one of which is coated with a very dark powder, and the other with a perfectly white one. I place the powdered surfaces before the fire, and leave them there until they have acquired as high a temperature as they can attain in this position. Which of the cards is most highly heated? It requires no thermometer to answer this question. Simply pressing the back of the card, on which the white powder is strewn, against my cheek or forehead, I find it intolerably hot. Placing the other card in the same position I find it cool. The white powder has absorbed far more heat than the dark one. This simple result abolishes a hundred conclusions which have been hastily drawn from the experiment of Franklin. Again, here are suspended two delicate mercurial thermometers at the same distance from a gas-flame. The bulb of one of them is covered by a dark substance, the bulb of the other by a white one. Both bulbs have received the radiation from the flame, but the white bulb has absorbed most, and its mercury stands much higher than that of the other thermometer. I might vary this experiment in a hundred ways, and show you that you can draw no safe conclusion from the darkness of a body regarding its power of absorption.

The reason of this simply is, that colour gives us intelligence of only one portion, and that the smallest one, of the rays impinging on the coloured body. Were the rays all luminous we might with certainty infer from the colour of a body its power of absorption; but the great mass of the radiation from our fire, our gas-flame, and even from the sun itself, consists of invisible calorific rays, regarding which colour teaches us nothing. A body may be highly transparent to one class of rays, and highly

opaque to the other class. Thus the white powder, which has shown itself so powerful an absorber, has been specially selected on account of its extreme perviousness to the visible rays, and its extreme imperviousness to the invisible ones; while the dark powder was chosen on account of its extreme transparency to the invisible, and its extreme opacity to the visible rays. In the case of the radiation from our fire, about 98 per cent. of the whole emission consists of invisible rays; the body, therefore, which was most opaque to these triumphed as an absorber, though that body was a white one.

I would here invite you to consider the manner in which we obtain from natural facts what may be called their intellectual value. Throughout the processes of nature there is interdependence and harmony, and the main value of our science, considered as a mental discipline, consists in the tracing of this interdependence and the demonstration of this harmony. The outward and visible phenomena are with us the counters of the intellect; and our science would not be worthy of its name and fame if it halted at facts, however practically useful, and neglected the music of law which accompanies the march of phenomena. Let us endeavour, then, to extract from the experiment of Franklin its full intellectual value, calling to our aid the knowledge which our predecessors have already stored. Let us imagine two pieces of cloth of the same texture, the one black and the other white, placed upon sunned snow. Fixing our attention on the white piece, let us inquire whether there is any reason to expect that it will sink into the snow at all. There is knowledge at hand which enables us to reply at once in the negative. There is, on the contrary, reason to expect that after a sufficient exposure the bit of cloth will be found on an eminence instead of in a hollow; that instead of a depression, we shall have a *relative* elevation of the bit of cloth. For, as regards the luminous rays of the sun, the cloth and the snow are alike powerless; the one cannot be warmed, nor the other melted, by such rays. The cloth is white and the snow is white, because their confusedly mingled particles are incompetent to absorb luminous rays. Whether, then, the cloth will sink or not depends entirely upon the dark rays of the sun. Now the substance which of all substances absorbs the dark rays of the sun with the greatest avidity is ice, — or snow, which is merely ice in powder. A less amount of heat will be lodged in the cloth than in the surrounding snow. The cloth must there-

fore act as a shield to the snow on which it rests; and in consequence of the more rapid fusion of the exposed snow, the cloth must in due time be left behind, perched upon an eminence like a glacier-table.

But though the snow transcends the cloth both as a radiator and absorber it does not much transcend it. Cloth is very powerful in both these respects. Let us now turn our attention to the piece of black cloth, the texture and fabric of which I assume to be the same as that of the white. For our object being to compare the effects of colour, we must, in order to study this effect in its purity, preserve all other conditions constant. Let us then suppose the black cloth to be obtained from the dyeing of the white. The cloth itself, without reference to the dye, is nearly as good an absorber of heat as the snow around it. But to the absorption of the dark solar rays by the undyed cloth is now added the absorption of the whole of the luminous rays, and this great additional influx of heat is far more than sufficient to turn the balance in favour of the black cloth. The sum of its actions on the dark and luminous rays exceeds the action of the snow on the dark rays alone. Hence the cloth will sink in the snow, and this is the philosophy of Franklin's experiment.

Throughout this discourse the main stress has been laid on chemical constitution, as influencing most powerfully the phenomena of radiation and absorption. With regard to gases, vapours, and to the liquids from which these vapours are derived, it had been proved by the most varied and conclusive experiments that the acts of radiation and absorption were *molecular* — that they depended upon chemical and not upon mechanical condition. In attempting to extend this principle to solids I was met by a multitude of facts obtained by celebrated experimenters, which seemed flatly to forbid such extension. Melloni, for example, found the same radiant and absorbent power for chalk and lamplack. M.M. Masson and Courtépée performed a most elaborate series of experiments on chemical precipitates of various kinds, and found that they one and all manifested the same power of radiation. They concluded from their researches, that where bodies are reduced to an extremely fine state of division the influence of this state is so powerful as entirely to mask and override whatever influence may be due to chemical constitution.

But it appears to me that through the whole of these researches a serious oversight has run, the mere mention of which will

show what caution is essential in the operations of experimental philosophy. Let me state wherein I suppose this oversight to consist. I have here a metal cube with two of its sides brightly polished. I fill the cube with boiling water and determine the quantity of heat emitted by the two bright surfaces. One of them far transcends the other as a radiator of heat. Both surfaces appear to be metallic. What then is the cause of the observed difference in their radiative power? Simply this: I have coated one of the surfaces with transparent gum, through which, of course, is seen the metallic lustre behind. Now this varnish, though so perfectly transparent to luminous rays, is as opaque as pitch or lampblack to non-luminous ones. It is a powerful emitter of dark rays; it is also a powerful absorber. While, therefore, at the present moment it is copiously pouring forth radiant heat itself, it does not allow a single ray from the metal behind to pass through it. The varnish then, and not the metal, is the real radiator.

Now Melloni, and Masson, and Courtépée experimented thus: they mixed their powders and precipitates with gum-water, and laid them by means of a brush upon the surfaces of a cube like this. True they saw their red powders red, their white ones white, and their black ones black, but they saw these colours through the coat of varnish which encircled every particle of their powders. When, therefore, it was concluded that colour had no influence on radiation, no chance had been given to it of asserting its influence; when it was found that all chemical precipitates radiated alike, it was the radiation from a varnish common to them all which showed the observed constancy. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of experiments on radiant heat have been performed in this way by various inquirers, but I fear the work will have to be done over again. I am not, indeed, acquainted with an instance in which an oversight of so trivial a character has been committed in succession by so many able men, and vitiated so large an amount of otherwise excellent work.

Basing our reasonings then on demonstrated facts, we arrive at the extremely probable conclusion that the envelope of the particles and not the particles themselves, was the real radiator in the experiments just referred to. To reason thus, and deduce their more or less probable consequences from experimental facts, is an incessant exercise of the student of physical science. But having thus followed for a time the light of reason alone through

a series of phenomena, and emerged from that series with a purely intellectual conclusion, our duty is to bring that conclusion to its crucial test. In this way we fortify our science, sparing no pains, shirking no toil to secure sound materials for the edifice which it is our privilege to build. If, then, our alleged facts be real, and if our inference from these be just, we ought to find that inference ratified by experiment. For the purpose of testing it I take two powders of the same physical appearance: one of them is a compound of mercury and the other a compound of lead. On two surfaces of this cube are spread these bright red powders without varnish of any kind. Filling the cube with boiling water, and determining the radiation from the two surfaces, one of them is found to emit thirty-nine rays, while the other emits seventy-four. This, surely, is a great difference. Here, however, is a second cube, having two of its surfaces coated with the same powders, the only difference being that now the powders are laid on by means of a transparent gum. Both surfaces are now absolutely alike in radiative power. Both of them emit somewhat more than was emitted by either of the unvarnished powders, simply because the gum employed is a better radiator than either of them. Excluding all varnish, and comparing white with white, I find vast differences; comparing black with black I find them also different; and when black and white are compared, in some cases the black radiates far more than the white, while in other cases the white radiates far more than the black. Determining the absorptive power of these powders, it is found to go hand-in-hand with their radiative power. The good radiator is a good absorber, and the bad radiator is a bad absorber. From all this it is evident that as regards the radiation and absorption of non-luminous heat, colour teaches us nothing; and that even as regards the radiation of the sun, consisting as it does mainly of non-luminous rays, conclusions as to the influence of colour may be altogether delusive. This is the strict scientific upshot of our researches. But it is not the less true that in the case of wearing apparel—and this for reasons which I have given in analysing the experiment of Franklin—black dresses are more potent than white ones as absorbers of solar heat.

Thus, in brief outline, I have brought before you a few of the results of recent inquiry. If you ask me what is the use of them, I can hardly answer you, unless you

define the term use. If you meant to ask me whether those dark rays which clear away the Alpine snows will ever be applied to the roasting of turkeys or the driving of steam-engines, while affirming their power to do both, I would frankly confess that I do not think them capable at present of competing profitably with coal in these particulars. Still they may have great uses unknown to me; and when our coal-fields are exhausted, it is possible that a more ethereal race than ourselves may cook their victuals and perform their work in this transcendental way. But is it necessary that the student of science should have his labours tested by their possible practical applications? What is the practical value of Homer's *Iliad*? You smile, and possibly think that Homer's *Iliad* is good as a means of culture. There's the rub. The people who demand of science practical uses, forget, or do not know, that it also is great as a means of culture; that the knowledge of this wonderful universe is a thing profitable in itself, and requiring no practical application to justify its pursuit. But while the student of nature distinctly refuses to have his labours judged by their practical issues, unless the term practical be made to include mental as well as material good, he knows full well that the greatest practical triumphs have been episodes in the search after natural truth. The electric telegraph is the standing wonder of this age, and the men whose scientific knowledge and

mechanical skill have made the telegraph what it is are deserving of all honour. In fact, they have their reward, both in reputation and in those more substantial benefits which the direct service of the public always carries in its train. But who, I would ask, put the soul into this telegraphic body? Who snatched from heaven the fire that flashes along the line? This, I am bound to say, was done by two men, the one a dweller in Italy,* the other a dweller in England, and therefore not a thousand miles distant from the spot where I now stand,† who never in their inquiries consciously set a practical object before them, — whose only stimulus was the fascination which draws the climber to a never-trodden peak, and would have made Cæsar quit his victories to seek the sources of the Nile. That the knowledge brought us by those prophets, priests, and kings of science is what the world calls useful knowledge, the triumphant application of their discoveries proves. But science has another function to fulfil, in the storing and the training of the human mind; and I would base my appeal to you on the poor specimen which has been brought before you this evening, whether any system of education at the present day can be deemed even approximately complete in which the knowledge of nature is neglected or ignored.

JOHN TYNDALL.

* Volta.
† Faraday.

A WALK FROM LONDON TO THE LAND'S END AND BACK.—With Illustrations. By Elihu Burritt. (Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.)—We can forgive this genial critic some slight inaccuracies in English history, and just the least tendency at times to fine writing after the American fashion. If he has added a crime to King Harry's list, already "long enough to hang a common sinner," in taking off Jane Seymour's head, he has made compensation by bestowing on the lady "virtues enough to make a saint," which we never heard of before; and his ambitious phrases, such as "tomb-fonts" and "home-stars," are few and far between. Generally he writes sensibly and with just the amount of friendliness that Englishmen most appreciate, the friendliness that arises from a recognition of relationship in ancestry, in temperament, and in aim. The leading motive of this, as of his previous "Walk," was, it seems, to see and note the agricultural system, aspects, and industries of

this country, and to collect information that might be useful to American farmers; he has certainly adhered to this design, and in the chapter on the Wiltshire labourers discusses the subject of wages in a way that is well worthy of the attention of the employers of labour in those parts; but he by no means confines himself to these topics. He writes pleasantly about the old towns and their historical associates the cathedrals, the baronial mansions and parks, and even the legends, such as that of the Glastonbury thorn. As he is satisfied with the people that he has visited, having "never experienced any disagreeable treatment, nor been subjected to any inconvenience worth mentioning," though he has "measured the length of the island and doubled it half way back on foot," so are we with our visitor. We recognize the judgment and the kindness with which he has observed us, and we cordially recommend the perusal of his volume. — *Spectator*.

WHO SHALL DELIVER ME ?

God strengthen me to bear myself;
That heaviest weight of all to bear,
Inalienable weight of care.

All others are outside myself;
I lock my door and bar them out,
The turmoil, tedium, gad-about.

I lock my door upon myself,
And bar them out; but who shall wall
Self from myself, most loathed of all?

If I could once lay down myself
And start self-purged upon the race
That all must run! Death runs apace.

If I could set aside myself,
And start with lightened heart upon
The battle by all men overgone!

God harden me against myself,
This coward with pathetic voice
Who craves the ease, and rest, and joys:

• Myself, arch-traitor to myself;
My hollowest friend, my deadliest foe,
My clog whatever road I go.

Yet One there is can curb myself,
Can roll the strangling load from me,
Break off the yoke and set me free.

—Argosy.

[CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.]

MY VIS-A-VIS.

THAT olden lady! — can it be?

Well, well, how seasons slip away!

Do let me hand her cup of tea

That I may gently to her say,

“Dear madam, thirty years ago,

When both our hearts were full of glee,

In many a dance and courtly show.

I had you for my vis-a-vis.

“That pale blue robe, those chestnut curls,

That eastern jewel on your wrist,

That neck-encircling string of pearls

Whence hung a cross of amethyst, —

I see them all, — I see the tulle

Looped up with roses at the knee,

Good Lord! how fresh and beautiful

Was then your cheek, my vis-a-vis!

“I hear the whispered praises yet,

The buzz of pleasure when you came,

The rushing eagerness to get

Like moths within the fatal flame;

As April blossoms, faint and sweet,
As apples when you shake the tree,
So hearts fell showering at your feet
In those glad days, my vis-a-vis.

“And as for me, my breast was filled
With silvery light in every cell;
My blood was some rich juice distilled
From amaranth and asphodel;
My thoughts were airier than the lark
That carols o’er the flowery lea;
They well might breathlessly remark,
‘By Jove! that is a vis-a-vis!’

“O time and change, what is’t you mean?
Ye gods! can I believe my ears?
Has that bald portly person been
Your husband, ma’am, for twenty years?
That six-foot officer your son,
Who looks o’er his moustache at me!
Why did not Joshua stop our sun
When I was first your vis-a-vis?

“Forgive me, if I’ve been too bold,
Permit me to return your cup;
My heart was beating as of old,
One drop of youth still bubbled up.”
So spoke I: then, like cold December,
Only these brief words said she,
“I do not in the least remember
I ever was your vis-a-vis.”

[HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.]

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON ON
SHAKESPEARE.

Who says that Shakespeare did not know his
lot,

But deem’d that in Time’s manifold decay

His memory should die and pass away,

And that within the shrine of human thought

To him no altar should be reared? O hush!

O veil thyself awhile in solemn awe!

Nor dream that all man’s mighty spirit-law

Thou know’st; how all the hidden fountains
gush

Of the soul’s silent prophesying power.

For as deep Love, ’mid all its wayward pain,

Cannot believe but it is loved again,

Even so, strong Genius, with its ample dower

Of a world-grasping love, from that deep
feeling

Wins of its own wide sway the clear revealing.

CHAPTER V.

FEMININE CHARACTER.

SIR DOUGLAS ROSS was considerably startled when, on the drawing-room door being opened, in lieu of receiving the usual commonplace and easy welcome accorded to morning visitors, he beheld Lady Charlotte sobbing bitterly in the depths of a very comfortable French *causeuse*, in which she was rather lying than sitting when the two gentlemen arrived. She lifted her embroidered handkerchief from her eyes for an instant, as if disturbed by their entrance, and then recommenced her weeping. The soft-eyed girl, who had sung the German "Good-night" the previous evening, was standing by her chair, with an expression of mingled perplexity and sympathy: she murmured, "Dear mamma, here are friends," in an expostulating tone, put out one hand shyly to greet Kenneth, leaning with the other on the back of her mother's chair, and repeated the words, "Here are friends."

"Zizine! Zizine! Zizine!" sobbed Lady Charlotte.

"Mamma, Zizine will do very well; you will see she will do very well; I will attend to her myself."

"How can you talk such nonsense, my dear Gertrude? I am sure she will die! Zizine! my poor little Zizine!"

Puzzled beyond measure, and wondering whether a little sister, grandchild, or favourite niece was the subject of lamenting, Sir Douglas made rather a stiff bow, and said hurriedly, "We have come at a most unfortunate moment; I hope there is no serious cause of anxiety; we will call again later in the day."

"Oh no, no; oh no, no; don't go away; don't leave me; I am sure Mr. Ross would not think of leaving me at such a time! He is always so friendly. Pray don't go—pray don't; it makes me worse, the idea of your going! It makes me worse!"

"Mamma will be better presently," added the daughter, in a low, vexed voice; and she glanced from Kenneth, who was biting his lip to repress the dawn of one of his insolent smiles, and looked appealingly in the graver face of his uncle.

"Can we do anything?" asked the latter, kindly.

"Oh, no! pray sit down. I will endeavour to be more composed—pray don't go—no one can do anything; it is most afflicting; but don't go. The fact is, Antonio has been so tormented by my English servants (and I am sure I would send every

one of them away sooner than Zizine should suffer),—that he utterly refuses to stay with me. I offered him double what he engaged for as courier, but he won't! He said (it was so cruel of him! he said)—and here a renewed burst of sobbing interrupted the explanation—"that—that it was ridiculous to expect him to stay for the sake of a *piccola bestia*' (that was what he called Zizine), when he was made quite *triste*, day and night, by the enmity of my servants. Now, you know, they have no enmity at all to him; only they don't like him; and if he had any generosity he wouldn't consider his own feelings in the matter, but mine: think what a goose he must be to go and fret in that way about nothing! And Zizine will die; I know she will die!"

"Who is Zizine?" exclaimed Sir Douglas at last, with a little impatience in his voice.

He was answered by the soft-eyed girl, grave, embarrassed, hesitating, with downcast lids. "Zizine—Zizine—is a little Brazilian monkey, of which mamma is very fond."

There was a moment's pause; and then she added, "We are all fond of mamma's pet. Mr. Ross knows Zizine."

And with the last words, trifling as they seemed, the melodious voice seemed to grow severe, and the eyes that had been so timid turned so full and pained a look of reproach at Kenneth, that Sir Douglas was positively startled.

Not so Kenneth, whose repressed smile broke into a little mocking laugh. "Yes, I do know Zizine; and I will introduce her to my uncle, or, to speak more respectfully, I will introduce my uncle to her; and if she does not snap his fingers off, he shall feed and caress her, and console her for Antonio's obduracy."

"Oh, Mr. Ross," whimpered Lady Charlotte, "how *can* you make a jest of anything so distressing. I am sure if your good uncle knew all! You are not aware, Sir Douglas, that this little creature—this precious little creature—will not eat unless fed by Antonio! It will not take food from any other hand; and what is to be done, if Antonio persists in leaving me, I am sure I don't know! I have been wretched about it all the morning!"

The shower of easy tears, after this last burst, seemed to clear off a little; and the possessor of Zizine listened with a ray (or a rainbow) of hope to Sir Douglas's assurances that a hungry monkey would take food from the most alien hand, sooner than

go without it; and even ventured to hint that the value Antonio himself must originally have been a stranger to Zizine, since she was brought from the Brazils; a remark which seemed to make a profound impression on Lady Charlotte, who pronounced it to be "so true; so very true — and — and so very comforting;" and she was quite surprised it had never occurred to her before. "But you know, Sir Douglas — Columbus's egg — you know!" And on seeing rather a puzzled acquiescence in her new friend's face, she further explained herself by adding, "what nobody thought of till they saw it done, you know!" and with a tearful smile she gave a final flourish of the embroidered pocket-handkerchief, and settled herself for more cheerful discourse. Then she listened with rapt attention to a number of little anecdotes told by Sir Douglas, of instinct and wisdom in animals, such as would be narrated to an intelligent child; and when he wound up with the tragic incident of the suicide from grief, of a male marmoset whose little mate dying on shipboard, was thrown overboard; and told how, the very first day his cage was left accidentally open, the melancholy little survivor leaped over the ship's side at that identical spot, into the waves; and described the regret of all the sailors, who were of opinion that the ship should have been put about, though in wild weather, rather than that Jocko should have been allowed to perish, — Lady Charlotte vehemently exclaimed, "Oh! I think so too — I think so too! — How very cruel of the captain!" And as she and her guests stepped forth into the garden, and paced along the terrace, and through the Pergola shaded with vines, she remarked to Kenneth that she had never seen a more pleasant or gentlemanly man than his uncle — "and so *travelled*, too" — which phrase she explained, like Columbus's egg, and said she meant that he knew so many things, which, of course, he had picked up going so much about the world as she understood he had done.

And Gertrude too praised Sir Douglas, even to himself! She was leaning against one of the square stone supports of the loggia, the vine leaves with their tendrils drooping and curling round her uncovered head, pausing to let her companion admire the distant view of land and sea. "It was very kind of you," she said, "to amuse mamma; it took away all her nervousness."

Sir Douglas flushed a little. It was very pleasant being spoken to in such a friendly tone by this pretty girl; and he was rather

shy, though his shyness was not awkward like his friend Lorimer Boyd's.

"I was glad to amuse her. But you must not be angry with Kenneth for laughing a little: I had no idea it was a monkey that Lady Charlotte was so anxious about when I first saw her distress."

Gertrude shrank a little farther from her companion; and spoke in a low voice.

"I know; I was not exactly angry; but it vexed me. Mamma is not — that is, I mean, she is not one of those clever women with strong nerves, who do nothing that any one can smile at. I know mamma is not clever; but she is good and tender; she is tender to all she loves; and she is tender to all creatures — birds, and pets of all kinds. My poor father used to give them to her; he died of consumption, and he used to have them in his room; it is true he did not give her Zizine, but mamma has the habit of loving these things extremely — and — and I cannot bear that any one should seem almost to jest at her vexation."

She trembled a little as she spoke; but that trembling — like the *tremolo* in her clear rich singing — gave no impression of weakness; and the touch of sternness was in her voice again at the final phrase, as it had been when she said that Kenneth "knew Zizine." Sir Douglas liked her for it. He liked the protection given by her own child to this sacred silly woman: sacred as a parent, even where weakness could not but be perceptible; sacred for the sake of duty and for the sake of scenes replete with sadness and reverent associations: — not to be laughed at by mocking lips; to be pitied, to be tenderly dealt with, even as she dealt, or was supposed to deal, with others. He felt that had he been the son of a silly mother he also would have dealt so by her; and his own mother's half-remembered, half-forgotten face, vaguely rose again to memory in presence of this girl, as it had done the evening before — leaving the impression, as it did then, that Gertrude Skifton "had a look of her about the eyes." Dear eyes, that bent over his cradle, and were lifted to Heaven when he first learned to pray, and shone for a little way on in his childhood, and then vanished, leaving in those childish years such a comfortless blank of love.

When he left the Villa Mandorlo with Kenneth, they walked a little way in silence; then Kenneth said, laughing, "Well, we had a fine scene there! That woman is an incarnation of folly, but this girl is very nice."

"Yes, the girl is very nice," assented Sir Douglas.

"I'm glad you like her," said Kenneth, carelessly; "for they are the only people (of your sort) I care to see here; and your friend, Lorimer Boyd, is in and out of their house like a tame dog. When he ain't in the Chancellerie you may look for him in the Villa Mandorlo. I believe he means to take Lady Charlotte in hand, according to the advertisements, 'To ladies of neglected education.' He comes in like a tutor, with plans of Herculaneum, and drawings of Pompeian pottery, and tickets to see this, that, and the other, with most desperate industry."

"And does Lady Charlotte respond?"

"Well, not unless some magnates are to accompany her. Her whole soul (if she has a soul) seems to be occupied with the ambition of being always in a certain 'set,' wherever she goes. She is always triumphing in being invited, or lamenting that she and her daughter are 'left out,' or setting some little wheel in motion to 'get asked,' somewhere. I believe she tolerates Lorimer Boyd (to whom she always listens with a stifled yawn), only as the well-spring and fountain of introductions she would not otherwise obtain in this place. She dines constantly at the English Legation, and goes to balls at the Neapolitan Court, and knows all the Princesses, Duchesses, Countesses, and Contessinas that rattle their carriages up and down the Chiaja; and if the whole government were subverted (as it certainly will be one of these days), it is my belief that she would transfer her allegiance and her visiting cards to whatever potentates floated on the surface, and to whatever dynasty happened to reign."

"Well, it is an odd mania in a woman holding a certain and established rank herself in her own country; but when you know more of the world, Kenneth, you won't think it so very uncommon. Are they rich?"

"Yes, I think they are. I believe" (and here Kenneth hesitated a little)—"I believe the daughter has an independent fortune; and her mother is bent on marrying her to some foreign grandee. She very nearly managed it with one of the Roman Colonas, or some such great family, before they came here; but his family wouldn't hear of it, the young lady being a Protestant."

"I wonder Lady Charlotte would think of such a marriage!"

"Think of it! I assure you she clung to it as if she were drowning; and as to the religious part of the difficulty, she said she

really had hoped better things from the confessor of the family, who seemed such a *suave*, well-mannered, sociable man, than to oppose himself to her daughter; and she was sure, Gertude would not object to listen 'occasionally' to his exhortations, or even to go, 'now and then, with her husband the prince,' to the great Church festivals, 'but not as a customary thing; of course they could not expect that.' I really do think there never was such a goose born as that woman!"

If Sir Douglas thought his concealed nephew severe, he did not find his rational friend, Lorimer Boyd, a whit more indulgent with respect to his new associates. All the craving after fine acquaintance and frivolous gaieties, and all the insane planning about her daughter, was confirmed in his report. "And the worst of it is," concluded Lorimer, gloomily, "that she was once a great beauty."

Sir Douglas laughed. "How does that add to her offence?"

"By adding to her folly. She has all the *minauderies* and airs of a silly beautiful girl, being now but a silly elderly woman. I could box her ears when I see her drooping her faded pendulous cheek to her skeleton shoulder, with a long ringlet of heaven-knows-who's hair in the fashion of a love-lock trailing over her scragginess. She always reminds me of some figure in Holbein's 'Dance of Death.' A most preposterous woman."

"Her daughter seems very different, and very fond of her, Lorimer. There must be some good in her, depend upon it."

"I suppose there is *some* good in every one. Her daughter—well! we see what bright freshness of vegetation springs up in tropic dust; what flowers burst through the crevices of those hot, barren walls! Poor child! half her time is spent in endeavouring not to seem ashamed of her mother!"

"No; she loves her mother," exclaimed Sir Douglas, eagerly.

"She must have a great deal of love to spare," said Lorimer Boyd, with something between a sigh and a sneer; "and, if it be so, it says much for the daughter, but nothing for the mother. Gertrude Skilton is like her father. I knew him: he died here. A man to love and to remember."

"Well, you must not dispute with my wise uncle," laughed Kenneth, "for he sets up to know more of these people in two days than those who have sat, as we have, for two months, within hail of Lady Charlotte's one ringlet almost every evening."

CHAPTER VI.

HOW ACQUAINTANCE RIPENS.

ALMOST every evening. It is astonishing how rapidly intimacy progresses in country houses, sea-side gatherings, and the small society of compatriots in a foreign town. If you know each other at all, it is almost impossible not to be what is called "intimate;" even though that degree of familiarity may lessen, or cease altogether, when the circumstances which produced it are altered, and when persons who were "great friends" at Rome, Naples, or Florence, choose to drop into being civil acquaintances, after they once more carelessly congregate with the herding swarms of London. Lady Charlotte and her daughter Gertrude were the chief stars at Naples of many a picnic party and ball. Not that Gertrude was a great beauty, or her mother a wise woman, as we have seen; but because they were among the few well-connected English then in Naples, and "the set," as Lady Charlotte called it, with the addition of what was best of the "foreign set," mingled and met nearly every day in pursuit of the same aim — pleasure. The English are said to hold aloof from each other abroad; and there is a humorous passage at the opening of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," where he represents himself as meeting with a gentleman-like and conversible person, of whose chance companionship he was about to avail himself, but, *finding he was a compatriot*, he retired to his own room. Whatever may have been the case in Sterne's time, it is certain that the disposition now is rather the reverse; and though we hear of ladies in India, and officers' wives in regiments on foreign service, "flouting" each other in their own small circle; and in colonial society of ladies whom "nobody in the colony visits;" and everywhere of the various little monkey-copyings of exclusiveness performed by the Zizines who give themselves airs abroad — "captains' ladies," and "majors' ladies," "colonels' ladies," and "governors' ladies;" and "white ladies," who won't associate with "brown ladies;" and Creoles, and Mestaz, and all sorts of other distinctions unknown to the great European family — yet, in a general way, the English are a sociable nation; and, beyond a certain cautious shyness as to the "respectability" of new acquaintance, there is no reluctance to come together.

But Lady Charlotte was of Scotch extraction, and the Scotch are yet more

willing to "foregather," as it is called, provided it be with their "own folk." They are a scantier population than the English, with a scantier aristocracy and gentry. The tide of commercial success has not yet so flooded in among them (though it is fast advancing) as it has amongst the English, sweeping away old feudal memories and landmarks. They know all about each other's families and "forbears," down to the twentieth degree of cousinhood; and both rich and poor, high and low, genteel and ungenteel, set a value on rank and connection far beyond the value set upon it in England, and set a value on their own nationality, which is a feeling distinct and apart. "Come of gude Scotch bluid" is a far greater recommendation among them than "come of a good old county family" is among the Southrons; and when that "gude stock" is also noble, the respect is unbounded. That

"Caledonia, stern and wild,"

which made so rough a nurse to poetic Burns, admits, *as a theory*, his noble line —

"A man's a man for a' that;,"

but, as a matter of practice, it is certain that if her wayward gauger had been a lord — if he had been a duke — if he had even been a laird — "Burns of Burndyke" — she would not have delayed the opportunity to *fêter* his genius till it became a centenary festival.

Lady Charlotte was a Scotchwoman; and she was glad to meet Lorimer Boyd and friends "from the North." She had even sought to establish a cousinhood between herself and Lorimer on the strength of some intermarriage between the Clochnabens and her own family in very remote times. And, at all events, she held him bound and responsible for her destiny in Naples, for fit introductions, and pleasant days. He had been very kind, she said, when Mr. Skifton was dying; "read to him, and that sort of thing," and very sorry for her and her daughter. That was more than two years ago now; and the grief for Mr. Skifton had begun to be wiped off the china slate of his widow's memory. She had not been a bad wife to him. Always very gentle; always very attentive when he was particularly ill; very sorry when he died. She wept very much the first time she saw her daughter in mourning, and when she was trying on her own weeds. Indeed, "for a long time afterwards," as she im-

pressed upon Gertrude, "she could not bear the sight of black crape," it always "brought the tears into her eyes, let her meet it where she would." But she was now beginning to be very cheerful and comfortable again; and had none of that depth of nature which, she observed, caused "a mere nothing" suddenly to "overcome that dear girl by reminding her of her poor father."

She was anxious, too, about Gertrude. She wished her to marry early, and marry well; and she was all the more uneasy about invitations and opportunities on account of various past circumstances connected with the long weary illness and climate-seeking days that had removed her from general society and "seasons" in London, where she had once been so much admired. And then, after she was left a widow, Gertrude had a bad cough, and was supposed to be threatened with the same complaint as her father, and she was advised to pass a "couple more winters in Italy" to recruit her strength; and, beyond and besides all this, there was the patent fact that her marriage with Mr. Skifton had rather put her out of that "set" to which it was her great aim to belong. It had been a love-match; a love-match not repented of by either party, and extremely advantageous in point of fortune to Lady Charlotte who had none. But, then, who was Mr. Skifton? He had every merit a man could have; but he did *not* come of a "good old stock," or of any known family. He was handsome, rich, elegant in manner, and singularly accomplished; but the careless question elicited by the news of his decease and Lady Charlotte's consequent widowhood, of "By the by, who the deuce *was* Skifton?" produced only the vague reply, "Well, I really don't know; I believe he was a very good sort of fellow. His father was a merchant, or a broker, or something; and his daughter will have money."

A little soreness consequent on this position, and a wavering puzzled notion that such circumstances had weighed more with her recalcitrant foreign grandees than Gertrude's religion, troubled Lady Charlotte's mind; she had been rather humbled and annoyed at the escape from her very simple web of the young Colonna; and previous to Sir Douglas's arrival she had already been occupying herself with little fooleries and flatteries to Kenneth, who, *faute de mieux*, would, she thought, make a good husband for Gertie (in her view of a good husband), being well off himself and

heir to old Sir Douglas. Her efforts, however, being confined to what chaperons call "bringing the young people together," and the encouragement of much singing of Scotch ballads in alternation with more cultivated music, she did neither good nor harm; and that is more than can be said of the majority of match-making or match-hoping mothers.

Neither was she, in fact, very anxious about it; for, after all, either here or elsewhere, some great duke, prince, or count might suddenly fall in love with her daughter; and she *might* wish that instead of Mr. Ross; and it would be very embarrassing to have to "throw over" Kenneth, and not very ladylike.

So things were suffered to take pretty much their own course; and a very pleasant course it was for all parties. Lorimer Boyd was as friendly as possible, and Kenneth exceedingly attentive, though now and then he teased Lady Charlotte by little mockeries and *persiflage* which she only half understood and feebly rebutted; and Sir Douglas, "in his way" was charming too. Lady Charlotte took great pains to please him; and never felt uneasy with him as she did occasionally with his nephew. She had just prudence enough "in case it ever came to anything between Kenneth Ross and Gertie," to avoid all allusion to her knowledge that the nephew was thought very wild. It would be very foolish to set his rich uncle against him, and *all* young men ran a little wild at his age and abroad. And she used to try a little feeble flattery with Sir Douglas — her head very much to one side, and her slender fingers twirling that long young ringlet which she had made sole inheritor of her own departed love-locks, and which kept Lorimer Boyd in a chronic state of dissatisfaction. Modulating her voice to a sort of singing whisper, like a canary-bird at sunset, she ventured little hints of admiration as to his looks; and how he must "have been" much handsomer than Kenneth; and she bantered him about his "dreadful bravery" and his probable relationship to the "Parliament Captain," the Ross of 1650, and talked of the taking of Montrose, and made Gertrude repeat a stanza that she "saw in an old book, but what book it was had gone out of her poor head," —

"Leslie for the kirk,
And Middleton for the king;
But deil a man can gie a knock
But Ross and Augustine!"

But it was when Brazilian Zizine fell ill ("like a fellow-creature," as Lady Charlotte expressed it) that Sir Douglas's favour rose to its climax! He actually gravely inspected Zizine; he brought remedies, and seemed to pity the little dumb beast; and he talked with Gertrude of its "plaintive captive eyes," while he fed it. And Lady Charlotte was overheard saying of him, in most unintelligible Italian to the Contessa Rufo, that "Avendo potuto essere uno generale, nondimeno aveva guarito Zizine!" on which the pretty Contessa, with a warm Southern smile, pronounced Sir Douglas to be "tanto amabile!" though she had not the remotest idea what meaning her friend wished to convey, or what the possibility of his becoming a general had to do with his feeding a monkey.

His tenderness, however, to Zizine was not all. He amused Lady Charlotte; who declared that talking to him was "like sitting with the Arabian Nights." "No, Mr. Kenneth need not laugh; for of course she did not mean that she could sit with the Arabian Nights,—or with any other stories; but he knew well enough that what she really meant was, that his uncle told them so many pleasant things." She had daily driven up and down the Chiaja till she was weary, and daily inspected what Gertrude called the "playthings" at their pretty villa: playthings of which all Italians are very fond. Strange slender bridges over artificial streamlets; garden traps that when trodden on send a sprinkling shower over the head of the startled visitor; grottoes, and guilt gazebos, and Chinese summer-houses and thatched rustic lodges. But she had not seen the graver sights of Naples, as a dowager who had more acquaintance with history or even with Murray's guide-books might have done: so that much novelty cropped and budded out of the old places, in consequence of being with the new companionable friend.

People see things under such different aspects! When Stendahl published his "Rome, Naples, and Florence, in 1817," all that he chose to describe in his opening pages—whether the better to mask subsequent expressions of political opinions, or from any other motive—was the eagerness with which he flew to the theatres, and what operas were performed at the various cities he visited during his tour. His account of his first entrance into Milan is, that he immediately went to La Scala; and his description of Naples is confined to the fact, that San Carlo being shut, he rushed to the Fiorentini. He mentions that "two

playhouses have been discovered at Pompeii, and a third at Herculaneum;" and as to the beauties of Nature, he disposes of them in his diary thus:—"25 Fevrier. Je reviens de Pæstum. *Route pittoresque.*"

An English lady who had arrived by sea at Lisbon sent her coachman and lady's-maid to amuse themselves with the sights of the new foreign city. The coachman returned filled with melancholy contempt for the inferior "turnout" of the Portuguese nobility as to carriages and harness: the lady's-maid said she (like Stendahl) had been to the opera, and thought the ladies' necks were in general far too short (though they wore some fine necklaces), and that their inclination to *embonpoint* was very remarkable; figures, indeed, that she "would have no pleasure in dressing."

Sir Douglas's mode of seeing Naples might be no better than that of his neighbours, but it had the merit of entertaining Lady Charlotte Skifton. He was full of historical gossip; to which she used to listen most attentively, pulling the young ringlet nearly straight, and looking round as if she vaguely expected to see the people and events he conjured up. She "could not eat her dinner" for thinking of young Conradin—titular king of Sicily from the time he was two years old till he was sixteen,—and then, (at that boyish age!) led out to execution in the market-place with his uncle Frederic of Austria; Pope Urban having aided Charles of Anjou to defeat and take him prisoner. She implicitly believed the doubtful story of his mother sailing into the Bay of Naples with black sails to her ships, and untold treasure as ransom, too late to rescue her murdered and courageous boy. She was "afraid she was almost glad" at the increased hatred of the French which that execution inspired, till in the rolling course of years, at a certain Easter, 1282, every Frenchman in Sicily, except one, was murdered.

She thought Queen Joanna's conduct "really now so very abominable," twisting a silk cord of variegated colours, and answering her inquisitive husband that it was "to strangle him with," so playfully that he believed she was joking till the horrible threat came true. She was delighted to hear that Queen Joanna was herself smothered afterwards, after many more years of crime, and she looked at the dark, gaping windows of her ruined palace in the Bay, with awe and satisfaction.

As to Masaniello, and his rebellion and brief triumph—she said she "knew all about him"—except that the people had

sewed his head again to his body, and obliged the Government to give him a state burial after his downfall and massacre, — “because she had seen the opera of Masaniello several times: only in the opera there was nothing about what happened after he was killed.”

Newer to her was the hanging of Admiral Caraccioli (that blot upon the fame of Nelson !), and the well-attested story of the body of the Italian admiral floating upright, to the consternation of the sailors, in the wake of Nelson's ship, from the imperfect weighing down of the corpse when flung into the sea.

Her interest as to the disputed fact whether Pozzuoli was the place where St. Paul landed, was weak to the absorbed attention with which she devoured the details of the murder of Agrippina by order of her own son, the Emperor Nero. The picture of this proud, profligate, energetic old woman, betrayed into a galley contrived like those in the time of the French *Noyades*, to give way and sink under her, — her escape, after being hit on the head by a slave with an oar, her floating, swimming, and struggling to the shore at Baie, and being taken to her own Lucrine villa only to be afterwards assassinated in her bed there, — had a fascination, not unmixed with a sensation of terror for Lady Charlotte, moving her to observe that it was impossible for her to hear such a story, in the very place where it had happened, without being thankful no one could put her “on board a boat that was all to crack and come to pieces,” or come and kill her at the Villa Mandorlo “only because somebody else had ordered it.”

CHAPTER VII.

FAST YOUNG MEN.

SWIFTLY the days passed on; and it became almost a usual ceremony in the little circle to end each day with “What shall we do to-morrow?” When Sir Douglas first arrived, indeed, there had been grave talk of instant departure; of breaking up bad habits by removing Kenneth from scenes of idle temptation; and of all sorts of reforming and repressive measures. But it is not so easy to move a full-fledged young gentleman of Kenneth's disposition, from a place that happens to hit his fancy. His uncle's arrival, if not followed by any very real reform of conduct, had certainly secured greater decency; and he bore with patience

(or comparative patience) the brief anxious lectures which followed the examination of very complicated and uncertain calculations as to general debts, and debts of “honour;” loans made (half from careless generosity, half from vanity) to idle young foreigners, who had no earthly claim upon his assistance; jewellery squandered on their female associates; and all the embarrassments from which, — had he probed his own heart for the truth, — he expected to be relieved by the very simple expedient of getting his uncle to “pay them off.”

Nothing is more curious, in these cases of extravagance, than the puppy-blindness which does not see, — in that first stage of manhood, — that if such debts are “paid off” by some relative or friend, the items of which they were composed were acts of meanness, and not acts of generosity. If the phrases usual on such occasions were put into the language of the pleasant old story of the “Palais de la Verité,” — where people said, not what they intended to say, but spoke the “naked truth,” — how very extraordinary those sentences would sound! Conceive a man addressing his friend thus: “My dear fellow, certainly I will lend you a couple of hundreds. I'll give you all my three sisters' music-lessons, new dresses, and jaunts to the seaside for this year: and there's pale little Fanny, who costs my mother a good deal in physician's advice. I'll give you all her doctor's fees for six months or so, and she shall go without. I would not be so stingy as to refuse a friend such a paltry sum as you've asked of me, — no, not for the world.”

Or thus: —

“I made little Justerini the dancer such a splendid present last Christmas! I gave her three years of my fat old father's plodding work as head-clerk with Tighenall and Co.! He's getting old, you know: drowsy of an evening: tired out in fact: had rather a hard life of it: a good many of us to provide for. But I was determined I'd give her the ear-rings. I'd have given double, ay, six years of his hard-earned salary, sooner than not have behaved handsomely to her about them!”

Or thus:

“I can't stand a fellow refusing his chum such a paltry favour as belonging to a club, or sharing a yacht, or taking half an opera-box with him. I know I didn't hesitate a minute when Tom Osprey asked me. I gave him my mother's carriage-horses, and little Sam's favourite pony, and my father's hunters, and that little box at Twickenham

where they used to go for change of air in summer, — before Tom had half done explaining about it. *I'm* not one of your backward fellows. I always come forward like a man, when a friend wants anything."

Or thus — liberal only to Self, instead of Self and Co. : —

"I always say there are certain things a fellow can't do without. *Must* make a certain figure, and have certain comforts. I like to enjoy life, and see other fellows enjoy it. Life is not worth having if you don't put some pleasure into it! I was obliged to have all my old grandmother's sables and shawls last winter, — (you know she brought me up, my mother was too poor to do it); — and the portion she had put by for my Cousin Bessie; couldn't do without, I assure you; not, at least, so as to live like a gentleman. Can't see why Cousin Bessie should be in any hurry about marrying, or why the confounded prig she's engaged to makes such a point of what he calls 'mutual means of support.' All I know is, I couldn't do without her portion, and grandmother's Indian shawls and Russian sables; that's fact."

Or even thus: — among a set where shawls and sables and marriage portions are alike unknown: —

"You say you wonder, because I'm a poor curate's son, how I can get on at college? That's all you know about it: of course it's difficult; and I'm put to it to give wine-parties, and so forth, like other fellows — but it's to be done with proper management. If I take six days in the week butcher's meat that my brothers and sisters would eat; and all the coals and blankets the old women in the village used to get, — and my father's two glasses of port wine which my mother fancied kept his throat from relaxing for Sunday duty, — and a year or two of Dick's schooling, (who scarcely needs it, for my father gives him all his spare time, and he's a sharp fellow by nature), it comes to a good lump of money in the end; and, if there's still some debt left, I've no doubt I can grind it out of them sooner than seem shabby to these fellows at Oxford."

Ah! how many a true tragedy lies under this apparent farce of words! How many a "fine, spirited young gentleman, very free with his money," steps out of his hotel in the sight of admiring waiters, drawing on a pair of straw-coloured gloves in preparation for a day's pleasure — tossing double his real fare to the cabman to be driven rapidly to the place of rendezvous: and then talking to the boon-companions he

joins, it may be, of poachers on his father's estate; of some servant of his own turned away, as an idle vagabond and a thief, for taking his master's cigars and silk-handkerchiefs; of "being regularly swindled out of his money" by some jeweller who, according to custom, has sold him a set of studs and a gold ring for treble their real value, — to whom it never once occurs that the *tu quoque* of these various accusations would be but his own just due! — that he, also, is an idle vagabond, living on what he never earned; a "poacher" on the better means of better men; — a "swindler" in the acquirement of things unpaid for, or the profitable interest on which is lost in the uncertainty and delay of payment; — yea, it may be a most daring robber, whose "stand and deliver" threatens more than the lives of those whose substance has to be surrendered to him, since it threatens disgrace and ruin to himself (and through him to all connected with him) if they do not suffer themselves to be stripped of their goods, and consent to the extremity of sacrifice!

And fathers may toil, and mothers may darn, and many a Bessie pine, and many a Fanny sicken for sea-air, and many a little Dick lose his schooling; and so long as the cause of all these troubles does not actually pick pockets in the streets, or garotte unwary passengers on the highways and byeways where business or pleasure calls him, he contentedly believes himself to be living the life of a gentleman and an honest man, and would knock the offender down who dared to dispute that position.

Kenneth Ross doubted as little of his title to be thought "a thorough gentleman," as others of his creed. And yet it is certain that he expected his friends, his tradesmen, his gambling-debts, and his follies, to be paid for out of his uncle's money; was perfectly content that all his vicarious acts of generosity should (like his debts), be set down to his own credit, but, in truth, be provided for by this other man; and had never even given a single thought to what his situation, or the situation of his motley crowd of creditors would be, should his own means fall short, and his uncle, wearied out at last, refuse to supply the deficit.

But why should he give it a thought? Was he not his uncle's heir? He knew he was to be his heir. At least he had always expected it, ever since he was a child, and he believed Sir Douglas had always intended it.

Yes, Sir Douglas certainly had intended it. Up to a certain evening — the evening of a day of glory and beauty and sunshine,

spent in an expedition to Sorrento — he had intended it, though he did not know that Kenneth built upon it; and even that first night which saw him waver in such intentions, saw him also wakeful, weary, and tender, full of yearnings to his nephew, and occupied till early dawn with anxious repetitions in his own mind of wise council and explanation, though both counsel and explanation were to make it clear to Ross of Torrieburn that Ross of Glenrossie was assisting him for the last time!

But Torrieburn's past experience was very much against any very settled belief in such a declaration as to Glenrossie's future proceedings.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DAY AT SORRENTO.

As the lovely Italian spring advanced the question, "What shall we do to-morrow?" was answered more and more boldly; and the little intimate circle that had mingled with Royal balls, and musical routs, during more wintry weather (for even Naples has its winter), and whose members had availed themselves of Italian hospitalities, began to draw more and more together, seeking, as strangers naturally would, their chief pleasure in excursions among scenes, the beauty of which will for ever be described in vain in guide-books, itineraries, and travels, since not all the glowing words that were ever strung together can convey a hundredth part of the impression made on the senses by actual experience. It is a favourite phrase with poets, that we should "conjure up a vision" of such and such objects; but no magic can conjure up, to one who has never yet beheld Southern Italy, the sudden irradiation of our common world that takes place. It is the nature we always knew — but it is nature illuminated! Colour is deeper and brighter, seas are more dazzling, sunrise and sunset are inconceivably richer, mountains have gradations of purple which no pencil can translate. The wasteful wealth of fruit and flowers sets us dreaming of Eden instead of our digging and delving climes; and the very people who dwell in these favoured regions seem endowed with a quicker life. Eyes have a depth of shining, and teeth a glitter in smiling, and cheeks a warmth of glowing, that the north can never show. Like Wilson's cloud, of which he says —

"E'en in its very motion there was rest,"

even in their very indolence there is passion; and that *dolce far niente*, of which we hear so much and understand so little, is more like the tranquillity of their own slumbering volcanoes, than the settled calm which alone among us would produce it. Or, to take the less grandiose simile of Lorimer Boyd in discussing the subject with Sir Douglas, it is the difference between the contented grazing of the bovine race, and the sleek and sleepy yawning of the hunting leopard. There is real quiet in the one, there is only temporary inaction in the other.

And though the simile might not be over-complimentary, Lorimer Boyd loved the Italians. He praised their simplicity, the absence of affectation, the loving nature of their women. He denied the inferiority of their men. He held that all of best and brightest in Europe came originally from Italy. He counted over the roll of the old heroic names, and came down, with an excuse for every blotted entry in history, to those later times when even her artists had fought as soldiers, and her priests governed as statesmen. He would not admit, without opposition, even Sir Douglas's censure of the Neapolitan nobility. What could be expected of men who were only too well aware that Government had no feeling towards such as might be marked for distinction, but that of jealousy? Take away the occupation of literature and politics, freedom of action, and great landed interests, from the youthful nobility of Great Britain; take away their natural stake in the prosperity of their country; and what would remain even for them but the pursuit of pleasure and the driving on of aimless days? Besides, Naples was not Italy. In that often taken and retaken town there was scarcely a nation whose blood did not mingle with the original race. French and Spanish, German and English, Greek and even Turkish, currents are in those idle veins. And because Kenneth had found a set of profligates and gamblers there — as he could have found a set of idlers and gamblers in Paris or in London — was Sir Douglas to pass a sweeping judgment over the land, or attribute to the aristocracy of Naples any increase in his anxieties respecting his wayward nephew? As well might he consider it the fault of the fishermen in the islands of Ischia or Procida.

Those anxieties were perpetually haunting Sir Douglas, so much so that once or twice he let fall a word respecting his hope that Kenneth "would make creditable friendships" even to Gertrude, — recurring

eagerly to his own love in youth and boyhood for Lorimer.

And Gertrude looked grave, and said, "I know what you feel. I had once a brother."

Sir Douglas asked Lorimer about this brother. He had known them all. Did he resemble Gertrude?

No. He was exactly like his most ridiculous mother, clothed in a tail-coat instead of female habiliments—if possible even more silly, more vain, and certainly less well-tempered; and it was anything but a subject of regret that he had pre-deceased his father, for he would have been a plague instead of a protection to his mother and sister.

"How old do you suppose Miss Skifton may be? She is very grave and staid for a girl."

"She is two-and-twenty. I know her age. And she has seen much of life and its cares even for those years." And Lorimer Boyd sighed.

Sir Douglas mused on her tone and look when she said, "I had once a brother;" and on a hundred other instances which impressed his memory though they seemed mere nothings. There are persons who talk much and readily of their feelings, and who yet leave you in uncertainty both as to the sincerity and the motive of their confession; and there are others whose rare allusions to themselves and their private joys or sorrows seem to come like gleams of light, showing their whole inner nature. Sir Douglas would have been at a loss to explain why the little he had ever gleaned from Gertrude Skifton respecting herself had filled him with such intense sympathy and approval; such a conviction that her character was one of mingled gentleness and strength; fondness and girlish dignity; reserve and a subdued eagerness—which pleased him better than all the open enthusiasm in the world! He loved in her the cherishing of her foolish mother; the adoration for her dead father's memory; her easy courtesy to strangers; her sweet frank friendliness with those whom she acknowledged as intimates: with Kenneth, and Lorimer Boyd, and—himself. This last admission Sir Douglas made with a little hesitation. Her welcome of him was shyer than her welcome to them. Well, he would not have had it otherwise—she had not known him as long; and he remembered with pleasure the beautiful blush which overspread her face once when she said, "I do not feel that you are so much of a stranger as I should; because Mr. Lorimer

Boyd used to read your letters aloud sometimes, when you were in India, to my poor father; indeed very often he used to read us one; my father enjoyed them so." The expression of her countenance was always lovely: lovely when her eyes were downcast (as indeed was habitual with her), and lovely when she slowly raised them, as she did on this occasion, with a sort of innocent appeal in them, as though they said, "I know I am blushing, but it is not for anything of which I need feel ashamed."

He thought of her perpetually, and settled in his own mind that there was not in her one iota that he could wish to see altered, or that could be changed for the better.

And Lady Charlotte was quite pleased with his evident approval, for she felt "if ever it came to anything between Kenneth Ross and Gertie," here would be one great step gained for all subsequent arrangements.

And now they were to have one of their customary holidays, and spend the whole bright day at Sorrento: the little smiling Contessa Rufo, and a German couple, to whom she was "doing the honours" of the sights of Naples, being the only strangers of the party.

Lady Charlotte got but one scanty story from Sir Douglas; (the death of Pliny, which she declared she had never heard before,) and then she chatted with the Contessa, her companions being absorbed in the beauty of the moving panorama before them. They had left Naples at an hour unknown to indolent Londoners, and the early glory of morning yet fell on the tideless sea as they wound through the narrow roads surmounting the Bay of Castellamare; dotted with pointed white sails like wings, and showing on its rippled surface those strange dappled patches of green and purple which vary the blue of the ocean whenever it nears the shore.

Lovelier and lovelier grew the scene as they proceeded onwards. In odd nooks of the lofty cliffs nestled houses as white as those distant sails; fruit-trees and vines surrounded them; gay foliage mantled the rocky ledges; and here and there the eye could rest on the glistening tops of thickly-planted orchards of orange and lemon trees, looking like rounded domes of emerald, clustering far down in the hollows.

Fig-trees, with their broad dark leaves, and vines in tender transparent green, mocked the grey volcanic ruggedness of the lofty rocks, as they came in sight of Sorrento. Little rude staircase-like paths

straggled downwards to the caverns and coves of the beach, inviting the feet to explore them. Groups of fishermen, with women and children, loitered and basked here and there, clothed in those bright vestments in which all southern people delight. Now and then echoes of laughter, or the fragment of a simple song, came floating up on the air with that wonderful distinctness with which sounds are heard along a rocky shore, — airs which Gordigiani's exquisite setting have since made famous, and which, perhaps, it required that composer's fine and sensitive taste to strip from their ruggedness as we strip off the shell of the almond, denuding the veiled melodies from nasal and husky tones, and sending them forth to the world full only of such gentle passion as breathes in the "Bianco visin," and the "Tempo Passato;" familiar to us now from many a sweet and tutored voice even in our own land.

Lorimer Boyd had known Gordigiani's daughter. He described that sweet ethereal creature to Gertrude: her large spiritual eyes, like the eyes we imagine those of a guardian angel; her smile, faint and tender as the serenest twilight; her pretty bashful pride in being able to compose words to her father's music. But she was gone — passed away like the echo of her own songs — taken in the early prime of her sweetness, scarcely living even to the time indicated by the poetic French epitaph written on one almost as lovely: —

"Rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les Roses,
L'espace d'un jour!"

They were still talking of this young Italian and her genius; and Sir Douglas was murmuring to himself the Scriptural words, "When the ear heard her, it blessed her," — less with any thought of Gordigiani's angel-daughter, or a yet fitter reference to "works of necessity, piety, and charity," than in remembrance of the tremulous contralto of the English girl at his side, — when a wild shriek, followed by that wonderful amount of exclamatory appeals to Madonnas and Saints of different altars, common among the Italians, startled them into attention.

The carriages were to meet them at a given point, and they had been traversing part of their road upon mules; Gertrude riding by her mother, till they had paused to gaze at the town and beach, and then falling a little into the rear with Lorimer and Sir Douglas while speaking of Gordigiani's music; the Rufos with their friends

coming next; and Kenneth and Lady Charlotte a little in advance. Lady Charlotte was in high spirits, replying to Kenneth's constant *persiflage* with more *aplomb* than usual; pricking her mule from time to time with the coral points of her white silk parasol, and laughing foolishly like a school-girl at any little difficulties in the route. Presently the mule suddenly stopped. "Oh, you obstinacy, won't you take me on 'cause I'm such a giddy thing?" giggled the rider, giving a final prod at the mule's ear with the ornamented parasol. The steel of the light parasol snapped; the sharp end entered the ear of the animal, which swerved, put its head down, and set off at a pace anything but safe or pleasant in poor Lady Charlotte's opinion. All the other mules, accustomed to act in concert with parties of sight-seers, set off at a like pace. Lady Charlotte screamed, the guides shouted, and a perfect Babel of voices sent up prayers to heaven for protection, mingled with curses of the poor beast on earth. Kenneth at first leaned back in his saddle in a fit of inextinguishable laughter at the ridicule of the whole scene. Fat Count Rufo, pulling in vain at the hard mouth of his *monture*, and bounding in his saddle like an India-rubber ball; his pretty countess laughing also, as she careered along, flying past Kenneth with her ancles much more exposed than at the decent commencement of her ride; the German couple, also at full speed, looking helplessly at each other as they fled together like the hapless pair in Bürger's *Leonora*; and Lady Charlotte, the primary cause of all this erratic disturbance, making involuntary *soubresauts* on and off her frightened mule, such as are performed by light and nimble professionals for the entertainment of the audience at Astley's.

But all laughter was merged in fear, when the mule made a false step on a path close to the precipice, that crumbled beneath its tread; then scrambled to recover its footing, unseating Lady Charlotte in the operation, and dragging her a few yards, pinned by many folds of careful shawling, and so utterly unable to extricate herself. Before the sharp, bitter shriek from Gertrude had died thrillingly on the air, the gentlemen of the party had reached the poor frightened woman, and rescued her from further danger. Sir Douglas had been first; leaping from his mule, which he suffered to roam at large, and not attempting the dangerous experiment of riding after her. They were close to Sorrento, close to the Hotel di

Tasso, where already rooms and refreshments had been ordered in anticipation of their arrival. Lady Charlotte was easily carried there, and laid, half-fainting from fright and shock—but not otherwise the worse of her Mazeppa-like career—on a *chaise longue* in one of the bedrooms.

Kenneth helped to carry her in, and with a returning smile, congratulated Gertrude on her mother's safety. Gertrude smiled too, vaguely, with a confused, tearful look at Kenneth, in acknowledgment of being spoken to, rather than as hearing the exact words; and then Kenneth Ross retreated to compliment and re-assure pretty Countess Rufo, and Gertrude knelt down by her mother. Sir Douglas was still arranging pillows and shawls. If he had been waiting upon the venerable and unfortunate Queen Amelie of France, he could not have attended to her with more tender respect. He paused, and looked down on her as she lay. Gertrude's mother! That useless—inestimable life! As he paused, the kneeling girl looked up at him; she voluntarily extended her hand to clasp his. "Oh! I thank you so!" was all she said.

The warmth of the sun, when it glitters through rain in those warm southern climes, when the rapid storms are over, and the red geranium and pale violet take glory from its rays—what was it to the warmth of Gertrude's eyes, shining through their haze of agitated tears! Her gaze thrilled the heart of him she addressed; his hand trembled as it pressed hers. Here, that white hand with its modelled fingers—

"Loveliely tapering less and less,"—

whose graceful and nimble passage over the notes of the piano he had so often watched in the accompaniments to her welcome songs. He blessed her mentally for the eager movement which had so given it, warm and gloveless, into his cordial grasp; and whether after that sudden clasping it was dropped by him, or withdrawn by her, he was made too giddy by such contact to remember.

It must have been withdrawn; for one spectator whom both had forgotten—Lorimer Boyd—passed his hand over his brow with a sense of pain, and muttered—"She is in love with Douglas!"

In love? No girl "in love" would leave her hand to be clasped as friendship only, with its firm light satisfied hold, should clasp it, if that electric thrill which flashes loves' messages from heart to heart told her she either loved or was beloved. Let us then

believe, for Sir Douglas's sake, that the white hand was withdrawn, and that the trembling downcast look with which Gertrude listened to his further re-assurances (made in rather a different voice from usual), as to Lady Charlotte's condition, resulted rather from tender embarrassment than from any lingering misgiving as to her mother's danger.

Lady Charlotte had indeed sustained no hurt. Her extreme fragility and slenderness had caused her to fall so lightly, that not a bruise was discoverable beyond a little abrasion on one of her wrists; and the quantity of soft shawls of very rich texture, slipping with her as she fell, made a sort of cradle for her head and shoulders during the brief interval of risk, when she was dragged along the path by the rocks.

"But it *might* have been very serious; I *might* even have been killed, mightn't I?" she repeated over and over again, not without a little feeling of pleasure at having been the heroine of so dangerous an adventure. And as often as Gertrude assented, and pressed her lips on the faded face, with—"It might, indeed, my poor little mother!" so often did Lady Charlotte, with a sort of cooing murmur of pity for herself, assiduously smoothe and twine round her finger the ringlet, which had been made terribly dusty and unsightly during the *cubute* of its possessor, and had required more than ordinary care to restore it to form and brightness. The Hotel di Tasso overhangs the sea, and on that side at least there is comparative silence. Lady Charlotte, therefore, wearied by her inauspicious ride, and lulled by the sound of gently-lapping waves far beneath the windows, and by the heat of the afternoon sun, carefully as it was shut and shaded from her, soon fell fast asleep. For a short interval Sir Douglas and Gertrude remained motionless, listening to her measured, slumberous breathings. Then he proposed to her daughter to come out, to join the rest of the party, who had already braved both heat and fatigue, and clambered to the Capo di Sorrento: and they sallied forth, not unwilling to enjoy their walk according to the implication conveyed in that sweet Irishism, "alone together," the "*presque seule*" of the pretty French widow, who was asked if she was going alone into the country.

And now all again was gladness, and all again was bloom and beauty; wild flowers sparkled along the shore, even the to very verge of Neptune's domain. On the lovely headland grew tufted patches of myrtle, and the tall pointed white heather which

gleams like the ghost of some unknown harvest of another world. Down in the dream-land, under the far away sea, lay shifting shadows of broken white fragments, which are held to be (and why should they churlishly doubt it?) remnants of palaces and temples, over which the waters have closed, as over O'Donoghue and his white horse and valiant retainers in our own island of fairy traditions. Fatigue was unfelt; that air of which the elder Tasso spoke —

“ Si vitale, che gl' uomini che senza provar,
Altro cielo ci vivono, sono quasi immortali,”

fanned their faces, and made the very act of breathing a pleasure.

“ Up the heather mountain and down the craggy brae,”

undesiring of further rest than frequent pauses to take their fill of gazing, or to listen laughingly to some pretty peasant, some distaff spinning matron, some bouquet-giving child, all vainly endeavouring to explain in their curious patois, requests to the sight-seers which resolved themselves most distinctly into an unromantic act of mendicancy, — the gay party reunited on their homeward course; and arrived at the hotel to find Lady Charlotte alert, and recovered; only too willing to hear from Sir Douglas the mournful romance of the poet Tasso's mad love for the high-born princess, whose ducal brother had him imprisoned in darkness and solitude for years to expiate his presumption; and his miserable return, after insane and wretched years, to his sister and the old half-forgotten home.

And when that romance in prose was ended, Countess Rufo's German friend repeated Schiller's wonderful ballad of “The Diver,” and his wife sang one of the sweet wild songs, whose harmonies are indeed “songs without words.” And after that, on low pleading from Sir Douglas, and urging from all the rest, Gertrude sang.

Some irresistible fancy of the moment urged Sir Douglas to inquire if she had ever heard the ballad of which he recollected the one verse of farewell, as sung by his mother. Yes, she knew it; but even she could not recollect all the words. She did not think it was a complete ballad, but an old fragment of a song of exile; not, she said, from a “foreign” shore, as Sir Douglas had it, but the “Irish shore,” and without further preface she began it, in the clear, rich voice he loved so to hear.

And while they listened, the day depart-

ed, and the moon fell on the unruffled sea; where the fisherman's tiny barks flashed, gleaming for a moment, and turned their sails again to shadow. The mountains rose beyond, dark and majestic, and the huge form of Vesuvius slept, unlit by its fiery torch, in the white light of the moon. The oars ceased to sound; the voices from the shore became less frequent; the very waves seemed to come more and more softly to the sands, till at length there seemed but one sound left on earth — her voice!

The broken fragment of a song is in many an old collection: —

“ A lightsome heart, a soldier's mien,
And a feather of the blue;
Were all of me you knew, dear love,
Were all of me you knew!

“ Now all is done that man can do,
And all is done in vain;
My love, my native land, adieu,
For we ne'er can meet again.

“ He turned him round and right about
All on the Irish shore;
He gave his bridle reins a shake,
With Adieu for evermore, my love,
Adieu for evermore!”

The tender tremulousness of the last line, and the beauty of her face looking dreamily out over the sea as she sang, melted the heart of more than one of her listeners. But no one spoke to her of her song except Sir Douglas, and he said to her, in a choked, passionate voice, “If I thought it were ‘adieu for evermore’ between us — in lieu of a sweet, sorrowful dream — I should go mad!”

It was a declaration of love, like any other; or unlike any other, for no two declarations of love are alike, any more than any two leaves on a tree, or human faces, or voices, or even the handwriting of different persons, can be alike.

And though Kenneth and Lorimer Boyd and Count Rufo and the ladies of that happy party all spoke to Gertrude afterwards, she could not have told what any of them had said, except that at last she heard her mother say, in her softest canary-bird voice, “Well, and what shall we do to-morrow?” And Sir Douglas said, “I have business in the morning, but late in the day we might go to Amalfi, and stay a day or two there.”

CHAPTER IX.

A LIFE OF PLEASURE.

BUSINESS in the morning. That special morning had long been dedicated to the

final examination and arrangement of Kenneth's difficulties, at least so far as his continental tour was concerned. And now there was yet something else which his uncle desired to talk over with him, beyond and above the unpalatable fact that he must confine his expenses to his own means, and expect no more of this system of what he carelessly termed "clearing" him, henceforth and for ever.

Sir Douglas arrived at Kenneth's apartment on the Chiaja very early, very anxious, rather weary, and thoroughly resolved. He had begun to think there was some truth in the severe opinion expressed by his friend Lorimer Boyd, that the great misfortune of Kenneth's life was his uncle's indulgence.

"Of course," that friend had said, "as long as you put a feather-bed for him to fall upon, he will pitch head-foremost like a harlequin, into every scrape and trap on the stage of existence. Leave him to suffer consequences. Either he is capable or incapable of self-conduct. In the one case all your love and pains won't save him, and in the other he will at last find his real level. If I had had an idea you were so in your dotage about this lad, Douglas, I declare I never would have written to you. I expected you to come down upon him in a stern, dignified, offended-guardian sort of way, and here you are for all the world like a nursing mother, whose precious babe has had a tumble! Do, for God's sake, let this be the last time that you actually help him to escape from the only lesson his careless mind can profit by — namely, bitter experience."

There was truth in these words; and they beat hotly in Sir Douglas's ears, as he turned restlessly on his pillow the night they returned from Sorrento. The hours of that night passed on from silvery moonlight to the blue dawn and the crimson glory of sunrise, without bringing him needful rest. There was too much in the day that was coming, and the day that had passed, for night to be anything but a bar or a gap to divide those intervals.

When the morning stir of life began once more, — early as such life begins in the streets of Naples, — Sir Douglas bathed, dressed, and went out. Even if Kenneth was not yet up, he would wait. His nephew's manner, the previous evening, had rather wounded him. It was saucy, sullen, and dissatisfied. It was easy to see that he thought himself maltreated, and his uncle officious in the matter of Lady Charlotte. Kenneth knew that Gertrude disliked and

resented any overt disrespect to her mother, yet he could not for the life of him abstain. He thought Lady Charlotte ridiculous, and he showed that he thought her so. He thought Gertrude neglectful of him, and almost, in her calm way, repellant to him the evening before. He was accustomed to be flattered and caressed. He had bid them all good night very curtly, getting out of the carriage in the Chiaja, instead of seeing them to the Villa Mandorlo, and had walked away with a cigar in his mouth, — looking so like his handsome wilful father, that instead of feeling angry, foolish Sir Douglas looked after him with aching tenderness and intense good-will!

On arriving at his lodgings on this particular morning, not only Sir Douglas did not find Kenneth up (that perhaps with his habits was scarcely to be expected), but it was doubtful, from the hesitating manner of the servant, whether he had been in at all, since the previous day. Sir Douglas said little to the man, and passed into the room which had been the scene of his first interview and useless lecture. Breakfast was laid, as then; but not yet touched. All was in the same sort of order, or disorder. The very sunshine appeared to be lying in stereotyped lines on the parquet floor. Sir Douglas threw himself into a lounge chair by the window, and once more thought over all he meant to say to his nephew; putting it into the most patient loving words he could frame.

Gradually the silence and warmth, after the rapid morning walk and long wakeful night, had their effect in spite of anxiety; and Kenneth's uncle slept as soundly as Lady Charlotte had done after her adventure with the recalcitrant mule at Sorrento.

It is Lord Brougham's theory (and it is also the theory of other thinkers on the same subject) that dreams occupy only a few moments before our waking, and that during their brief passage through the brain, they blend and connect themselves with outward objects of sense and sound. In proof of which, he says, you have only to go and run a pin sharply into a slumbering friend, and he will inform you, as he starts into consciousness, that he had dreamed for a considerable time; that he has, in fact, had a very long dream of being attacked by robbers in a wood, or otherwise wounded, — with all graphic and interesting details; all depending on that cruel little poke with a pin which you privately know you had experimentally inflicted upon him!

Sir Douglas dreamed a very pleasant dream, of wandering in Paradise with Ger-

trude (and without Lady Charlotte) through interminable groves of orange-trees, white with blossom and golden with fruit, while, — beyond a sort of rainbow caused by the spray of innumerable fountains, for ever rising and falling and lapping against basins of white marble carved with wreaths of immense lilies — forms of angelic grace, in shimmering vestments of the faintest and most delicate colours, sung to their golden harps in a most ravishing manner; ending always with the burthen "Here, there is peace!"

Just as he was straining his dreaming ear for words he could not catch — owing apparently to the very indistinct pronunciation of these agreeable angels — something struck him, lightly but sharply, on the temple; and again immediately afterwards on the cheek.

He started and woke; but so strange was the scene acting round him, that for a minute he fancied that also must be a dream.

A woman shabbily dressed, with resplendent black eyes, and a thin black silk shawl carelessly adjusted over shoulders very obviously deformed, was picking out from manuscript notation a melody of Blumen-thal's for the guitar. A young girl (scarcely in courtesy to be called a young lady), rather pretty, very pale, and dirty and neglected in her dress, sat at the breakfast-table, picking the bones of a chicken; not ungracefully, though she picked them in her fingers and seemed exceedingly hungry. Another "young lady," still prettier, still paler, and (if possible) in a still more neglected toilette, sat perched on the scroll-work end of the stiff satin sofa opposite Sir Douglas's chair. It is to be presumed she was less hungry than her companion, since her occupation was biting off with her very even white teeth the budding oranges and orange-flowers from a large branch she held in her hand, and aiming at the sleeper with these fragrant pellets.

When this young nymph beheld his amazed eyes open and fix themselves upon her, she leaped from her perch with a lithe activity which even Zizine could not have surpassed, and shrieking out, "*si sveglia! si sveglia!*" — with a peal of laughter re-echoing by the other occupants of the apartment, she flitted to the furthest end, where a heavy *portière* of yellow silk divided the outer from the inner chamber; and folding the massive brocade round her, so as only to leave her laughing head visible, seemed to expect that the victim she had so unceremoniously attacked would start from his

trance and follow her. Perceiving after a little breathless pause that this was not to be, she flung the curtains behind her, and returned, making first a few slow steps on the very tips of her toes, then the light and rapid run performed by ballet-dancers, then three or four pirouettes in succession, and a profound curtsy as a finale. During the bewildered moment that followed, while Sir Douglas, feeling his situation already sufficiently absurd, looked angrily round for his hat, she skipped, cat-like, into one of the great armchairs, and stood up in it as in a rostrum, leaning her arms over the cushioned back, with a roll of music which she had snatched up on the way, and with mock gravity of recitation commenced an oration.

"*Stimatissimo Signore,*" said she in a most nasal Neapolitan patois, "we rejoice and felicitate you on having slumbered so well, and we hope!"

What further foolery they might have performed cannot be known, since just as Sir Douglas attempted to leave the room, with the courtesy — even to them — of a bow which should include the trio, and amid renewed peals of mocking laughter, the door opened and Kenneth came in.

Kenneth!

His aspect in that bright Italian morning could scarcely be surpassed in degradation. Staggering drunk; his eyes bloodshot and stupefied; his hair dishevelled; his dress neglected and disordered; his face almost as pale as those of the wild intruders already present, he stood, swaying to and fro, with the handle of the door in his hand, apparently attempting to comprehend what was going on in his rooms. The door, like many in the old palaces of Naples, was overlaid with tarnished but richly-patterned gilding; and beyond it was another of the heavy yellow satin brocade *portières*. He stood there like a picture set in a wondrous frame. His youth, his exceeding beauty, the grace and strength of his form, only made his present state of untidy helplessness the more saddening. It was a horrible vision! There was a moment of suspense during which all stood still. Then his countenance, which had worn a sort of puzzled, embarrassed, idiotic smile of greeting, suddenly assumed an expression of savage anger as he turned slowly from looking at Sir Douglas, and fixed his dull red eyes on the group of women, now huddled together, the elder adjusting her shawl and rolling up her manuscript music, as if in the act of departure.

"How dare you come here? how many

hundred times have I forbid your coming here in the morning?" muttered the half-conscious drunkard in broken Italian.

"You told me on the contrary last night to come to breakfast, and that you would give me a good breakfast," whimpered the girl, who had been seated at the table picking chicken-bones.

"You told me you would like to practise that barcarole, and besides, Signore, to-night is my benefit!" rapidly protested the elder of the three; "and I wanted, therefore, to see your Excellency." Then they both spoke together, with loud, shrill, vehement chattering; till the nimble dancer who had awakened Sir Douglas by flinging orange blossoms, and who had hitherto sat dangling her feet from the arm of the great chair, as a mere looker-on, interfered, and struck up the hand Kenneth had extended towards them in angry gesticulation, with the words, "*Val tu sei ubriaco come un porco*"—"You're as drunk as a hog." Kenneth seized her by the arm.

"Who says I am drunk? Who dares to say I'm drunk?" shouted he; "you shall be punished—you shall be imprisoned."

"*Lascia!*" exclaimed the girl, releasing her arm from his grasp, and looking him contemptuously in the face—"e dormi!" "Bestia!" added she in a tone of disgust, as she shook her arm free, and attempted to pass him.

There was a moment when Sir Douglas actually expected Kenneth would return her insult with a blow. He made a step forwards—Kenneth's arm dropped heavily by his side, but he continued to look at the girl with a dull glare of anger.

"Go!" said he. "Get out, all of you!"

"What a polite Signore!" said the dancer, with a forced laugh; "ah! there is no one like an Englishman for fine manners."

"Go!" shouted the drunkard, with an infuriated stamp of his foot; still leaning on the lock of the door with his left hand.

"At your pleasure!" bowed the girl, mockingly; and she followed her frightened companions out on the staircase. As she passed she turned her pale pretty head, as the head of the Cenci is turned in the famous picture, and snapped her fingers at him with a gesture of derision and defiance common among the lower orders of the Neapolitans, and which those who study books of chiromancy can find and practise if they please.

There are occasions in life in which what we think beauty seems to wear the devil's

stamp on it, and becomes repulsive instead of attractive.

Such an occasion was the present! Impossible to be more regularly and perfectly beautiful than Kenneth Ross: he might have been painted as an ideal Apollo. Impossible to have thrown more intense grace of attitude into any action than was shown in that pallid girl's vulgar and unseemly farewell. But the effect of all this grace and beauty,—under the circumstances,—on the sole spectator was as if he had been struck down by some demoniac spell.

As the door closed on that departing group Sir Douglas sank back in his chair, and covered his face with his hands. Kenneth also seated himself with a staggering gait, and, leaning both arms across the breakfast-table, addressed Sir Douglas; clipping his husky words, and alternately attempting to stand, and dropping back into his seat.

"You think, I suppose, that these people ain't—ain't r'spectable? They are r'spectable! Wife of leader of orchestra,—great friend of mine, and leader of orchestra. You couldn't lead orchestra, for all you give yourself such connoisseur airs about music. Quite r'spectable. *Could* you lead orchestra, now? Come, I say, could you, uncle? and he laughed an idiotic laugh.

"O Kenneth, go to bed, and end this scene."

"No, I won't go to bed. You think I'm drunk. I'm not drunk. D—— it, do you think you're to come the schoolmaster for ever over me, as if I were ten years old? I ain't drunk. I know all about it. I know that—that to-day's Tuesday; and we're—we're going to settle accounts. There! is that drunk? And we're going—going to Amalfi—going to pick up old ladies who can't ride,—can't eh? Going to—Amalfi. All right; let's go to—to Amalfi; only don't say I'm drunk; and don't set old mother Skifton saying I'm drunk; nor Ger—Ger"—

Sir Douglas sprang to his feet. "Wretched boy!" exclaimed he, "don't dare to utter her name."

Then recovering himself, he repeated sadly, "O Kenneth, go to your room; go to bed; I'll not irritate you by any observations; if you're not drunk, at least you are not well. We can't talk business while you are in this state. We will put off business till to-morrow. I will return for you later. It is very early still; you will get

some hours of sleep. Give me your hand. There, go to your room. Good-bye for the present. Go and rest."

The cigar-smoking valet bowed Sir Douglas out, muttering, with obsequious smiles, that he would give "remedies;" that his young excellency had unfortunately "met some friends" late last night, and that the "friends" often persuaded his young excellency to excesses he would not otherwise think of; winding up (in the inevitable style of Italian flattery) that he was sure the young excellency, in *reality*, would have greatly preferred being with his beloved and illustrious uncle, to all other society, in Naples, or elsewhere.

The story of Kenneth's evening would indeed have amazed that sober uncle! Going towards his lodgings in a very discontented frame of mind, he had met with and joined a group of those so-called "friends," returning from the theatre of San Carlo. The rest of the night was spent by all in gambling, drinking, and dissipation. When day-dawn was near, he had again lost sums that for him were enormous. The two men who were the largest winners were all for departing with their gains. Kenneth objected: he claimed his *revanche*, and appealed to the others. A hot dispute ensued, some of those present being for dispersing, and some thinking Kenneth's proposal no more than reasonable. A young Portuguese nobleman, whose reputation for riches had made him the centre of a certain circle of wild young men, then took the side of the loser. He insisted on remaining and sharing the fate of the *revanche* with Kenneth. They staked and lost, staked and won, staked and lost again. At length one of their boon companions addressed the Portuguese in a bantering tone, "Come, Marquis, you are out of luck; try once more, — any stake you please, — and that shall end it." The young man looked round, set his teeth with a strange smile, and said, "Well! I'll win it all back with a yard or two of cambric. Mr. Ross, will you go halves in my luck? Two throws of the dice; that won't greatly delay us."

Yes; Kenneth would go halves in the stakes. What was it to be?

The young Marquis rapidly divested him-

self of his coat and waistcoat, drew over his head one of those wonderfully embroidered Parisian shirts, which he coolly informed the company had cost him seven hundred francs; * observed with a scoffing laugh, as he took his stand by the gaming-table, that his present costume closely resembled that of an English gentleman about to engage in a boxing-match (a sport in which foreigners believe we continually indulge), and then threw the dice. In a few minutes his adversaries, who had thought the scene infinitely diverting, looked rather grave: they had had their throws, and lost.

He had won back the greater portion of the sums they had hoped to divide amongst them.

He lifted the embroidered dandy garment from the table, tossed it over his arm, made a salute full of gay irony to the company, retired to re-invest himself with the usual amount of clothing, and was heard, a few minutes later, humming an air from the opera of the evening, as he passed down the Tolédo on his way to his hotel.

Kenneth had departed with him; having drunk almost too deeply to stand or walk, and with a dim sense, even then, of shame and annoyance, increased, as we have seen, to more intense irritation by the scene which awaited him in his apartments.

Shrouded now in luxurious curtains, his head feeling as though blistered with fire, and with just enough sense remaining for sullen consciousness of pain, — cursing his folly, his valet, and the remedies by which the latter proposed to put him in a condition to re-appear creditably in the course of the afternoon, — Kenneth remained for blank hours "resting" in his disordered apartment; while Sir Douglas, once more stepping out into the morning light, directed his steps to the quarter of Sta-Lucia, and to the verandas of the Villa Mandóro.

"There," thought he, as he looked at the pleasant sunshine falling on the white walls, "there, at least, dwells such an image of peace, purity, and quiet affection, as might mend any man's broken trust in the goodness of human nature."

* This anecdote is a fact.

IN LODGINGS AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

MRS. DEVLIN was an Irishwoman, and a widow. In the first of these capacities she was attractive; in the second, she was resigned. I cannot say of my own certain knowledge that she regarded the decease of Devlin as "no loss;" but there was a busy sprightliness about the little woman, a cheerful self-reliant content in her face, in her manner, in her movements, and a tone of satisfaction with the arrangements of the world in general, and those which affected her own lot in particular, which led me to form such a conclusion. I had known Mrs. Devlin prior to her widowhood; but I had never seen the late Mark, who had been an out-pensioner of his wife's from the time at which she became forewoman of Mrs. Jackson's ready-made-linen and stay warehouse at Knightsbridge, and had died before she had succeeded to the business. Mrs. Jackson was Honor Devlin's aunt; and I have occasionally thought that had her niece been still in the enjoyment of conjugal bliss, Mrs. Jackson (who was a spinster, and Mrs. by brevet only) would not have made her unconditionally her sole heir. As it was, the old lady had done a very wise thing, and Honor Devlin carried on the business with probity, activity, and success. I and mine had been customers of Mrs. Jackson's for many years; and when I united my destinies with my dear James Penniford, and thereby incurred the lasting reprobation of my aunt, Lady Moore, and my uncle, General Croxholm — for James was only a junior partner in a solicitor's firm of no great distinction, and our house was situated in that unfashionable and uninteresting locality, Bedford Row — I had also recourse to Mrs. Devlin for the articles in her line for my modest trousseau. Some

years have elapsed since then, and the trousseau, through the exertions of the laundress and the flux of time, has disappeared; but I am still a steady customer of the tidy shop at Knightsbridge, where Mrs. Devlin presides in her own right, and over a forewoman whom I remember a blooming, idle, clever girl, and carries on a business much increased and expedited by the lately-invented sewing-machine. It is a long way from Bedford Row to Knightsbridge, and I do not very often see Mrs. Devlin; but whenever I go to her shop, we make a regular gossiping occasion of it, and all other customers are handed over to the subordinates. It fell out one day, while the International Exhibition was open, that my nurse came to me with the melancholy intelligence that Master James was destitute of pinafores — "which there ain't no keeping of him in sich, ma'am, I do assure you," said nurse hurriedly, lest I should confound her with remonstrances and dates of purchase; "what with a hinking of 'em when his par will let him into his study, and never takes no notice of him, which he comes out a awful sight most mornings, and what with a-tearing of 'em with his saw and cutting of 'em with his chisel — and them there tool-chests is the mischevouousest toys as ever was brought into a nus'ry — the poor child ain't fit to be seen."

I happened to want some little patterns just then, and I told nurse that I would call at Mrs. Devlin's and select them, and also the newest form of pinafores for James, on my return from the Exhibition. As I was speaking, a letter was handed to me. It was from James's aunt, Mrs. Carter; a very nice but peculiar old lady, who lived in Somersetshire, and maintained a discreet distance between herself and her relations. Not that she was unkind; on the contrary,

her accurate recollection of birthdays was something wonderful, and her congratulations invariably took the shape of large hampers, liberally filled, carefully packed, and punctually carriage paid. She never came on a visit to us, and when we had our autumn holiday she never invited us to spend it with her; but said very candidly she was an oddity, and could neither sacrifice her own old ways nor ask any one else to put up with them.

"I am coming up to see the Exhibition," wrote the old lady; "though the building is hideous, and the interior arrangement, judging by the pictures of it, detestable. The telescope-and-the-pickle trophy ought to keep me away, and would do so but that I am too old to go to Rome to see the Cleopatra and the Sibyl, and you have got them there, and I want to see them and the tinted Venus before I die. There is a picture or two also I want to look at; and one can keep out of the middle of the big Barn if one likes, I suppose, as I certainly shall like. Now, my dear Margaret, you and James will at once think of inviting me to your house; I beg you will not lose time, and retard the real service you will do me, by making an invitation I will not accept. I shall see you and James very often, I hope, while I remain in town; but I will not stay as a guest in your house or in that of any other person. What you can do for me is this: to look for lodgings for me within an easy and reasonable distance of the Exhibition Barn, and where, if possible, I may get sight of the Park or Kensington Gardens. I want quiet tidy rooms for myself and old Joan, who has forgotten her grumbling and her rheumatism in the prospect of seeing London. I fancy she and I are brisker and more energetic than you are; for I find it is the mode nowadays for young people to affect the lassitude and indifference which in my time old people would have been ashamed of. But I don't want to reform the world,—only to enjoy a glimpse of it; so take the lodgings from Monday next. Tell the people to expect me at 6 P.M., and to have something for dinner; don't be there to meet me, but come at 12 on Tuesday. Take the lodgings as soon as possible, and send me the address at once.—Yours affectionately,

ANNE CARTER.

"P.S. I shall bring Corporal Trim; if I left him here, he would have too much meat and no exercise. I will pay extra for him if required; but I will not go with-

out him, and there must be no children or cats in the house."

It was six o'clock on a brilliant June day when I found myself seated in Mrs. Devlin's shop, and looking over a variety of small and, to the uninitiated, mysterious articles,—all my needs in which the brisk little woman understood as well as I did. I had made my selection, and was exchanging some friendly words with her previous to leaving, when my eye fell on the address of a parcel on the counter, "Mrs. Cringle, Elm House, Taunton, Somerset." It recalled Mrs. Carter's letter, and the task of lodging-hunting: Mrs. Devlin was the very person to assist me. My difficulty explained to her, she assumed the look of consideration from which good counsel resulted.

"Two sitting-rooms, ma'am, and a large bedroom—a glimpse of the Park, no children, no cats?" I nodded assent. "Well, ma'am, I don't know all in a minute like. I suppose it would not do for the lady to be over a shop?"

"Well, no; I think not," I said, "unless I cannot do better. But what lodgings do you know of over a shop? I might see them, at all events."

She turned her frank gray Irish eyes upon me, saying with a smile, "Why, then, I was just thinking of my own, ma'am. The lady that's in them is going away on Thursday. She gave me leave to put a bill up; but I would not, for she is delicate and in trouble, and would have been disturbed by people; and there is no fear but that they will be let quick enough when she is gone."

It occurred to me very strongly as Mrs. Devlin was speaking, that the very best arrangement I could make for Mrs. Carter's comfort would be to take these rooms. I had not seen them; but I felt assured they must be clean, comfortable, and well-ordered, merely because they belonged to Mrs. Devlin. The back-windows looked to the Park, and the front to Wilton Place; so there was plenty of air. The brisk little Irishwoman had no children, and I did not suspect her of a partiality to cats. The shop certainly did constitute an objection, but one not sufficiently strong to counter-balance the advantages the arrangement offered. I could easily make the old lady understand the season was an exceptional one; and that all things considered, she could not do better. I proposed to Mrs. Devlin that she should show me the rooms; and passing through a side-door opening from the shop, I found myself at the foot of

a narrow flight of stairs covered with bright green and white carpet. Through the window on the landing, I saw trees in the Park, and caught glimpses of the carriages and the equestrians. Another short flight brought us to the door of the drawing-room, at which Mrs. Devlin knocked, was bidden to enter by a low voice, and she did so. I heard her ask permission to show the rooms to a lady, and an assenting answer given. Then she returned to the door, and asked me to walk in. I entered a square tolerably-sized room, plainly but comfortably furnished, and scrupulously clean. A glance round it was sufficient to show me it would suit Mrs. Carter, who was indifferent to luxury, but inexorable on the score of cleanliness. The windows were open, but the blinds were down, and in the softened light I saw the occupant of the apartment, who was standing by a chair; and as she bent her head in graceful salutation to me, my impression was that I had never seen so beautiful a face, and I have never changed that opinion; and when, the same evening, I would have described her to James, I felt my description was utterly futile and commonplace. When I said she was tall and slight; that her head was small, and had a peculiar alertness in its pose and movement; that her skin was of a rich drosky tinge, the true line of the European brunette; and that her eyes were like brown velvet in colour, but as full of light as of softness; that her hair was lustrously black and silken; that her brows were broad and low, and indicative of intellect and will,—I had told him all I could, and yet I felt that all was just nothing. She was dressed in the deepest and plainest mourning, and totally without ornament, except that on her left hand she wore a heavy seal-ring, more fitted to a man's than to her delicate hand. Books, papers, and manuscript-music lay upon the tables, a cottage-piano stood open, and on the keys lay a handkerchief, a scrap of paper, and a pencil, and close to the half-open folding-door stood a large French travelling-trunk closed, with the straps thrown loosely upon it. The impress of refinement was upon the young lady and all her surroundings. In her manner, when receiving my apology for disturbing her, there was sweet well-bred simplicity, but no embarrassment or self-consciousness. She stepped forward to open the folding-doors that I might see the room beyond. I assured her it was unnecessary, and withdrew. When Mrs. Devlin and I had climbed the next flight of stairs, and I found myself in a large, well-ordered,

airy, and evidently unoccupied bedroom, I said,

"The young lady only occupies the drawing-rooms, then?"

"Only them, ma'am," replied Mrs. Devlin, "since her pa died in this very room a month ago."

It was a very nice room,—just the thing for Mrs. Carter,—though it occurred to me it would be as well to say nothing to her of the death of her predecessor, knowing that old people, and occasionally young people too, have their own peculiar notions on such subjects, and prefer to ignore death as a polite fiction in any intimate relationship.

"Had she and her father been long with you?" I asked.

"Just three months. Captain Dallas was his name, and he was not long home from India, I know; for Miss Winifred told me he had taken her from school in the Regent's Park when he came back, and that is not more than a year ago. They were going to France, only for the poor Captain's illness—something in the head, caused by an old wound, as far as I can understand—and they stayed here to be near his doctor, who saw him every day, but could do nothing for him. He was very gentle and quiet, to be sure; and Miss Winifred is a brave young lady."

"It must have been very sad for her," I said; "but I suppose her friends came to her. Yet it seems strange she should have remained here so long."

I felt ashamed of my inquisitiveness; and yet it was rather interest, awakened by that beautiful face, than mere curiosity.

Mrs. Devlin seemed pleased rather than shocked, as she replied in her own brisk way, "La, ma'am! I know nothing about her friends. No one ever came here, except the doctor, the lawyer, and the clergyman. She had no help or comfort, but such as I could give her, poor thing; and that was not much."

I thought otherwise, and said so; but the cheerful little woman put aside my praise, and chatting about other things, we descended into the shop.

Mrs. Devlin hailed one of the myriad cabs which pervaded Knightsbridge at that time, put me and my parcels into it, audibly instructed me as to the correct amount of the fare to Bedford Row, for the admission of the cabman, and I drove away, having given directions that the rooms should be prepared for Mrs. Carter by the following Monday.

Mrs. Carter graciously approved of all

that I had done, and duly notified her arrival at Mrs. Devlin's by the following characteristic note, written on the Monday night a few hours after her arrival :

"Knightsbridge, 9 P.M.

"MY DEAR MARGARET, — The lodgings are nice, but noisy. The noise cannot be helped; it makes Corporal Trim bark at present — he thinks it announces burglars — but he will get used to it by and by, and so shall I, no doubt. Joan was tired and cross; but she could not resist your nice little Irishwoman, who had every thing so comfortable for us, even to some roses in the vases on the chimney-piece, lest we might 'miss the country,' she said. The dinner was capital. I believe she 'has an eye' to the cooking; though how she can attend to the shop and her lodgers also, I am unable to understand. She has a happy knack of selecting servants too. I did not think London could boast anything so clean, tidy, and modest, as the damsel who waits on us. Somersetshire too! Joan is quite at home with her. Be punctual tomorrow. I don't mean to go to the Barn till Wednesday, and you shall come with me.—

Yours ever,

A. C."

James's aunt was a handsome well-preserved old lady, of upwards of fifty. She was very clever, and had been all her life a great reader. I knew little of her story but its outlines, in which there was nothing remarkable. She was the only sister of my husband's father, and had married when she had passed her first youth a country-gentleman much older than herself, who died in the fifth year of their marriage, leaving her all his unentailed property, of which a considerable portion consisted of land. She had no children, few relatives, and none but distant connections on her husband's side, with whom I understand she kept up little or no intercourse. She was a very agreeable woman, — good, charitable, and popular; but I always fancied she had a strong spice of obstinacy in her character, though I had no personal knowledge of the fact. I was led to think so in consequence of having learned from James that his aunt had persisted against his opinion, and that of her late husband's advisers, in selling the land which he had bequeathed to her, and purchasing a small estate near Taunton, which she had bought at far too high a price, as they believed. "And why she wanted to go and live there," James had said when he told me the circumstance, "I cannot make out.

If it were her father's old place, where she had lived as a girl, I could understand it; though even that would be very sentimental for Aunt Anne, whom I always considered a most unsentimental person. Old Carter was not likely to cultivate any thing of that kind in her disposition, I should think." Be that as it might, and whatever her motive, Mrs. Carter purchased Woodlee, put all the buildings into thorough repair, let the land, with the exception of the pretty pleasure-ground surrounding the house, and established herself there in a style of unpretending but very substantial dowager comfort, which did not imply the expenditure of her income, as we supposed it to be, or any thing like it. To be sure, we may have been mistaken in our calculation; people are apt to be so liberal in their estimate of the wealth of others, especially when it is right and reasonable that some of it should come their way. In one respect Mrs. Carter formed an exception to well-dowered widows. No one ever speculated upon the probabilities for or against her contracting a second marriage. This was unaccountable; but it was the case. She was only forty years old when Mr. Carter had followed his harmless ancestors to their irreproachably respectable family-vault. She was rich, handsome, and popular. She was not accredited by the voice of society with a broken heart or buried affections; she never talked sentiment, or indeed cant of any kind; she never bored any body about the beloved departed; and she left off her weeds, like a sensible woman, at the end of the period prescribed for practical persons who do not desire to be nuisances to their neighbours. She had been a good sensible wife, and she continued to be a good sensible widow; and I am quite sure it never occurred to any one, not even to a half-pay officer, or an elderly curate, that he might induce her to change her condition. She was a just and generous woman, and her brother's children had all benefited in their various needs by her modest wealth. Of them, James was her favourite, and she had added much personal kindness and warmth of friendship to the pecuniary aid she had given him.

Mrs. Carter behaved very handsomely on the occasion of our marriage, though she refused to come to our wedding, "in the first place," as she said in a letter to James, "because I never go to any one's wedding, and in the second, because I have no fancy for beholding the grand airs of my Lady Moore, and the blinking, purblind fatuity of General Croxholm applied to

patronising you. Your future wife is a nice creature, my dear nephew, but she will be much nicer when she has been away from the snob atmosphere in which she has lived for a little." I am not sure that James did a very wise thing when he showed me this letter, for it made me feel rather afraid of Aunt Carter; but the blunder, if it were a blunder, was committed in the early days of gushing confidence, and very pardonable. Besides, it is a good habit to give a husband, that of telling one everything; and on the other hand, one may avoid the indiscretion in one's own person.

All this had happened five years before, and Aunt Carter had become convinced that the anticipated improvement in me had taken place; and she and I were great friends. I fancied that I understood the old lady much better than James did. That dear blundering, sweet-tempered fellow was so much more transparent in all his ways, so warm in his affections, and so unsuspicious in his disposition, that I often wondered at the inscrutable proceeding of Providence that had made him an attorney; not but that he was a clever and prosperous man of business, but I never could fancy James concerned in any thing that was to punish, expose, or give pain to any body.

However, I was saying that I understood Aunt Carter better than he did; and I felt sure that when he laughed about her never coming to stay with us, or inviting us to stay with her, and said "it was all the fault of Joan and Corporal Trim, and his aunt was more like an old maid than a widow," he was altogether mistaken. Of course I did not say so, for the best of men—and I really must say my dear James is that—does not like his wife to know better than he does on any possible point; so that if she be a wise woman, she will act upon her superior knowledge, but will not talk about it. I fancied there was more than this in Aunt Carter's mind in reference to us. I had an idea that she had not been very happy in her prosperous, decorous, married life, and she felt more peaceful and less regretful when the happiness of others—though I am sure she truly and unaffectedly rejoiced in it—was not before her eyes. I do not think she cared the less for our children if, as I shrewdly suspected, their voices in her house would have awakened echoes in her heart painful to hear.

Of her girlhood and early womanhood I knew nothing, and the external history of her marriage and widowhood was prosperous and calm. I had asked James once if her marriage had been a love-match. The dear

fellow looked puzzled, said he supposed so, and yet he did not exactly see how it could have been, for Carter was "a long way older than Aunt Anne."

"Where did she meet him, James?" I asked.

"How should I know, you inquisitive nuisance?" he replied smiling. "At my grandfather's, I suppose. She had lived at the Larches all her life, as far as I know."

"Was it a nice place, James?"

"I believe so. I never saw it; my grandfather sold it before I was born; but Aunt Anne says it was a delightful place—much larger and handsomer than Wood-lee, which is within five miles of it."

"Who bought the Larches from your grandfather?"

"Colonel Minshull, retired from the East India Company's service; but he is dead, and I do not know who has it at present."

Now this comprised everything I knew about Mrs. Carter, except that she and her brother, James's father, had not been on very intimate or affectionate terms; but I never heard any cause assigned for the estrangement, nor did I know whether any really existed beyond such as might be naturally accounted for by their divided course in life and their radical difference in disposition and character.

When I was ushered into Aunt Anne's drawing-room I found the old lady seated at a table covered with books, and apparently as much at home as if she had lived there all her life. A goodly pile of morning papers and the smartly-bound authorised catalogues of the International Exhibition made part of the literary display. Corporal Trim—a shaggy terrier of unprepossessing appearance but extraordinary talent—sat gravely in a window, occasionally slapping his futile tail emphatically upon the ground, and expressing his opinion of the crowd in general and the omnibuses in particular by short distressful yelps. Aunt Anne was attired in rich black silk and her customary lace-cap, and was looking remarkably well and young. I had hardly kissed her and begun to question her about her journey when a piercing scream from the throat of a bird made me start by its loud nearness. I looked round, and saw a cage with a canary in it hanging in the window over the head of Corporal Trim.

"I never knew you cared for birds, aunt," I said; "I suppose you warned me against cats on account of your canary."

"It is not mine, dear," she replied; "it belongs to a young lady who has just left

these lodgings. Your good Mrs. Devlin (I am quite charmed with her, Margaret) promised to take charge of it. She is gone to be companion to a lady, who shows her sense of the duties of the contract by refusing to allow the girl to have the only companion *she has left*." The old lady spoke with lively indignation. "Mrs. Devlin had forgotten to take the bird downstairs, and came to me with many apologies about it this morning; but I told her to leave it here in the sunshine. I will take care of it as long as I stay. I shall not hear its song too early in the morning in my bedroom; and here it is only a pleasant addition to the noises in the street. What are you thinking of, Margaret? where are your wits gone to?"

"Gone as companion to a lady!" I muttered incoherently; and then Aunt Anne's laugh roused me, and I told her that I had seen this young girl, and how beautiful, refined, and elegant she was. "I cannot fancy her in the position of a dependant, Aunt Anne," I said. "I wish you could have seen her. Mrs. Devlin told me she was going away, or of course I could not have taken the lodgings; but somehow I had an idea she said something about her going to France to her friends."

"Ah, well—I know nothing about it," said Aunt Anne, as if she thought I was making too much of a matter of no great moment. "I only know that I shall take care of her bird, and I hope the lady will take care of her; but I doubt it. How the creature sings,—fit to crack its throat, to say nothing of its voice! Just lower the cage, Margaret, and throw this anti-macassar over it, or we shall not be able to hear ourselves speak."

I did so, and the song ceased.

"And now, my dear," said the old lady affectionately, "tell me all about herself,—all, I mean, that Mrs. Devlin has not told me already (she is a delightful gossip; so friendly, and so respectful too), and all about James and the children. We are going to chat together till two, and then I have ordered dinner; at half-past three we will go for a drive (Mrs. Devlin knows where I can get a capital brougham and a steady man; she sent for him this morning), and we will call at the office for James."

I need say no more of Aunt Anne's first day in town than that her pleasant programme was carried out in every particular; that Mrs. Devlin assured me, in a few confidential words, that Mrs. Carter was the pleasantest old lady she had ever had to deal with; and that she and Joan were like

sisters already—an observation which would have had a soothing effect upon Joan, considering their relative ages, had she heard it.

Aunt Anne's visit to London proved decidedly successful; and I do not know whether she or I derived from it greater enjoyment. I learned to know and love her better; and as I did so, I became more and more convinced that James but little understood her. Her character had many noble traits, and I was by no means sure that a deep and abiding power of sentiment was not amongst their number. I often found myself wondering whether she had ever known much sorrow—and her large benignant tolerance of disposition made me feel sure she had—and under its severe but salutary teaching had learned the lesson of wide compassion and ready sympathy. She called herself an oddity, and perhaps she was one; but at least her singularity was of a good and genial kind, and did not bar me from the pleasantest companionship with her. We were very much together in those beautiful days of summer, and we made many an expedition to the Exhibition, which she persisted in calling "the Barn." On these occasions she did not go out again in the evening, and I frequently remained with her until James came for me at ten o'clock. Sometimes, but not often, Aunt Anne dined with us; at other times, when James and I had evening engagements, she would tell me not to disquiet myself on her account, for that she and Joan were as comfortable in their London lodgings as in their large country-house—thanks to the care and attention of "my" Mrs. Devlin, whom the old lady frequently invited to pass an hour or two with her in the dusk, and of whom she found something new to say in praise and approbation every day. Jamie and Alice also grew in favour with their great aunt—the more surely and rapidly, I think that she did not see too much of them. They were disposed to take liberties with Corporal Trim, which a dog of his sedate and settled habits could hardly be expected to approve; and when he had been induced to go once through the performance of shouldering and presenting arms (the musket being represented by a short ruler), I usually adjourned the sitting, and sent the children home under convoy of nurse. Altogether things were going on most happily and prosperously, when Aunt Anne caught cold one day from sitting in the Horticultural Gardens listening to the band, after a

slight shiver had warned her that she was doing an imprudent thing. It was not a severe cold, but sufficient to confine her to the house. Under these circumstances Mrs. Devlin proved herself invaluable.

When Aunt Anne had been ailing for about three days, it chanced that James told me one morning that he had to go out of town on a little business after office-hours, and if I wished to pass the evening with Mrs. Carter, he would call for me on his return and take me home.

This suited me nicely; and I reached Knightsbridge a little after six o'clock. I found the old lady much better, and in excellent spirits. We had our tea, and were discussing an excursion to Brighton to visit some old acquaintances who were so unfashionable as to remain at the seaside in June, when Mrs. Devlin knocked at the door, and on Aunt Anne's invitation entered. She had inquired how Mrs. Carter felt, and was about taking her leave, when I said,

"Pray sit down, Mrs. Devlin: don't go away. Mrs. Carter has just been speaking of your kindness and attention; and I am glad to have an opportunity of thanking you. Do sit with us a little while."

It was a deliciously-warm tranquil evening. The front-windows were closed; but the large square casement in the back-room was open, and the masses of almost motionless foliage in the Park were plainly visible. The light had hardly declined, but the beauty of evening had set in, and momentarily increased. I was sitting in one of the front-windows, my hands resting idly on my lap as I gazed at the stirless trees in the distance. Suddenly a recollection crossed me of the beautiful girl I had seen in the room we were now sitting in; and I asked Mrs. Devlin whether she had heard anything of her late lodger since she went away, and if she knew whither she had gone.

"Yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Devlin. "I have heard from her twice; such pretty letters too, poor dear soul! She thinks far too much of the little I could do for her, and says she always remembers this house as home. She is living with a lady near Leamington. Very grand people they are, I am sure; but I don't think they are over kind."

"Indeed I'm sure they are not," said Aunt Anne from the sofa. "The woman's conduct about the bird is proof enough of that. Come here, Corporal Trim," she called to the shaggy terrier sleeping peacefully upon the hearth-rug, who at her call went up to her, wagging an indolent pro-

test against being disturbed. "I think when I die I shall leave you to Mrs. Devlin's care. — You would take care of him, Margaret, I know; but then, you see, he does not like children. — Ah, poor girl, they might have let her have her bird!"

"Does she tell you she is unhappy, Mrs. Devlin?" I asked.

"Oh no, ma'am, she does not do that; she is a proud young lady, and I am sure she would not complain. She was very friendly with me, but she never told me much; and though I know she had very little money left after her papa's funeral was paid for, she wanted to go on paying for the bedroom, though she did not use it, because she said I could not let a single room; though, indeed, if I could I would never have thought of letting a stranger into the house with her, poor dear."

"And when did her papa die, Mrs. Devlin?" asked Aunt Anne.

"Just a month before you came, ma'am," was the answer.

There! it had come out, of course — the very thing I did not wish Mrs. Carter to know; and it was of no use to cast admonitory glances at Mrs. Devlin, for she was not looking at me, and besides, it was too late now. Mrs. Carter did not appear to be at all disconcerted; but asked me rather carelessly if I had not seen this young lady.

"Oh yes, Aunt," I said; "and I told you how very beautiful I thought her — an elegant creature indeed. I shall never forget her as she stood just where your sofa is, in her black dress, — she looked so young and so mournful, and yet there was something strong and brave in her look; and I think she might be bright too, if she were but happy."

"You are right, ma'am," said Mrs. Devlin. "She was bright enough when she first came here — for she had no notion then that the Captain's illness was anything serious; and she was as gay as a lark, and for ever singing — sometimes long beautiful songs to the piano that she learned at school, she told me — and sometimes she mocking the bird, and the bird mocking her, just like two playfellows. And I never heard such a reader: she would read to her papa for hours and hours, and never a roughness or weakness in her voice. And laugh! it would do you good to hear her laugh: it did s good down there in the workroom, I can tell you. And while the poor Captain was able to go on with his painting, she would be playing or writing music all day, and keeping him company. Latterly, since he was so bad, she did not go out at all, except

for half an hour to morning-service at St. Paul's over yonder. She used to say it did her good to say her prayers there, because she had been there when she was a little child, and had spent her holidays with her aunt, who lived in Wilton Place, while her papa was in India! How precious the poor Captain was of her, to be sure! how he did watch and think and trouble about her! It makes me tremble now to think of it. As long as he could get up he used to watch her crossing the street and going down Wilton Place and into the church-porch; and after he was no longer able, he asked me to do so, and I did; and then I used to tap at his room-door, and say 'She's gone in, sir;' and then he would be quite content. If the day were wet, I sent Hannah with an umbrella to fetch her home; and I always tried to prevent his knowing that it rained. Many and many's the time I've thought, when I've seen him so anxious and restless, and watching her, how sore and terrible the thought of what was to become of her after he was gone must have been to him. I don't know whether she ever thought of it; but she was so sensible, I am sure she must: anyhow, she never said anything like doubt or anxiety to him, I am sure. The very day the doctor told her the truth, though she was as white as marble, and her sweet voice was so changed I hardly knew it when she came and asked me to stay with her father a little, until she had recovered herself, she was quite calm and cheerful, and I heard her talking to him just as usual. I don't think he ever had any fret about money—I think he was spared that, from something Miss Winifred told me after his funeral—but I am sure all his trouble was that his child had no friends. I could not understand that, such nice people as they were; but as I told you, Mrs. Penniford, no one but the doctor and the attorney ever came here, until the undertaker came. When Miss Winifred took this situation, she gave the doctor and the attorney for references; and said she to me, with such a sad smile, 'You'll give me a good character, if any one asks you, Mrs. Devlin—you'll say I am sober, honest, and quiet, and can make myself generally useful?' and she laughed then just for half a minute, and gave me a kiss. This, I am sure, troubled the Captain very sorely. Once he wrote a letter while Miss Winifred was at her dinner and I was sitting with him; but he tore it up, and gave me the pieces to burn in the kitchen-fire; and when he lay down again he whispered to himself, and said, 'No—no,' and something like

'forgotten now,' and 'no right to ask her, of all people;' and then gradually fell off asleep with a great sigh. Just before he died I think his mind got easier. But whether he had any reason for being more easy I can't say, for of course he knew she would have a welcome here always; but that was nothing for a young lady like her, from a humble person like me; so the comfort could not have come from that. Anyhow some comfort did come to him from somewhere, and it never went away again; and he died quite peaceful one evening just at sunset, after a sleep, as a person might settle themselves to sleep a little longer."

We had listened attentively to Mrs. Devlin's story, and she had told it with an interest, an intensity of feeling which completely engrossed her. Now she said, "I beg your pardon, ladies; I forgot you do not know Miss Winifred."

"Oh, pray go on, Mrs. Devlin," I said. "I have seen her, you know; and am sure Mrs. Carter is interested in her also. Are you not, Aunt Anne?"

"Indeed I am, Margaret," said the old lady. "You said she mentioned having lived with an aunt for a time in her childhood, Mrs. Devlin. Did she not tell you what had become of this relative?"

"Yes, ma'am; she told me she was dead. After the funeral, the lawyer wrote to Miss Winifred that he would come to see her; and he did, and was a long time with her. When he was gone, she looked very ill and downcast, as I notice most people do when they have been talking to lawyers."

Here Mrs. Devlin became slightly embarrassed; but I reassured her, and declared that I did not believe even James's clients were improved in their spirits by his acquaintance.

"Well, ma'am, you're very kind to say so," she continued; "but I beg your pardon all the same. However, she did look ill, and like one loaded with a fresh grief; and then she told me that when the lawyer had examined into the poor Captain's affairs, he found he had been heartlessly robbed by persons in England, to whom he had trusted all his money—made out there among the blacks, where he was; and that they had gone on paying him the interest, and he never suspecting that the capital was all gone; and now nothing could be done, for they were 'men of straw,' the lawyer said, and had just failed; and poor Miss Winifred could recover nothing. 'What a blessing dear papa did not know it!' said Miss Winifred. He fretted so much,—I know he did,—at the idea of

my being so lonely, that I do not know how he could have borne the knowledge that I must be poor too. So you see there's good in everything, Mrs. Devlin; and if papa had been left longer with me, it would have been much harder for him to die.' The next day she went to the lawyer's office — Mr. Newman is his name, Henrietta Street — and I sent Hannah with her; and when she came back, she told me the lawyer had written out an advertisement for her, and he and the doctor were to be her references. 'If I could stay with you,' she said, 'I would be very happy; but dear, dear, these are quite fashionable lodgings, and I am too young to go out to teach, and no one would send pupils to me, or buy my drawings or my rubbishy pieces of music;' — though I thought them very sweet, and sad, and pretty, — 'and I can't write novels, and no one would publish them if I could; and I would be no use in the workroom, even if I understood the use of the sewing-machine. And so I am going to be companion to a lady, and to do my best to make myself useful and agreeable.' She was a brave young lady, but a big tear began to gather over each of her brown eyes, and after a minute she let them gather and fall, and she cried, as they say it does young people good to cry; but, for my part, I don't believe that. The lawyer soon got an answer to the advertisement; and she agreed to every thing they asked her. I could hardly bear to part with her, but she promised I should hear from her, and that in any difficulty or trouble she would come to me; and she left her little school-trunk, and a box of her papa's books, in my charge. She took his paintings with her; but I am to have them too, she tells me, for she will not be allowed to hang them up where she is; and she says she knows I will let them hang in my little sitting-room until she has a home for them and Ally too."

"Who is Ally?" asked Aunt Anne.

"The bird, ma'am; its name is Allegra, which Miss Winifred says is a foreign word for 'joyful'; but somehow we could not always think of that, and so we took to calling it Ally."

"Hang the paintings up in this room, Mrs. Devlin, at least for the time that I shall be here," said Mrs. Carter.

Then the old lady turned restlessly upon her sofa and sighed.

When I arrived at Mrs. Devlin's in the afternoon of the following day, I found it tenanted only by Corporal Trim and Ally,

and much improved in its general aspects by four handsome water-colour drawings suspended upon the walls. Their subjects were various. One represented a scene in Egypt, with the Pyramids, and the Sphinx; and had the rich golden warmth of the afterglow upon it. The second was a hill-scene in India, with the lance-like, snow-crowned mountain-tops, the precipitous winding roads, and the groups of picturesque travellers, familiar to us all. The third — and to my mind the most beautiful — was a scene at sea. The gorgeous hues of sunset rested upon the water, still and smooth as a lake. A long low coast-line defined the distance, and on the calm waves lay a deserted drifting boat. To my mind a wonderful expression of rest was in this picture; of rest won after long and fierce struggle. The calm was there indeed, but the storm had raged before it fell in its deep peace: the lonely broken boat told its story. Where was the noble ship, whose rent fragments had even been swallowed by the great deep? The fourth picture was of an English home, of which the drawing gave a side-view. It was a large house with bay-windows jutting out on smooth grass and gay flower-beds, with a belt of fine trees on one side, and a stone terrace on the other, where the inevitable peacocks of all water-colour drawings displayed their splendid plumage. The execution of this drawing was very beautiful; the finish of its details was perfect; and yet it was hardly grand enough to be an ideal country-mansion. The artist, if he drew merely from his fancy, might easily have made the house far more imposing, the pleasure-ground more extensive and artistically arranged, and the trees finer; and he might have thrown in many an accessory of wealth and display with that minute gorgeousness which water-colour loves. But there had evidently been a stricter guide than fancy here — memory had inspired the pencil, and truth had handled it. Mrs. Devlin came to me, as I stood before this picture examining it closely.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I could not come up sooner. Mrs. Carter's cold is rather heavier. I persuaded her to remain in her room — she is quieter up there — and I got the pictures hung, as she desired me. They are pretty, are they not, Mrs. Pennifold? How fond the poor Captain was of them, to be sure! These are all he did since he left India; but there are a great number to be sent home yet, Miss Winifred told me. They are to go to the lawyer's to be sold; but she said she would never par-

with these, because she was by her papa's side when he did them, and one of them is the place where she was born."

"Ah, that country-house, I suppose?"

"No, ma'am,—the place with all the green trees, and the snow on the tops of the mountains."

"They are a great improvement to the drawing-room, Mrs. Devlin,—I am sure my aunt will be quite pleased when she sees them," I said; and then I went up to Aunt Anne's room.

Mrs. Carter did not leave her room for nearly a week after the pictures were hung in the drawing-room. For two or three days during that period I feared that she also might die in the large upper-chamber where Winifred's father had breathed his last. But she rallied and recovered, and great indeed was the joy of myself, Mrs. Devlin, and the lugubrious, faithful, foreboding Joan, when she once more made her appearance in the drawing-room. Our family-physician had attended her during the severity of the illness, and we expected a farewell-visit from him on this occasion; indeed the old lady had but been installed upon her sofa when his carriage rolled up to the door. Dr. Elliott came in with his accustomed jaunty, trust-inspiring manner; and after the usual questions, he looked round and said,

"What a pleasant room this is! I have been here before; I was called in by Cuthbert to see a poor fellow who died here. Nothing to be done in his case for a long time before I saw him, though. I remember he had such a pretty daughter,—a tall brown-eyed girl."

"Yes," I said; "I saw her once,—she is very handsome. I fear she has suffered much by his death."

"Cuthbert was very much interested in her," said Dr. Elliott. "There was some sad story about her mother, I believe; at all events he had known her father more than professionally."

"Mrs. Devlin calls him Captain," said I somewhat inconsequently; "what service was he in?"

"Neither of ours," he replied; "he had gone out to India in some commercial capacity, but had afterwards taken service with one of the native princes, and had played a rather distinguished part in the puzzling game of internal Indian politics. When I saw him he had long been an invalid." Then the doctor once more turned his attention to his patient.

When he had left us I said to Aunt Anne, "I wish you were strong enough to examine

those drawings,—I am sure they would please you greatly. You cannot see them from the sofa, of course."

"No," she said; "my old eyes are weak: wait till to-morrow."

No more was said just then; but when with the evening and her release from business Mrs. Devlin came up to sit with us, our talk turned once more on her handsome young lodger.

Mrs. Carter had just been saying how pleasant it must have been to her to have had such agreeable lodgers for so long, and how much she must feel the difference in the characters of persons with whom she had been brought in contact.

Mrs. Devlin answered in her own cheery way: "Well, ma'am, of course I do; but then you see, if I don't care for the people, I see nothing of them. Hannah has all the management of them in that case, and I keep to my shop. I have been very fortunate indeed, though I cannot say I ever had lodgers like the Captain and Miss Winifred, or you, ma'am, and Joan, and the Corporal."

The Corporal made a gruff acknowledgment of this allusion to him, and Aunt Anne said: "You must have met some strange people though, and come to know some strange stories."

"Well, ma'am, I have, but not so many as they who keep lodgings in other neighbourhoods—such as the Strand, or down Pimlico way. We don't have poor or struggling people about here, and our lodgers are always respectable; and I think when people are not poor, and you know exactly who they are and all about them, they are not very interesting, at least not like the interesting people in books. Not but they are happy or sorrowful or amiable or unamiable, but they are not remarkable; very dreadful things, or very joyful things, don't happen to them. They change so often too in the season; sometimes I hardly get to know their faces when they are gone." Then turning to me, she continued, "You remember, ma'am, when I was forewoman here, in Mrs. Jackson's time—before you and Miss Huster were married. I used to be very curious about the lodgers in those days, especially when we had foreign ladies staying here, and I liked to get the maids to show me their beautiful dresses. We had many ladies here in the year of the Great Exhibition. That was a gay time, to be sure, when the Queen and the Prince were the life and soul of every thing. It is all very big and grand and important now; but somehow I don't seem to care for it. To be sure, I am eleven years older

than I was then ; but that is not all the difference." She seemed to ponder over this in silence, and then went on : " I shall never forget one lady we had in these rooms in July, 1851. She came alone to look at the lodgings, and brought a recommendation from the agent Mrs. Jackson always employed. I remember I had to attend to her, for my aunt was taking orders for a wedding-outfit in the shop ; and I never was so struck with the manner and appearance of any one in my life. I suppose she was about forty, and very handsome, but so wild and sad-looking, and so hurried and excited in her manner. She was beautifully dressed, but she had a reckless way ; and I am sure she did not care about her dress or any thing. She spoke very quickly and in a very abrupt way, and seemed desperately bent upon taking the rooms, though she hardly looked at them, but walked straight up to the windows and gazed out, first right before her and then to each side, and never turned away all the time she stayed. ' I want to take these rooms at once,' she said ; ' I don't hesitate to tell you that I have a particular purpose in taking them ; but that purpose is a blameless one,' — and she caught her breath with a great sob, — ' a perfectly respectable one. I shall not require them for long, and I am willing to pay any reasonable rent. I shall require no attendance ; I shall not be here at night, and shall receive no visitors. Pray do not refuse me ; indeed you shall have no reason to regret having taken me. I cannot explain ; if I could you would know that you would only be doing a charitable and kind action.' I remember that she sat down and panted, as if tired and out of breath, but still turned her head to the window. Of course the offer of the rent made no difference ; if my aunt would take the poor lady as a lodger at all, she would not make her pay for being, as she evidently was, in trouble. I had to refer the matter to her ; and as I urged the lady's case for her very strongly, she consented. When I asked her what day she would like to come in, the lady took me by surprise by replying, ' Now, — this minute.' She laid a fortnight's rent on the table as she spoke and her card. I think I have the card still. ' Let me stay here now,' she said ; ' I shall only remain a few hours, but pray leave me.' I asked her if she would require any thing, but she said, ' No ; only some cold water to be left on the table.' You may suppose I was astonished at all this ; but I did as she asked me, and took the money and the card down to Mrs. Jackson. Then I settled to my

work ; and though I could not help thinking of our strange lodger, I said no more about her. Evening was drawing on, when a plain brougham drove up to the private door. I listened for a knock — none came ; but in a minute I heard the door opened, and just caught sight of the skirt of the lady's dress as she stepped into the carriage, which rolled rapidly away. I confess that I took advantage of the first minute I could spare to run up to the drawing-room. Every thing was in its place ; no one would have supposed that any one had entered the room that day. A cambric-handkerchief, which lay upon the carpet near the window, was the only token that every thing which had passed had not been a dream."

PART II.

"NEXT day and the next the lady came in the forenoon, and remained until dusk, and each time the carriage drove up, and she came down, opened the door without any knock, and drove away. How did she know that the carriage had come I wondered — how did she distinguish it from the countless others that thronged the highway ? What did she do there alone ? was she always at one of the windows ? I asked myself these questions, and I asked Hannah others. But Hannah knew nothing ; the lady never rang her bell, and, beyond bidding her good-morning when she opened the door for her, she never addressed her. Mrs. Jackson was very much occupied with her business, which began to thrive just then, and she gave herself no concern about the mysterious lady, who never wanted any thing, and never gave any trouble. When Sunday came, my curiosity was keenly excited. I wondered whether the lady would come on that day to pass her time in the same apparently profitless manner. Mrs. Jackson and I always went to one of the early services at St. Paul's, and Hannah was free to go to the eleven-o'clock, afternoon, or evening service, as she pleased. On this particular Sunday she had gone to the eleven-o'clock service ; and when a knock was heard at the door, it fell to my lot to open it. There stood the mysterious lady, richly dressed and closely veiled. She exchanged a courteous salutation with me, and then passed hurriedly up the stairs. In the idleness and rest of the Sunday hours, I thought more sadly and wonderingly than before of the strange lady. It was a profitless speculation for me — nothing could be

more unlikely than that I should ever learn her history; but I could not turn my thoughts from her, lonely, and I felt assured unhappy, in that orderly room, which she never disarranged by any trace. Mrs. Jackson and I dined alone on Sunday; and on this occasion we talked of the strange lady almost exclusively. Mrs. Jackson was inclined to think she must be mad; but I did not partake her opinion. It was not madness I saw in her face, whenever I caught a glimpse of it, but misery, or dreadful regret and hopelessness. The day was bright and sunny; happy groups of people wended their way through the streets, the birds sang, London birds though they were, as if they felt the sunshine quite as much as any country birds could do; and my heart grew fuller and fuller, as I thought of the lonely woman upstairs. At last I determined to venture on showing her a little kindness; so I placed a slice of cake and a glass of wine on a salver, and went up to the drawing-room door. I knocked, but she made no answer; so I turned the handle and went in. She was standing where you are sitting now, Mrs. Penniford, by the side of the window; the curtain was drawn forward, and she was gazing through the chink left along its outer edge, her head resting against the wood-work. For a moment she did not hear me; but as I stepped forward, the glass I carried jingled against the plate, and she turned suddenly round. O what a face it was!—full of weariness, and watching, and excitement, beautiful, and painful. ‘I beg your pardon,’ I said, ‘but I thought you looked tired this morning and not very strong, and so I took the liberty of bringing up a glass of wine. Will you kindly take it?’ ‘Thank you,’ she said, passing her hand, as she spoke, wearily across her eyelids, and pressing them closely over the large eyeballs, ‘I will.’ She took the wine from my hand, sat down on the chair close to the window, and ate the piece of cake, drinking the wine with it slowly and absently, still keeping her gaze fixed upon the street. Presently she said, ‘You are very thoughtful and kind; tell me your name.’ I told her, and she wrote it down on a tablet. She said no more, and I saw there was no more to be said, so I took up the salver and left the room. Of course I told Mrs. Jackson about my short interview with the strange lady, and it made her more than ever convinced that she was mad. ‘Think of her writing down your name, Honor,’ she said; ‘you’ll be having a handsome legacy some of these days.’”

“Did that prediction come true?” asked Aunt Anne, who had been listening to this strange episode in the romance of lodging—letting with interest as great as that which the story of the Captain and Miss Winifred had excited.

“It did indeed, ma’am,” said Mrs. Devlin; “and in a sadly short time. But something else happened first. If you are not tired of my talk, I will tell you about it. It all seems as clear and plain to me now, though it happened eleven years ago, as you seem sitting there, Mrs. Penniford, or Miss Winifred seemed when I used to watch her pretty ways. I remember, the day the Exhibition was opened, she was standing by the window, but behind the curtain, so that she might not be seen, watching the carriages; and I thought, when I saw her tall figure drawn up there, of the other, nearly as beautiful, that I saw in the same place so many years before. All in a minute the strange lady seemed to stand there again. I did not like to think of it; it seemed like overlooking the poor dear to remember any thing so sorrowful by her,” said the little Irishwoman mournfully, and with a touch of the poetic superstition of her country and nation.

“But what else happened about this lady, Mrs. Devlin?” I asked; “we want to hear all about her first, and then you shall talk of Miss Winifred to your heart’s content. I forgot to tell you that Dr. Elliott knows her; he told us to-day he remembered attending the Captain.”

“Very likely, ma’am; there was more than one doctor, two or three times, as well as I remember. But I will tell you about the strange lady. I remember every thing about her so well, that I think I see her face now and hear her voice. It was two or three days after that Sunday, and I was in the work-room, and Mrs. Jackson was busy in the shop, when I heard the drawing-room bell ring very loud, and in a minute or two Hannah came to the door and called me. ‘Pray, go upstairs; the lady wants to see you very particularly.’ I went at once, and there she was, with the whitest face I ever saw, and yet the brightest most exploring eyes. As I entered the room she came towards me hurriedly and said, ‘Mrs. Devlin, who is there below in the shop?’ ‘I don’t know,’ I answered in great surprise; ‘I was in the work-room when Hannah called me.’ ‘Go and see,’ she said; ‘pray go and see. I am almost sure a lady is there who has just crossed the street. Pray, go and see.’ ‘But how shall I know if she is the same?’ I asked. ‘The lady I mean

is very tall and dark, and she is dressed in half-mourning, with a grenadine shawl and deep lace-border; she answered me breathlessly. 'Go and see.' I went down into the shop at once, and there, seated at the counter, I saw a nice gentle-looking lady, who exactly answered the description I had heard. Mrs. Jackson was taking down her name and address as I came in; and I heard her say, 'Then you will send before twelve to-morrow?' and Mrs. Jackson answered, 'Certainly.' Then the lady went away, and my aunt said, 'That is an outfit order, Honor, for a little girl going to school. You will have to take the things yourself, before twelve to-morrow, to No. 10 Wilton Place.' I looked at the entry in the order-book; and just then some customers came in, and I escaped upstairs. The lady was sitting this time, not by the window, quite pale and quiet. She looked at me, but she did not speak. 'It is she, sure enough,' I said; and then I told her all that had passed. She looked at me with intense eagerness, and muttered, 'I knew it — I knew it — I knew I must succeed.' Then she said, 'You do not know what a service you have done me; you can never imagine how grateful I am! Do not mention this to any one; but I need not tell you that.' Then she stood up and took her bonnet and mantle from the table where they lay, put them on, took my hand in hers, wrung it with passionate force, and went downstairs, leaving me standing in the drawing-room with amazement. The next moment I heard the door shut, and I presently saw her cross the street and take her way down Wilton Place. Of course, ladies, I thought over all this, and puzzled over it; and no doubt I was romantic and foolish eleven years ago, though I have more sense now; and I was fairly bewitched by the strange lady. There was something quite delightful to me in even this little bit of confidence between us; and I thought very little of my business all that afternoon and the next morning. It was just half-past eleven when I set out with my wicker-basket on my arm to take the patterns to No. 10 Wilton Place. I remember the very things now, and even the pieces. It is but a step, as you know, ladies; but there was always a crowd in Knightsbridge then, just as there is now, and I had to stand a good many minutes at the crossing. While I was watching for a clear moment to run across, I noticed a brougham drawn up at the opposite side, the horse's head being turned towards Piccadilly; and just as I did so, a hand beckoned to me from the window. I crossed over, and saw the strange lady.

'Here,' she said, opening the carriage-door from inside, 'get in for a minute. I know where you are going, and I must speak to you.' As she spoke she took the basket, placed it in the bottom of the carriage, moved into the farthest corner, and then held out her hands to help me in. In another moment I was seated beside her, and the coachman, evidently previously instructed, drove slowly off. I felt frightened; but it all passed so rapidly that I cannot describe my sensations in any way that will give you an idea of them. The change in the lady startled me more than any thing else. It was she herself, and yet it was not. Instead of her usual rich, careless dress, she wore a plain Carmelite gown, exactly like my own, a black shawl, plain white collar and cuffs, and a straw bonnet with a simple ribbon trimming. Strong leather gloves covered her hands, instead of the dainty pearl-gray kid ones which she always wore. Her very face was changed. I do not know how she had done it, but she had banished all the elegance from it; handsome though it was, it had a common look. Ladies, I assure you she had changed herself into much the same sort of woman that I am, only not so contented-looking. The sorrow was in the face still. When I looked at her I thought of that clever actress at the Adelphi, whom I saw in one evening as a French countess and a London servant-of-all-work, and equally at home in both characters. She laid hold of me with both hands, and said, 'Don't be angry with me; I mean no harm; I am doing none. But if you have a woman's heart in your breast, you will not refuse to help one so wretched as I am.' As I said before, ladies, I was younger then, and I never had much resolution, and she had wonderful power over me; greater power, I think, when she changed herself in that extraordinary way than before. Well, I need not tell you all she said, in the way she said it; but the meaning of it was this.

"She had taken these rooms for no other purpose than that of finding out where the lady lived whom she had seen crossing the street on the previous day. She had an all-important motive for desiring to discover this, and direct inquiry was impossible. All she had been able to find out was, that this lady had lodgings in Wilton Place; and she had resorted to the means I have described for getting sight of her unnoticed. She told me this so rapidly, with so much excitement, that I could not ask her a question; but it struck me that she did not mention this lady with any strong feeling

either of affection or enmity, desperate as was her desire to see her. 'She does not know me,' she said: 'she would not recognise me; perhaps not under any circumstances, certainly not under these;' and she indicated her dress. Then she told me that she had watched since ten o'clock for me to leave the shop with my basket, and that her purpose — to which she entreated me to accede with words of such dreadful earnestness that they turned me cold and sick, it seemed so frightful to me to be thus implored, to have so much power even in only one thing, and for a short time, over a fellow-creature — was this: She would personate me, go to Wilton Place, try the articles of dress on the little girl for whom they had been ordered, take all necessary orders, and then rejoin me. I was to wait in the carriage for her at the other end of Wilton Place, in the mean time. Of course I objected; but she had foreseen, and overbore, every objection I raised. The lady was a stranger; no customer of ours; she would play her part so that no mistake could arise; if, at the worst, any did, why should the lady be surprised that one of Mrs. Jackson's work-women should be sent on one occasion, and a different one on another? No injury to any one was within the reach of possibility in the thing she wanted me to do; only an unspeakable boon to her, only a solace she had travelled far to seek, and must find now or never, for in a few days she would have left England for ever.

"I daresay, ladies, as I tell you this, in my feeble way, it sounds very foolish, and you think me very weak; but if you had seen that face alone with you, close to you, heard that voice, which seemed to thrill through my nerves, and felt the clinging hands, which would have spoken for her if she had been dumb, I think you would have yielded, as I did."

"I am sure I should, Mrs. Devlin," said Aunt Anne; "but I don't know about Mrs. James Penniford; she is an attorney's wife, you know, and cautious."

"Hush, aunt," I said; "don't be spiteful, and let Mrs. Devlin finish her story; I quite share in her interest in the mysterious lady. But I cannot make out what she wanted to try on the little girl's clothes for."

"Ladies," said Mrs. Devlin, and there was a great solemnity in her voice, "that little girl was the strange lady's only child!"

I cannot describe the impression these words made upon us; the story had for us a

more abstract interest; we knew nothing of the dead woman who had kept her weary watch in the room that was so cheerful and happy a habitation for us; but the feeling that Mrs. Devlin threw into her narrative flung its charm over us, beneath which we sat silent.

"Yes," she continued slowly and sadly, "that was the meaning of it all. She was going away from England for ever, and she yearned for the sight of her child's face, which she knew she was never more to see, — the child's face which she had not seen for years, in which she would find no recognition of herself. I cannot tell you her story, ladies, for I do not know it, nor did I need. That it was a sad one, I knew too well; and terrible, when it could mean hopeless separation from her child. I had no power to question her, even if I had dared; and I did not; there was something awful about her in her sorrow. I only yielded to her, and pitied her with all my heart. She had not shed a single tear while she was speaking; and when she had done, she forced her face back into perfect calm. By a sharp jerk of the check-string she conveyed some direction to the coachman; and then taking the things out of the basket, she asked the questions necessary for her guidance in the part she was about to play. The little garments were all marked in plain figures, so the difficulties were few. All this had passed in a short space of time; and I had no idea where we were, when the carriage came to a stop at the end of Wilton Place. In a moment she opened the door, and stepped out. The street was singularly empty, and no one was passing on our side. She lifted the basket with one hand, pressed mine with the other, made a sign to the coachman, and was gone. The carriage moved slowly on, and I was driven at a foot-pace round the squares for about half an hour. I cannot, and I need not, attempt to describe the state my mind was in; I don't think any thing was very clear to me, and I believe the most distinct thought I had was of how I should account for my unusually long absence on business which really required so little delay. At length, as the carriage passed by the end of Wilton Place, I saw the lady walking steadily towards it. The coachman immediately drew up round the corner and out of sight, and she came on. I opened the door, but she beckoned to me to step out. I did so; she placed the basket in my hands, got into the carriage, and just bending towards me, said the one word, 'To-morrow.' Then the carriage

drove rapidly off, leaving me standing on the pavement like one in a dream. If any one had taken notice of her as she came towards me down the street, he must have seen one curious discrepancy in her dress; for she had thrown over her bonnet, so that I could not see her face, a veil of Spanish lace, which, I noticed, she had always worn on other days. Mrs. Jackson did remark on my delay; and I just said I had been kept waiting, when I remembered, with a start, that nothing had been said of the contents of the basket, and that I was therefore incompetent to give any account of my business. I hurriedly opened the basket, and found the things inside, with a slip of paper, on which was written, 'All the patterns approved. Mrs. Jackson will please furnish twelve of each article as early as possible.' She had not plundered them, and all was safe. 'You must see to that order, directly, Honor,' said Mrs. Jackson, and then turned her attention to something else. Later in the day, she said to me; 'Our mysterious lodger has not made her appearance to-day. Perhaps she will not come any more.' 'Perhaps not,' I said, as carelessly as I could. 'I hope she will give us notice,' said Mrs. Jackson; 'I should not like to re-let the rooms, even if the fortnight she has paid for were up, without knowing something about her.'

"To-morrow," the strange lady had said, and I waited anxiously for that to-morrow; and when it came I counted the hours, until the time at which she usually arrived. But she did not come. The morning passed, and then the afternoon; the order for No. 10 Wilton Place was in brisk course of execution; and from the workroom I listened to every sound, in the hope of hearing her foot upon the stairs. But I did not hear it then or since; and now it will never be heard any where on earth again. The evening had fallen, when a letter, directed to Mrs. Jackson, was brought by a commissionaire. It was from the strange lady, and was a polite letter, telling her that circumstances had occurred which obliged her to leave England at once, and therefore she had no further need of the rooms. She enclosed a present in money for Hannah, and sent a handsome brooch, with kindest regards, to me. That was all; and when she had read the letter, Mrs. Jackson said, 'There, I told you she was mad; now I hope you believe me. She takes expensive lodgings, pays a fortnight's rent in advance, uses them for not quite a week, and apparently for the purpose of gaping out of window, and then goes off, giving the ser-

vant as much as a month's wages. Ah! I don't understand such people. Put the bill up, Honor; the rooms won't want any extra cleaning this time, that's a blessing!' And so she went away, and no more was heard or thought of her in the house by any one but me."

"And was that all you ever knew, Mrs. Devlin?" I asked, after a pause, and breaking the silence with some difficulty.

"You spoke of a legacy, did you not?" inquired Mrs. Carter.

"Yes," said Mrs. Devlin, answering us both simultaneously; "I did say something of a legacy: and that was not quite the last I heard of our strange lodger. About six years ago a young man called here one morning, and asked for a Mrs. Devlin. I answered his inquiries in person, and he put me through a regular cross-examination as to who I was, how long I had been here, whether I had always had a personal knowledge of the lodgers, and so forth. I gave him some rather short answers; for I did not see his drift, and I did not understand why he should be so mightily inquisitive, in asking me so much, and telling me so little. Of course I told him I had a personal knowledge of the lodgers, seeing that, since Mrs. Jackson was dead, they were my lodgers; but I did not know any thing about their affairs, and was not going to tell if I did. Somehow, he had a look about him that told me he belonged to the law, and made me fancy he meant mischief. 'O, thank you, Mrs. Devlin,' he said; 'it's nothing of that kind; I only wanted to identify you.' So he handed me a letter from a gentleman, named Mr. Bowley, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in which he desired me to call at his office on the following day at eleven o'clock. Accordingly I went; and a very nice, clean, brisk, short-mannered gentleman Mr. Bowley was. He did not detain me ten minutes; and his business with me was, to give me a cheque for 50*l.*, and take my receipt for the money. Who do you think it came from, ladies?"

"From the mysterious lodger," we replied simultaneously.

"Yes," said Mrs. Devlin, "from the mysterious lodger. She had died in some foreign country, and left me the money, free of legacy-duty, and Mr. Bowley paid it to me by order of her executor. I would have liked to ask him several questions about her; but he did not look encouraging, and I thought I had better not. So I merely ventured to ask if she ever came back to England after '51, or saw her little girl. Mr. Bowley answered very stiffly that

he could really give me no further information, and seemed, as I could not help perceiving, rather anxious to get rid of me. That was the first money I ever put in the bank, and I have never touched it. I have never wanted it, thank God, having been always pretty comfortable since Devlin died. In his time, poor fellow, I was badly off enough; for somehow, making money was not in his constitution, but he was clever in spending it, to be sure."

"You don't know, then, whether the strange lady made any mention of her motive for leaving you the money?" said Aunt Anne, who was vehemently interested.

"No, ma'am, I do not," said Mrs. Devlin. "I felt afraid to ask Mr. Bowley; and I never saw any one else belonging to her."

"That was a strange adventure indeed," said Mrs. Carter. "Did you never see the little girl at all, or the lady at Wilton Place again?"

"No, ma'am, never. I intended to have taken the things to her myself, but they were already in the shop, and I was in the workroom when the lady called, and had them put into her carriage, and paid for them on the spot. I did contrive to get speaking to one of the maids at No. 10; but she said Mrs. Hungerford had left their house, and I asked no more questions. I was even timid about asking that, as I felt the strange lady had trusted me, in so far as she had told me, and I could not tell how far an incautious question might violate her confidence, and do her an injury."

"That is a sentiment which does you honour, Mrs. Devlin," said Aunt Anne heartily. She was an outspoken person, though not, therefore, like some whom I have known, detestably rude; and when she felt approval, she expressed it. She was chary only of condemnation. "Indeed, most of the sentiments I have heard you express do that."

We talked a good deal over this curious episode in the life of our good little friend after she had left us, and commented to one another upon the unsuspicious impulsiveness of character which it bespoke. Then we speculated upon the probable history of the heroine of the strange story; and we thought we saw a clue to it—a sad and shameful explanation. This woman was no doubt a wife and mother, who had fallen from her high estate, and on whom the righteous self-incurred doom of separation from her child had come. No doubt the glamour had passed, as it always must and will pass, and she had stood in these

rooms face to face with her fate. What that fate had been, we should never know, but, in guessing, could not wander very far from the dismal truth. At least, it had not been very long of accomplishment on this side of the grave. As we talked thus, and while the impression of seriousness was upon us, James arrived; and Aunt Anne was so full of the story of Mrs. Devlin's strange lodger, that she repeated it to her favourite nephew. He was interested in it, but he took it more quietly than we women had done. Queer stories were in his line,—they were no novelties to him.

"Of course," he said, "one thing is very plain; she must have been disgracefully separated from her husband, or she could not have been hopelessly parted from her child."

"Yes," said Aunt Anne; "I fear there is no other solution of the mystery. By the way, I wonder what was her name. Mrs. Devlin did not mention it. I must ask her to-morrow."

"What for, Aunt?" said matter-of-fact James. "She would use a false name no doubt, if circumstanced as we supposed; and it is much more romantic to think of her as the strange lady, or 'the mysterious lodger,' than as Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Harris."

"James, don't be horrid," I said; "whatever her name may have been, or whatever her sins, she must have been a woman of decided character and firm will, and no inconsiderable cleverness; if she had not been, she would not have made such an impression on Mrs. Devlin, I can tell you. She is not a silly woman by any means; and you should hear her describe the cleverness with which the lady altered her appearance—not merely her dress, but her face, as Mrs. Devlin described it. She banished all the elegance from it, and turned herself into a common-looking person."

"H-n-m," said James reflectively, and rubbing his chin; "I should say she was an actress."

"Oh no, James," I said indignantly; "if you had heard Mrs. Devlin tell the story, you could not think such a thing. She suffered so *really*; and besides, what a foolish thing for her to do, to play such a part as that for no purpose but to mystify a woman, and"—

"Don't run away with my words, Maggie," said my imperturbable James; "I did not say your friend's mysterious lodger was *acting*; I said I thought it likely she was an *actress*. The idea was suggested to me by your description of the ready and rapid assumption of a commonplace appearance

and manner, utterly opposed to her own, under difficult and trying circumstances, which must have taxed her nerves to the utmost, and which, with all the will and courage in the world, I doubt whether any woman, untrained in travestie, could carry through. We must be going now, Aunt," he added; "but I know something of old Bowley. I think you said he was the solicitor whom Mrs. Devlin had seen. Bowley and Standish is the firm of Lincoln's Inn Fields; and some day or other I shall talk to him about it, and see if he has any recollection of the circumstances of the legacy. If he were employed, as Mrs. Devlin says, by the executor to the lady's will, he must know something about her. How long has she been dead?"

"Six years, Mrs. Devlin says."

"Well, it is rather romantic to dig up the buried history of a life that closed six years ago, and did not belong to a particularly great person," said my husband; "nevertheless I will do it, when I get the chance."

The conversation then turned on general matters, and we soon took our leave, Aunt Anne declaring herself much better, and announcing her intention of rising very early on the following day. The night was beautiful; the fragrance and youth of the summer had triumphantly defeated the ordinary characteristics of London; and James and I walked home. How well I remember the stars and the trees in the Park, and the flashing of the lamps, the glimpses of rich dress, the gleam of costly jewels! That walk was memorable to me, not in itself, but for what it preceded. Our talk was highly satisfactory to ourselves, but not otherwise important; it turned upon our own affairs, business matters and domestic details. Then we talked of Aunt Anne; and James seemed much pleased that I liked the old lady so cordially, and still more, when I told him that at length my desire to see Woodlee was about to be gratified, for Mrs. Carter had expressed a wish that we should go there in the long vacation, and, of course, take the children.

"Then she really must be very fond of my Maggie," said James; "for, for a really kind-hearted and generous person, she has always been, in my opinion, singularly inhospitable. The stranger rarely remains within her gates for more time than suffices for the performance of a dinner-party. I hope we shall get on well there (of course we go), and that she will take to the children."

"O yes," I said, "I hope she will; but I am not sure; I will not let them worry her,

if I can help it. And, James, I really do think she will leave you her property — perhaps not all her money, but a great deal of it, and Woodlee. I don't think she cares in the least for your brothers; and besides, they are so well off, they don't want it."

"I'm not so sure of that, Maggie," said my husband; "at least, that they think so. However, time will tell; and I hope the dear old lady will enjoy her property for many a long year to come, though I don't mean to say I should not, at the end of them, like to find myself master of Woodlee, and wonderfully improving the property for Jamie."

I gave him an emphatic and sympathising squeeze, and we walked on all the more briskly and pleasantly for our little bit of castle-building, in which, Heaven knows, there was not a touch of disloyal envy of the *châtelaine in esse*.

When I reached Knightsbridge on the following morning, I found that Mrs. Carter had not carried out her intention of rising early, and that she was still in her own room. I assisted her to finish her toilet, which was always rich, careful, and suitable to her age and condition, and then we descended to the drawing-room. Aunt Anne was wonderfully better that day, and was looking so. Her face wore the softened, brightened expression which so often succeeds illness, with its enforced inaction and its opportunities for thought. I had thought, as she sat before her toilet-glass, and I had handed her the massive old-fashioned gold bracelets she always wore, and she had clasped them on the delicate wrists — a little shrunken, it is true, but still graceful — and arranged the lappets of her handsome cap, that she must have been a beautiful woman in her time; and I wondered whether her life had always been a tranquil one, or whether my old vague supposition, that the power to feel deeply and to suffer much lay hidden under that quiet and rather eccentric exterior, was correct. I was thinking these thoughts as we went down together to the drawing-room, where our entrance was greeted by a decorous welcome from the Corporal, and a burst of song from Ally. The room looked pretty and cheerful, and the light simple frames of the drawings on the walls glinted in the sun.

"Come now, Aunt," I said, "and before you sit down look at Miss Winifred's drawings."

"O yes," she said; "I must not forget that." And she put on her spectacles, and went over to the opposite wall, where were

the Indian scene and the beautiful drawing of the sea and the boat. She fully shared my admiration of the latter, and traced out its sentiment enthusiastically; but she dwelt upon the former with even closer attention, and said, "Is there no writing under the picture or at the side, to tell us where this view is taken from, Margaret?"

"No, Aunt," I replied, "there is nothing written there. Mrs. Devlin told me Miss Winifred spoke of it as 'the hills;' some European station in the Himalayas, or Neilgherries, I suppose."

"I wish I knew," she said, almost as if she were talking to herself.

"Why, Aunt?" I asked. "Is there anything particular about the hills in your mind?" I asked the question idly and carelessly; but she did not answer it for fully a minute, and then she spoke gravely, and I noticed with surprise that she looked paler than before.

"Yes," she said; "I once took a great interest in all that part of the world, and felt impatient enough at the little one could get to know about it in those old times. But what is the subject of the other drawings?" And she crossed the room to where the Egyptian and the English scenes hung side by side.

"You may as well sit down while you are looking at them, Aunt," I said; and rolled an arm-chair towards her, in which she sat down immediately. I was pointing out the beauties and the finish of the Egyptian scene to her, when she started up, uttered an exclamation, and stood gazing with clasped hands at the other picture—that one which represented the tranquil English country-house.

Something in her face and attitude frightened me.

"What is the matter, Aunt?" I cried. "What ails you?"

"What is this?" was her strange answer. "Tell me at once who has done this."

"Done what?" I said, my alarm growing, as her face bore more and more traces of agitation.

"Why, this—this drawing. Don't you know what it is?"

"No, Aunt," said I, "I don't—do you?"

"Do I? Yes. I tell you, child, it is a picture of Woodlee, as it was when I was a girl, as it was when"—she stopped, and I stared at her in silent amazement. The staid caustic old lady was shaking from head to foot; her lips were quivering; a rebellious army of emotions had broken loose in her, and were ravaging her features.

"Woodlee!" I said,—"a picture of Woodlee! What an extraordinary coincidence! But sit down, Aunt; pray sit down: why should this agitate you so much?"

Even while I spoke I was full of wonder, remembering that the picture had been painted within this very room where we were then looking at it, within three months of the artist's death; and that if indeed it were, as Mrs. Carter said, a picture of Woodlee in its former condition, it must have been painted from the memory of many years ago.

"What did Mrs. Devlin say about these pictures, Margaret?" said Aunt Anne, in a quick nervous voice.

"I remember only that they belong to her, Miss Winifred, and that she was forbidden to have them hung up where she is now."

"But what else did she say? Who painted them?"

"Dear Aunt," I said, "have you forgotten? Why, her father—and that is why the poor girl prized them so,—the father died here, you know, just before you came."

She looked at me in a puzzled sort of way, and said in a weak voice:

"What was his name? The father's name, I mean. Mrs. Devlin talks of the Captain and Miss Winifred, but she has never mentioned them by name to me."

"O, but she did to me, Aunt," I said. "The father's name was Arthur Dallas."

She started violently, uttered a sound that was neither a cry nor a moan, but in some indescribable way was both; then sank heavily back in her chair and fainted. If you have ever seen an old person faint—one in whom the impulse and passion of youth are extinct, one in whom life has ceased to be buoyant and self-asserting, in whom reaction is slow and pulsation feeble—you will understand the terror with which I gazed upon the motionless figure, the helpless hands, the gray fixed face. Hannah and Joan came into the room, alarmed by the violent ringing of the bell, and one of them called Mrs. Devlin. We flung the windows and door wide open, placed the chair in the current of air between them, and applied the usual restoratives, but for some time in vain. At length the spell seemed broken; she moved and moaned; the haggard eyes opened and looked vacantly, heavily around, and two large laggard tears—for age is grudging of the power to weep—dropped heavily upon the front of her dress. She looked from Mrs. Devlin

to me, and from me to the frightened servants, and then closed her eyes again with a shudder.

"We had better get her to her room, and into bed again, without delay, Mrs. Devlin. I'm afraid this is a relapse."

"No," I said, "I think not but I cannot explain it. We cannot move her up-stairs; let us lay her on the sofa for the present."

We did so, and she was perfectly passive. Then we gave her some wine, and she lay quite still, covering her face with her hands. When I knew by her pulse that the faintness had gone off, I went into the back drawing-room and wrote a message to James, directed Hannah to take it to the nearest telegraph-office, and when she was gone, I told Mrs. Devlin exactly what had occurred. That she had received a shock by the mention of Captain Arther Dallas' name was evident, but nothing further. I had never, to my knowledge, heard such a name in connection with her, or any member of my husband's family.

"Did you ever hear him, or Miss Winifred, mention Woodlee, Mrs. Devlin?" I asked.

"Never, ma'am," she said, "I am quite sure; or when I saw Mrs. Carter's letters, and the plates on her trunks, I should have been sure to have remarked and remembered it. The best way is to leave her perfectly quiet, ma'am," said Mrs. Devlin. "Whatever it is, she is not able to tell you, and she ought not to talk to you. Leave her to herself until the shock has gone off, and then it will be a relief to her to speak."

At this moment Joan came to the folding-door and told me Mrs. Carter was better, and asked for me. Mrs. Devlin and I went into the front-room, found her sitting-up on the sofa, her face quite pale, but still composed, and her hands, still tremulous, lying folded on her lap.

"I fear I frightened you, Margaret," she said, as I knelt down beside the sofa. "I am frightened myself, and ill, my dear, and I want to be quite alone. Yes," she continued, as I made a gesture of remonstrance, "quite alone. I am confused, and I must have things made plain to me before I can speak. You must leave me, dear. Go away now, and keep your engagement for this evening, and come to me to-morrow." (Mrs. Devlin, standing behind the sofa, made a quick signal to me to acquiesce.) She spoke with growing agitation and great urgency, and I began to perceive that she was too much in earnest to be contradicted.

"I promise you," she continued, "that I will take care of myself, but I must be alone.

Don't be vexed, my dear; you will understand it soon."

Pained, afraid, and wondering, I obeyed her, and took my leave. Mrs. Devlin saw me to the door, and gave me the most earnest assurance of her care and attention. She also promised to send for me at once should Mrs. Carter exhibit any symptoms of illness; and then reluctantly and slowly I turned away from the house. I had telegraphed to James that I could not leave Aunt Anne, and he must either go out to dinner without me or send an apology; and now I thought the best thing I could do was to go to his office and tell him how matters stood. I accordingly got into a cab and drove to Furnival's Inn. James was fortunately alone when I arrived, and he heard my account of all that had occurred that morning with equal astonishment and concern. He also was wholly at a loss to understand the origin of his aunt's agitation and suffering. He made me repeat the exact words that had been spoken more than once, and then said:

"There is no doubt it was the name which knocked the dear old lady up. There is also no doubt about the picture being Woodlee before she bought it, and probably altered it very much. I have some of the papers relative to the purchase here, I know, and I will look over them before I come home; they may throw some light upon the matter. You must get home now, my dear, or you will be ill next."

"Of course we will not dine at the Trevors," James?"

"Of course not. If you are up to it, we will go together to inquire for Aunt Anne in the evening; and if she is inclined to have you with her, you had better stay."

The day seemed long and dreary. I was nervous and apprehensive, and every ring at the bell made me start. At six o'clock James came home; and I followed him into his dressing-room to learn whether he had examined the papers and made any discoveries.

"Well, Maggie, I have found out something," he said. "Aunt Anne purchased Woodlee (as I knew before) from General Strickland; but I looked over some letters that were tied up with the deeds, and which had been mere preliminaries to the transaction, and I find that General Strickland bought the place from a Mr. Dallas, who inherited it from his father, and had lived in it for nearly fifty years."

"Then I suppose Captain Dallas was his son?" I said, "and ought to have been the owner of Woodlee. What an extraordi-

nary circumstance that Aunt Anne should have gone into the very rooms in which he lived and died, and found it out by such a mere accident as the hanging-up of a picture which had no real right to be there at all! But why should she be so dreadfully distressed, James? Do you suppose she knew this Captain Dallas? There is nothing in the mere fact of the drawing being a picture of Woodlee to throw her into such a state. She has not done any wrong or injustice; she does not purchase the place of them — of these Dallases, I mean. After all, the coincidence is strange; but it is only a coincidence, and I don't understand her agitation. Can you make it out, James?"

"Certainly not, Maggie," he said; "and there is no use in our wasting time in trying to make it out. We shall know it if Aunt Anne chooses to tell us; and if she does not, we must resign ourselves to ignorance. Her getting into those rooms is entirely a coincidence, and a very unfortunate one in my opinion. — By the by, Tisdale called on me to-day."

And then my husband, who has a business-like objection to prolonging a conversation after all the facts have been exhausted, proceeded to talk of the object of his friend's visit, and of things in general.

Dinner was over; and I had gone to the nursery to see the children undressed and put to bed, just before James and I should go to Knightsbridge, when the housemaid came to tell me that a gentleman had called to see her master on business, and that he accordingly begged me to wait for him for half an hour. I went down to the drawing-room in my shawl and bonnet, and was sitting idly there, listening to the hum of voices audible from the room below through the open windows, when Susan once more came upstairs — this time with a note. It was from Mrs. Devlin, and written by Mrs. Carter's desire. "Mrs. Carter and I have had a long conversation," the note said; "and I have been able to set her mind at rest about many things. She wishes you to know that she received a shock on learning the name of Miss Winifred's father, as she had known him well, under peculiar circumstances, in her youth. She is much better now, and has gone to her room, and begs me to write and tell you not to be at all uneasy about her, for she feels she will be quite calm and well to-morrow. Mrs. Carter hopes you will be able to come to her early." When I had read this, I perceived that our going to Knightsbridge that evening would be unnecessary; and when James joined me in the drawing-room, he

agreed with me, and we remained at home.

Aunt Anne received me in the drawing-room on the following day, and with her accustomed kindness and cheerfulness; but she was changed. I saw the alteration with my first glance at her handsome serene face, from which agitation had passed away in the long hours of the night, which bring counsel and calmness. It was a kind of change not easily described, but which I felt in every look and word of hers. It was not that she looked more happy, but that there was a purpose in her face, which lent a deeper meaning to its lines and features than the comfortable well-to-do intelligence which had been their ordinary expression. Something of pensive (not peevish) regret, of quiet solemnity, which I had never seen in her face before, increased the impression it made upon me. She was seated in an arm-chair beside the largest table in the room, on which, propped up by books, she had placed the water-colour drawing that had so deeply affected her. A number of books besides — all strangers to me — lay upon the table, and also a photographic portrait, in which I recognised the likeness of Winifred Dallas. I felt some embarrassment in this meeting with Mrs. Carter, such as I think persons who are naturally shy and sensitive must always experience when they have witnessed intense emotion, rendering a confidence inevitable which they feel might not otherwise have been accorded to them.

I think Aunt Anne saw that I was embarrassed and uncomfortable, and tried to set me at ease at once by saying, as she still held my hand, "You are regretting that I ever came here, Margaret; but it has been well for me, my dear." Then, after a little, she said, "I am going to tell you my story, Margaret. It is not a strange one, I daresay, though it seems strange to me. It is an old one now, indeed; but though you are young, you are not one of those whose narrow sympathies are but for their own age, and who cannot realise that the old were ever young."

"It is at least not difficult to realise in your case, Aunt," I said; "for you have little of age about you but the years."

"Perhaps so, my dear," she said thoughtfully; "and if that be really the case, the cause is, I think, that my memory has always been kept green. Mine has been a quiet life; and if one blessing has been denied me, I have enjoyed many lesser ones; and it may be that in the end such compensation as this world can bestow is yet to be mine for that great deprivation."

You don't understand me, Margaret; but you will do so when you have heard the story of my youth."

"Pray tell it to me, Aunt," I said; "and at least I can estimate such a confidence aright."

So she told me, in the words I use. I leave out only such interruptions as arose from my own questions and remarks. She told me her story gravely and simply, and without any of the strong excitement and agitation which had overpowered her on the previous day.

"I do not know, Margaret," she began. "whether you know much of James's family history. Some wives never learn a great deal on such points, especially when, as you did, they marry men whose occupations have removed them from the scenes of their youth and broken up close association. I will not question this, however, but tell you all I need as briefly as I can. Your husband's father was my brother, and my father's second son. There were three of us; I, the only daughter and the youngest child, was born only a few weeks before my mother's death. My eldest brother went into the army, and has long been dead. James and I were thrown together in our home-days, and naturally exercised a mutual influence on each other's life. I doubt whether James knows what his father's real character was; and I am sure, if he does know it, he has never imparted the knowledge to you. I will say no more of him than I must to make you understand my story. He and I and our father lived on at the Larches, which, as you know, my father sold some years before his death, after John had got his commission and gone abroad. I was educated at home by a governess, and James by a tutor. This tutor was an accomplished scholar and a gentleman, but he was a weak man, and unable to exercise authority when it was resisted, which it was by James. My father was an indolent man, whose property was already injured by his carelessness: and though he was kind and gentle to us all, I don't think we ever inspired him with any keen interest; and I am sure he never made our characters and dispositions a subject of study or observation. Our neighbourhood was not thickly inhabited, and our circle of visiting acquaintances was small, of friends still smaller. My intimacies were confined to two families—the Carters of Carters Court, and the Dallahs of Woodlee. The Carters were people of large fortune and a fine old name, and Carters Court a place which realised all the

old ideas of English hospitality and domestic life. The family were pleasant associates for me, as gay and young as themselves. Rosalind was my constant companion; and the young men, both in the army, and not very often at home, regarded me in the light of an additional sister, to be made much of, after an unceremonious fashion, when they did come to the house on leave. Algernon and Meredith Carter were much older than their sister, the child of their father's second wife. I have not much to tell you of the family, and only give you these particulars because you know Meredith Carter became my husband long after the happy time I am telling you of. The Larches were within two miles of Carters Court, and Woodlee was five miles on the other side of the Larches. The difference in distance made some difference in intimacy; and Helen and Arthur Dallas were less frequently at the Larches, and I less frequently with them, than with the Carters. Yet we saw a good deal of each other; and Helen Dallas, Rosalind Carter, and myself, were great friends, in all the girlish intensity of the term. When my brother James was nineteen and I was seventeen, I began to fancy he had a boyish predilection for Helen Dallas. He would come to the morning-room where she and I worked and read, practised our music, or gossipped together, when if Helen had not been there, he would have been off with his dog and gun, or visiting in the neighbourhood. James was a handsome, attractive young man; and I wondered sometimes that Helen never seemed attracted to him. I did not like him myself, but I had sufficient sense to know that that was no criterion. Mr. Thackeray did not write in those days, and remind young ladies that as their brothers were not in love with them, they could not possibly judge of the effect they produced upon other young ladies with whom they were in love; but I knew this by instinct, if not by instruction, observed silently, and knew that Helen cared nothing for James. If any thing could have made my father uneasy, I think James's conduct and disposition at this time would have done so; but nothing could; and he received complaints from Mr. Mars, the tutor, and accounts from tradespeople to whom James owed money, with a kind of contemptuous indifference which seems wonderful to me to look back on now, but which I did not reason on then. I never knew what was my father's exact position in money-matters, but I knew generally that he was not so rich as he had been, and that there was no entail of property on

"eldest son" in the case. The Larches had belonged to our family for four generations, but it was at my father's absolute disposal; and, as you know, he ultimately sold the place. He was very generous to me, though careless in the sense in which care is valuable to a motherless girl, and I am sure he was liberal to my brothers; but his liberality did not suffice for James's extravagance, and gradually something like discomfort arose in the atmosphere of our house. I remember, in particular, the departure of Mr. Marsh, and an angry scene between my father and James, in consequence of the tutor's having told my father that James had very imperfectly profited by his instructions. There was, as I have said, an angry scene; and I know my father told James he was seriously injuring his future prospects in life, for every shilling he had to pay for him above his allowance he would deduct from the share which was to be his at his death. He also spoke to him of a future career; and when James said insolently enough, there was time enough yet to think about that, my father asked him if he intended to make a fortune by his good looks and marry an heiress. 'No,' said James, 'I don't; I mean to marry Helen Dallas, if she will have me.' 'I don't think she will then,' said my father; 'and if she would, I think her father and her brother would hinder her; for Dallas has no good opinion of you, James, and does not fancy you for a companion for Arthur; and I conclude that if you were not a mere boy, whose marriage it is absurd to talk about, he would not consider you any more eligible as a husband for Helen.' Then my father went into his study, and appeared to remember the matter no more; perhaps he never did, for he had a wonderful faculty for casting off care, and substituting small things for great, in his interests in life. I have always thought, Margaret, that these unfortunate words of my father's laid the foundation of much of the misery which ensued: it was some distance off yet, and my life was very bright about this time. You will not laugh or listen listlessly when an old woman talks to you of love? The young pay an ill tribute to their own feelings when they ridicule sentiment merely because it has stood the test of time — merely because it has fulfilled the most ardent aspirations which their own young hopes and feelings have ever formed.

"I loved Arthur Dallas very well and devotedly, and so I love him still — more happy now, since yesterday, my dear, than for many years before, because I have no

more doubt or uncertainty about him; no more ignorance, because I know he has passed from darkness into the light which can be never more interrupted; and because the term of our separation must needs be brief, and will have a solace for me which has not been in all the years of my life since I saw him last. Yes, Margaret, he who died in this house, in the room, on the bed where I have thought the thoughts of him which have dwelt freshly with me for thirty years, where I have lived over again in memory much keen suffering, and a little transient joy — the father of the beautiful girl who interested you so much, the friendless girl — friendless, please God, no longer; the man who painted in this picture the home of his youth, where he and I dreamed of a home which was never to be, till we have met in the abiding City, and who, in painting it, must needs have thought of me — that man, Margaret, was my first and only love. Look here! do you see this stone terrace? There, where the lower steps begin, just under the stone vase, he and I and Helen used to sit. Here, on the opposite side, where that footpath winds away in the wood, he and I used to walk. There, where the painting grows indistinct, and the masses of trees are clustered together, and the walk winds out of view, he found me one day. Ah, I see him now, as he came hurriedly towards me, with a light in his brown eyes, and his black curls tossing behind his boyish head, and told me how he had traced me by a glove and a thimble and a pair of scissors, scattered along the footpath; as Poncet traced his parents by the pebbles. It was on that day we told each other in words what we had long known in our hearts, — known ever so long, and so well, that we did not say much about it, but soon fell to talking of James and Helen. I told Arthur I knew Helen did not care for James. He said he was glad of it, for even for my sake he could not like James. 'He was overbearing,' he said, 'insolent and shallow, selfish, disposed to profligacy, and, he felt sure, vindictive.' I remember so well how he told me he had watched James the day before, and had seen the scowl pass over his face when Helen gave some mark of her preferment to Algernon Carter.

"These are little things, Margaret, to have remembered all these years, but the time during which I had an opportunity of gathering up memories was brief, and all our measurements are arbitrary when they are applied to such things as these. We talked of Helen and James then regret-

fully, but without apprehension; indeed, we feared nothing. What was there to fear? Nothing from his parents, who loved me, and who could hardly object to our marriage on pecuniary grounds, for I supposed my father would portion me handsomely; nothing from my father, partly because of his indolent want of interest in me, and partly because he liked the Dallases better than any of our neighbours, and his intercourse with them almost amounted to intimacy. We were very happy, and we intended to be happier, and the garden and the woods of Woodlee were enchanted ground to us that day. It was to be the last of Arthur's stay at Woodlee for some time; the next he was to return to Cambridge, for he was in his second year at the University. He thought it well for us to keep our secret until his next visit to Woodlee, and this I agreed to. I had an undefined reluctance to my brother James being made acquainted with it; and indeed, knowing, as I did, that we had no opposition to fear, there was no reason why I should not enjoy the luxury of my secret happiness unshared. You must remember, Margaret, that though my father was a widower, and I was his only daughter, there was no such close tie of affection and confidence between us as to render my reticence a breach of loyalty to him, or an injury in any way. It was otherwise as regarded Helen, and I wished to tell her; but Arthur said, not yet, it might make her position more awkward with James. 'I wish he would propose to her, and get refused,' Arthur said; 'and then it would be over, and very likely James would make his mind up to something, and go away; and I'll tell you what, Anne, Algernon Carter is older than Helen, but I think she is inclined to like him, and I hope he may like her too.'

"Well, Margaret, he went away, and every thing seemed different. He was often from home, and though I loved him, and knew it, I did not seem to mind it much; but now when he belonged to me, I felt it hard, and somehow unjust. I was very young, dear, and unreasonable, and I grudged the time out of my life that seemed wasted. I have learned to look out on a larger prospect now than the little space lying at our feet, and to know that all periods fit into the eternal plan, and none are scattered loose or wasted. For every month that parted us then I can now count a year; and yet, what is it all?"

"You would like to know what sort of man Arthur Dallas was, Margaret, in those

days? You have seen his daughter, and Mrs. Devlin has given me this photograph, which is, she tells me, a very accurate likeness. Then the resemblance between them must be very great. For that girlish figure substitute a lithe, tall, powerful frame, light and supple, with movements full of grace and energy, and the gladness of a light heart in them all. For the pensive softness of this face, picture a frank boldness and high-hearted, gleeful, intelligent vitality, but leave untouched the brown-velvet eyes and the broad level brows, let the silken black hair be short and rippling over the head in close curls; and you have the father's picture, as like the child's as the difference of sex will permit. I wonder how much of the manly strength, grace, and beauty that I looked upon that day in the beech-wood was left in the form that lay at rest upon the bed upstairs. Arthur Dallas," she continued after a pause, which I did not break by a word, "was clever and enthusiastic, and, as I afterwards knew, but did not then suspect, weak. His weakness of character was of the generous, not the mean order, and it lent an additional fascination to his amiability, his light-heartedness, and the vivacity of his temperament. He was a general favourite; and when people said he was a little 'spoiled,' I paid no attention to the remark, which indeed was made in no unkindly spirit. My father liked him much in his own indolent way, and never appeared to have any objection to any amount of association between us. Not so my brother James. Before I had taken count of the nature of my own feelings towards Arthur, I perfectly understood those of James. He did not like him, and he was jealous of him — jealous because Rosalind Carter and his own sister preferred Arthur's society to his, and because Arthur's reputation stood higher in the neighbourhood than his own. I need not linger over this portion of my story — it is undefined, and to you uninteresting — but I will pass on to the time at which Arthur left Cambridge and my brother James was twenty years old. Before this time all that Arthur had foretold had happened. James had proposed to Helen Dallas, and had been definitively refused. Thence ensued the first open disagreement between him and me. He was frantically angry as well as bitterly disappointed, though I could see no reasonable cause for the former feeling. He had never received encouragement; and I told him so, and refused to allow the circumstance of his rejection to have any influence on my relations with Helen. He

attempted to insist on my relinquishing the acquaintance, and I quietly but steadfastly refused. A quarrel ensued, violent on his part; and a few days later he left home for London. You must remember that such an expedition meant something in those days, and I had no expectation of his return for some time. He had not been long away when I noticed an alteration in my father's demeanour; he became, for him, much downcast and fidgety; and I observed that he wrote to James frequently, and always appeared disturbed and low after doing so. Helen was very much with me at this time, and we both went frequently to Carters Court; while the Carters visited as often at the Larches. The question of Arthur's future was much debated just then. Mr. Dallas was not a rich man, though he was comfortably off, and he had a number of connections in India, engaged chiefly in mercantile pursuits and very prosperous. It was proposed that Arthur should take the sum of money his father could give him, to purchase a share in a mercantile house in Bombay, and so endeavour to realise such a fortune as would enable him to add to the estate of Woodlee, and reside there in becoming style when it should come into his possession, burdened as it would be with the charge of Helen's fortune. Mrs. Dallas had a sister, many years younger than herself indeed, but little older than Helen; and she had married, a few months before Arthur left Cambridge, a Mr. Hungerford, who had a mercantile house at Bombay, and who was then a prosperous and wealthy man. I think it must have been this marriage which inspired Mr. Dallas with such a plan for the disposal of Arthur, as it was proposed that he should purchase a share in the house of Hungerford and Lewin. My father did not like this plan—he had no great respect for mercantile pursuits—and having lost his own property through sheer neglect, could not perhaps have been expected to recognise the necessity of a young man's going to the other side of the world to enrich himself who had a tolerably comfortable position at this. Arthur, however, had no taste for any of the learned professions, and did not regard his university education as any drawback to his pursuit of commercial wealth. 'I suppose a man will not buy and sell the less skilfully for having a gentleman's education,' Arthur said to me, when I demurred to so much knowledge of science and classics being submerged in foreign trade. The time had now come when my father and Mr. Dallas were to be told of our engagement, and I did not en-

ertain any misgivings concerning the result. One summer evening Helen and Arthur and I lingered long and late upon that terrace,"—she touched the picture as she spoke,—“and now, after all these years, the scene is plain before my old eyes, as I daresay it will be when they are closing for the last time on all earthly scenes. The red gleam in the sky where the sun had gone down was still in the west, behind those tree-tops, and the last twitterings of the birds sang the evening-song. Helen sat reading on that step, and Arthur and I leaned side by side, and with our arms intertwined, over that low wall. We talked, with all the sanguine hopefulness of our youth and dispositions, about the time and the manner of our several disclosures to our respective fathers, and then rambled on to our plans for the future,—the residence in India, which was to be so brief, and the beautiful home Woodlee was to be turned into on our return. I have made some of the smallest of the alterations we then planned, Margaret, wondering sometimes whether Fate would lead his wandering footsteps to the old familiar place again; but it never did, my dear,—it never did.

“Well,” she continued, “we were summoned to the house by a servant, and I found a messenger from the Larches awaiting me. He had brought over a note from my father, containing a request that I would at once return home. I of course complied, and went away in the gig which the servant had brought for me. ‘I will be over to see your father to-morrow, Anne,’ said Arthur, as he arranged my wraps, ‘and will ride your pony. If I am turned out, you know, I can easily walk back,’ he added with a smile. As I drove away, I turned, and saw him standing on the low wide step of the hall-door, his bright brown eyes dancing with gaiety and his black curls moved gently by the evening breeze. I asked the servant as we went along if anything had happened at home; but he said not to his knowledge, though he added, something must be ‘up,’ as the squire had sent him to order a post-chaise for seven o'clock on the following morning. This surprised, but did not alarm me, and I went unconcernedly to my father's study. I found him looking pale, worn, and anxious; and he told me he had sent for me because he was obliged to leave home for London early on the following day on a matter of business.

“Unpleasant business?” I asked.

“‘Yes,’ he said, ‘very unpleasant business;’ but he said no more. I asked him if he were likely to be long away, and he

told me he did not know. I then requested him to allow me to accompany him; and he at first demurred, said it would be wretched for me to be alone at a hotel in London, while he should be out; but still I saw he wished to accede to my request; and at length, when I pressed it, he did so. We parted early, and I passed a great part of the night in making preparations for my journey, and in writing long letters to Helen and Arthur Dallas. To the latter I said, than his interview with my father being unavoidably postponed, I thought he had better say nothing to his own, and I promised to keep him advised of our movements from London. The journey was not very cheerful; my father was preoccupied and sad; and as my maid was inside the carriage with us, our conversation was quite general.

"When we reached London, we drove to a grave, dingy, but highly respectable hostelry in Bond Street, and my father inquired for cards and letters. There were several of both; and during the day he saw three gentlemen on business, he said, and of course I was not present. I remained in the house all day, and rested myself; and by the following morning I was in a condition to enjoy the prospect of sight-seeing very thoroughly. You think it strange that I should remember all these small things, Margaret; and so do I, when so many greater ones are utterly faded and gone; but my first visit to this great city was the turning-point in my life, and I remember every hour and every incident, as I should in vain endeavour to remember the hours and incidents of a year ago. I came down in the morning, and found my father even more gloomy and downcast than before; and while we were at breakfast he told me the object of his journey to London. It was connected with my brother James. My father did not tell me particulars, nor have I ever known them. All he told me was, that James had been recklessly extravagant, had involved himself heavily in debt, and had been concerned in some gambling transaction, by which he had lost heavily, and which he, my father, had been obliged to investigate. This was a painful business, and had resulted in even worse consequences than I had anticipated. 'I must pay the money, Anne,' he said, 'to save him from disgrace; ruin he has already incurred, for this is the last money he shall ever have from me. John and you are the sufferers more than I.' He then told me he had been obliged to raise a large sum, and that it was very doubtful whether he should be

able to avoid the necessity of selling the Larches. I did not understand money-matters very closely then, Margaret; but my heart sank within me, as a vague fear arose in me that in this calamity an obstacle to my marriage with Arthur might arise. I felt truly grieved for my father, but, with the absorbing selfishness of the young, I brooded over my own part in this misfortune, and magnified its extent. I could get no relief from the constant questioning of my heart—should I indeed lose my fortune? would my father be unable to give me a portion such as Mr. Dallas would think sufficient for his son? would their consent be refused? I remember that my father seemed surprised that I took the bad news with so much composure, while in reality I was almost stunned by the terrible weight of its meaning to me individually. I was still sitting with him when Algernon Carter was announced; and I saw by the embarrassment in the manner of both him and my father, that he was in some way concerned in, or at least cognisant of, what had occurred. Letter-writing was a very different thing in those days to what it is now, Margaret, and we used to take a good deal more pains about it. We did not send off hurried scraps of notes then, half-a-dozen in a day; and when I wrote all my fears and forebodings to Arthur, they made a long history. I think I could repeat the words of that letter now. Well, he answered it; and day after day came and went, and my father and I were still in London; he was still grave and troubled, and Algernon Carter was with him frequently. I saw a little of London, but not much—as much as I cared to see—and my heart grew heavier and heavier. At length one day my father told me that he had concluded the necessary arrangements; and I, who had hardly felt surprised that James had not come to the hotel, ventured to ask him if he had seen my brother. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I have seen him; but I cannot just yet endure his society. Something must be fixed on for his future provision, as soon as I can think of any fresh subject. In the mean time, he is to go down to the Larches, and stay there for the present; and you and I, Anne, will remain in London. We will take cheerful lodgings, and I will try to rouse myself, and let you have a little pleasure.'

"This resolution of my father's filled me with dismay. Deferring our return to the Larches signified a lengthened separation from Arthur, a further postponement of the explanation with my father, and added

suspense. But there was no help for it; and even when I had made up my mind to tell my father all about it myself, I recognised that I must put off the revelation until the shock and the anxiety of the late events should have subsided. Then another trouble arose, and confronted me. My father suffered silently but severely; and the impress of sorrow and despondency was fast settling upon him. I had never realised, in the comfortable, indolent, eventless, undemonstrative life we had led together, how much I really loved my father; but I began to realise it fully now, and I began to experience that which is the strangest and most salutary lesson learned by youth, the need for putting aside its own dreams and hopes, and attending to the stern and relentless actualities of life.

"We left the hotel, and were comfortably settled in lodgings at Kensington, where everything was very handsome and very unhomelike, when Algernon Carter came one day, and told me he was going down to Carters Court. I charged him with some messages to Helen and a few presents; and I saw by his face that the commission was a pleasant one. He had a long interview with my father; and that day, after dinner, he asked me, much to my astonishment, whether I was aware of the attachment between Algernon Carter and Helen Dallas.

"I told him, not exactly; that I thought they liked each other, but did not know that it had come to that. Then my father said, 'Carter is a fine fellow; I am sorry I did not know more of him sooner; he has behaved nobly in this matter of James. I hope and believe he and Helen will be very happy.' Then he added, after a pause: 'I have made my will, Anne. I had to destroy one which I had made when I had more to leave; and I have made Algernon Carter your guardian.' I have omitted to tell you, Margaret, that Mr. Carter was by this time dead, and Algernon had become the head of the family, and was then making arrangements to leave the army. I heard this, as as you may imagine, with great surprise; and my father went on to say, that in the event of his death, when it should become necessary to sell the Larches, he wished me to reside with the Carters. 'I have Algernon's promise,' he said; 'and Helen's will not be very difficult to procure, I fancy;' and he smiled. But I could not enter into the matter. I longed to tell him what were my own hopes and plans for a future home, but I refrained—I hardly know why. That night I wrote to Arthur, and told him all that had passed. I mentioned my brother

James, asked if he had yet seen him, and used these words: 'I am very anxious to know how he takes the news of Helen's engagement. I feel uneasy lest he should fix a quarrel upon either Algy or you, and so more trouble should come out of this, and our affairs be unpleasantly complicated.' In the due and then slow course of the post I received an answer which tranquillized me very much. Arthur told me he had seen James, who was reserved and sulky, and had apparently adopted the plan of maintaining silence on the family events in contemplation. He had not made his appearance at Woodlee, and Arthur had not asked him to do so. To this he added intelligence which filled me with gladness. He had spoken with his father on the subject of our engagement, obtained his unqualified approbation, and it was arranged that if my father still expressed a determination to remain away from the Larches, Mr. Dallas and Arthur should come to town to see him, and make, subject to his approval, the concluding arrangements for Arthur's partnership in the firm of Hungerford and Lewin. My satisfaction on receiving this letter was complete. I thought sadly for a while, indeed, whether I could leave my father, to whose shaken state I could not blind myself, and go to India. I doubted whether he would bear to part with me now as resignedly as he would once have borne it; but the indomitable hopefulness of youth came to my aid, and I felt sure that everything would be settled somehow. The next time I wrote to Arthur, it was to tell him that there was no prospect of our returning to the Larches for the present, and to beg him to execute his project without delay. Helen wrote to me on that day, as a young girl writes to her chosen friend and companion on the subject which engrosses all her thoughts and fills all her heart. A few days passed, and I had a note from her, written in great distress. She had met James accidental, and he had renewed his suit in a very offensive manner. She had informed him of her engagement to Algernon Carter, of which she knew, or suspected, he was already aware, and had expressed her indignation at the course he was pursuing. A violent scene ensued, in which he denounced her as a flirt and a jilt, declared she had encouraged and led him on for years, and spoke in a manner at once threatening and contemptuous of Algernon. 'I told him,' said Helen, — 'and, dearest Anne, you must not be angry with me for doing so, — that I regarded him as an unmanly coward to attack me in this way,

when I had neither Algernon nor Arthur to protect me; and I said, if Algernon did not exist, nothing would induce me to marry him, and that Arthur had as bad an opinion of him as I had. He went off in a fine rage, and I was sorry I had said that, as he and Arthur are to be so nearly connected: but Arthur *does* dislike him, and not even his being *your* brother can reconcile him to him. I wonder what he keeps prowling about the Larches for? I am sure it is lonely enough, now he can neither come here nor go to Carters Court. He has not met Algernon, or I suppose he would contrive to pick a quarrel with him.

"When I read this letter an indescribable thrill of fear passed over me, — a presentiment of danger and calamity seized upon me, and I felt that these incautious words of Helen's were fraught with misery to us all. I knew enough of James to dread their effect with a dread which might have seemed unreasonable to any one who had not seen his character develop itself, as I had done, but which was only too well founded in my knowledge. I perceived by Helen's letter that Algernon Carter had acted with his accustomed high honour and delicacy, and had not revealed my brother's painful secret even to his betrothed wife. So great was my distress of mind, that the concealment of it was impossible; and the moment my father returned from his accustomed walk in Kensington Gardens, I went to him and told him my uneasiness, and its cause. I did not read Helen's letter to him, but I gave him a softened version of its contents, and said nothing of her allusion to me. My father evidently partook of my misgivings, and said that the bitterness and recklessness of James's mood rendered them perfectly just. He could, however, do nothing beyond expediting to the utmost the arrangements he was then making for sending James abroad for a time. He would do this as speedily as possible; in the mean time he would write to James, and tell him his mind concerning his conduct to Helen Dallas, and to Algernon Carter, begging him to avoid any encounter with his unfortunate and misguided son. 'James hates Algernon all the more because he has been forced to acknowledge his obligation to him,' said he; and then left the room. I was forced to be content with this, though I knew I had not told my father that which lay at the bottom of all my fears — the dread of ill to Arthur. I had but half enlightened him, and he had but half reassured me; and thus that night was full of horrid dreams.

"On the following day my father wrote, as he had promised, to James and to Algernon Carter; and I wrote to Helen. I tried to be cheerful and composed; and I read over and over again Arthur's letter, and counted the hours which were to elapse before he and Mr. Dallas would come to London. I did not hear from Helen or from her brother, and their silence made me conclude that I should soon see Arthur. One morning my father received a letter from Algernon Carter, which he mentioned to me casually, remarking that Algernon had taken what he said in good part, and that there was no news, except that the Carters and Dallahs were to dine that day at Mindenham, (Sir Robert Thornhill's place), and that Algernon believed James was to be of the party.

"'It was fortunate I wrote when I did,' said my father. It was just in time, as they were all to meet.'

"Two days had elapsed, and I had gone with my maids for a drive to Richmond, when, on my return, I saw a travel-stained carriage standing before our door. I rushed upstairs with the full assurance that Mr. Dallas and Arthur had arrived; and bursting open the drawing-room door, I found myself in the presence of my father and of Douglas, our Scotch steward — a trustworthy servant, who had been at the Larches in my grandfather's time. My father's face was ghastly in its pallor, and his whole frame was trembling.

"'What is the matter?' I exclaimed, and stopped short just inside the door.

"I cannot tell you how they told me, Margaret, though I seem to have the scene before me; but I think it was Douglas who made me understand that my brother James had been wounded in a duel by Arthur Dallas, and that his life was despaired of. They had met at Sir Robert Thornhill's, had quarrelled, exchanged mutual insults and defiance, and this was the result. The meeting had taken place near the Larches, and thither James had been carried. Arthur Dallas had fled no one knew whither. I tell you all this very calmly, do I not, my dear? and I believe I even heard it very calmly then. Not that I did not know its full meaning at the time; for I did, and I believe that one always does. There is no such thing as 'breaking' evil tidings to any one: these marvellous forecasting minds of ours outrun the present, and see all — that which is, and that which is to be — in one comprehensive glance. I do not believe that any calamity ever brought, in its most lengthened duration, a

pang of which the first sting was not in its first moment. I know that before Douglas had ceased speaking, I had seen into the vista of my future life—Arthur had done this, deed which must for ever part us.

“I knew it all—I saw it all: and from that moment the blank began, which has never been brightened since with the old sunshine, though mine has been a prosperous, and not an unhappy, life. My father’s grief was terrible to witness. His indolent nature made it all the more so, as the contrast was more forced upon my attention.

“Of course all was confusion, and our immediate return to the Larches was at once decided upon. But this, I felt, was beyond my powers. I could not return thither; I could not see James, who, if he were to die, was dying by the hand of my betrothed husband; and if he were to live, had, by the provocation he had given, induced the dreadful occurrence which had separated us. I felt I could not be of any use to James; and I more than suspected that he knew what had passed between Arthur and me, and had acted as he had done with a perfect knowledge of what the consequences would be to me. No, I could not and would return to the Larches. The best surgical assistance within reach had been procured for James, and Douglas’s wife was installed at the Larches in attendance upon him. I took courage and told my father I did not feel equal to going home. He was astonished, and I could see disgusted, at my apparent selfishness and disregard of his feelings. I told him how Arthur and I had parted—with what intentions, with what hopes—and how I had had reason to expect that this very day would have brought him and Mr. Dallas to town, to ask his consent and ratify our engagement. I was indeed shocked at what had befallen James, but I acquitted Arthur, and implored my father not to condemn him. The best brother in the world, my dear Margaret, is of very little importance in his sister’s eyes in comparison with her chosen lover, and my brother had been rather less than indifferent. I knew the fault had been his, in this lamentable quarrel. I felt he had been endeavouring to provoke Arthur to anger for some time; and my intuitive conviction was that he had endeavoured to fix a quarrel on Algeron Carter, whose superior sense and added years, together with my father’s letter of warning, had prevented his falling into the snare, only too successfully set for the impulsive and high-spirited Arthur. I felt certain that no degree of anger could have so far obscured Arthur’s judgment as to make

him forget me and the consequences involved in any serious breach between himself and James; and I therefore knew by instinct that the quarrel must have been designedly and deliberately pushed *à l’outrance* by my brother, so that Arthur could not avoid accepting his challenge without positive dishonour. All this I told my father; and no doubt I spoke with the strength and passion which my feelings inspired.

“The position in which my father found himself was a very painful one, and his compassion for me was extreme. The whole thing came so suddenly upon him that he was well-nigh bewildered, and our relations with every one were complicated and changed. He could give me no comfort or advice. He did indeed speak as kindly as he could be expected to speak of Arthur; for, after all, if his son died, Arthur’s hand would have slain him; but he did not say a word like the possibility of my ever again meeting him. As to Helen, we hardly spoke of her, but I felt that she and I were also severed; for if her brother had wounded mine, the provocation had come from James, and my brother had at least banished hers. My feet were indeed caught in a net, and there was no deliverance for me. I have remembered ever since the sickening length and dreariness of that evening, and the torturing wakefulness of the night, which even the faculty of sleeping that youth possesses could not conquer. Early the next morning my father went away, promising to send our old housekeeper up to town to take care of me, and to write to me as soon as possible. I had not had a line from Helen Dallas, nor indeed had I hoped or supposed she would have been permitted to write to me.

“I have hitherto lingered over my story, Margaret; but now there is no need of lingering. James recovered but very slowly, and never completely. For a long time he was in so nervous and shaken a condition that we feared his mind was affected; but this wore off by degrees, and though he was a changed man, he did not display any sort of eccentricity. I remained in London until his recovery had so far progressed that he was no longer in any danger of death. I heard from my father that Mr. and Mrs. Dallas and Helen had removed to Bath before James’s state suffered him to leave the house, so that there had been no danger of their meeting; and a very short time afterwards Helen’s marriage took place. It had been solemnised with the utmost privacy, and Algernon and his bride went abroad for a year. The marriage had taken place so

soon after the misfortune which had befallen ourselves and the Dallases, as I understood, in consequence of a wish to that effect expressed by Arthur, who had remained in France a sufficient period of time to enable him to see his sister and Algernon in their early-wedded days, and had then sailed for India. Mr. Dallas had not returned to Woodlee, but had sold the place to General Strickland, from whom I many years afterwards bought it. My father and James were alone at the Larches, and even the resource of Carters Court was cut off from them. The name of Algernon's bride was a barrier between the houses.

"Your eyes are questioning me of Arthur, Margaret. Well, I will tell you of him. He wrote to me from France, whither he had fled, an agonised and agonising letter,

which confirmed all that I had conjectured of the circumstances of that fatal day. He said that he knew our separation was inevitable, whether James lived or died; but he solemnly declared that he had never had any intention of harming him, and that the pistol had been discharged accidentally; and I implicitly believed him. To the world this circumstance told against him, as James's second — a young gentleman who had been of the dinner-party — accused Arthur of having fired too soon; and in fact he had accidentally done so. His letter expressed undying attachment and constancy to me, and said something of possible hope in the far future. He was going to India very soon, and so took leave of me in a few lines of passionate grief and valediction."

A MARKET FOR HIGH ART.

MR. PUNCH,

ON the memory of a certain wooden painter, who should have been WEST — a certain joker of jokes joked the following joke, to wit: —

"He died and made no sign."

Sign-painting, Sir, has hitherto been regarded as an inferior exercise of the pencil, and nobody but a shallow jester would say that the elevation at which signboards are generally suspended entitles them to be considered works of High Art. But circumstances have arisen under which any British Artist who has only genius enough might be enabled to paint signboards which would rival the finest pictures of MICHAEL ANGELO.

Let me, Sir, direct your attention to those large public-houses, the vast joint-stock hotels. They are inns whose landlords are lords and dukes and other members of the landed aristocracy. They are kept by the nobility and gentry. In the fine English of these days they are called "palatial edifices." Let these palatial public-houses be embellished with signs. As a palace is to an ordinary tavern, so might the sign of the palatial public-house be to that of a common one; larger and more beautiful.

The sign of the huge hotel should of course be executed in fresco, to stand the weather. The grandest hotels might be adorned with signs of corresponding grandeur. What if the Langham Place Hotel were to be called the Queen's Head? Why, then, any requisite alteration having been made in the architecture of the building, its principal entrance might be surmounted, by way of sign, with the best portrait of HER MAJESTY that could be painted by a distinguished R. A. Or, the sign of the Queen's Head might be a painting commemorative of postage reform. In like manner the Alexandra Hotel might have for its sign a grand historical picture of Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS OF WALES landing in England. For that of the Westminster Palace Hotel no end of subjects might be taken from

the History of England for the last eight hundred years. Suppose the new Richmond Hotel were named the Cat and Fiddle, the Dog and Duck, the Goat and Compasses, the White Hart, the Blue Boar, or the Red Lion, its sign might exhibit a masterpiece of animal painting, executed by a LANDSEER or an ANSDALL.

A great advantage of sign-painting, practised as a branch of genuine art, would be the plentiful variety of subject which it would afford the artist. Fruit and flower painters, even, would thus find scope for their speciality in the production of such signs as the Rose and Thistle, or the Bunch of Grapes.

Altar-pieces are no longer painted, because there is nobody to pay for them, all the money that is given for pious use going in church extension, clergy-multiplication, and other means of supplying spiritual destitution with spiritual necessities. Sign-boards for splendid hotels would supply their places in the world of art, and, generally adopted, would create an ample and remunerative market for British Artists. If every great joint-stock hotel displayed a sign that was a first rate painting, it would do no more than its proprietary could very well afford. Rising hotels would encourage rising talent, and redeem this country from the reproach of being a nation of shareholders engrossed in trying to get money, and with eating and drinking.

I offer you the foregoing suggestion, *Mr. Punch*, in the hope that you will communicate it to the School of Design, and cause the Directors of that institution to begin reducing the notion of High Art signboards to practice, by offering to the competition of British Artists a considerable sum of money as a prize for the best sign of the Marquis of Granby. I love to take mine ease in mine inn, *Mr. Punch*, albeit I am,

HABITANS IN SICCO.

N. B. A good dry skittle ground. *Punch*.*

* Mr. Woodside, in Philadelphia, painted some signs which might really cultivate a taste for Art. We recollect the White Bear on a Field of Ice. Dr. Bethune in one of his orations gave deserved praise to this modest artist. [Ed. Living Age.

PROPOSED CONGRESS AGAINST PRIVATEERING.

To the Editor of the Living Age.—Although believing with you that no "Maritime Congress of Nations," for the prevention of privateering, as suggested by "The Saturday Review in the article on p. 620 of No. 1126 of "The Living Age," is likely to be held until after the settlement of your "Alabama" claims by England, I have thought that the accompanying letter of the late Honorable Wm. Wilberforce touching this subject, and written 46 years ago, might not be without interest to the general reader, both at home and abroad. The letter, in the handwriting apparently of the author, and bearing his own signature and frank, was addressed to my grandfather, the late Divie Bethune, Esq., then an extensive merchant and ship-owner of New-York City, while the latter was on a visit to England in 1820. About a year since, I found it among Mr. Bethune's papers, bearing in his handwriting the following endorsement: "The enclosed is in reply to a letter wishing a time of general peace to be improved for a general Compact of Nations to prohibit Privateering in future Wars." The following extract from Mr. Bethune's journal dated at Birmingham, July 9th, 1820, discloses the origin of this letter. The entry reads as follows: "In dining with Joseph Reynolds, son of Richd. Reynolds, I suggested to him that now would be a good time for the different Governments of the World to form a reciprocal agreement to prohibit Privateering, this being a time of general Peace. He caught at the idea, and on our talking it over said he would write to Lord Teignmouth on the subject. I think I shall venture to write Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Macaulay on the same subject, and I feel persuaded that the horrors committed lately by the Patriot Privateers of S. America will prepare the minds of a majority of the people of the United States to recommend a similar prohibition to our Government. Oh! may my God grant me grace and wisdom to write judiciously on this important business, and may He incline the hearts of all Rulers to the prohibition of this accursed practise." This entry is succeeded by an interesting account of Mr. Bethune's interview

with Mrs. Hannah More, at Barley Wood, near Wrington, Somersetshire, England, in which he says he "was agreeably surprised at the vigor of her intellect and the penetrating brightness of her eye." But this has nothing to do with the subject of this note.

Yours respectfully,

D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD,

DETROIT, February, 1866.

MR. WILBERFORCE TO MR. BETHUNE.

NEAR LONDON, 12 July, 1820.

DIVIE BETHUNE, ESQ.

My dear Sir,—I assure you with truth, that any suggestion from you would be received by me with a prepossession in its favor. But I can also assure you that the subject of your letter, with which I have been recently favoured, is one in which I have long had an opinion, perfectly consonant with your own; and, as you are already convinced, it is unnecessary for me to state the reasons for my own opinion. Parliament, however, is now within a few days of its adjournment, and it is therefore impossible to bring forward such a subject with the slightest hope of success, or even with any probability of its obtaining serious consideration. In another session the question would well deserve attention, and while I assure you, I should feel myself honored in being the introducer of it into the House of Commons, I must say that I should probably recommend for it a younger and less incumbered advocate. Were I not much occupied, I should be tempted to fill my sheet at least, but circumstanced as I am I will only add that I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again, on your return southward, and that I am, with cordial esteem and regard, my dear sir,

Yours very sincerely,

W. WILBERFORCE.

[Mr. Divie Bethune was the father of the late Rev. George W. Bethune, D.D., of blessed memory.]
—*Living Age.*

NEW SPANISH GRASS.—THE London *Engineer* says:—Esparto, the newly imported Spanish grass, is likely to be largely used, with cotton, hemp, and wool, as one of the staples of manufacturing industry, in addition to the

valuable resource which it seems likely to prove to our paper manufacturers. About 160,000 tons have already been imported, at an estimated price of eighty-two shillings per ton.

From the Examiner.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

CANADA is at this moment expecting the end, but hoping for the renewal in some acceptable shape, of the Reciprocity of Trade Treaty between the United States and the British Provinces. As important consequences may arise from either issue of this affair, we give some account of the nature of the treaty, and will look next week at the political questions arising out of it.

For a good many years after their separation from the mother country, the United States were almost entirely isolated from the British Provinces, and though the vigour of the fiscal restraints upon intercourse had been gradually though slightly relaxed, even as lately as twenty years ago there was the very smallest trade between them which can be thought possible between two countries lying in such close proximity. There were duties on each side upon almost every article coming from the other, and in Canada there was a differential duty discriminating against the trade of the United States upon every article whatever which came to it from thence. The first important step in the way of more free intercourse was the passage by the Americans of the Bonding and Transit Law, by which they permitted goods coming from sea to the United States but destined for Canada, to pass through their territory in bond. This concession was made spontaneously, for their own purposes, and, no doubt, at the suggestion of their railway companies, who saw that with such an arrangement they would command the Canadian trade during the months of closed navigation. Canada soon after, upon the completion of its canals, and with an object similar to that of the Americans, passed a Bonding Bill of its own, with a view of enabling its forwarders and shippers to export the Western American cereals. It moreover absolutely removed the duty on wheat; but retained that on flour. Then came our abolition of the Corn Laws, and Canada's loss of favour in home markets, with the consequent abolition of the differential duty against foreigners, which had previously been maintained for the purpose of giving a preference to British exporters.

Under these new forms of fiscal legislation the trade between the two countries began slowly to augment. About 1849, however, the late Mr. W. H. Merritt, to whom Canada is indebted for the project of the Welland Canal, and more recently for that of the suspension bridge at Niagara, began

to agitate for a reciprocal free trade between Canada and the United States in agricultural products. He was prompted to this mainly by observing that at certain seasons the prices of provisions were higher in the American sea-board States than they were in England, and that for a large class of agricultural produce Canada had no other market than that of the great continental cities. For some time the Canadian Government of the day, then under the direction of Mr. Hincks, now Premier of Demerara, appeared disposed to slight this project. Eventually, however, they took it up, and having obtained the assistance of the British Minister at Washington, Lord Elgin, succeeded in negotiating with the American Government that Convention, which is now on the point of expiring. Respecting that negotiation we may mention two pieces of history which we believe to be authentic — they at any rate come to us from persons who were actors in the business. While the American Government was being solicited for its assent to the proposals, the Southern members of the Senate — the body whose action on treaties were final — was greatly indisposed to give what was asked; thinking that the advocates of the plan in the Northern States, while imposing heavy duties in favour of Northern manufacturers, at the same time were attempting to get up a little bit of free trade on their own frontier for their own benefit. They had, therefore, in "caucus," to use the technical word, determined to vote against it, and if they had, it would have miscarried. Just then, however, one of them received a letter from a resident in Canada, exhorting him to vote against the treaty, because that would drive the Canadians to ask for annexation in despair of getting by any other means into the American markets. The letter had an effect the reverse of that which was intended. The Southerners did not want the annexation of one or two new free States; and they at once made up their minds to change their intended course. We are told that the ultimate success of the treaty was owing to that accident. In the meantime it had met with a good many obstacles. One was removed in this way. Mr. Hincks, finding that the thing did not go so fast as he desired at Washington, thought he could put a pressure on the U. S. Government, and with that view made it a part of his policy to close Canadian canals against American vessels, and otherwise to legislate against American trade. This policy, however, he very suddenly abandoned, as it was thought at the time, because it had succeeded in driving

from office one of his colleagues, the Hon. John Young, who regarded it as suicidal. It is now, however, stated that the British Minister at Washington received a hint that all chance of success would be destroyed unless these menaces were promptly discontinued, and that it was at his instance they were hastily abandoned. It may be added that very considerable sums of money were spent, or alleged to have been spent, by the "officious" Canadian negotiators, some portions of which were not repaid by their Government, though the outlay was plainly authorized, till a few months ago. The destination of this money is still involved in mystery—whether used to influence congressional consciences or not.

The treaty may be shortly described:—It admitted all kinds of raw produce, agricultural and mineral, except hay, salt, and sugar, into each of the two countries from the other free of duty, provided for the free navigation of the St. Lawrence and Lake Michigan to the citizens of both countries, and permitted American fishermen to fish on the British North American coasts as freely as the provincials, but admitted the provincial exports of fish free of duty into the American markets.

The following table is sufficient to show, in the shortest and most comprehensive manner, the results which followed the achievement of this wise convention:

	Ex. to Canada. Dollars.	Impts. from Can. Dollars.
Before Treaty.	1850, 5,390,821,	4,285,470
	1851, 7,929,140,	4,956,471
	1853, 7,829,090,*	5,278,116
	1855, 20,882,241,	17,448,197
Since Treaty.	1856, 16,574,895,	18,291,834
	1861, 14,361,858,	18,645,457
	1862, 12,842,504,	15,253,152
	1863, 19,898,718,	18,816,999
	1864, 16,658,429,	30,974,118
	1865, 18,306,497,	30,547,267

These are the American figures, and there is some discrepancy between them and the Canadian; but none that affects the present purpose of showing the effect of the treaty on the trade of the two countries. To understand their full significance, it must be borne in mind that under the treaty Canadian imports from the United States were almost all required for shipment to England, comparatively little being taken into consumption, whereas in some years all, and on an average of years the major part of the exports to the States went into consumption there. Thus the free admission of American produce nourished

Canada's shipping trade rather than stimulated their production, whereas the free admission of its own produce opened to Canada in the United States a market which it had not before; though of course while the United States were shipping cereals to England, their importations of Canadian cereals were truly as much a transit trade as Canada's importations of the same kind of goods from them.

We may add here that while almost all Canada's exports to the United States were relieved from duty, as it sent them little but raw produce, only about fifty per cent. of its imports from them were affected by the treaty; the official figures for the half-year ending 30th June, 1864, taking that period as an example, showing that the free goods from the States were the whole trade from thence in the proportion of 48 to 104. It is also worthy of notice, that if the operations of commerce could ever be estimated in anything but money, the importance of the free trade of Canada with the States might be said to consist even more in its convenience than in its profit. Since 1854 Canadian farmers, instead of having to send, with much trouble, small parcels of produce to a distant market at great loss of time and with expense in the payment of commissions to merchants, often, moreover, receiving the return in what is called "store pay," have had the American buyers going all through the country buying whatever they had to sell at their own doors, and paying in cash. No doubt some of these advantages are due to other causes than the treaty, especially to the extension of the railway system, which had its great development about the time that convention was made. But much of Canada's recent prosperity is certainly due to the removal of ancient fiscal restrictions between its rural population and the great consuming cities of the Atlantic coast.

From the Examiner, 24 Feb.

IRISH HATRED OF ENGLAND.

THE reason why Dr. Fell was hated could not be fathomed, but hated Dr. Fell was, not a jot the less thoroughly and bitterly. And Dr. Fell's case is the case of England in the feelings of the lower and not a few of the upper Irish. Now a hatred without reason is a hatred the most stubborn and lasting, for nothing that can be done can operate

upon it. Not that the Irish hatred of England was originally without cause, as for many years the English yoke was a heavy, galling yoke to Ireland; but the juster rule of the last forty years, which has left few grievances unredressed, has not eradicated the animosity which was provoked by previous misgovernment. The effect survives the peccant cause. But this is not all. There is a want of affinity between Irish and English, and generally they do not like each other. The Irish is a warmer, more genial, more impulsive temperament, and antipathetic to it is the English coldness and phlegm. And the Irish are not singular, it must be confessed, in their dislike of us. Most people have the same prejudice, and call us sullen, proud, and arrogant. If they knew us better they might judge us less unfavourably; but this reminds us of the argument of Charles Lamb, who, when asked how he could hate a people he did not know, answered, "And pray, how could 'I hate them if I did know them?' Ill will is best nursed in ignorance. Sixty years ago how we hated the French; it was a point of patriotism, and the greatest warrior of the time, Nelson, held the then common opinion that we were natural enemies. Wellington, of a later date, and who had more knowledge of the people with whom he had battled in Spain, had none of the national prejudice; and with the improved intercourse between the two people, it may be said to have passed away from us, what lingers yet being on the French side, where it is a tradition kept up by several causes. Our prosperity is resented, and the English demeanour which is supposed to be encouraged by it is exceedingly obnoxious to people whose pride takes another turn, and who revolt against what they call our insular arrogance. That there is some fault of this kind is not to be denied, but for the most part we believe there is more awkwardness than arrogance in the case. As for the highly-bred people, they are much the same of all nationalities.

If in France traditions of hate are kept up by dislike to manners and deportment, the case is different in America, where there is prejudice against the nation, but none against individuals, sure of a warm hospitable reception if they deserve it. Also in Ireland the Englishman who conduct himself well, and gives himself no airs of superiority, is respected, and perhaps something more, though his country is charged with every ungenial, ungenerous, and unjust habit. But is not all this preju-

dice on the wane? and are we not seeing the flag end of it? Is it not, as it were, going downhill, or, as Sydney Smith said of ghosts, descending from the drawing-room to the kitchen? Hatred of England moved to rebellion in 1798 men of all classes, gentlemen, priests, lawyers, scholars, as well as ignorant peasants. But there is none of this leaven in Fenianism, and the impulse of hatred does not operate above a very low level. And so rebellion seems in process of wearing out, sinking lower and lower, though with an extensive surface. Probably numerically there has never been more disaffection in Ireland, but the stratum is of sand, whose many grains have no cohesion. There are none of the leaders of 1844, much less of '98. The Thanes fly from it.

We are not without hopes, therefore, that the present may be the last occasion for coercion, and it should be followed, as soon as circumstances will allow, by measures for the removal of the few remaining causes of complaint. First and foremost of these stands the Church *not* of Ireland, and though it is not a practical grievance, nor one much taken to heart by the Catholic peasantry, it is a sign of subjection that ought to be pulled down. Every intelligent Irish Catholic sees written on the Protestant Church Establishment, *Sic vos non vobis*. It is a standing affront, a memorial of conquest in the shape of the gross injustice that the strong can do the weak.

The land question, however, is the main trouble of Ireland, and it comes not from any fault of the State, but from long habits and usages between owners and occupiers. It lies, therefore, more in the domain of equitable private management than of legislation. Parliament may, nevertheless, with great advantage investigate the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland, and the diverse holdings of land. To bring the facts prominently forward would be a step towards some better arrangements.

Ireland wants industry in two shapes, capital which is hoarded labour, and the regular daily labour which constitutes the profitable industry of a people. She has a great multitude of labourers whose amount of labour is little, partly from the small holdings in parts of the country, and partly from the religion with its many days of fast and festival withdrawn from secular employments. We should like to know how many days are given to labour by the occupier of a small plot of land. How many days his cultivation requires, how

many his Church. And what the total of work and of idleness. The North needs no such inquiry.

England is charged with being a cruel step-mother to Ireland, but the tendency is now rather to spoiling the child. The suspension of the Habeas Corpus is no proof to the contrary; it is an exceptional measure for a temporary danger. For the rest, what part of the kingdom is so much coaxed and indulged as Ireland? Could Scotland, for example, have got a Galway contract and subsidy? Can Wales obtain an exemption from the operation of the Cattle Plague Act? When Ireland asked for a prohibition of the import of cattle, was she not instantly indulged? And is it not out of tenderness that she is spared the infliction of the Cattle Extirpation Bill, though localities as free from disease are subjected to it?

After all, we believe that Ireland has more reason to complain of her own sons than of Englishmen, many of whom are her true friends. It is an old saying current in Ireland, that if an Irishman is spitted for roasting, another will always be found to turn him. And this Fenian conspiracy could never have been discovered as completely as it has been unless the conspirators had been false to each other to a great extent. To hold and pull together for evil or good is not an Irish habit, at least not in the South. The usual thing is a game of nine-pins, in which the men are set up to knock each other down.

From the Saturday Review.

RICH UNCLES.

If the rich uncle were only half as common an institution in real life as he is on the stage or in a novel, the world would be a cheerier place than it is, and moralists would be compelled to admit that virtue still was to be found upon the earth, perched happily and pleasantly on one or other of the collateral branches in every family tree. In the pictures they draw of society and its manners, novelists unfortunately are too fond of gratifying, on paper and in fancy, the yearnings of the human heart after the unattainable. The curate whose sermons are never too long, and always make his hearers think; the officer who carries the kid glove of his old garri- son flame for thirty years next his heart,

and has it on his person when he falls at the head of the forlorn hope; the self-sacrificing beauty who resigns her lover to a rival; the faithful college chum who has cherished a mutual attachment for his friend's hardly-used wife for half a century, and only mentions it in a whisper on his death-bed—all are so many creations by means of which the sort of people who write romances express their passion for the ideal. But perhaps there is no portrait so completely suggestive of the impossible and the intangible as the portrait of that imaginary uncle who never appears except to make other people happy, and who always dies at the right moment. Our imaginations are fired at a very early age by the description, and we go through life sighing and longing for this noble being who never is, but always is to be. *Exoriare aliquis* is our constant but fruitless hope. Where, oh where, is that benevolent individual in gaiters of whom we have read so much, whose only anxiety is that we should marry the object of our affections as soon as the license can be procured, who burns to enjoy the pleasures of matrimonial happiness by proxy only, and whose reward is to be allowed in return to kiss his nieces-in-law and their children as often as he pleases when they come down to breakfast in the morning? All of us have learnt to admire the princely munificence of Mr. Peabody. But every time the newspapers present us with a new instance of his liberality, the sad thought cannot but force itself on the minds of many, how it is that there are so few Peabodys in private domestic life, who have been imbued with the sound Scriptural maxim that charity begins at home, and with a proper sense of the privileges and opportunities of those whom Providence has blessed with a lively and varied assortment of nephews and of nieces. The tide of human affairs is influenced, as we all know, by the merest accidents. It seems so hard that what is should have been irrevocably separated by some little trivial barrier from what might have been. If grandfathers and grandmothers had lived long enough to have had one more child before they died, if their supernumerary offspring had been wisely despatched at once to India, had amassed a colossal fortune in the society of Nabobs and of Begums, and had finally come home, after a long absence, with a fatal liver complaint, and with a rooted desire to live in the happiness of his relatives, this might have been a bright and a beautiful world in spite of everything. We can all conceive how

pleased we should have been to have smoothed our beloved Peabody's pillow, and to have remembered him in our prayers. *Dis aliter visum.* There are few of us to whom Providence has not seen fit to deny this harmless gratification; and when we look at life as it is, and turn from the melancholy spectacle to the three-volume novels and the dramas of the day, it is indeed almost exasperating to see how authors and authoresses persist in pouring upon their heroes and their heroines such golden showers of unspeakably precious kindness in weak health.

Regret under such circumstances, with well-regulated minds, ought never to take the lower form of a selfish sentiment, and it is wiser and nobler to be able to base it on a calculation of what the human race loses by the infrequency of such elevating spectacles. If rich uncles were not as rare birds as black swans, the feminine half of the world would not be able to go on saying, with such a terrible show of truth, that a bachelor's life is necessarily selfish. Women constantly complain of the gross injustice of the reproach that rests on the character of an old maid. Old maids are often very charming people, though afflicted perhaps, as a rule, with too absorbing an admiration of popular preachers; and if marriages are made in Heaven, it is not unnatural that Heaven should keep some of the best specimens of womanly virtue for itself. There may, moreover, be rich aunts as well as rich uncles, and it would be improper and imprudent to pass a sweeping condemnation on those who have chosen to play the part of wallflowers at life's festive ball. If celibacy in woman is a fault, it is a fault which may be redeemed by a devoted desire to make the younger members of her family prosperous and wealthy. But, after all that has been said, it is fair to recollect that old maids are not visited with half the reproaches which feminine critics shower on the head of that much-abused being, the irretrievable old bachelor. The irretrievable bachelor is a sort of social Hercules target, the bare existence of which is a slur upon the power and precision of feminine artillery. Something must be done to put a stop to his attitude of offensive impenetrability, and his unpopularity may be taken as a proof that it is as dangerous in some cases to resist successfully as to be gracefully vanquished. The male heart, to start with, is desperately wicked, but its follies and failings are never painted in such gloomy colours as when it has shown an ill-advised intention to lead a single life.

This is why Club dinners and whist and smoking are so generally admitted, by feminine moralists, to be hopelessly prejudicial to the character. They are not only in theory pernicious, but they are the avowed enjoyments of the bachelor. The gallant knight who loves and rides away is in his degree a more admirable creature than the unknighly craven who never falls in love at all, and who provokingly sits still over his Club cigar. The moral indignation he very naturally excites is so considerable that the species would have become extinct long ago if it were not for one redeeming feature in their case. When disapprobation of the bachelor's habits is on the very eve of rising to a storm, there is one saving virtue that interposes and rescues him from annihilation. Unmarried blessedness would be outlawed by the verdict of society if it were not for the fact that the irretrievable bachelor may yet retrieve himself by turning into a rich uncle, and becoming a blessing, if not a credit, to mankind. It is thus—a feminine philosopher will perhaps conclude—that we are brought to see how, in the great economy of nature, there is no such thing as utter ruin and degradation. Fallen as he seems to be at the first glance, the bachelor may live to prove that his career has been in no degree wasted or unprofitable. If there were only more specimens of so creditable a conversion, a bachelor's profession would end by being considered a noble and disinterested one. In answer to the invidious question why on earth he did not marry, the bachelor would only have to reply, "I do not marry because it is my ambition to be a rich uncle."

A rich uncle has this advantage further, that he carries into domestic life an example of unselfishness and disinterested solicitude for the welfare of his kind. In return for the imputation of selfishness that is so freely bestowed upon them, bachelors might with plausibility retort that married life is not, upon the whole, productive of social sympathy and magnanimity. A partnership is not necessarily less egotistical than a single speculator, and self-interest often perambulates the world in couples. Towards their husbands and their children Englishwomen are almost uniformly unselfish, but beyond their husbands, their children, and their own social success, they show commonly a disposition to be indifferent to the outside world; and the result is, that their influence is weakened, and their powers of conversation proportionally impaired. If this be true, domesticity has its drawbacks,

as well as its delights. An Englishwoman's pleasures are simple, but possibly somewhat narrow. She is keenly solicitous about her husband's advancement in the world, and measures it carefully by the amount of social consideration bestowed upon herself. She likes her children to be healthy, handsome, and admired, and devotes herself heroically to their best interests. By the time she has got to the extreme edge of her family circle, her enthusiasm is generally exhausted; and literature or politics she cares for so far only as they are likely to affect or interest those in whose welfare she is concerned. A rich bachelor at a domestic fireside is a perpetual protest against this exclusiveness of view, and is in his way less of an egotist than the mother whose absolute devotion to her family he so much admires. Kind as he is, and intimate as he is, his fair *protégée* would see him broiled alive before she would allow a single hair to be harmed of her husband's or her children's heads; and a soft unutterable sense of contingent benefits sometimes, perhaps, suffuses even her real affection for himself. Considering the nobility of the nature of women, the fact that after marriage they are impregnated with this sort of feeling, for which selfishness is too hard a name, is possibly a discredit rather to their husbands than to their own education. If men sought less exclusively to absorb every thought of the women who are under their control, the character of women would be more chivalrous after marriage than it is. Romance and impulsiveness belong chiefly to unmarried girls. They will enter into and appreciate the not uncommon pride which now and then makes a man abandon fame and fortune sooner than stoop to pick them up. It is equally certain that, when women marry, this kind of enthusiasm sobers down. In the cause of those to whom they are attached they remain as generous as ever; but with all generosity which threatens to interfere with the fortunes of their husbands or their children they have but little sympathy. Humanity and patriotism, and even charity fail in their eyes when contrasted with the ties of domesticity. A being who is content with the private felicity of others, and who looks for no private felicity of his own, would accordingly be a novel sight at a family gathering. He would be entitled to rank as an exception to the law of domesticity, the theory of which is that no ties are permanently strong except the ties of maternity or marriage. Rich uncles are not as easily to be met with as the natural

Adam could wish, but when they do occur they are probably less egotistical than their fortunate nephews and nieces.

The pleasures of benevolence which a rich uncle may be considered to enjoy are indeed compared by a great Greek philosopher to the pleasures of paternity; and it may be that in exceptional cases they even supply the place of the latter. Human nature is in the habit of boasting of its instincts, but a large proportion of the feelings we term instinctive are evidently to be accounted for on a simpler though less flattering theory. That human nature possesses any instincts, properly so-called, has been denied, may be doubted, and certainly never can be shown to demonstration. It is by no means uncertain that, after allowances made for the influence of sentiment, interest, and reason, a father would be naturally drawn towards his son; and the affection of human beings for their offspring is possibly made up of a powerful and perfect union of the three. However this may be, it is tolerably clear that the three are nowhere so completely united as in the case of the relation between parents and their children; and the rich uncle whose mission is to bring prosperity to his belongings can at least enjoy parental pleasures in a secondary and imperfect way. It is, in truth, the only fashion left in which a man can enjoy them without entering into the precarious speculation of marriage, or without sinning against social decorum and incurring the social penalties imposed upon the sinner. The skeleton, however, in every benevolent man's closet is and must be the reflection that it is almost impossible in advanced life, when the power of exciting romantic attachments is gone, to bind others to us, except, indeed, by the glittering but fragile tie of gratitude. That rich uncle is a happy and exceptional personage who can bring those about him to identify their interests with his own, and to feel bound to him by the sentiment that unites children to their parents. To achieve this result, something more than the benefactions of a kind old gentleman are usually necessary, unless accompanied by qualities that command enthusiasm and regard. Even a millionaire cannot take affection by storm, or break through the circle of family reserve, as Jupiter broke through the guards of Danaë, in a shower of gold. Those who wish to live in the affections of others had better not wait to make the effort till they are old and wealthy, but begin betimes when they are young.

FREDRIKA BREMER.

THE recent decease of the celebrated Swedish novelist, Fredrika Bremer, which has already received a passing notice in our columns, affords the occasion of recalling the deep and affectionate interest which she cherished in American affairs, especially since her visit to this country, about fifteen years ago.

Her admirable works of fiction had won for her a host of friends on this side of the ocean. Their fresh and vivid pictures of Northern life were a novelty in literature; they opened a new world to readers who had become weary of the stale incidents and common-place plots of much of the popular fiction of the day; they produced a deep impression no less by the artlessness of their style, than by the fidelity of their portrayures; and for a long time, her name was the subject of universal encomium.

Her purpose of making an American tour was widely announced before her arrival. She was expected with grateful and almost tender interest; her coming was welcomed with eager delight by many who had known her through the medium of her writings; and when she landed on our shores, many hospitable firesides grew brighter at her approach, and in the intimacies of friendship she was never permitted for a moment to feel the loneliness of a stranger. Her frank and cordial manners, combining a simplicity which sometimes amounted to an almost childlike naïveté with a womanly dignity that was never laid aside; her kindness of disposition, and her noble unselfishness of purpose, procured her access to more than one choice family circle, and surrounded her with friends, with whom her cordial relations closed only with her life.

On returning to her own country, she published an interesting record of her experiences in America, showing her appreciation of our national character, and her attachment to our institutions. Her active temperament did not permit her to remain long in the enjoyment of repose. Five years were devoted to extensive journeys in the Holy Land, Greece, Italy, and Germany, the fruits of which appeared in six volumes of travels, which enhanced her high reputation both in this country and in England. She passed two years in the family of the chap-

lain of the Queen of Greece, in friendly intercourse with the royal family. The King put at her disposal his yacht in which with a party of chosen friends she visited the principal Grecian islands.

Upon the breaking out of the war of the rebellion her sympathies were deeply enlisted in the success of the American arms. With the aid of our leading journals, and a careful study of the map, she kept herself fully acquainted with the progress of the struggle, and never lost her faith in the triumph of freedom and right. In the last edition of her work on America, she has added an appendix, describing the character and effects of the war. Her intelligent and lucid exposition has doubtless had no inconsiderable influence on European opinion, and contributed to a favourable view of the nature of the cause. "The assassination of Lincoln," she says, "opened the eyes of the people of Europe to the serpent nature of the Rebellion, and in the shock and shudder electrically felt from this serpent sting, a pedestal rose under the feet of the victim, raising him and the cause for which he died so that he became visible to all nations."

The latter part of Miss Bremer's life was quietly passed in her old family castle, Arsta. She continued to take a deep interest in public affairs. She felt great joy in the progress of this country toward a high ideal, and watched with anxious sympathies the course of moral and political reform in her own. In a recent letter to an American friend, which we have been permitted to use, she says: "From one of the high windows of this large high room, your Swedish friend sees rise on the western horizon the spire of the parish-church, pointing upwards, and to her telling of the place of repose where the body will in no long time be laid down with those of her parents, brothers, and sisters." She has now passed away in the ripeness of a pure and honoured age, crowned with an abundant harvest of pleasant fruits, and golden grain, and healing leaves, while her memory will long be cherished in gracious esteem by many who were her debtors for the sweet beauty of her character and the reviving influence of her works.

Tribune.

From the Cotemporary Review.

FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson, M.A., Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, 1847–53. Edited by STOFFORD A. BROOKE, M. A., late Chaplain to the Embassy at Berlin. In Two Volumes, with Portraits.

Sermons. By the late Rev. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M.A., Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton. First Series (13th Edition), Second Series (11th Edition), Third Series (11th Edition), Fourth Series (2nd Edition).

Expository Lectures on the Epistles to the Corinthians. By the late Rev. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M.A. Third Edition.

Lectures and Addresses on Literary and Social Topics. By the late Rev. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M.A. New Edition.

An Analysis of Mr. Tennyson's "In Memoriam." By the late Rev. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

THIRTEEN years ago the clergyman of a proprietary chapel at Brighton died, and was buried with unmistakable demonstrations of sorrow. A ministry of six years had endeared him to his people, and he had taken sufficient part in public and local questions to be recognised beyond the bounds of his congregation. But he had only published one sermon, and so many clergymen had lectured at Mechanics' Institutes, and spoken on Ecclesiastical Titles Bills and early closing of shops, that not much heed was taken of one clergyman more. As for any lasting influence, his life seemed to have ended at the grave abruptly, immaturely, for he died young. As for any mark to be traced by him in the religious thought of England, England had never heard of him. In a year or two a volume of his sermons was published, with the drawbacks inseparable from all posthumous publications. He had not written them before they were preached, but after they were preached he had condensed them for some absent friends

—a task which he had imposed on himself with exceeding dislike, and executed with great swiftness and brevity. Other volumes followed, more imperfect, less authoritative, less likely to represent him at his best, to fulfil his requirements of what a sermon ought to be,—too closely packed and merely suggestive, if not skeleton-like, to be popular. Yet their circulation spread with extraordinary rapidity; they ran even with the last novel; they became a staple of the circulating library; Tauchnitz published them, at Leipsic, in his collection of British authors; in America and at home their popularity was unprecedented; and a thirteenth edition, last autumn, proves that it is steadily maintained. Mr. Robertson of Brighton was soon as prominent a name as the Church could point to. People were so ready to catch at almost anything he had said, that there was danger of publishing too much, of letting the world look on his most private and crude thoughts, of trusting to the uncertainty of casual reports by those who had heard him, of being driven by his very fame to be ungenerous to it. There was an eager looking for some particulars of his life, as of a man who had strangely dropped away unknown, though surely among the best worth knowing of his time; and all the while there was a steady growth and penetration of his influence, preparing men to receive his "Life and Letters" with an interest, curiosity, and welcome accorded only to a few.

Some rare and singular power must have dwelt in this modest working clergyman, to account for the story of a fame so unique in our pulpit literature; and whatever may be the secret of his influence, we are not likely to have further means of judging than these now before us in his *Life and Works*.

Frederick Robertson was born in London in 1816, and passed his childhood in Leith Fort, where his earliest recollections were of "my pony, and my cricket, and my rabbits, and my father's pointers, and the days when I proudly carried his game-bag, and my ride home with the old gamekeeper by moonlight in the frosty evenings, and the boom of the cannon, and my father's orderly, the artilleryman who used to walk with

me hand in hand." He spent a happy, bright life between Leith, Beverley, and Tours, and at sixteen entered the Edinburgh Academy. He had an iron constitution, and excelled in all athletic games, and he was at the same time studious, quiet, sensitive, imaginative. His love of truth was intense and passionate, only equalled by his noble scorn for meanness, his purity and courage. After winning distinctions at the Academy, he attended the Edinburgh University for a session, and at eighteen was articulated to a solicitor at Bury St. Edmunds. A year of this work was enough to test its uncongeniality and prevent its becoming his profession. His father was anxious he should enter the Church: he thought it would be natural to the deep religious feeling of his son's character; but at last the army was settled, to Robertson's delight. "I was rocked and cradled," he said afterwards, "to the roar of artillery, and the very name of such things sounds to me like home; a review, suggesting the conception of a real battle, impresses me to tears." His name was placed on the list of a cavalry regiment for India, and he threw himself with his usual energy and passion into the needful preparation, studied Indian politics and peoples, Indian campaigns, and Indian Christianity. He had positively declined the Church, saying, "Anything but that: I am not fit for it." To his father's urging he had returned the final reply, "No, never." But while his commission was delayed, accident threw him in the way of the present Bishop of Cashel, who tried to dissuade him from the army. "If I had not met a certain person," he wrote afterwards, "I should not have changed my profession: if I had not known a certain lady I should not probably have met this person: if that lady had not had a delicate daughter who was disturbed by the barking of my dog; if my dog had not barked that night, I should now have been in the Dragoons, or fertilizing the soil of India. Who can say that these things were not ordered?" He left the decision to his father; was matriculated at Oxford; and a fortnight afterwards he received the offer of a cavalry commission. Characteristically, he never flinched from his new life. He would not have chosen it; but he would not go back from it. "He was the most inflexible person, with all his almost morbid delicacy of feeling, — an iron will, impossible to move when it was fixed by principle."

It must have cost him singular pain: not because he was not a Christian, for his ambition had been to confess Christ and do

good in the army; but because his whole life was strung to the calling of a soldier. Until he died the soldier spirit would assert itself. He suggested to his father that he might take a military chaplaincy. He continually borrowed his illustrations from the barrack and the camp, and was afraid "they are too military." He longed "for a soldier's spirit in the Church." "I wish," he wrote, after Chillianwallah, "I had been with my own wondrous gallant regiment in that campaign." Walking home one evening, at Brighton, in his dragoon's cloak, he thought he "ought to be lying in it, at rest, at Moodkee, where the Third fought so gallantly." "Often with most unclerical emphasis did he express his wish to die sword in hand against a French invader." For some time he could scarcely pass a soldier in the street without observing — "Well, so I am to have nothing to do with them;" or, "Poor fellows! Few care for their souls!" To the last he could not see a regiment manoeuvre nor artillery in motion without a choking sensation, and would rather "lead a forlorn hope than mount the pulpit stairs."

It was with a soldier's self-sacrifice to duty that he went to Oxford: it was the spirit of a soldier that he carried there into his life, confessing Christ with a bold and manly fervour. His residence at Brasenose passed simply away. But for his scrupulous modesty he might have taken honours: but for his sensitive reticence he might have made many friends. He read carefully, attended lectures sixteen hours in the week, varied theology with Buckland's geological class, mastered Plato, Aristotle, and Butler, spoke often, though not effectively, at the "Union," noted the drift of the prevailing currents of thought, and recoiled from what he thought the donnishness of University life. The minute detail and technical knowledge asked by the schools seemed to him a waste of time and mental power, yet his Greek compositions evince exquisite taste and grammatical accuracy. If he chafed against the system, it was rather against what he conceived to be its spirit than its requirements. Moral tone and large and comprehensive ideas were what he valued first, and the men he sought were the thoughtful and devout. He felt afterwards that he might have done more. Without yielding his conviction that the prestige of University honours "is forgotten or slightly looked upon by the large world," he advised others that the mental habits they demand "are incapable of being replaced by anything." To choose his own course of reading he felt was "utterly, mournfully, irre-

parably wrong. The excitement of theological controversy, questions of the day, politics, gleams and flashes of new paths of learning, led me at full speed for three years, modifying my plans perpetually. Now I would give £200 a year to have read, on a bad plan, chosen for me, but steadily."

His first curacy was at Winchester, where "his way of life was most regular and simple. Study all the morning; in the afternoon, hard sagging at visitation of the poor, in the closest and dirtiest streets; his evenings were spent alone, but very often with his rector." He devoted himself to the Sunday schools, and trained the teachers himself. In his study he applied himself to Hebrew and Biblical criticism, and thought afterwards he had developed his mind with more fidelity at Winchester than anywhere. But he says, "I begin to think and tremble as I never did before, and I cannot live to Christ. My heart is detached indeed from earth, but it is not given to Him. All I do is a cross, and not a pleasure." His morbid self-analysis tormented him with bitter thoughts, for his impulses still sprang more from duty than from love, and his service was measured by law. After a year of this eager, energetic, but unsatisfied life, he was seized with the impression that the consumptive malady of his family was upon him. It filled him with a depressing "lethargy of body and apathy of mind," from which his rector advised him to escape by relaxation from work and change of scene; and having sorrowfully passed his examination for priest's orders, he turned his steps to Geneva. There, after a short stay, he married; and on returning to England, accepted the curacy of Christ Church at Cheltenham, where he remained for almost five years, feeling it "far less satisfactory than Winchester, partly from the superficial nature of the place, partly from the effect of the temptations, and frittering away of time," but bound to it by the most devoted attachment to his rector, Mr. Boyd. Here also his gifts as a preacher came to be recognised, though in no way adequate to their largeness and brilliance. And here the half-morbid sadness of his character burdened his heart with the fear that,—

"As it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it
like a sword."

He believed his sermons to be unintelligible. He fancied "duties left undone which others might deem only too well performed." In his diary "there are long lists of poor

and sick whom he visited, and accounts of sums paid out of a small income to clear off the debts of struggling workmen;" and in the same diary he writes, "Low and dispirited. I mourn, not that I cannot be happy, but that I know not what to do nor how to do it." He accuses himself of neglect of the poor, and yet a friend of that time recollects "his calling on me just before his going abroad, as late as ten o'clock at night, and taking me with him a distance of three miles, through such a storm as Lear was out in, to visit a poor disconsolate old man who seemed to have shut himself out from human sympathies, and therefore all the more enlisted his." But the conviction of failure pressed too heavily to be shaken off. If men talked to him of the seed he was sowing, he would point to the pavement, and ask "if he might reap a harvest there!" His health suffered; and at last he was compelled to try again the healing and rest of foreign travel. After walking for six weeks through the Tyrol, he lingered for nine at Heidelberg, where he took duty for the English chaplain. From Schaffhausen he wrote to his wife—"More and more I feel that I am not a minister and never can be one." But the resumption of active work and the interest of the congregation restored his mind to a healthier tone. Socinians and Swedenborgians and people who had long been absent from church listened to his teaching, yielded, and besought him to remain. He had resigned his curacy at Cheltenham, and was free to choose, but he recognised that his true work was in England, and, rejecting the pleadings at Heidelberg, he begged his father to look out some country parish, where he could deal with the poor only, and have the work to himself,— "My mind has gone through a complete revolution in many things; I am resolved now to act and feel and think alone."

Not long after his return, he wrote to the Bishop of Oxford, whom he had known at Winchester, asking him for employment. He was at once offered the church of St. Ebbe's, Oxford; and, differing as he did so widely from the bishop's views, with characteristic manliness, he waited on him, and "frankly told him that he did not hold, and therefore could not preach, the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. The bishop replied, 'I give my clergy a large circle to work in, and if you do not step beyond that I do not interfere. I shall be glad, however, to hear your views on the subject.' An hour's conversation followed, and at the close his lordship said, 'Well, Mr.

Robertson, you have well maintained your position, and I renew my offer.' During the three months he served St. Ebbe's, "the rough, poor people of the parish made themselves over to him at once;" though the church was in one of the worst parts of the town, "the undergraduates rushed to hear him in crowds, and hung breathlessly on every word he uttered;" and the depression with which he revisited Oxford, with "its cold, formal, forbidding conventionalisms," yielded a little to these unexpected proofs of influence. He had scarcely begun to feel the brightness stealing over the shadows of his life, when Trinity Chapel, Brighton, was offered to him by the trustees, and out of a chivalrous sense of duty to his bishop distinctly refused. On the offer being renewed, he put aside the treble emolument, the importance of the position, the possible congeniality of the work, and difficulties that had arisen about St. Ebbe's, and left himself entirely in the bishop's hands. "He replied that he thought it my duty to accept Trinity; so I go, reluctantly. The half-way house is behind; and if Brighton be another form of Cheltenham, home cannot be very far off." The incidents of this brief curacy are alike honourable to bishop and curate; refreshing in days when public characters are so hidden by the dust of party strife; yet no more than might be expected from men in whom the feeling of a Christian gentleman is stronger than the narrowness of an ecclesiastic. It is by his work at Brighton that Mr. Robertson will be remembered; it was there that his too brief ministry ripened, his powers were developed, his teaching was enunciated in its fullest form. He entered on it sadly, "with small hope," he says, "and much misgiving:" he writes of "great misgivings as to that kind of success which a proprietary chapel needs:" he felt that he had "only a few years to live." It was a contrast to the enthusiastic and almost fierce energy with which he flung himself into the work at Winchester. His life and mind had each gone through a complete revolution in many things.

All the influences that his early religious life acknowledged were from the Evangelical school of thought. It was the aspect of Christian doctrine and life with which he was familiar which unconsciously worked itself into his mind and stamped itself upon his conduct, the most earnest and the fairest side of the Church to which he could look in his boyish days. The manifold activities, and benevolent and chivalrous en-

terprises, and warm impulses, and the general play and stir of life in the kingdom of God in the England of the nineteenth century, were associated with the Evangelical party. Its leaders had been real and almost heroic men, of vigorous, true, and healthy natures, thoroughly possessed with the ideas they wrought out, thoroughly simple and direct in their relation to God, honest and loyal and surpassingly earnest in their relations to men. Their influence had passed into the age, and, through it, affected the generation beyond them. Newman and Arnold it affected directly, each in his own way; Robertson indirectly; nay, it would be hard to find any great thinker and leader of opinion among us in these last forty years that it has not affected, and who, from whatever point to which recoil has forced him, would not acknowledge its help as gratefully perhaps as Newman. Two elements of it made a deep impression on Robertson — its unworldliness and spirituality. He learned from it his reverence for the Bible, his habit of Bible study, his conviction of the reality of prayer. When dressing, he was accustomed to commit to memory a certain number of verses of the New Testament, and "said afterwards to a friend, that no sooner was any Christian doctrine or duty mentioned in conversation than all the passages bearing on the point seemed to array themselves in order before him." He liked to mark the incidents of his life, and connect them with the personal watching and love of God. He thought Brainerd's Life stood alone as a specimen of biography, and read in it and Henry Martyn daily. He lingered over books of devotion. He would often retire for prayer, and wrote, "I can always see, in uncertainty, the leading of God's hand after prayer, when everything seems to be made plain before the eyes." He set apart certain subjects to be prayed over on each day of the week. He held the pre-millennial reign of Christ, and interested himself in Jewish missions. As he found this Evangelical system in books, as he saw it in his friends, as he measured it by its great services, he yielded to it without resistance, with the full persuasion of its nobility and worth. He must have felt its intensity of spiritual life, its directness, its sympathy with human want and sorrow, the manly, broad, sinewy individuality of its leaders. But when he went to Oxford, it was the traditional and not the primitive Evangelical school that he found, a party whose life was already entering on decay. The older, and braver, and manlier men

had passed away, in whom defects were obscured by great services and self-consecration. In the lesser men the weaknesses and deficiencies were exaggerated and palpable. What had once been a transitory jar and dislocation of feeling was now a perpetual irritant. The Evangelical body was confessedly, and already becoming boastfully, narrow. It had originated a movement of spiritual and moral earnestness, not of intellectual life. Starting from unhesitating and comfortable certainty, certainty that could be grasped in fixed and clearly cut propositions, it had little sympathy with the doubts that weigh heavily on many souls. It would have all things stereotyped and settled as its leaders had left them; it would allow of no advance, no development, no variation. It looked suspiciously on science; was apt to be intolerant, to arrogate to itself the exclusive possession and interpretation of the truth. The sameness of type in it grew to be monotonous: whatever was weak and petty came up to the surface. It was already, as parties will, ringing the changes on phrases of which the full meaning had been lost, that became now party Shibboleths. It had risen up to protest against mere dull orthodoxy and the polished worldliness and heartless Christianity and fashionable Socinianism of the last century. As a movement, it had spent at least much of its force. It was being checked on its way through the Church by friction with coarser and more worldly minds, the less ardent and less holy. A new movement had already risen against it. Keble's Hymns were supplanting Newton's: St. Mary's, at Cambridge, was no longer packed with gownsmen to hear Simeon: but at Oxford, the best intellects of the University were drawn to St. Mary's by Newman. Mr. Robertson encountered the two movements in conflict. He carried to Oxford his instinctive love and passionate desire for truth, a reckless courage in pursuit of it over any new and even perilous ground of inquiry, a mind of great activity and keenness, and a high and chivalrous ideal. Even then he held the truth to be something infinitely higher than systems; and coming in contact with both the religious parties at the University, he committed himself at first to neither. He found good and evil in both; he saw that each was asserting truths that the other was obscuring; he longed to see these truths in unison. Yet he seems to have turned almost fiercely against the "Tracts for the Times:" his copies of "Tract XC." and Dr. Pusey's "Letter to the Bishop of Oxford" are largely

annotated by his answers; he formed a society of seven to counteract the tendency of the Tracts by prayer and conversation over the Bible; he called the movement "accursed," because he believed "the curse of God would fall upon it." There was some reason for his strong speaking. Mr. Newman's sermons had exercised their common fascination on his intellect; many sympathies and tastes instinctively led him to the Tractarian party; he was thrown into "a long trance," "a season of utter and inexpressible darkness." He felt the need of a strong recoil. He had calmly examined the Tracts by the help of the Acts of the Apostles; he had convinced himself that their theory of the Church was wrong; it was a conviction for life; and as long as he lived, "the Oxford delusion heresy," as he styled it, had no more determined opponent—when it came in his way. He wrote some severe and impetuous words; but he joined in no cry against the men whose views he loudly condemned, he spoke cordially of their manliness and devoutness. They were in error; but he called them no names, met them without abuse, strove in this, as in all else, to discern and acknowledge the truth that gave consistency and hold to the falsehoods. With the teaching of the Tracts as a system he had no sympathy. In his sermons he opposed Sacramentalism, Apostolical Succession, and the fixed authority of the early Church; and he speaks of Tractarianism as out of date, as the reproduction of a life in death. And the system he had held by seemed to have little sympathy with him. Over a mind so subtle and quick and eager, a nature so sensitive to doubt, it would have but a feeble intellectual hold at the best. It seemed to repress and not to meet such restlessness and vague seeking of human souls. And when this nature was met by the drifting impulses of thought at the University, acted on by the new forces that were moving in the Church, the hold of the system would be feeble still.

At Winchester there was little change. In a prayer written at college there are the touching words, "Father, I am like a child, blown about by every wind of doctrine;" but he soon writes, "Even the Tractarian heresy has vanished from my mind, amid the sterner conflict with worldly passions and pure atheism." It was at Cheltenham that the change seems to have been wrought gradually out, and by such severe pangs and agony of mental conflict as to leave a deep mark upon his life. He was repelled by the superficial nature of

the place, and hurt by the sharpness and narrowness of religious party feeling; he found himself "coming into collision with conventional phraseology and several received views." The ideal he had formed of the Evangelical school was rudely shocked; and he says, half bitterly, of some of their newspapers and extreme partisans, "They tell lies in the name of God, others tell them in the name of the devil—that is the only difference." He thinks the state of the Evangelical clergy lamentable. "I see sentiment instead of principle, and a miserably mawkish religion superseding a state which once was healthy. Their adherents I love less than themselves, for they are but the copies of their faults in a larger edition." On the other hand, he thinks Dr. Pusey's doctrine on the Eucharist "just as dangerous, but much more incredible than transubstantiation." "With the Tractarians," he says again, "it is *bellum internum*." He quite agrees with a correspondent that "we ought to preach the Calvinistic doctrines in the proportion in which they are found in Scripture, connected always with election unto holiness;" but he becomes more possessed of the idea of Christ as, in His life and aspect to humanity, the sum of the doctrine of God. With the progressive development of thought, and a larger reading, questions meet him, some of them no more than new aspects of old and apparently settled questions; and he can find no solution, and is too honest, inquisitive, and loyal to the truth to be satisfied with what may pretend to be solution, and will face any difficulty, pain, or bewilderment, so that truth may be won. Carlyle and German metaphysics come into his reading, detaching him still more from the past and driving him forward. "It is an awful moment," he said afterwards, "when the soul begins to find that the props on which it has blindly rested so long are, many of them, rotten, and begins to suspect them all; when it begins to feel the nothingness of many of the traditional opinions which have been received with implicit confidence, and in that horrible insecurity begins to doubt whether there be anything to believe at all." Clinging to sympathy like a woman, shrinking sensitively like a woman from mental pain and alienation, he found himself becoming a theological Ishmael. His party did not understand him, frowned upon his misgivings, and "profanely bade him stifle doubt;" his teachers terrified him, his friends melted from him; and, hard as it was to break with the past

and struggle though the dark with doubt, it was made harder by loneliness, suspicious, and misunderstanding, by the wrenching of affections that had grown into his soul. He seemed to himself insincere; his ministry a vast failure; perpetually bewildering people, and "saying the thing I do not mean—teaching and preaching when my own heart is dark, and lacks the light I endeavour to impart." "The examination of particular forms of belief involved him in the examination of a great deal more. When the rains descended, and the floods came, and the wind burst upon his house, he must needs go down and look at its foundation." Life and work at Cheltenham were no longer possible; for the body craved rest as much as the jaded mind. When abroad, it seemed at first little better; "restless," he writes, "whether I sleep or wake. . . . Take one single night as a specimen—the night before last. I dreamed that some one was telling me that all my friends were mourning over the deterioration of my sermons, &c., their unintelligibility and emptiness. I woke, went asleep again, and then was arraigned for duties left undone—sick unvisited, schools untaught, &c., with a minuteness of detail—names I never heard of, &c., all of which it would be childish to believe." He anxiously insisted that his difficulties sprang up from within, that they were suggested by his own reading and thought, and the freer spirit of inquiry. No man could be unaware of them who had read theological and philosophical controversy, who, "at different times, has lived in the atmosphere of thought in which Jonathan Edwards, Plato, Lucretius, Thomas Browne, Carlyle, Emerson, and Fichte lived,—who has steeped his soul and memory in Byron's strong feelings—who has walked with Newman years ago to the brink of an awful precipice, and chosen rather to look upon it calmly, and know the worst of the secret of the darkness, than recoil with Newman, in fear and tenderness, back to the intallibility of Romanism."

That there was a morbid and undue sensitiveness at the bottom of much that he felt about Cheltenham and the ministry no one can doubt. The habit of introspection, natural to a spirit like his, was as fatal to his peace as the shattering of his previous system of thought; and it was not till he fell into work at Heidelberg that his letters recovered calmness and justness of tone. Nor would that have been possible, even then, had not his intellectual and spiritual ferment been subsiding. He had—

"—fought his doubts and gathered strength;
He would not make his judgment blind;
He faced the spectres of the mind,
And laid them."

The light was breaking more rapidly than he had hoped, and when he entered on his real life-service at Brighton, the old order had already changed—giving place to the new. It was partly the change from passivity to activity of thought. He had held the system he had been taught, but it had never become part of himself. It was ready to his hand, and he had not rejected it; but it was in no way worked up in his own mind. So long as his mind was not deeply stirred, and the problems he had to face had no visible root in his own existence, it seemed to answer, as well at least as he fancied any system could answer. But when his mind was roused and he was driven to grasp the truth directly, and for himself, the system as such gave way. He has sketched the struggle in his sermon on "The Loneliness of Christ:"—"There is a moment in every true life—to some it comes very early—when the old routine of duty is not large enough; when the parental roof seems too low, because the Infinite above is arching over the soul; when the old formulas in creeds, catechisms, and articles seem to be narrow, and they must either be thrown aside, or else transformed into living and breathing realities." Many a young man is passing through a milder form of the same revolution; comes to a crisis when his thoughts elude the control and ordering of the old dogmatic propositions; finds himself drifting rudderless into the dark; if he bares his heart, is shunned or scolded or branded, and is left to seek his own way, or patiently drift somehow into light. Well for those who find some worthier aspect of the Church, whom it does not treat with dogmatic and unphilosophic rebuke, in whom it recognises the effects of a disturbed and inquisitive age, and in its own strength of certainty holds out to them the help of sympathy. Their doubt and temporary bewilderment may not be the fault of the system. They have accepted it as traditionally right, but they have not proved it, are not masters of it, find it to them no better than a cumbrous Goliath's sword that has been hung up unused in the priestly sanctuary. The fault lies in their apprehension of the system, which had never yet been connected in a living way with the strivings and results of their own thoughts. It may be the very system that they will finally embrace; but

necessity is laid upon them of finding that out, necessity of active and developed powers, which by the very life that is in them yield pain.

Such development of thought is natural, and to higher minds essential. But circumstances may greatly stimulate it, and to Mr. Robertson the circumstances were not wanting. If the change showed the growth of his powers, and how men "rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves, to higher things" it was also witness to a change in the religious thought of the country. The fixity, and earnestness, and untroubled faith of Evangelicalism had been a welcome rest, and there were many whom, in its narrowest aspect, it continued to satisfy. But it could not stay the rapid advance of thought and scientific culture, nor prevent fresh ideas from entering the domain of theology. Mr. Robertson's mind was one of the likeliest to catch these new impulses; his party in the Church was one of the last to acknowledge them. An insensible alienation sprang up—a feeling of isolation, and afterwards of bitterness. He recognised the need of a wider view of life, a profounder view of revelation, than was familiar to those about him. Starting from the human, he passionately longed to see it, at every point, in harmony with the Divine. The speculations of philosophy, the results of science, the deeper thoughts of human souls, could not belong to a world outside of the Bible, with which it had no concern. They could not be merely a worldly element and obstruction to the truth. If the Bible could find no room for them, the thought and science of the time would march on independent of the Bible, secretly hostile to it. No excommunication and protest of the Church would arrest them. Could the Church be right to exclude them? Was there not something Divine in thought itself—in the effort to arrange and comprehend all outward phenomena, to penetrate through them up to the laws whereby God impressed His will upon the universe? Could all these be set down as merely secular, and was there no clue and place for them in the kingdom of God? "That Christianity is true, that Christ's character is high, that to do good is better than to do wrong, I suppose are axioms. Such points never seemed uncertain to me, except in moments of very bad dyspepsia. . . . But suppose a man puts the question, *Who was Christ?* What are miracles? What do you mean by inspiration? Is the resurrection a fact or a myth? What saves a man—his own character or

that of another? Is the next life individual consciousness, or continuation of the consciousness of the universe?" Those were some of the questions which the time was continually forcing upon the heed of the Church, which, to minds like Mr. Robertson's, demanded a wiser answer and on broader grounds than Church parties were disposed to give. The answer, he conceived, was clear to him now. It had come to him through much darkness, and a long conflict that wore down his spirit. The shock he felt at finding his old system break up had loosened for the time his hold on everything, and left him with only the prayer of Ajax on his lips. When he came to Brighton he felt that his prayer had been answered, that his faith rested on absolutely sure foundations, that the worst of the puzzle was solved, that the revelation of God was hostile to sin alone, that it furnished the true principles for the final development of humanity. His preaching from that time assumed its distinctive features and force; like his own picture of St. Paul, "he had a heart, a brain, and a soul of fire;"* and if ever there was a man whose bearing and character added weight to his teaching, it was he.

His personal qualities were more like those of ideal knighthood than for a busy world in a busy century. His loyalty to truth and honour, and his friends; his absolute, ready, yet often torturing, self-sacrifice; his chastity of heart, from which all impurity seemed to slink away discarded and rebuked; his dauntless courage, his thoughtful and delicate courtesy at whatever cost to himself, his passionate, reverent worship, were features essentially chivalrous. Exquisitely sensitive, he was also widely sympathetic, and those who came in no nearer contact with him than the pulpit felt that he understood their secret, that they could trust and confide in him. His position as a teacher filled him with an awe that passed into his teaching, and made him shrink from anything frivolous and unworthy. His conversation was brilliant, yet intensely modest. "I have seen him," said a friend, "take a flower, and rivet the attention of his listeners with a glittering stream of eloquent and glowing words, which he poured out without premeditation and almost in a soliloquy." But he never spoke for display; and if he was expected to shine, would shrink into the most icy reserve. His features and bearing were marked by exceeding refinement and deli-

cacy. In the pulpit, he was "free from trick and affectation in manner, voice, and gesture. He remained long in prayer during the hymn which preceded the sermon, and then stood up with eyes so closed that they seemed sunk into his head." Mr. Brooke must describe what followed:—

"If the most conquering eloquence for the English people be that of the man who is all but mastered by his excitement, but who, at the very point of being mastered, masters himself—apparently cool while he is at a white heat, so as to make the audience glow with the fire, and at the same time respect the self-possessive power of the orator, the man being always felt as greater than the man's feelings,—if that be the eloquence which most tells upon the English nation, he had that eloquence. He spoke under tremendous excitement, but it was excitement reined in by will. He held in his hand, when he began his sermon, a small slip of paper, with a few notes upon it. He referred to it now and then, but before ten minutes had gone by it was crushed to uselessness in his grasp; for he knitted his fingers together over it as he knitted his words over his thought. His gesture was subdued: sometimes a slow motion of his hand upwards; sometimes bending forward, his hand drooping over the pulpit; sometimes erecting himself to his full height with a sudden motion, as if upraised by the power of the thought he spoke. His voice—a musical, low, clear, penetrative voice—seldom rose; and when it did, it was in a deep volume of sound, which was not loud, but toned like a great bell. It thrilled also, but that was not so much from feeling as from the repression of feeling. Towards the end of his ministry he was wont to stand almost motionlessly erect in the pulpit, with his hands loosely lying by his sides or grasping his gown; his pale, thin face, and tall, emaciated form seeming, as he spoke, to be glowing as alabaster glows when lit up by an inward fire. And, indeed, heart and brain were on fire. He was being self-consumed. Every sermon in those latter days burnt up a portion of his vital power."

In this Brighton pulpit he preached thus at a white heat* for nearly six years to a

* "In December (1850) alone he preached sixteen times—mostly on the Advent of Christ. He delivered to crowded congregations on Friday mornings four Advent lectures on Christianity in contact with the Greek, the Roman, the Barbarian, and the Jew, which were in their way unique. He preached on Sunday mornings such sermons as 'The Means of Realizing the Second Advent,' 'The Principle of the Spiritual Harvest,' and 'The Loneliness of Christ.' In the afternoons he finished his lectures on the Acts of the Apostles, with which he had begun the year. Towards the end of the month he preached—on the day of public mourning for the Queen Dowager—the only sermon published during his lifetime—'The Israelite's Grave in a Foreign Land.'" When it is remembered that these sermons were the purest gold from the mint of his brain; that the Advent lectures were of themselves

* "Lectures on the Epistles to the Corinthians," p. 508.

crowd of thoughtful and earnest men and women, of the lowest class and the highest, a congregation in which each individual was attracted to himself, where some came from infidelity and many from doubt that had not yet become disbelief, and each felt the mysterious attraction of a nature that sympathized with them in their strongest and weakest moods, and that penetrated with friendliness into secrets of their heart they scarcely ventured to breathe to themselves. It was a life of little outward interest. Outside the pulpit, its chief incidents were a lecture or two at the Athenæum and a lecture or two to the working men. Suffering, the torture of a sensitive heart constantly and rudely wrung, intense mental effort, quickly consuming the energy of body and brain, brought it to a premature end. He was in the habit of "burning his own smoke," a dangerous one for a man of his temperament. A melancholy crept over him that sometimes sunk into gloom; partly the melancholy of profounder thought, of a more intense sympathy with men; partly of the shadow of disease. "It is quite heart-aching to hear you preach," an old acquaintance said to him; "it is no longer the bright, happy Mr. Robertson." And, he says, "she was right; that the shadows of life had settled down." "You mistook me," he writes, "in thinking I did not sympathize. A few years ago, when I felt less, you would have been more satisfied. . . . I no longer wear my heart upon my sleeve 'for daws to peck at.' But there is not a conversation, there is not a book I read, there is not a visit I pay, that does not cut deep traces in the 'Calais' of my heart." The Vicar of Brighton, on grounds intelligible only to himself, refused to nominate a curate whom the congregation had pressed their minister to select, and rather than suffer an unwarrantable imputation to rest upon his friend, Mr. Robertson performed the duty himself. For six months he endured the most exquisite torture. The disease was in the brain, and he felt how it would end: "The causes are irremediable, and they must go on working to their consummation." * The manuscript of one of his last lectures is blotted with a solitary tear. He had "scarcely manhood enough to hold a pen." "Life," he writes

to another, "has been for a month one long pain and languor. At night sleepless pain, by day change of powerlessness from two chairs to the sofa, and from the sofa to the ground." "But worse to him than the pain was the prostration of all mental force, the obliteration of large spaces from the memory, and the loss of all power of attention. He retained, however, to the last his deep delight in the beauty of God's world. He got up once when scarcely able to move, at four o'clock, and crept to the window, 'to see the beautiful morning.' . . . A night or two before he died he dreamt that his two sisters came to crown him." At last, on a Sunday in August—it was 1853—his old rector at the Edinburgh Academy, who was taking his place at Trinity Chapel, announced to the congregation that their minister was drawing near to death. "That night the pain returned with bitter violence. Feebly crying at intervals, 'My God, my Father—my God, my Father!' he lived for two hours in a mortal agony, during which he never lost clear consciousness. His mother, wife, and one friend, with his physician, watched over him with devoted care. At last they sought to relieve him by changing his position. But he could not endure a touch. 'I cannot bear it,' he said; 'let me rest. I must die. Let God do his work.' These were his last words. Immediately after, at a few minutes past midnight, all was over." He was buried "in a hollow of the Downs he loved so well," where "a careful hand keeps, even in winter, flowers always blooming on his grave." *

There will be no division among men about the rare beauty of his character. Every one who read his Sermons felt the man that spoke in them; and this *Life* has only lifted the veil to let us see that man a little closer. He will take at once his rightful place in the gallery of English worthies. His extreme sensitiveness may have often weakened and did certainly pain him;

* In the grey dawn of the morning after the funeral, a group was seen weeping over the new grave. It was a mechanic, with his wife and children, dressed in such mourning as they could purchase. The man and his wife had been rank infidels when Mr. Robertson came to Brighton; but changing one day to drop into Trinity Chapel to hear the new preacher, they had been arrested, became regular worshippers, and brought many more. Making allowance for the natural exaggeration of funeral sermons, there must be much truth in Mr. Anderson's statement,—"I cannot count up converts in any place, or by any man, so numerous and vast—converts achieved in so short a period, and in many instances over the hearts and consciences of those whom, from their age or pursuits, it is always difficult to reach."—(Funeral Sermon, by the Rev. James Anderson, then Preacher of Lincoln's Inn.)

sufficient to create a brilliant reputation; and, "to complete this account of one month's intellectual work, that almost every day he was engaged in preparing the pupils of the Training School for examination, it is astonishing that he was not more morbid in feeling and outworn in body."—*Life and Letters*, i. 228-9.

* "Letters," ii. 218.

it crowned his best efforts with thorns, haunted him with magnified views of his failings, and led him more than once into a morbid despondency; but it was only one side of that exquisite purity and delicate feeling which made him shrink with an instinctive recoil from what would scarcely have been thought coarse or mean in another, by which he entered more than other men into the purity of Christ, by which he set forth that feminine side of His character that, as perfect Man, he conceived Him to possess, and apprehended those delicate shades of meaning in His words that make them so vivid and so marvellously touching. The courage with which he forced his horse once to a daring leap, and again, preached with a fixed directness to a congregation of Vanity Fair, because something whispered him — "Robertson, you are a craven; you dare not speak here what you believe!" may have bordered on rashness or defiance, but it was the spirit of a fearless nature, and a moral bravery that dared everything for the right, that prevented him flinching one jot from his convictions, that nerved him, patiently fighting, at tremendous odds, the battle of his life, and when that life was tortured unto death, made him "lie on the rug alone in his room, his head resting on the bar of a chair, clenching his teeth to prevent the groans which the ravaging pain could never draw from his manliness." When he took part with the working men before such sympathy was common; pleaded in 1848 for the true brotherhood and equality of man; spoke to the Chartists against the ballot, and to the infidels against infidel books; and at a time of great class asperity, declared what he conceived to be the mission of a minister of the Church of England;* or when he defended Shelley from the charge of Atheism, rebuked the frenzy that followed the Durham letter, and took up the man who, for the time, was down, it was the assertion of a personal daring and dash which he complained the Church of England would not endure,† the

relief of that chivalrous desire to protect the weak and avenge the wronged which had attracted him to the army. The spirit of Christ deepened the courtesy of his nature; he would leave those he liked best to converse with, and sit by the side of the most neglected; his consideration for the comfort of servants was so great that they adored him. In the same spirit his sense of wrong and baseness would sometimes break out with a strength that was terrible. "I have seen him," writes one of his friends, "grind his teeth and clench his fist when passing a man who he knew was bent on destroying an innocent girl." He recalls, himself, how "once in my life I felt a terrible might; I knew, and rejoiced to know, that I was inflicting the sentence of a coward's and a liar's hell."

His nature quivered with force and energy, but he respected the duller intellect; and, setting himself to the lowest and smallest work, he was as patient and earnest, and as eagerly heard, in a Sunday school class as in his pulpit. His earnestness and enthusiasm were intense; he surrendered his heart to a true man and a true thought at once. If he was isolated, lonely, and dwelt apart, it was because his heart had been crushed back upon itself. "Sympathy," he wrote to his wife, "is too exquisitely dear to me to resist the temptation of expecting it; and then I could bite my tongue with vexation for having babbled out truths too sincere and childlike to be intelligible. But as soon as the fit of misanthropy is passed, that absurd human heart with which I live, trusts and confides again; and so I go on — alternately rich and bankrupt in feeling."

For mere popularity he had an invincible contempt. "What is ministerial success?" he asks — "crowded churches, full aisles, attentive congregations, the approval of the religious world, much impression produced? Elijah thought so, and when he found out his mistake, and that the applause in Carmel subsided into hideous stillness, his heart well-nigh broke with disappointment. Ministerial success lies in altered lives, and obedient, humble hearts — unseen work, recognised in the judgment day."* "If you knew," he says, "how humiliated and degraded to the dust I have felt in perceiving myself quietly taken by gods and men for the popular preacher of a fashionable water-

to nobleness, not correct expression. I try to judge words and actions by the man, not the man by his words and actions."† Not a very trustworthy principle, but the expression of a generous nature.

* "Sermons," Second Series, p. 94.

* "Lectures and Addresses," pp. 2, 3.

† "The Church of England will endure no chivalry, no dash, no effervescent enthusiasm. She cannot turn it to account as Rome turns that of her Loyolas and Xaviers. We bear nothing but sober prosaic routine; and the moment any one with heart and nerve fit to be a leader of a forlorn hope appears, we call him a dangerous man, and exasperate him by cold, unsympathising reproofs, till he becomes a dissenter and a demagogue. . . . Well, I suppose God will punish us, if in no other way, by punishing from us all noble spirits like Newman and Manning in one direction, and men like Kitchener in another, leaving us to flounder in the mud of commonplace, unable to rise above the dead level." — *Letters*, II. 14.

"I hold," he wrote once, "to heart, to manhood,

ing-place; how slight the power seems to me to be given by it of winning souls, and how sternly I have kept my tongue from saying a syllable or a sentence, in pulpit or on platform, *because it would be popular!*" "Would to God," he says again, "I were not a mere pepper-cruet to give relish to the palate of the Brightonians." And when a subscription list for a testimonial was opened in the Athenæum, he secretly carried off the elaborately bound book and committed it to the flames. His sense and reverence of truth were too deep to be moved by display; but the day after his ordination he looked as if he had been through an illness. Through life his soul yielded up a most awful homage to the Right; and when he found it, he clung to it with a grasp that never faltered. The glimpses of him that we get in letters from his friends have all the same interest and unity. His heart was wrung by slander and misrepresentation, but "no acrimonious expression," says one, "ever escaped his lips." "I never met with any one," says another, "so deferential and gentle in argument." "My friendship with him was directly a clerical friendship: though he was not faultless any more than other human beings, he was, without exception, the most faultless clergyman I have ever known." His care for parochial work, his minute and self-sacrificing discharge of all its duties, were only the expression of his loyalty to his calling, and the Bishop of Winchester held the account of his deaconate so valuable that he was in the habit of giving it to his deacons to study. It was a fidelity that lay in his nature, that the love he bore to his Master had dedicated to Him. "I remember the quiet words of remonstrance when one of the persons staying in the house said that he should 'stay at home, because the preacher was not worth hearing,' and the gentle determination with which he carried his point." And speaking of another side of his character, its manly freshness, and his delight in nature, the same friend says, "If a ray of sunlight came slanting through the trees on the grass—if a bough hung over the green path with remarkable beauty—if an orange fungus made a bright spot of colour in the way, he was sure to remark them. It was wonderful how he made us see. . . . I shall not easily forget his delight when the woodcocks came, nor the way in which he absolutely ran over with stories of their life. He seemed to me to know all the poetry which referred to animals, and quoted Wordsworth till I wondered at his memory." So richly dowered, so sensitive and sympathetic, so righteous,

brave, and tender, so modest, pure, dutiful, and courteous, so many-sided yet so loyal-hearted, so utterly a Christian man, his character stands out distinct and beautiful among the highest types of modern English life.

About his teaching there will be, as there has been, much difference of opinion. His way of seeking truth and his way of handling it were his own. His statement of great truths was sometimes at wide and bitter variance with the common statement. He calls the popular system of the Atonement Brahminical. "It has been represented as if the majesty of Law demanded a victim, and so as it glutted its insatiate thirst, one victim would do as well as another—the purer and the more innocent the better. It has been exhibited as if Eternal Love resolved, in fury, to strike, and so as He had his blow, it mattered not whether it fell on the whole world or on the precious head of His own chosen Son."* He speaks of "a kind of acquiescence in the Atonement which is purely selfish. . . . Christ has suffered, and I am safe. He bore the agony; I take the reward. I may live now with impunity."† "Let no man say that Christ bore the wrath of God: God could not be angry with self-sacrificing love. He could not, without denying his own nature, annex hell—that is, an evil conscience and remorse—to perfect goodness."‡ "We are sometimes told of a mysterious anguish which Christ endured, the consequence of Divine wrath—the sufferings of a heart laden with the conscience of the world's transgressions. . . . Do not go to that absurd nonsense of mysterious suffering that cannot be comprehended, a mystery and so forth of which the Bible says nothing. Mysterious enough they were, as the sufferings of the deepest hearts must ever be, but mysterious only in this sense. All that is unintelligible is the degree of agony."§ "He bore the penalty of others' sin. He was punished. Christ came into collision with the world's evil, and He bore the penalty of that daring: not merely the penalty of his own daring—He bore the penalty of our transgressions. . . . Christ endured the penalty of imputed sin, the sins of others. But imputed sin is not actual sin, though constantly we see it bear the penalty of such, that is,

* "Sermons," First Series, p. 155.

† *Ibid.*, p. 157.

‡ "Sermons," First Series, p. 161. "Letters," I., p. 807.

§ "Sermons," First Series, p. 161. "Letters," I., p. 289.

be punished as such. . . . His death was sacrifice, not merely martyrdom." In one aspect "it was a sacrifice for sin;" in another "it was not a sacrifice for a view or a truth, but for *the Truth*." "We say that God needed a reconciliation. On the other hand, the Unitarian view is, that God requires nothing to reconcile Him to us; that He is reconciled already; that the only thing requisite is to reconcile man to God. It also declares that there is no wrath in God towards sinners, for punishment does not manifest indignation. Nothing can be more false, unphilosophical, and unscriptural."* "The difference between my views and those of the party she expounds (the Evangelical) does not lie in the question of the Atonement, — we agree in this, — but in the question, *What* in that Atonement satisfied God? They say pain; I say, because I think the Scriptures say so, the surrender of self-will. . . . Indeed this is the whole argument of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and a glorious one it is. 'He bore my sins,' I am willing to say, and in deep humiliation, in a deeper sense than many mean. . . . It is often said, 'My sins nailed Him to the Tree.' There is a sense in which this contains a deep and extensive truth. Every time I am a sharer in the spirit to which He fell a victim. . . . Does the sacrifice of Christ save me from the consequences of my sin? Does it break the connection between my sin and its natural result — pain, &c.? No. Does it save me from that which is worse than all pain, the feeling of God's wrath, the sense of banishment from the presence of his beauty and his love? It does. You are redeemed by love from remorse, from the disposition to repeat wrong, from the sense of God's displeasure; and the pain you bear is not taken away but transmuted. The spirit in which you bear it makes all the difference; it changes it from penal fire into wise, loving, corrective discipline."† Baptism, he held, "is the grand, special revelation to an individual by name, A, B, or C, of the great truth Christ revealed for the race, that all, Greeks and barbarians, are the children of God." Starting from this, that Christ died for the sin of the world — came to redeem the world — he declared that "man is God's child, and the sin of the man consists in living as if it were false. It is the sin of the heathen, and what is your mission

to him but to tell him that he is God's child, and not living up to his privilege? It is the sin of the baptized Christian, waiting for feelings for a claim upon God. . . . Baptism is a visible witness to the world of that which the world is for ever forgetting. . . . It does not create a child of God. It authoritatively declares him."‡ He held that all the knowledge that we have "is properly inspiration, but immensely differing in value and degree, from a glimmering glimpse to infallibility. If it be replied that this degrades inspiration by classing it with things so common, the answer is plain. A sponge and a man are both animals, but the degrees between them are almost incalculable."§ He believed the Bible "to be inspired, not dictated. It is the Word of God — the words of man; as the former perfect, as the latter imperfect. God the Spirit, as a Sanctifier, does not produce absolute perfection of human character; God the Spirit, as an Inspirer, does not produce absolute perfection of human knowledge."* "Inspiration is the deepest question of our day," he said; "the grand question which is given to this age to solve."† He thought of writing a book on it, and translated as a pioneer Lessing's tract on "The Education of the Human Race;" but in the only sermon that bears distinctly upon it he says, "There are many views, some of them false, some superstitious; but it is not our business now to deal with these. Our way is rather to teach positively than negatively. We will try to set up the truth, and error may fall before it."‡

These statements, grouped together from his own words, may set forward clearly enough his divergence from common views, and what he conceived popular theology. §

† "Letters," I., p. 383. "Sermons," Second Series, pp. 62-3.

§ "Letters," I., p. 276.

§ "Letters," II., p. 143.

† "Sermons," Fourth Series, p. 340.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 341.

§ Divergence far enough and unreasonable enough, and suggesting thoughts of exceeding pain. It is not easy to understand this confused, clumsy, illogical theory of the Atonement, if indeed Mr. Robertson had a theory at all. But it is impossible to excuse his misrepresentation of the Evangelical doctrine, — painful to think that the breadth, insight, and fairness so marked in his conduct and opinions were violated so essentially here. It is not the object of this paper to analyse Mr. Robertson's opinions, but to estimate his relation to our modern religious life, to help in some way to account for his wide and enduring influence. The way in which the story of his life is told, leaves the impression that his influence was incompatible with the Evangelical system, — that Evangelical doctrine is necessarily narrow-minded. It is scarcely needful to say that that is a wrong impression; that his influence did not spring from system, or the want of it; that

* "Lectures on Epistles to Corinthians," p. 410.
† "Sermons," First Series, p. 102. "Letters," I., pp. 37-8. "Sermons," First Series, p. 180.
"Letters," II., p. 139; I., pp. 204-6, 306.

His conception of Evangelical doctrine was sometimes a caricature. There may be an occasional Mrs. Jellyby; but it is a libel to say that the most narrow-minded Christian woman is like her. There are representations of the Atonement in Mr. Robertson's sermons which no party in the Church would acknowledge for its own. There are saying about "the Evangelicals" in his letters that read like bursts of passion. He connected them inseparably with conclusions that he fastened on their teaching, that to him seemed inevitable; he saddled exaggerations on their school of doctrine — on, take it as a whole, the most earnest and productive party that had sprung up within the Church; he ignored its fertility of works in dwelling upon its sterility of thought; he came in contact with a painful and evil side of it; and constructed something which he called Evangelicalism, which "he abhorred in proportion as he adored Christ." But after making allowance for the strength of his expressions, his divergence is still wide. Yet he reached practical conclusions that were not very different from those of the schools that he opposed. While persuaded that "the Jewish Sabbath is a shadow of things to come," he felt "by experience its eternal obligation because of its eternal necessity. The soul withers without it; it thrives in proportion to the fidelity of its observance." While the law for the spiritual man was the mind of Christ, "it is at his peril that the worldly man departs from the rule of the day of rest." Those who know his writings will find it impossible to hold that he did not believe in Christ the eternal Son of God and the Saviour of men, though they may give up in despair reconciling his faith with his speculations on the Atonement. Had he been thrown among the more liberal and, no doubt, larger section of Evangelical Churchmen, the sundering of his later from his earlier convictions might not have been so complete: his teaching might have preserved more system, and lost its occasional contradiction of statement. There are narrow-minded disciples of every school, who conceive nothing but evil beyond their own scanty horizon; and it would be a shame to say that the spirit

men may and ought to wield it within the limits of the soundest orthodoxy. The theological partisan might sketch Mr. Robertson's opinions darkly enough, might also easily refute them; they are often impulsively and fiercely stated, therefore one-sided and contradictory. Such refutation as that will be abundantly done, and for many persons it will be abundantly necessary. It is surely not the less important to separate the secret of his influence from the errors of his teaching.

which repelled Mr. Robertson when living, and reviled him when dead, is the spirit of the great Evangelical party. From the best of them he would have found recognition and sympathy. But society at Cheltenham and Brighton seems to have bristled with the religious polemics of the day. "To speak certain phrases, and feel certain feelings, was counted equivalent to a Christian life," and the loudest voice in party clamour was taken as index of the soundest heart. He was shocked by this bigotry and shallowness, and he shocked them in turn. While partisans assailed each other with hard names, he sought the truth for which they fought. While they were content with their bundles of opinions, he sought to trace up every branch of thought to its issue from the living Vine: while they regarded every step out of the beaten road of phrases with suspicion, he coined the phrases for his own ideas, and taught with a freedom that had no formalism or restraint but the absolute truth in Christ. While such relations subsisted, it was natural that he should "be badgered with old maids of both sexes;" that he should be irritated and repelled by their remonstrance; that his indignation would be kindled by their ignorance and bigotry. They laid down the books he should read and avoid; he quietly persisted in reading his own way. "I don't care," he said at last. "But do you know what 'don't care' came to?" "Yes, madam, he was crucified on Calvary." "God's truth must be boundless," he wrote. "Tractarians and Evangelicals suppose that it is a pond which you can walk round, and say, — 'I hold the truth!' 'What! all?' 'Yes; all. Here it is, circumscribed, defined, proved; and you are an infidel if you do not think this pond of mine, that the great Mr. Scott and Mr. Newton and Mr. Cecil dug, quite large enough to be the immeasurable Gospel of the Lord of the universe.'" He felt that the true Gospel was larger than the party — that the narrower and more minute a creed, it was the more likely to limit some truths and exclude others; he was even prepared to let men look at Christ through different systems, sure that the more they looked at Him the less likely they were to fall into dogmatical enmity with one another. He made it plain that he held this tolerance not from indifference, but loyalty to truth; because he conceived the surest way to dogmatical agreement was to realize the person of the Son of God and man. Men of the profoundest faith

* "Letters."

have felt and said likewise. He might have been met at this point; and instead, he was opposed. He was sensitively tolerant; respectful to his neighbour's conscience, and considerate of a good man's prejudice. No man could be more gentle, courteous, and careful in stating convictions that were opposed to current teaching. If he spoke hardly of one school of thought, he was partly goaded to it. He read German, and people shook their heads over his Neology. "Unitarianism is false," he held; "Trinitarianism is true;" but a lady came to remonstrate with him for reading Channing's *Life*, and called him a Socinian. He protested against infidelity with all his might, and fought it out single-handed among the working men of Brighton; but it was whispered he was an infidel. Pantheism he looked on as "sentimental trash;" but because he was "not afraid of any truth in it," he was set down as a Pantheist. He preached once in the same church with Mr. Maurice; and though he differed widely from him, was set down as his disciple. He toiled against the socialism of young France; but he lectured on the obligations of capital, and was made out a Socialist. He was labelled Revolutionist and Tory, Chartist and Aristocrat, Roman Catholic and Sceptic: and there is scarcely a bad word to be found in theology that has not been thrown at his memory.* His brilliant intellect and genius deserve a more patient and generous treatment, not so much in his interest as in our own. For as a man who has left his mark broad and deep on our English religious thought, it is of more concern to know how far he was wrong, and at what point he left the right, than that he was wrong—an inquiry quite beyond the limits of this paper, but in which these elements must be taken into account: his intense realization of the hu-

* It was not without personal experience that he said, "Infidelity is often among the unmeaning accusations brought by timid persons, half-conscious of the instability of their own belief, and furious against every one whose words make them tremble at their own insecurity. It is sometimes the cry of narrowness against an old truth, under a new and more spiritual form. Sometimes it is the charge caught up at second-hand, and repeated as a kind of religious hue and cry, in profoundest ignorance of the opinions that are so characterized. Nothing is more melancholy than to listen to the wild, indiscriminate charges of scepticism, pantheism, mysticism, rationalism, atheism, which are made by some of the weakest of mankind, who scarcely know the difference between mesmerism and mysticism. I hold it a Christian duty to abstain from this foolish and wicked system of labelling men with names; to stand aloof from every mob, religious or irreligious in name, which resembles that mob at Ephesus, who shouted for two hours, the more part knowing not wherefore they were come together." — *Lectures and Addresses*, pp. 5, 8, 9.

man side of theology, the humanity of Christ, and the message of Christianity to human life; his desire to see into the precise meanings of words and creeds, and to ascertain exactly the value of their thoughts, as one who felt that "true religion is really comprehensible, its dogmas consistent with plain reasoning, its teaching in harmony with our consciousness of truth, justice, generosity;"* his large-hearted and philosophic conviction that there is a truth below every form of error, that the strength of the error lies there, that it is the province of Christian thought to seek out the truth and set it in its right place; † and that he lived during a time of change, always a restless and unsettled time, a change in the complexion of religious life, in the development of religious ideas, and in the character of religious teaching.

Whatever conclusion men may come to about his theology, his influence is still to be accounted for, as the greatest of any preacher in this generation, or, indeed, except Chalmers, in this century. It must be traced to many sources,—for one, to the force and reality of his convictions. His sermons were the reflection of his own mind, the fruit of his own thought. There was nothing in them taken for granted; but from the foundation up, the truth he preached had been examined, and jealously, almost morbidly tested by himself. At Winchester he preached what he had been taught, and did not disbelieve: at Brighton he preached what he had learnt by experience, held even through infinite struggle with the powers of darkness, and trusted and felt with all the force of his soul. At Winchester he was simply the exponent of the doctrinal system that had come to him, with a large charity indeed, and an absolute freedom from the cant of phrases ‡—a ground no higher than the pulpit is often content to occupy; theologically safe if the system is theologically sound, but from which there can be won no hold over the thoughtful and eager minds of the age, nor command of more than a decent and commonplace respect. Until the truth he preaches has passed into the very being of the preacher, men will hear him with an ordinary Sunday's respectful indifference. His clearness, facility

* "Letters," i., p. 143.

† "I have almost done with divinity—dogmatic divinity that is—except to lovingly endeavour to make out the truth which lies beneath this or that poor dogma." — *Letters*, i., p. 181.

‡ What he said to the artisans of Brighton was applicable to his whole pulpit life: "Let the men of this Association rest assured that they shall hear no cant from me."

of illustration, power of defence, eloquence of appeal, are effective : but he stops short of the highest effect. He is describing what he has not yet explored ; asserting problems that, unconsciously to him, are vexing the minds of men ; applying a gauge to truth, which in his hands is trying a spiritual force by a mechanical test. Could Mr. Robertson have remained stationary where he started ; had it been possible for him to accept with a smooth acquiescence whatever he received, or to resist and quench those yearnings after higher things that begot in him the beginnings of doubt ; or had he been less honest to truth and to himself, and refused to follow where his questions led him, deterred by the risk and difficulty of the way, he would have been perhaps popular, would have escaped much misery and party slander, might have lived longer, and would certainly have been forgotten. But before his settlement at Brighton he had learned thoroughly to think for himself, and what he did preach there was his own, as inseparable from his life as his mind or soul. Another source of his power lay in his mode of preparation. The true speaker will always speak before Christ ; will cast himself on Him as the Eternal Word and Truth ; will feel the awfulness of standing as interpreter between Him and men. Mr. Robertson felt this with an intensity that consumed his strength ; but he felt also that his message was for not only dying men, but living men, in a life beset with problems and duties — a life to which, in its endless by varied relations, this message was sent. When he lectured on Samuel, he had recourse to Niebuhr's "Rome," Guizot's "Civilization," and books on political economy ; when he lectured on Genesis, he studied such books as Pritchard's "Physical History of Man," and Wilkinson's "Egyptians." "I read Shakspeare, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Coleridge, Philip van Artevelde," he says, "for views of man to meditate upon, and I go out into the country to feel God, dabble in chemistry to feel awe of Him, read the life of Christ to understand, love, and adore Him, and my experience is closing into this, that I turn with disgust from everything to Christ." His sermons reach the common human heart because they bring the Bible into contact with common human life. Everything — from a jar in the household to a political struggle, the small duties and casuistry of daily life and the profoundest questions of the past and present — was brought to the Bible to have light flung directly upon it there.

There had been a great change in his thought, but there ran through it a clear unity. His first address as a minister was to a dozen rough boys in a Sunday school, whom he urged to live as Christians, concluding, "Believe me, there is nothing else worth living for." In his last address he might have said the same. Christ, and living Christ, was the starting-point and sum and impulse of his teaching. Round the one he clustered his teaching of doctrine, as the sun that pierced it on every side by his rays ; round the other he grouped his teaching of practice. He apprehended Christianity as above all a life. Peculiarly a man of thought, he demanded of it action ; and his very thoughts became living things "with hands and feet." Christ was to him the solution for all problems ; and as each puzzled him, it was to Christ he carried it, to Christ he led others. Christ by his incarnation had connected Himself with all humanity ; and he recognized therefore that everything human must concern Him. He saw and felt Him everywhere, not as a force that had been set in motion, but as a living One among men — Lord and interpreter of men's intellects, and aim and fulfilment of all genuine, pure, and lofty aspirations. Christian life could never isolate itself from human life, nor Christian thought from human thought. Art, speculation, poetry, politics, tastes, and sensibilities of men — Christian life touched upon them all. The aspect of Christ to men, as human beings living in a present world, and working out in it infinite good and evil to one another, made a deeper impression on him than His aspect to so many souls to be saved. Yet if it was the humanity of Christ that most impressed him, — to the Gospel and to Christ's love that he oftenest turned. — he insisted on the Divinity of Christ as the true explanation of His humanity, and anxiously set out the logical proof of it in the Scriptures — "Divine character, that was given in Christ to worship Jesus ;" was "the Human Heart of God." This sympathy — if it may be called — with the humanity of Christ, made itself felt in many directions. A natural gift, it was developed by his struggles, and quickened and purified by his fellowship with God. "My misfortune or happiness," he says, "is power of sympathy. I can feel with the Brahmin, the Pantheist, the Stoic, the Platonist, the Transcendentalist, perhaps the Epicurean. At least I feel the side of Utilitarianism which seems like truth, though I have more antipathy to it than anything else. I can suffer with the Tractarian, tenderly shrink-

ing from the gulf blackening before him, as a frightened child runs back to its mother from the dark, afraid to be alone in the fearful loneliness; and I can also agonize with the infidels, recoiling from the cowardice and false rest of superstition." A power of entering into other minds like that, gave him a sensitive and penetrating knowledge of men. "He seemed to feel character, as if by a sixth sense." No other preacher threw himself so thoroughly into the characters of the Bible. Jacob, Joseph, David, Zachæus, Thomas, Paul, even Nabal and Abigail, live before us as they never did before. Men to whom the Bible was only a book felt it to be a life. If he was unintelligible to those whose hearts were hardened by constant traffic of religious words, or narrowed in and bigoted by party, or who had felt no doubt, save about the respective orthodoxy of their teachers, men of the highest thought were attracted to his ministry, and the poor rallied round him. It must have been this sympathy with men that, during one of his vacations at Cheltenham, filled a rural church with country people, breathless in attention, and that drew so many of the simplest to him. He dealt with doubts and questionings as one who had felt them himself, who knew their pain, and that it must be met and not stifled. He treated them as marks of disease, to be as pitifully dealt with as blindness or palsy. His sermons speak of "mental doubt, that most acute of human ailments," and "the aching of a hollow heart, the worst of human maladies." Tenderly he took up the bruised mind, and with a firm compassion probed the wounds and set forth Christ the healer. He complains of the way in which religious men treat doubt; he contrasts it with the treatment and sympathy of Christ. To these undoubted sources of his influence, two must be added — his gift of teaching and his gift of speech. His sermons are teacher's work. The aptness and profusion of the illustrations, the eloquence and poetry, are subordinated to his exegesis of truth. He enforces it without exhortation, and rarely with appeal, but by making men see that it is true. For this he had the rarest power. And yet over and above his lucid logical arrangement and exquisite analysis, the language makes itself felt by its transparency, fitness, and beauty. He often utters a succession of nervous thoughts, each of which is set to its word like an arrow quivering on the tightened string. Open at random any of his lectures, or of these letters, and you are arrested, passage after passage, by such words as "the

dissonant, heavy, endless *clang* of the sea;" "the *recklessness* with which the air seems animated," or "cases of persons at Cheltenham, that have come, like the *odour* of *newly turned earth*, upon my heart."

Such qualities so combined belong to few; but the best of them may be had by any: his reverence for truth, his depth of conviction, his fearless honesty, his sympathy with men, his handling of the Bible as what it is — the word of God to the wants of men. It is by them that men have felt his influence; and they indicate, clearly enough, the source of power which the Church in these days is saying, with feeble and credulous lament, has fled from the pulpit. The humanity of Christ must be developed without surrendering the authority and stringency of His Divinity; and the humanity of the Word of God, and the humanity of the pulpit, and the religious thought and life of the Bible, shown to encompass and penetrate like an atmosphere all men may think and say and feel and do.

Mr. Brooke has edited these volumes with great ability, yet by no means faultlessly. The tone of the biography is pitched too high, and produces an overstrained effect. There is a vein of quiet sustained panegyric, a more than occasional hero-worship, thoroughly inconsistent with Mr. Robertson's humility, and not justified by his position. A life so simple did not need so elaborate a setting. An impression is sometimes produced not very consistent with the facts. He was not a clerical Crichton; nor need we believe that he had mastered all his theology, nor that parishes yielded to him in a few Sundays. Throughout, too, there is the manifest taking of a side. Mr. Brooke's antipathy to the Evangelical party, and his sympathies with extremely free theology, have the effect of making Mr. Robertson's seem much greater than they were. He is inclined to pit him against "the Evangelicals," and "the Evangelicals" against him; to make the most of their persecution of him; to see in their system of thought only defect, bigotry, and what must pass away. The Evangelical party may have dwindled into a Narrow Church party of late years, bankrupt of scholarship, of high intellectual endowments, and of that higher power which impresses itself upon the time; but its doctrinal and ecclesiastical opinions, its earnestness and philanthropy, are shared by an ever-increasing body, who have no sympathy with its present form, who cordially dislike its bitterness, who are not to be identified with

its bigotry, and who must yet pass by its name. It is neither quite accurate nor fair to apply the hard censures of this book to a body at present so variously composed and so loosely held together. They may apply to a body of this body; they are exaggerated and onesided even then. It is easy to fasten on its failings, to rail at its narrowness, to expose its gossip and scandal, its selfish and effeminate policy; but Englishmen owe "the Evangelical succession" too much to speak lightly of its services; and if its leaders have not been replaced, and as a party it has decayed, its impulses as a movement of religious earnestness and truth are still reaching wide, and blessing where they reach. It would have been well to have remembered words that have been fitly applied to another, and which express the temper in which Mr. Robertson taught; that "he felt himself called to bear a continual witness against those who confound the crushing of opponents with the assertion of principles; he believed that every party triumph is an injury to the whole Church, and an especial injury to the party which wins the triumph."*

Moreover, it is provoking to be reminded at every other page that Mr. Robertson was abused by those who did not agree with him; that he was the victim of old maids of both sexes at Brighton; that his life was a tragedy. He was sensitively organized, and felt pain keenly—the pain of loneliness, suspicion, and slander most of all. But there was nothing surprising if those whom he struck at, struck back, or if neither Evangelical nor Tractarian lent him sympathy. His people were sincerely attached to him; he had loyal friends who could appreciate his worth; he had the power of pressing his convictions on an audience that believed him. He kindled opposition; he could have expected nothing less. "It seems to me," he says, "a pitiful thing for any man to aspire to be true and to speak truth, and then to complain, in astonishment, that truth has not crowns to give, but thorns." He gave as well as took, and hotly and rashly enough; in isolation a theological Ishmael, but not without his hand being against every man, when he conceived the truth was at stake. It is a

mistake to present him as a pitiful sufferer, desolate, forsaken, victimized to death. He had far too healthy and manly a nature for that. Yet, in judging Mr. Brooke, something must be set down to the difficulty of his task, and he has always written in the spirit of a frank, honourable, highminded gentleman. He had to write a life with little incident, and that was already written in the pulpit; if he sometimes says too much, he says it so well that he may almost be forgiven. From the Brighton Sermons the world had learned the story of the preacher—his solitude, his struggles, his conflict with the religious world, his doubts and certainties, his charity, his passionate love of nature and animal life, his estimate of public events and public men;—nay, they reveal the books he read, and who were his favourite poets; his instincts and tastes, and the complexion of his daily intercourse. For what he said, was said out of himself; and when he had apprehended a truth, he was not satisfied till it was tried in the circumstances about him. This intense and affluent personality only made Mr. Brooke's task the harder. And another difficulty met him. The Letters are the most interesting to Englishmen since Dr. Arnold's; packed with most suggestive and various thought; chiefly ethical and theological, but not without vivid sketches of scenery, and flashes of genial and subtle criticism. Few critics brought such happy insight to their work, or gave such promise of excellence. It is enough to mention his defence and analysis of "In Memoriam," his unfinished essay on Wordsworth, his remarks on Timon of Athens and Shakspeare's use of superstition, his interpretation of single lines from Tennyson and Keble, and the brief notes on books that lie scattered through his correspondence.* But the Letters and the Sermons are of quite different characters. The thinker, with his unresolved questions, and pain of doubt, and weariness, and varying moods, appears in the one as characteristically as the teacher in the other. It is some time before we can feel at home with two such various aspects of the same man. The way in which the letters have been selected and printed adds to our perplexity. Statements in a letter are not as dogmatically exact as statements from the pulpit, nor as dogmatically exhaustive. Half their meaning must be gathered from our knowledge of when and to whom they were written. Many of

* Preface to Archdeacon Hare's "Charges," p. lxi. There is a hint in one of the last letters Mr. Robertson wrote that might have saved his biographer from his mistake. "In reading lives, the question too often is, whether it be one which in all respects answers our ideal of a life; whereas the question ought to be, whether it has strongly exhibited some side or other of our manifold and many-sided life."—*Letters*, II. 224.

* "Lectures and Addresses," pp. 125–139, 203–256, 106–7, 167–9. "Letters," I., pp. 208, 250, 279, II., 79–81.

these letters seem to have been written in time of mental and physical torture; many of them to Unitarians and sceptics. It would have been well if these had been more minutely specified; for the former are naturally morbid, and the latter are naturally deficient in comprehensive statements of truth, and both may be easily misapprehended. By unexplained and unbalanced passages from his letters, it would be possible for men of negative creeds to claim him with triumph; to class him with theologians with whom he had scarcely a common principle; to set him down as querulous, and accuse him of much that he condemned. It is questionable whether Mr. Brooke has not been over-considerate, even one-sided, in what he has excluded. There must have been brighter and cheerfuller words than any in these volumes. There must have been the play of warm, natural affections relieving the sombre history of mental struggle. There are truer, manlier, and happier features of character brought out in the sermons for which the letters, as they stand, afford little counterpart. Yet there are some who will hold it unfair to judge him by expressions wrung

out by suffering from a weary brain, who will try rather to understand than to condemn him, who, if they wish that he were more, will be thankful for what he is. They will find variance from received and ancient doctrines, sometimes of the widest and, I think, saddest sort; they will also find that it is often more in the way of putting truth than in the truth itself. They may differ from him widely, but the more thoughtful they are they will find the more points of contact with his writings, the more help from the spirit in which he taught. Archer Butler will always rank far above him for eloquence, and Newman for metaphysical and dialectic power; but such as he was, his time has accepted Robertson with a favour not accorded to any other preacher. For indeed he was more a representative than a creative man: in whom the character of the time at its best is plainly seen, and the movement of theology; and who, if very dear to those whom he blessed, may yet be to all as a sign of a changed religious thought and the necessity of reconstructing a great religious party.

W. F. STEVENSON.

KEARSAGE AND ALABAMA. — "But," said I, "I thought you had been in the Confederate navy?" "I was," said Aleck. "I was with Semmes everywhere he went; I was in the naval brigade and blockade-running, and on the *Alabama* all the while he commanded her." "But not when she sank I suppose?" I rejoined. "Well, I was, and was picked up with him by the *Deerhound*." It was a pretty sharp fight, wasn't it," I suggestingly asked. "It was that," replied Aleck, but he didn't care about enlarging. "I suppose it was the eleven-inch shells that did her business?" "Oh, no," said he, coming to a kind of confessional, "we never had any chance; we had no gunners to compare with the *Kearsage's*. Our gunners fired by routine, and when they had the gun loaded, fired it off blind. They never changed the elevation of their guns all the fight, and the *Kearsage* was working up to us all the while, taking advantage of every time she was hid by smoke to work a little nearer, and then her gunners took aim for every shot." "Then it isn't true that the *Alabama* tried to board the *Kearsage*?" "No Sir; she did her best to get away from her from the time the fight commenced: we knew well that if we got in range of her Dahlgren howitzers she would sink us in an minutes." "But," I asked, "don't you

believe that Semmes supposed he would whip the *Kearsage* when he went out to fight her?" "No: he was bullied into it, and took good care to leave all his valuables on shore, and had a life-preserver on through the fight. I saw him put it on, and I thought if it was wise in him it wouldn't be foolish in me, and I put on one too. When Semmes saw that the ship was going down he told us all to swim who could, and was one of the first to jump into the water, and we all made for the *Deerhound*. I was a long way ahead of Semmes, and when I came up to the *Deerhound's* boat they asked me if I was Semmes before they would take me in. I said I wasn't, and then they asked me what I was on the *Alabama*. Said I, 'No matter what I was on the *Alabama*, I shall be a dead man soon if you don't take me in.' They asked me again if I was an officer or a seaman, and wouldn't take me in until I told them that I was an officer." "But," said I, "did they actually refuse to pick up common seamen and leave them to drown?" "They did that," replied he wrathfully, and probably not very correctly; "and as soon as they had Semmes on board they made tracks as fast as they knew how, and left everybody else to drown or be picked up by the *Kearsage*." — *Cornhill Magazine*.

PART III

CHAPTER X.

AUNT AGATHA had grown into a sweet old lady; not so old, perhaps, but that she might have made up still into that elderly aspirant after youth, for whose special use the name "old maid" must have been invented. And yet there is a sweetness in the name, and it was not inapplicable to the fair old woman, who received Mary Ochterlony into her kind arms. There was a sort of tender misty consciousness upon her age, just as there is a tender unconsciousness in youth, of so many things that cannot but come to the knowledge of people who have eaten of the tree in the middle of the garden. She was surrounded by the unknown as was seemingly to such a maiden soul. And yet she was old, and gleams of experience, and dim knowledge at second hand, had come to her from those misty tracts. Though she had not, and never could have, half the vigour or force in her which Mary had even in her subdued and broken state, still she had strength of affection and goodness enough, to take the management of all affairs into her hands for the moment, and to set herself at the head of the little party. She took Mary and the children from the ship, and brought them to the inn at which she had stayed the night before; and, what was a still greater achievement, she repressed Winnie, and kept her in a semi-subordinate and silent state — which was an effort which taxed all Aunt Agatha's powers. Though it may seem strange to say it, Mary and her young sister did not, as people say, take to each other at that first meeting. It was twelve years since they had met, and the eighteen-year-old young woman, accustomed to be a sovereign among her own people, and have all her whims attended to, did not, somehow, commend herself to Mary, who was broken, and joyless, and feeble, and little capable of glitter and motion. Aunt Agatha took the traveller to a cool room, where comparative quiet was to be had, and took off her heavy bonnet and cloak, and made her lie down, and came and sat by her. The children were in the next room, where the sound of their voices could reach their mother to keep her heart; and then Aunt Agatha took Mary's hand in both of hers, and said, "Tell me about it, my dear love." It was a way she had of speaking, but yet such words are sweet; especially to a forlorn creature who has supposed that there is nobody left in the world to address her so. And then Mary

told her sad story with all the details that women love, and cried till the fountain of tears was for the time exhausted, and grief itself by its very vehemence had got calm; which was, as Aunt Agatha knew by instinct, the best way to receive a poor woman who was a widow, and had just set her solitary feet for the first time upon the shores which she left as a bride.

And so they rested and slept that first night on English soil. There are moments when sorrow feels sacramental, and as if it never could be disturbed again by the pettier emotions of life. Mrs. Ochterlony had gone to sleep in this calm, and it was with something of the same feeling that she awoke. As if life (as she thought) being over, its cares were in some sense over too, and that now nothing could move her further; unless, indeed, it might be any harm to the children, which, thank God there was no appearance of. In this state of mind she rose up and said her prayers, mingling them with some of those great tears which gather one by one as the heart fills, and which seem to give a certain physical relief when they brim over; and then she went to join her aunt and sister at breakfast, where they had not expected to see her. "My love, I would have brought you your tea," said Aunt Agatha with a certain reproach; and when Mary smiled and said there was no need for that, even Winnie's heart was touched, — wilful Winnie in her black muslin gown, who was a little piqued to feel herself in the company of some one more interesting than even she was, and hated herself for it, and yet could not help feeling as if Mary had come in like the prodigal, to be feasted and tended, while they never even killed a kid for her who had always been at home.

Winnie was eighteen, and she was not like her sister. She was tall, but not like Mary's tallness — a long slight slip of a girl, still full of corners. She had corners at her elbows, and almost at her shoulders, and a great many corners in her mind. She was not so much a pretty girl as a girl who would, or might be, a beautiful woman. Her eyebrows were arched, and so were her delicate nostrils, and her upper lip — all curved and movable, and ready to quiver and speak when it was needful. When you saw her face in profile, that outline seemed to cut itself out, as in some warm marble against the background. It was not the *beauté du diable*, the bewildering charm of youth, and freshness, and smiles, and tints. She had something of all this, and to boot she had features — *beaux traits*.

But as for this part of her power, Winnie, to do her justice, thought nothing of it; perhaps, to have understood that people minded what she said, and noticed what she did because she was very handsome, would have conveyed something like an insult and affront to the young lady. She did not care much, nor mind much at the present moment, whether she was pretty or not. She had no rivals, and beauty was a weapon the importance of which had not occurred to her. But she did care a good deal for being Winifred Seton, and as such, mistress of all she surveyed; and though she could have beaten herself for it, it galled her involuntarily to find herself thus all at once in the presence of a person whom Providence seemed to have set, somehow, in a higher position, and who was more interesting than herself. It was a wicked thought, and she did it battle. If it had been left to her, how she could have petted and cared for Mary, how she would have borne her triumphantly over all the fatigues of the journey, and thought it nothing to take the tickets, and mind the luggage, and struggle with the porters for Mary's sake! But to have Mary come in and absorb Aunt Agatha's and everybody's first look, their first appeal and principal regard, was trying to Winnie; and she had never learned yet to banish altogether from her eyes what she thought.

"It does not matter, aunt," said Mary; "I cannot make a recluse of myself—I must go among strangers—and it is a great blessing to be able to practise a little with Winnie and you."

"You must not mind Winnie and me, my darling," said Aunt Agatha, who had a way of missing the arrow as it were, and catching some of the feathers of it as it flew past.

"What do you mean about going among strangers?" said the keener Winnie. "I hope you don't think we are strangers; and there is no need for you to go into society that I can see—not now at least; or at all events not unless you like," she continued with a suspicion of sharpness in her tone, not displeased perhaps on the whole that Mary was turning out delusive, and was not so interesting as she appeared to be, and was thinking already of society—for which notwithstanding she scorned her sister, as was natural to a young woman at the experienced age of eighteen.

"Society is not what I was thinking of," said Mary, who in her turn did not like her young sister's criticism; and she took her seat and her cup of tea with an uncomfort-

table sense of opposition. She had thought that she could not be annoyed any more by petty matters, and was incapable of feeling the little cares and complications of life, and yet it was astonishing how Winnie's little, sharp, half-sarcastic tone brought back the faculty of being annoyed.

"The little we have at Kirtell will be a comfort to you, my love," said the soothing voice of Aunt Agatha; "all old friends. The vicar you know, Mary, and the doctor, and poor Sir Edward. There are some new people, but I do not make much account of them; and our little visiting would harm nobody," the old lady said, though with a slight tone of hurry and apology, not quite satisfied in herself that the widow should be able to think of society so soon.

Upon which a little pucker of vexation came to Mary's brow. She saw now what she would have to encounter, and it seemed to her hard that she should have to encounter it while she was but trying painfully to do her duty. As if she cared or could care for their little visiting, and the vicar, and the doctor, and Sir Edward! she to whom going among strangers meant something so real and so hard to bear.

"Dear Aunt Agatha," she said, "I am afraid you will not be pleased—but I have not been looking forward to anything so pleasant as going to Kirtell. The first thing I have to think of is the boys and their interests. And Francis Ochterlony has asked us to go to Earliston." These words came all confused from Mary's lips. She broke down, seeing what was coming; for this was something that she never had calculated on, or thought of having to bear.

A dead pause ensued. Aunt Agatha started and flushed all over, and gave an agitated exclamation, and then a sudden blank came upon her sweet old face. Mary did not look at her, but she saw without looking how her aunt stiffened into resentment, and offence, and mortification. She changed in an instant, as if Mrs. Ochterlony's confused statement had been a spell, and drew herself up and sat motionless, a picture of surprised affection and wounded pride. Poor Mary saw it, and knew it was she who had done it, and was grieved to the heart and yet could not but resent such a want of understanding of her position and sympathy for herself. She lifted her cup to her lips with a trembling hand, and her tea did not refresh her. And it was the only near relative she had in the world, the tenderest-hearted creature in existence, a woman who could be cruel to nobody, who thus shut up her heart against her. Thus

the three women sat together round their breakfast-table and helped each other and said nothing for one stern moment, which was a cruel moment for two of them at least.

"Earlston!" said Aunt Agatha at last, with a quiver in her voice. "Indeed it never occurred to me—I had not supposed that Francis Ochterlony had been so much to— But never mind, if that is what you think best for yourself, Mary."

"There is nothing best for myself," said Mrs. Ochterlony with the sharpness of despair. "I think it is my duty—and—and Hugh, I know, would have thought so. Our boy is his uncle's heir. They are the—the only Ochterlons left now. It is what I must—what I ought to do."

And then there was another pause. Aunt Agatha for her part would have liked to cry, but then she had her side of the family to maintain, and though every pulse in her was beating with disappointment and mortified affection she was not going to show that. "You must know best," she said, taking up her little air of dignity; "I am sure you must know best; I would never try to force my way of thinking on you, Mary. No doubt you have been more in the world than I have; but I did think when a woman was in trouble that to go among her own friends"—

"Yes," said Mary, who was overwhelmed and did not feel able to bear it, "but her friends might understand her and have a little pity for her, Aunt, when she had hard things to do that wrung her heart"—

"My dear," said Aunt Agatha, with, on her side, the bitterness of unappreciated exertion, "if you will think how far I have come, and what an unusual journey I have made, I think you will perceive that to accuse me of want of pity"—

"Don't worry her, Aunt Agatha," said Winnie, "she is not accusing you of want of pity. I think it is a very strange sort of thing myself; but, let Mary have justice, that was not what she meant."

"I should like to know what she did mean," said Aunt Agatha, who was trembling with vexation, and with those tears which she wanted so much to shed; and then two or three of them dropped on the broad-brimmed cambric cuff which she was wearing solely on Mary's account. For to be sure Major Ochterlony was not to say a relation of hers that she should have worn such deep mourning for him. "I am sure I don't want to interfere, if she prefers Francis Ochterlony to her own friends," she added, with tremulous haste. She was

the very same Aunt Agatha who had taken Mary to her arms the day before, and sat by her bed, listening to all the sad story of her widow-hood. She had wept for Hugh, and she would have shared her cottage and her garden and all she had with Mary, with the goodwill and bounty, eagerly—but Francis Ochterlony was a different matter; and perhaps it was not in human nature to bear the preference of a husband's brother to "her own friends." "They may be the last Ochterlons," said Aunt Agatha, "but I never understood that a woman was to give up her own family entirely; and your sister was born a Seton like you and me, Winnie;—I don't understand it, for my part."

Aunt Agatha broke down when she had said this, and cried more bitterly, more effusively, so long as it lasted, than she had cried last night over Hugh Ochterlony's sudden ending: and Mary could not but feel that; and as for Winnie, she sat silent, and if she did not make things worse, at least she made no effort to make them better. On the whole it was not much wonder. They had made great changes in the cottage for Mary's sake. Aunt Agatha had given up her parlour, her own pretty room that she loved, for a nursery, and they had made up their minds that the best room was to be Mary's, with a sort of sense that the fresh chintz and the pictures on the walls—it was the only bed-room that had any pictures—would make up to her if anything could. And now to find all the time that it was Francis Ochterlony, and not her own friends, that she was going to! Winnie sat quite still with her fine profile cut out sternly against the dark green wall, looking immovable and unfeeling as only a fine profile can under such circumstances. This was what came of Mary's placid morning and the dear union of family support and love into which she thought she had come. It was harder upon Mrs. Ochterlony than if Aunt Agatha had not come to meet her. She had to sit blank and silent like a criminal, and see the old lady cry and the young lady lift up the stern delicacy of that profile against her. They were disappointed in Mary, and not only were they disappointed but mortified,—wounded in their best feelings and embarrassed in secondary matters as well; for naturally Aunt Agatha had told everybody that she was going to bring her niece, Mrs. Ochterlony, and the poor dear children home.

Thus it will be seen that the first breakfast in England was a very unsatisfactory meal for Mary. She took refuge with her

children when it was over, and shut up, as she had been forced to do in other days, another door in her heart; and Aunt Agatha and Winnie on the other hand withdrew to their apartment and talked it over and kindled each other's indignation. "If you knew the kind of man he was, Winnie!" Aunt Agatha said, with a severity which was not entirely on Mary's account; "not the sort of man I would trust those poor dear fatherless children with. I don't believe he has any religious principles. Dear, dear, to think how Mary should have changed! I never could have thought she would have preferred Francis Ochterlony, and turned against her own friends."

"I don't know anything about Francis Ochterlony," said Winnie, "but I know what a lot of bother we have had at home making all those changes; and your parlour that you had given up, Aunt Agatha—I must say when I think of that!"

"That is nothing, my love," said Aunt Agatha; "I was not thinking of what I have done, I hope—as if the sacrifice was anything." But nevertheless the tears came into her eyes at the thought. It is hard when one has made a sacrifice—a real sacrifice—with a liberal heart, to have it thrown back and to feel that it is useless. This is hard, and Aunt Agatha was only human. If she had been alone, probably after the first moment of annoyance she would have gone to Mary, and the two would have cried together, and after little Hugh's prospects had been discussed, Miss Seton would have consented that it was best for her niece to go to Earls-ton; but then Winnie was there to talk it over and keep up Aunt Agatha's indignation. And Mary was wounded, and had retired and shut herself up among her children. And it was thus that the most trifling and uncalled-for of cares, came with little pricks of vexation and disappointment, to disturb at its very outset the new chapter of life which Mrs. Ochterlony had imagined herself to be entering upon in such a calm tranquillizing grief.

They were to go to London that day, and to continue their journey to the North by the night train: but it was no longer a journey in which any of the party could take any pleasure. As for Mary, in the great revulsion of her disappointment, it seemed to her as if there was no comfort for her anywhere. She had to go to Earls-ton to accept a home from Francis Ochterlony, whom she had never "taken to," even in her young days. And it had occurred to her that her aunt and sister would under-

stand why, and would be sorry for her, and console her under this painful effort. When, on the contrary, they proved to be affronted and indignant, Mary's heart shut close, and retreated within itself. She could take her children into her arms, and press them against her heart, as if that would do it some good; but she could not talk to the little things, nor consult them, nor share anything with them except such smiles as were practicable. To a woman who has been used to talk all her concerns over with some one, it is terrible to feel her yearnings for counsel and sympathy turned back upon her own soul like this, and to be struck dumb and feel that no ear is open to her, and that in all the world there is no one living to whom her affairs are more than the affairs of a stranger. Some poor women there are who must have fellowship somehow, and who will be content with pity if sympathy is not to be had. But Mary was not of this kind of women. She shut her doors. She went in, into herself in the silence and solitude, and felt her instinctive yearning to be helped and understood come pouring back upon her like a bitter flood. And then she looked at her little boys in their play, who had need of all from her, and could give her back but their childish fondness, and no help, or stay, or counsel. It is hard upon a woman, but yet it is a thing which every woman must confront and make up her mind to, whom God places in such circumstances. I do not know if it is easier work for a man in the same position. Mary had felt the prop of expected sympathy and encouragement and affection rudely driven from under her, and when she came in among her innocent helpless children she faced her lot, and did not deceive herself any more. To judge for herself, and do the best that in her lay, and take all the responsibilities upon her own head, whatever might follow; to know that nobody now in all the world was for her, or stood by her, except in a very secondary way, after his or her concerns and intentions and feelings had been carefully provided for in the first place. This was how her position appeared to her. And, indeed, such was her position, without any exaggeration. It was very kind of Francis Ochterlony to be willing to take her in, and very kind of Aunt Agatha to have made preparations for her; and kindness is sweet, and yet it is bitter, and hard, and cold, and killing to meet with. It made Mary sick to her heart, and filled her with a longing to take up her babes and rush away into some solitary corner, where no-

body would ever see her again or hear of her. I do not say that she was right, or that it was a proper state of mind to be in. And Mary was too right-minded a woman to indulge in it long; but that was the feeling that momentarily took possession of her as she put the doors to in her heart, and realised that she really was alone then, and that her concerns were hers alone, and belonged to nobody else in the world.

And, on the other hand, it was very natural for Aunt Agatha and Winnie. They knew the exertions they had made, and the flutter of generous excitement in which they had been, and their readiness to give up their best for the solace of the widow. And naturally the feeling that all their sacrifices were unnecessary and their preparations made in vain, turned the honey into gall for the moment. It was not their part to take Mary's duty into consideration, in the first place; and they did not know beforehand of Francis Ochterlony's letter, nor the poor Major's confidence that his brother would be a friend to his widow. And it was natural that she should go to her own friends. And then Aunt Agatha's parlour, which was all metamorphosed, and the changes that had been made through the whole house! The result was, that Aunt Agatha, offended, did not so much as offer to her niece the little breathing-time Mary had hoped for. When they got to London, she reopened the subject, but it was in an unanswerable way.

"I suppose your brother-in-law expects you," she said. "I think it will be better to wait till to-morrow before you start, that he may send the carriage to the station for you. I don't ask you to come to me for the night, for it would be a pity to derange the children for so short a time."

"Very well, Aunt," said Mary, sadly. And she wrote to Mr. Ochterlony, and slept that night in town — her strength almost failing her at the thought that, in her feebleness and excitement, she had to throw herself immediately on Francis Ochterlony's tender mercies. She even paused for a moment to think, might she not really do as her heart suggested — find out some corner of refuge for herself with which nobody could intermeddle, and keep apart from them all? But Mary had come "home to her friends," as everybody said at the station; and she had a woman's prejudices, and it seemed unnatural to her to begin, without any interposition of the people belonging to her, that strange and solitary life of independence or self-dependence which was what she must decide upon some time. And

then there was always Mr. Ochterlony's letter, which was so kind. And she had settled on this, and had not thought about the other, nor did she know where to go to. Thus it was fixed by a few words, and could not be changed. Aunt Agatha had a terrible compunction afterwards, and could not get Mary's look out of her head, as she owed to Winnie, and would have got up out of her bed in the middle of the night, and gone to Mary and begged her to come to the cottage first, if it had not been that Winnie might have woke up, and that she would have to cross a passage to Mary's room; and in a hotel where "gentlemen" were continually about, who could tell whom she might meet? So they all slept, or pretended to sleep, and said nothing about it: and the next day set off with no further explanations, on their way "home."

CHAPTER XI.

EARLSTON is a house which lies in a little green valley among the grey folds of the Shap Fells. It is not an inviting country, though the people love it as people do love everything that belongs to them; and it has a very different aspect from the wooded dell a little farther north, where strays the romantic little Kirtell, and where Aunt Agatha's cottage smiled upon a tufted slope with the music of the cheery river in its ears day and night. The rivers about Earlston were shallow and ran dry in summer, though it was not because of any want of rain; and the greyness of the hills made a kind of mist in the air to unaccustomed eyes. Everybody, who has ever gone to the north that way, knows the deep cuttings about Shap, where the railway plunges through between two humid living limestone walls, where the cottages and the fences and the farm-houses all lead up in level tones of grey to the vast greyness of the piebald hills, and where the line of pale sky above is grey too in most cases. It was at one of the little stations in this monotonous district that Mrs. Ochterlony and her children and her ayah were deposited — Aunt Agatha, with an aspect of sternness but a heart that smote her, and eyes that kept filling with tears she was too proud to shed, looking on the while. Winnie looked on too without the compunction, feeling very affronted and angry. They were going further on, and the thought of home was overcast to both these ladies by the fact that everybody would ask for Mary, and that the excitement of the last few weeks

would collapse in the dreariest and suddenest way when they were seen to return alone. As for Mary, she looked grey like the landscape, under her heavy veil—grey, silent, in a kind of dull despair, persuading herself that the best thing of all was to say nothing about it and shut only more closely the doors of that heart where nobody now had any desire to come in. She lifted her little boys out and did not care even to look if the carriage was waiting for her—and then she came to the window to bid her aunt and sister good-bye. She was so disappointed and sick-hearted, and felt for the moment that the small amount of affection and comprehension which they were capable of giving her was so little worth the trouble of asking for, that Mary did not even ask to be written to. She put up her pale face and said good-bye in a dreary unexpected tone that doubled the compunction in Aunt Agatha's bosom. "Oh, Mary, if you had but been coming with us!" cried that inconsistent woman, on the spur of the moment. "It is too late to speak of it now," said Mary, and kissed her and turned away; and the heartless train dashed off, and carried off Aunt Agatha with that picture in her eyes of the forlorn little group on the platform of the railway station—the two little boys clinging close to their mother, and she standing alone among strangers with the widow's veil hanging over her colourless face. "Can you see the carriage, Winnie?—look out and tell me if you can see it," said Aunt Agatha. But the engine that carried them on was too quick for Winnie, and had already swept out of sight. And they pursued their journey, feeling guilty and wretched, as indeed, to a certain extent, they deserved to feel. A two months' widow with a baby and two helpless little boys—and at the best it could only be a servant who had come to meet her, and she would have everything to do for herself and to face her brother-in-law without any support or helper. When Aunt Agatha thought of this, she sank back in her corner and sobbed. To think that she should have been the one to take offence and be affronted at Mary's first word, and desert her thus; when she might have taken her home and comforted her, and then, if it must have ended so, conveyed her to Earlston. Aunt Agatha cried, and deserved to cry, and even Winnie felt a twinge at her heart; and they got rather angry with each other before they reached home and felt disposed to accuse each other, and and trembled both of them before the idea of meeting Peggy, Miss Seton's domestic

tyrant, who would rush to the door with her heart in her mouth to receive "our Miss Mary and the poor dear fatherless bairns." Mary might be silent about it, and never complain of unkindness; but it was not to be expected that Peggy would have the same scruples; and these two guilty and miserable travellers trembled at the thought of her as they made their wretched way home.

When the train had disappeared, Mary tried to take a kind of cold comfort to herself. She stood all alone, a stranger with a few rustic passengers and rustic railway officials staring at her as if she had dropped from the skies, and no apparent sign anywhere that her coming had been looked for, or that there was any resting-place for her in this grey country. And she said to herself that it was natural, and must always be so henceforth, and that it was best at once to accustom herself to her lot. The carriage had not come, nor any message from Earlston to say she was expected, and all that she could do was to go into the rude little waiting-room and wait there with the tired children till some conveyance could be got to take her to her brother-in-law's house. Her thoughts would not be pleasant to put down on paper, could it be done; and yet they were not so painful as they had been the day before, when Aunt Agatha failed her or seemed to fail. Now that disappointed craving for help and love and fellowship was over for the moment, and she had nothing but her own duty and Francis Ochterlony to encounter, who was not a man to give any occasion for vain hopes. Mary did not expect fellowship or love from her brother-in-law. If he was kind and tolerant of the children, and moderately considerate to herself, it was all that she looked for from him. Perhaps, though he had invited her, he had not been prepared to have her thrown on his hands so soon; and it might be that the domestic arrangements of Earlston were not such as to admit of the unlooked-for invasion of a lady and a nursery on such very short notice. But the most prominent feeling in Mrs. Ochterlony's mind was weariness and that longing to escape anywhere, which is the most universal of all sentiments when the spirit is worn out and sick to death. Oh that she had wings like a dove!—though Mary had nowhere to flee to, nobody to seek consolation from; and, instead of having a home anywhere on earth awaiting her, was herself the home, the only shelter they understood, of the little pale fatherless children who clustered around her. If she

could but have taken possession of one of those poor cottages, grey and homely as they looked, and put the little ones to bed in it, and drawn a wooden chair to the fire, and been where she had a right to be! It was July, but the weather was cold at Shap, and Mary had that instinct common to wounded creatures of creeping to the fire as if there was a kind of comfort in its warmth. She could have borne her burden bravely, or at least she thought so, if this had been what awaited her. But it was Earlston and Francis Ochterlony that awaited her—a stranger and a stranger's house. All these thoughts and many more were passing through her mind as she sat in the little waiting-room with her baby in her arms and her two elder boys pressing close to her. The children clung and appealed to her, and the helpless Hindoo woman crouched at her mistress's side; but as for Mary, there was nobody to give her any support or countenance. It was a hard opening to the stern way which had henceforward to be trodden alone.

Francis Ochterlony, however, though he had a certain superb indifference to the going-out and coming-in of trains, and had forgotten the precise hour, was not a wretch nor a brute, and had not forgotten his visitors. While Mary sat and waited, and while the master of the little station made slow but persevering search after some possible means of conveyance for her, a heavy rumbling of wheels became audible, and the carriage from Earlston made its tardy appearance. It was an old-fashioned vehicle, drawn by two horses which betrayed their ordinary avocations much in the same way as the coachman did, who, though dressed, as they were, for the occasion, carried a breath of the fields about him, which was more convincing than any conventionalism of garments. But such as it was the Earlston carriage was not without consideration in the countryside. All the people about turned out in a leisurely way to lift the children into it, and shouldered the boxes into such corners as could be found for them—which was an affair that demanded many counsellors—and at length the vehicle got under way. Twilight began to come on as they mounted up into the grey country, by the winding grey roads fenced in with limestone walls. Everything grew greyer in the waning light. The very trees, of which there were so few, dropped into the gathering shadows, and deepened them without giving any livelier tint of colour to the scene. The children dropped asleep, and the ayah crooned and nodded over the

baby; but Mary, who had no temptation to sleep, looked out with steady eyes, and, though she saw nothing distinctly, took in unawares all the comfortless chill and monotony of the landscape. It went to her heart, and made her shiver. Or perhaps it was only the idea of meeting Francis Ochterlony that made her shiver. If the children, any one of them, had only been old enough to understand it a little, to clasp her hand or her neck with the exuberance of childish sympathy! But they did not understand, and dropped asleep, or asked with timid quivering little voices, how long it would be before they got home. Home! no wonder Mrs. Ochterlony was cold, and felt the chill go to her heart. Thus they went on for six or seven weary miles, taking as many hours, as Mary thought. Aunt Agatha had arrived at her cottage, though it was nearly thirty miles further on, while the comfortless party were still jogging along in the Earlston carriage; but Mary did not think particularly of that. She did not think at all, poor soul. She saw the grey hill-side gliding past her, and in a vague way at the same moment seemed to see herself, a bride, going gaily past on the same road, and rehearsed all the past over again with a dull pain, and shivered, and felt cold—cold to her heart. This was partly perhaps because it is chilly in Cumberland when one has just come from India, and partly because there was something that affected a woman's fanciful imagination in the misty monotony of the limestone country and the grey waste of the hills.

Earlston, too, was grey, as was to be expected; and the trees which surrounded it had lost colour in the night. The hall was but dimly lighted when the door was opened—as is but too common in country houses of so retired a kind—and there was nobody ready at the instant to open the door or to receive the strangers. To be sure, people were called and came—the housekeeper first, in a silk gown which rustled excessively, and with a certain air of patronizing affability; and then Mr. Ochterlony, who had been sitting, as he usually did, in his dressing-gown, and who had to get into his coat so hurriedly that he had not recovered from it when he shook hands with his sister-in-law; and then by degrees servants appeared and lifted out the sleepy, startled children, who, between waking and sleeping, worn out, frightened, and excited, were precisely in the condition which it is most difficult to manage. And the ayah, who could hold no Christian communication

with anybody around her, was worse than useless to her poor mistress. When Mr. Ochterlony led the way into the great, solemn, dark dining-room — which was the nearest room at hand — the children, instead of consenting to be led upstairs, clung with one unanimous accord to their mother. Little Wilfrid got to her arms notwithstanding all remonstrances, and Hugh and Islay each seized silently a handful of her black dress, crushing the crape beyond all remedy. It was thus she entered Earlston, which had been her husband's birthplace, and was to be her son's inheritance — or so at least Mary thought.

"I hope you have had a pleasant journey," Mr. Ochterlony said, shaking hands with her again. "I dare say they are tired, poor little things — but you have had good weather, I hope." This he said after he had indicated to Mary a large easy-chair in carved oak which stood by the side of the fireplace, and into which, with little Wilfrid clinging to her, and Islay and Hugh holding fast by her dress, it was not so easy to get. The master of the house did not sit down himself, for it was dreary and dark, and he was a man of fine perceptions; but he walked to the window and looked out, and then came back again to his sister-in-law. "I am glad you have had such good weather — but I am sure you must all be tired," he said.

"Yes," said Mary, who would have liked to cry, "very tired; but I hope we did not come too soon. Your letter was so kind that I thought" —

"Oh don't speak of it," said Mr. Ochterlony; and then he stood before her on the dark hearth, and did not know what more to say. The twilight was still lingering, and there were no lights in the room, and it was fitted up with the strictest regard to propriety, and just as a dining-room ought to be. Weird gleams of dull reflections out of the depths of old mahogany lay low towards the floor, bewildering the visitor; and there was not even the light of a fire, which, for merely conventional motives because it was July, did not occupy its usual place; though Mary, fresh from India and shivering with the chill of excitement and nervousness and grief, would have given anything to be within reach of one. Neither did she know what to say to her almost unknown brother-in-law, whose face even she could see very imperfectly; and the children grasped her with that tight hold which is in itself a warning, and shows that everything is possible in the way of childish fright and passion. But still it was

indispensable that she should find something to say.

"My poor little boys are so young," she said, faltering. "It was very very good of you to ask us, and I hope they won't be troublesome. I think I will ask the housekeeper to show us where we are to be. The railway tires them more than the ship did. This is Hugh," said Mary, swallowing as best she could the gasp in her throat, and detaching poor little Hugh's hand from her crape. But she had tears in her voice, and Mr. Ochterlony had a wholesome dread of crying. He gave his nephew a hurried pat on the head without looking at him, and called for Mrs. Gilsland, who was at hand among the shadows rustling with her silk gown.

"Oh!" he said hurriedly. "A fine little fellow I am sure; — but you are quite right, and they must be tired, and I will not detain you. Dinner is at seven," said Mr. Ochterlony. What could he say? He could not even see the faces of the woman and children whom it was his dread but evident duty to receive. When they went away under Mrs. Gilsland's charge, he followed them to the foot of the stairs, and stood looking after them as the procession mounted, guided by the rustle of the housekeeper's gown. The poor man looked at them in a bewildered way, and then went off to his library, where his own shaded lamp was lit, and where everything was cosy and familiar. Arrived there, he threw himself into his own chair with a sigh. He was not a brute, nor a wretch, as we have said, and the least thing he could do when he heard of his poor brother's death was to offer a shelter — temporarily at least — to the widow and her children; but perhaps a lurking hope that something might turn up to prevent the invasion had been in his mind up to this day. Now she was here, and what was he to do with her? Now *they* were here, which was still more serious — three boys (even though one of them was a baby) in a house full of everything that was daintiest and rarest and most delicate! No wonder Mr. Ochterlony was momentarily stupefied by their arrival; and then he had not even seen their faces to know what they were like. He remembered Mary of old in her bride-days, but then she was too young, too fresh, too unsubdued to please him. If she were as full of vigour and energy now, what was to become of a quiet man who, above all things, loved tranquillity and leisure? This was what Francis Ochterlony was thinking as his visitors went up stairs.

Mrs. Ochterlony was inducted into the best rooms in the house. Her brother-in-law was not an effusive or sympathetic man by nature, but still he knew what was his duty under the circumstances. Two great rooms gleaming once more with ebony gleams out of big wardrobes and half-visible mirrors, with beds that looked a little like hearses and heavy solemn hangings. Mrs. Gilsland's silk gown rustled about everywhere, pointing out a thousand conveniences unknown at the station; but all Mary was thinking about was one of those grey cottages on the road with the fire burning brightly, and its little homely walls lighted up with the fitful, cheerful radiance. If she could but have had a fire, and crept up to it and knelt on the hearth and held herself to the comforting warmth. There are times when a poor creature feels all body, just as there are times when she feels all soul. And then, to think that dinner was at seven! just as it had been when she came there with Hugh, a girl all confident of happiness and life. No doubt Mr. Ochterlony would have forgiven his sister-in-law, and probably indeed would have been as much relieved as she, if she had but sent an apology and stayed in her room all the evening. But Mary was not the kind of woman to do this. It did not occur to her to depart from the natural routine, or make so much talk about her own feelings or sentiments as would be necessary to excuse her. What did it matter? If it had to be done, it had to be done, and there was nothing more to be said. This was the view her mind took of most matters; and she had always been well, and never had any pretext to get out of things she did not like, as women do who have headaches and handy little illnesses. She could always do what was needful, and did always do it without stopping to make any questions; which is a serviceable kind of temperament in life, and yet subjects people to many little martyrdoms which otherwise they might escape from. Though her heart was sick, she put on her best gown all covered with crape, and her widow's cap, and went down to dine with Francis Ochterlony in the great dining-room, leaving her children behind, and longing unspeakably for that cottage with the fire.

It was not such an unbecoming dress after all, notwithstanding what people say. Mary was worn and sad but she was not faded; and the dead white of the cap that encircled her face, and the dead black of her dress, did not do so much harm as perhaps they ought to have done to that sweet and steadfast grace, which had made the regiment

recognise and adopt young Stafford's fanciful title. She was still Madonna Mary under that disfigurement; and on the whole she was *not* disfigured by her dress. Francis Ochterlony lifted his eyes with equal surprise and satisfaction to take a second look at poor Hugh's widow. He felt by instinct that Phidias himself could not have filled a corner in his drawing-room, which was so full of fine things, with a figure more fair or half so appropriate as that of the serene woman who now took her seat there, abstracted a little into the separation and remoteness of sorrow, but with no discord in her face. He liked her better so than with the group of children, who made her look as if she were a Charity, and the heavy veil hanging half over her face, which had a conventual and uncomfortable effect; and he was very courteous and attentive to his sister-in-law. "I hope you had good weather," he said in his deferential way; "and I trust, when you have been a few days at Earlston, the fatigue will wear off. You will find everything very quiet here."

"I hope so," said Mary; "but it is the children I am thinking of. I trust our rooms are a long distance off, and that we will not disturb you."

"That is quite a secondary matter," said Mr. Ochterlony. "The question is, are you comfortable? I hope you will let Mrs. Gilsland know if anything is wanted. We are not — not quite used to these sort of things, you know; but I am sure, if anything is wanted" —

"You are very kind," said Mary; I am sure we shall be very comfortable." And yet as she said so her thoughts went off with a leap to that little cottage interior, and the cheerful light that shone out of the window, and the fire that crackled and blazed within. Ah, if she were but there; not dining with Mr. Ochterlony in solemn grandeur, but putting her little boys to bed, and preparing their supper for them, and cheating away heavy thoughts by that dear common work for the comfort and service of her own which a woman loves. But this was not a sort of longing to give expression to at Earlston, where in the evening Mr. Ochterlony was very kind to his sister-in-law, and showed her a great many priceless things which Mary regarded with trembling, thinking of two small barbarians about to be let loose among them, not to speak of little Wilfrid, who was old enough to dash an Etruscan vase to the earth, or upset the rarest piece of china, though he was still only a baby. She could not tell how they were so much as to walk through

that drawing-room without doing some harm, and her heart sank within her as she listened to all those loving lingering descriptions which only a virtuoso can make. Mr. Ochterlony retired that evening with a sense always agreeable to a man, that in doing a kind thing he had not done a foolish one, and that the children of such a fair and gracious woman could not be the graceless imps who had been haunting his dreams ever since he knew they were coming home; but Mary for her part took no such flattering unction to her. She sighed more and more for the cottage and the fire as she went upstairs sad and weary to the great sombre room, in which a couple of candles burned like tiny stars in a world of darkness, and looked at her sleeping boys, and wondered what they were to do in this collection of curiosities and beauties. She was an ignorant woman, and did not, alas! care anything at all for the *Venus Anadyomene*. But she thought of little Hugh tilting her and her pedestal over, and shook and trembled at the idea. She trembled too with cold and nervous agitation, and the chill of sorrow in her heart. In the lack of other human sources of consolation, oh! to go to that cottage hearth, and kneel down and feel to one's very soul the comfort of the warm consoling fire.

CHAPTER XII.

It had need to be a mind which has reached the last stage of human sentiment which can altogether resist the influence of a lovely summer morning, all made of warmth, and light, and softened sounds, and far-off odours. Mrs. Ochterlony had not reached this last stage; she was still young; and she was only at the beginning of her loneliness, and her heart had not sickened at life, as hearts do sometimes which have made a great many repeated efforts to live, and have had to give in again and again. When she saw the sunshine lying in a supreme peacefulness upon those grey hills, and all the pale sky and blue depths of air beaming softly with that daylight which comes from God, her courage came back to her in spite of herself. She began the morning by the shedding of those silent tears which are all the apology one can make to one's dead, for having the heart to begin another day without them; and when that moment was over, and the children had lifted all their daylight faces in a flutter of curiosity and excitement about this new "home" they had come to,

after so long talking of it and looking forward to it, things did not seem so dark to Mary as on the previous evening. For one thing, the sun was warm and shone in at her windows, which made a great difference; and with her children's voices in her ears, and their faces fresh in the morning light, what woman could be altogether without courage? "So long as they are well," she said to herself—and went down stairs a little consoled, to pour out Mr. Ochterlony's coffee for him, thanking heaven in her heart that her boys were to have a meal which had nothing calm nor classical about it, in the old nursery where their father had once eaten his breakfasts, and which had been hurriedly prepared for them. "The little dears must go down to dessert; but master, ma'am—well, he's an old bachelor, you know," said Mrs. Gilsland, while explaining this arrangement. "Oh, thank you, I hope you will help me to keep them from disturbing him," Mary had said; and thus it was with a lighter heart that she went down-stairs.

Mr. Ochterlony came down too at the same time in an amiable frame of mind. Notwithstanding that he had to put himself into a morning coat, and abjure his dressing-gown, which was somewhat of a trial for a man of fixed habits, nothing could exceed the graciousness of his looks. A certain horrible notion common to his class, that children scream all night long, and hold an entire household liable to be called up at any moment, had taken possession of his mind. But his tired little guests had been swallowed up in the silence of the house, and had neither screamed, nor shouted, nor done anything to disturb its habitual quiet; and the wonderful satisfaction of having done his duty, and not having suffered for it, had entered Mr. Ochterlony's mind. It is in such circumstances that the sweet sense of well-doing, which is generally supposed the best reward of virtue, settles upon a good man's spirit. The Squire might be premature in his self-congratulations, but then his sense of relief was exquisite. If nothing worse was to come of it than the presence of a fair woman, whose figure was always in drawing, and who never put herself into an awkward attitude—whose voice was soft, and her movements tranquil, Mr. Ochterlony felt that self-sacrifice after all was practicable. The boys could be sent to school as all boys were, and at intervals might be endured when there was nothing else for it. Thus he came down in a benign condition, willing to be pleased. As for Mary, the first thing

that disturbed her calm, was the fact that she was herself of no use at her brother-in-law's breakfast-table. He made his coffee himself in a pretty glass machine, which he took pains to explain to her, and then he went into general conversation in the kindest way, to put her at her ease.

"That is the Farnese Hercules," he said; "I saw it caught your eye last night. It is from a cast I had made for the purpose, and is considered very perfect; and that you know is the new Pallas, the Pallas that was found in the Sestina Villa; you recollect, perhaps?"

"I am not afraid," said Mary, faltering, and she looked at them, poor soul, with wistful eyes, and tried to feel a little interest. "I have been so long out of the way of everything!"

"To be sure," said the Squire, encouragingly, "and my poor brother Hugh, I remember, knew very little about it. He went early to India, and had few advantages, poor fellow." All this Mr. Ochterlony said while he was concocting his coffee in his pretty machine; and Mary had nothing to do but to sit and listen to him with her face fully open to his inspection if he liked, and no kindly urn before her to hide the sudden rush of tears and indignation. A man who spent his life having casts made, and collecting what Mary in her heart with secret rage called "pretty things!"—that he should make a complacent contrast between himself and his brother! The suggestion filled Mrs. Ochterlony with a certain speechless fury which was born of her grief.

"He knew well how to do his duty," she said, as soon as she could speak; and she would not let her tears fall, but opened her burning eyes wide, and absorbed them somehow out of pride for Hugh.

"Poor fellow!" said his brother, daintily pouring out the fragrant coffee. "I don't know if he ever could have had much appreciation of Art; but I am sure he made a good soldier, as you say. I was very much moved and shocked when I heard—but do not let us talk of such painful subjects; another time, perhaps!"

And Mary sat still with her heart beating, and said no more—thinking through all the gentle flow of conversation that followed, of the inconceivable conceit that could for a moment class Francis Ochterlony's dilettante life with that of her dead Hugh, who had played a man's part in the world, and had the heart to die for his duty's sake. And this useless Squire could speak of the few advantages he had! It was un-

reasonable, for, to tell the truth, the Squire was much more accomplished, much better instructed than the Major. The Numismatic Society and the Society of Antiquaries, and even, on certain subjects, the British Association, would have listened to Francis Ochterlony as if he had been a messenger from heaven. Whereas Hugh the soldier would never have got a hearing nor dared to open his lips in any learned presence. But then that did not matter to his wife, who, notwithstanding her many high qualities, was not a perfectly reasonable woman. Those "few advantages" stood terribly in Mary's way for that first morning. They irritated her far more than Mr. Ochterlony could have had the least conception or understanding of. If anybody had given him a glass to look into her heart with, the Squire would have been utterly confounded by what he saw there. What had he done? And indeed he had done nothing that anybody (in his senses) could have found fault with; he had but turned Mary's thoughts once more with a violent longing to the roadside cottage, where at least, if she and her children were but safely housed, her soldier's memory would be shrined, and his sword hung up upon the homely wall, and his name turned into a holy thing. Whereas he was only a younger brother who had gone away to India, and had few advantages, in the Earlstoun way of thinking. This was the uppermost thought in Mrs. Ochterlony's mind as her brother-in-law exhibited all his collections to her. The drawing-room, which she had but imperfectly seen in her weariness and preoccupation the previous night, was a perfect museum of things rich and rare. There were delicate marbles, tiny but priceless, standing out white and ethereal against the soft, carefully chosen, toned crimson of the curtains; and bronzes that were worth half a year's income of the lands of Earlstoun; and Etruscan vases and Pompeian relics; and hideous dishes with lizards on them, besides plaques of dainty porcelain with Raphael's designs; the very chairs were fantastic with inlaying and gilding—curious articles, some of them worth their weight in gold; and if you but innocently looked at an old cup and saucer on a dainty table wondering what it did there, it turned out to be the ware of Henri II., and priceless. To see Mary going over all this with her attention preoccupied and wandering, and yet a wistful interest in her eyes, was a strange sight. All that she had in the world was her children, and the tiny little income of a soldier's widow—and you may suppose

perhaps that she was thinking what a help to her and the still more valuable little human souls she had to care for, would have been the money's-worth of some of these fragile beauties. But that was not what was in Mrs. Ochterlony's mind. What occupied her on the contrary was an indignant wonder within herself how a man who spent his existence upon such trifles (they looked trifles to her, from her point of view, and in this of course she was still unreasonable) could venture to look down with complacency upon the real life, so honestly lived and so bravely ended, of his brother Hugh — poor Hugh, as he ventured to call him! Mr. Ochterlony might die a dozen times over and what would his marble Venus care, that he was so proud of? But it was Hugh who had died; and it was a kind of comfort to feel that *he* at least, though they said he had few advantages, had left one faithful woman behind him to keep his grave green for ever. For one thing, her fatigue and excitement were by no means over, although she thought herself quite well and recovered of all that; and perhaps they had more to do than she thought with all those fantastic reasonings in her heart.

The morning passed, however, though it was a long morning; and Mary looked into all the cabinets of coins and precious engraved gems, and rare things of all sorts, with a most divided attention and wandering mind — thinking where were the children? were they out-of-doors? were they in any trouble? for the unearthly quietness in the house seemed to her experienced mother's ear to bode harm of some kind — either illness or mischief, and most likely the last. As for Mr. Ochterlony, it never occurred to him that his sister-in-law, while he was showing her his collections, should not be as indifferent as he was to any vulgar outside influence. "We shall not be disturbed," he said, with a calm reassuring smile, when he saw her glance at the door; "Mrs. Gilsland knows better than that;" and he drew out another drawer of coins as he spoke. Poor Mary began to tremble and had to sit down to steady herself; but the same sense of duty which made her husband stand to be shot at, kept her at this painful post. She went through with it like a martyr, without flinching, though longing, yearning, dying to get free. If she were but in that cottage, looking after her little boys' dinner, and hearing their voices as they played at the door — their servant and her own mistress, instead of the helpless slave of courtesy,

and interest, and her position, looking at Francis Ochterlony's curiosities! When she escaped at last, Mary found that indeed her fears had not been without foundation. There had been some small breakages, and some small quarrels in the nursery, where Hugh and Islay had been engaged in single combat, and where baby Wilfrid had joined in with impartial kicks and scratches, to the confusion of both combatants: all which alarming events the frightened ayah had been too weak-minded and helpless to prevent. And, by way of keeping them quiet, that bewildered woman had taken down a beautiful Indian canoe, which stood on a bracket in the corridor, and the boys, as was natural, with true scientific inquisitiveness had made researches into its constitution, such as horrified their mother. Mary was so cowardly as to put the boat together again with her own hands, and put it back on its bracket, and say nothing about it, with devout hopes that nobody would find it out — which, to be sure, was a terrible example to set before children. She breathed freely for the first time when she got them out — out of Earlstown — out even of Earlstown's grounds — to the hill-side, where, though everything was grey, the turf had a certain greenness, and the sky a certain blueness, and the sun shone warm, and nameless little English wild flowers were to be found among the grass; nameless things, too insignificant for anything but a botanist to classify, and Mrs. Ochterlony was no botanist. She put down Wilfrid upon the grass, and sat by him, and watched for a little the three joyful unthinking creatures, harmonized without knowing it by their mother's presence, rolling about in an unaccustomed ecstasy upon the English grass; and then Mary went back, without being quite aware of it, into the darker world of her own mind, and leant her head upon her hands and began to think.

She had a great deal to think about. She had come home obeying the first impulse, which suggested that a woman left alone in the world should put herself under the guidance and protection of "her friends:" and, in the first stupor of grief, it was a kind of consolation to think that she had still somebody belonging to her, and could put off those final arrangements for herself and by herself which one time or other must be made. When she decided upon this, Mary did not realise the idea of giving offence to Aunt Agatha by accepting Francis Ochterlony's invitation, nor of finding herself at Earlstown in the strange

nondescript position — something less than a member of the family, something more than a visitor — which she at present occupied. Her brother-in-law was very kind, but he did not know what to do with her; and her brother-in-law's household was very doubtful and uneasy, with a certain alarmed and suspicious sense that it might be a new and permanent mistress who had thus come in upon them — an idea which it was not to be expected that Mrs. Gilsland, who had been in authority so long, should take kindly to. And then it was hard for Mary to live comfortably in a house where her children were simply tolerated, and in constant danger of doing inestimable mischief. She sat upon the grey hill-side, and thought over it till her head ached. Oh, for that wayside cottage with the blazing fire! but Mrs. Ochterlony had no such refuge. She had come to Earliston of her own will, and she could not fly away again at once to affront and offend the only relation who might be of service to her boys — which was, no doubt, a sadly mercenary view to take of the subject. By-and-by she took them home again, wondering a little, with a timidity that did not belong to her character, what arrangement had been made for them by that housekeeper in the rustling gown, upon whom, for the moment, she found herself dependent. This difficulty was so far solved for her by the appearance of the nursery dinner, and an intimation that master never eat any luncheon. "And I was to say, please, ma'am, that the young gentlemen's dinner would be sent up regular at half-past one," said the maid who served. Thus everything was taken out of Mrs. Ochterlony's hands. She bowed her head in assent, but it cost her some trouble, for Mary was not naturally a meek woman who could sit still and let other people decide for her. She stayed beside her children all day, feeling like a prisoner, afraid to move or to do anything, afraid to let the boys play or to give scope to their limbs and voice — terrified to be subject, perhaps, to the housekeeper's suggestions, which had something of the force of orders, or to disturb Mr. Ochterlony. And then Hugh, though he was not old enough to sympathise with her, was old enough to put terrible questions. "Why shouldn't we make a noise?" the child said; "is my uncle a king, mamma, that we must not disturb him? Papa never used to mind." Mary sent him back to his play when he said this, with a sharp impatience which he could not understand. Ah, how different it was! and how stinging the pain that went to her heart at

that suggestion! But then Hugh, thank heaven, knew no better. Even the Hindoo woman, who had been a faithful woman in her way, but who was going back again with another family bound for India, began to make preparations for her departure; and, after that, Mrs. Ochterlony's position would be still more difficult. This was how the first day at Earliston — the first day at home, as the children said — passed over Mary. It was, perhaps, of all other trials, the one most calculated to take from her any strength she might have left. And then she had to dress at seven o'clock, and leave her little boys in the big dark nursery, and go down to keep her brother-in-law company at dinner, to hear him talk of the Farnese Hercules, and of his collections, and travels, and, perhaps, of the "few advantages" his poor brother had had: which for a woman of a high spirit and independent character, and profound loyal love for the dead, was a very hard ordeal to bear.

The dinner, however, went over very fairly. Mr. Ochterlony was the soul of politeness, and, besides, he was pleased with his sister-in-law. She knew nothing about Art; but, then, she had been long in India, and was a woman, and it was not to be wondered at. He meant no harm when he spoke of poor Hugh's few advantages. He knew that he had a sensible woman to deal with, and of course grief and that sort of thing cannot last for ever; and on the whole Mr. Ochterlony saw no reason why he should not speak quite freely of his brother Hugh, and lament his want of proper training. She must have known that as well as he did. And to tell the truth he had forgotten about the children. He made himself very agreeable and even went so far as to say that it was very pleasant to be able to talk over these matters with somebody who understood him. Mary sat waiting with a mixture of fright and expectation for the appearance of the children, who the housekeeper said were to come down to dessert; but they did not come, and nothing was said about them; and Mr. Ochterlony was fond of foreign habits, and took very little wine, and accompanied his sister-in-law upstairs when she left the table. He came with her in that troublesome French way with which Mary was not even acquainted, and made it impossible for her to hurry through the long passages to the nursery and see what her forlorn little boys were about. What could they be doing all this time, lost at the other end of the great house where she could not even hear their voices, nor that

soft habitual nursery hum which was a necessary accompaniment to her life? She had to sit down in a kind of despair and talk to Mr. Ochterlony, who took a seat beside her and was very friendly. The summer evening had begun to decline, and it was at this meditative moment that the master of Earlston liked to sit and contemplate his Psyche and his Venus, and call a stranger's attention to their beauties, and tell pleasant anecdotes about how he picked them up; which however was the strangest kind of penance to Mary, who was thankful that her children were not there, and yet mortified and vexed that they had not been sent for, and in the most restless state of uneasiness about them. For to be sure it was not a well-regulated nursery under proper supervision, but three little forlorn boys in charge of a speechless Hindoo ayah, and subject to the invasions of Mrs. Gilsland in her rustling gown, whom Mrs. Ochterlony had left. She sat by her brother-in-law's side and listened to his talk about Art with her ear strained to the most intense attention, prepared at any moment to hear a shriek from the outraged housekeeper, or a howl of unanimous woe from three culpable and terrified voices. There was something comic in the situation, but Mary's attention was not sufficiently disengaged to be amused.

"I have long wished to have some information about Indian Art," said Mr. Ochterlony. "I should be glad to know what an intelligent observer like yourself, with some practical knowledge, thought of my theory. My idea is — But I am afraid you have a headache; I hope you have all the attendance you require, and are comfortable? It would give me great pain to think that you were not perfectly comfortable. You must not feel the least hesitation in telling me" —

"Oh no, we have everything," said Mary. She thought she heard something outside like little steps and distant voices, and her heart began to beat. But as for her companion he was not thinking about such extraneous things.

"I hope so," said Mr. Ochterlony; and then he looked at his Psyche with the lingering look of a connoisseur, dwelling lovingly upon her marble beauty. "You must have that practical acquaintance which, after all, is the only thing of any use," he continued. "My idea is" —

And it was at this moment that the door was thrown open, and they all rushed in — all, beginning with little Wilfrid, who had just commenced to walk, and who came

with a tottering dash striking against a pedestal in his way, and making its precious burden tremble. Outside at the open door appeared for an instant the ayah as she had set down her charge, and Mr. Gilsland, gracious but formidable, in her rustling gown, who had headed the procession. Poor woman, she meant no harm. She knew that her master did not care for children, but it was not in the heart of woman to believe that in the genial hour after dinner, when all the inner and the outer man was mollified and comforted, the sight of three such "bonnie boys" all curled, brushed, and shining for the occasion, could do Mr. Ochterlony any harm. Baby Wilfrid dashed across the room in a straight line with "dichterin' noise and glee" to get to his mother, and the others followed, not however, without stoppages on the way. They were bonnie boys — brave, little, erect, clear-eyed creatures, who had never known anything but love in their lives, and feared not the face of man; and to Mary, though she quaked and trembled, their sudden appearance changed the face of everything, and made the Earlston drawing-room glorious. But the effect was different upon Mr. Ochterlony, as might be supposed.

"How do you do, my little man?" said the discomfited uncle. "Oh, this is Hugh, is it? I think he is like his father. I suppose you intend to send them to school. Good heavens! my little fellow, take care!" cried Mr. Ochterlony. The cause of this sudden animation was, that Hugh naturally facing his uncle when he was addressed by him, had leant upon the pillar on which Psyche stood with her immortal lover. He had put his arm round it with a vague sense of admiration, and as he stood was, as Mary thought, a prettier sight than even the lovely group above; but Mr. Ochterlony could not be expected to be of Mary's mind.

"Come here, Hugh," said his mother, anxiously. "You must not touch anything; your uncle will kindly let you look at them, but you must not touch. It was so different, you know, in our Indian house — and then on board ship," said Mary, faltering. Islay, with his big head thrown back a little and his hands in his little trousers' pockets, was roving about all the while in a manly way inspecting everything, looking, as his mother thought, for the most favourable opening for mischief. What was she to do? They might do more damage in ten minutes than ten years of her little income could set right. As for Mr. Ochterlony, though he groaned in spirit nothing could

overcome his politeness; he turned his back upon little Hugh so that at least he might not see what was going on, and resumed the conversation with all the composure that he could assume.

"You will send them to school of course," he said; "we must inquire for a good school for them. I don't myself think that children can begin their education too soon. I don't speak of the baby," said Mr. Ochterlony, with a sigh. The baby evidently was inevitable. Mary had set him down at her feet, and he sat there in a peaceable way, making no assault upon anything, which was consolatory at least.

"They are so young," said Mary, tremulously.

"Yes, they are young, and it is all the better," said the uncle. His eye was upon Islay, who had sprung upon a chair, and was riding and spurring it with delightful energy. Naturally, it was a unique rococo chair of the daintiest and most fantastic workmanship, and the unhappy owner expected to see it fall into sudden destruction before his eyes; but he was benumbed by politeness and despair, and took no notice. "There is nothing," said the poor man with distracted attention, his eye upon Islay, his face turned to his sister-in-law, and horror in his heart, "like good training begun early. For my part" —

"Oh, mamma, look here. How funny this is!" cried little Hugh. When Mary turned sharply round in despair, she found her boy standing behind her with a priceless Etruscan vase in his hand. He had just taken it from the top of a low, carved bookcase, where the companion vase still stood, and held it tilted up as he might have held a drinking mug in the nursery. "It's a fight," cried Hugh; "look, mamma, how that fellow is putting his lance into him. Isn't it jolly? Why don't we have some brown sort of jugs with battles on them, like this?"

"What is it? Let me see," cried Islay, and he gave a flying leap, and brought the rococo chair down on its back, where he remounted leisurely after he had cast a glance at the brown sort of jug. "I don't think it's worth looking at," said the four-year-old hero. Mrs. Ochterlony heard her brother-in-law say, "Good heavens!" again, and heard him groan as he turned away his head. He could not forget that they were his guests and his dead brother's children, and he would not turn them out of the room or the house, as he was tempted to do; but at the same time he turned away that at least he might not see the full extent of

the ruin. As for Mary, she felt her own hand tremble as she took the vase out of Hugh's careless grasp. She was terrified to touch its brittle beauty, though she was not so enthusiastic about it as, perhaps, she ought to have been. And it was with a sudden impulse of desperation that she caught up her baby, and lifted Islay off the prostrate chair.

"I hope you will excuse them," she said, all flushed and trembling. "They are so little, and they know no better. But they must not stay here," and with that poor Mary swept them out with her, making her way painfully over the dangerous path, where snares and perils lay on every side. She gave the astonished Islay an involuntary "shake" as she dropped him in the sombre corridor outside, and hurried along towards the darkling nursery. The little flock of wicked little black sheep trotted by her side full of questions and surprise. "Why are we coming away? What have we done?" said Hugh. "Mamma! mamma! tell me!" and Islay pulled at her dress, and made more demonstratively the same demand. What had they done? If Mr. Ochterlony, left by himself in the drawing-room, could but have answered the question! He was on his knees beside his injured chair, examining its wounds, and as full of tribulation as if those fantastic bits of tortured wood had been flesh and blood. And to tell the truth, the misfortune was greater than if it had been flesh and blood. If Islay Ochterlony's sturdy little legs had been broken, there was a doctor in the parish qualified to a certain extent to mend them. But who was there among the Shap Fells, or within a hundred miles of Earleston, who was qualified to touch the delicate members of a rococo chair? He groaned over it as it lay prostrate, and would not be comforted. Children! imps! come to be the torture of his life, as, no doubt, they had been of poor Hugh's. What could Providence be thinking of to send such reckless, heedless, irresponsible creatures into the world? A vague notion that their mother would whip them all round as soon as she got them into the shelter of the nursery, gave Mr. Ochterlony a certain consolation; but even that judicial act, though a relief to injured feeling, would do nothing for the fractured chair.

Mary, we regret to say, did not whip the boys when she got into her own apartments. They deserved it, no doubt, but she was only a weak woman. Instead of that, she put her arms round the three, who were much excited and full of wonder, and very

restless in her clasp, and cried — not much, but suddenly, in an outburst of misery and desolation, and anger and resistance. After all, what was the vase or the Psyche in comparison with the living creatures thus banished to make place for them? which was a reflection which some people may be far from acquiescing in, but that came natural to her, being their mother, and not in any special way interested in art. She cried, but she only hugged her boys and kissed them, and put them to bed, lingering that she might not have to go downstairs again till the last moment. When she went at last, and made Mr. Ochterlony's tea for him, that magnanimous man did not say a word, and even accepted her apologies with a feeble deprecation. He had put the wounded article away, and made a sublime resolution to take no further notice. "Poor thing, it is not her fault," he had said to himself; and, indeed, had begun to be sorry for Mary, and to think what a pity it was that a woman so unobjectionable should have three such imps to keep her in hot water. But he looked sad, as was natural. He swallowed his tea with a sigh, and made mournful cadences to every sentence he uttered. A man does not so easily get over such a shock; — a frivolous and volatile woman may forget or may dissimulate, and look as if she does not care; but a man is not so lightly moved or mended. If it had been Islay's legs, as has been said, there was a doctor within reach; but who in the north country could be trusted, so much as to look at the delicate limbs of a rococo chair?

CHAPTER XIII.

THE experience of this evening, though it was only the second of her stay at Earliston, proved to Mary that the visit she was paying to her brother-in-law must be made as short as possible. She could not get up and run away because Hugh had put an Etruscan vase in danger, and Islay had broken his uncle's chair. It was Mr. Ochterlony who was the injured party, and he was magnanimously silent, saying nothing and even giving no intimation that the presence of these objectionable little visitors was not to be desired in the drawing-room; and Mary had to stay and keep her boys out of sight, and live consciously upon sufferance, in the nursery and her bedroom, until she could feel warranted in taking leave of her brother-in-law, who, without doubt, meant to be kind. It was a strange

sort of position, and strangely out of accord with Mrs. Ochterlony's character and habits. She had never been rich, nor lived in such a great house, but she had always up to this time been her own mistress — mistress of her actions, free to do what she thought best, and to manage her children according to her own wishes. Now she had, to a certain extent, to submit to the housekeeper, who changed their hours, and interfered with their habits, at her pleasure. The poor ayah went weeping away, and nobody was to be had to replace her except one of the Earliston maids, who naturally was more under Mrs. Gilsland's authority than Mrs. Ochterlony's; and to this girl Mary had to leave them when she went down to the inevitable dinner which had always to be eaten downstairs. She had made attempts several times to consult her brother-in-law upon her future, but Mr. Ochterlony, though very polite, was not a sympathetic listener. He had received the few details which she had been moved at first, with restrained tears, to give him about the Major with a certain restlessness which chilled Mary. He was sorry for his brother; but he was one of those men who do not care to talk about dead people, and who think it best not to revive and recall sorrow — which would be very true and just if true sorrow had any occasion to be revived and recalled; and her own arrangements were all more or less connected with this (as Mr. Ochterlony called it) painful subject. And thus it was that her hesitating efforts to make her position clear to him, and to get any advice which he could give was generally put aside or swallowed up in some communication from the Numismatic Society, or questions which she could not answer about Indian art.

"We must leave Earliston soon," Mrs. Ochterlony took courage to say one day, when the housekeeper, and the continued taboo of the children, and her own curious life on sufferance, had been too much for her. "If you are at leisure, would you let me speak to you about it? I have so little experience of anything but India — and I want to do what is best for my boys."

"Oh — ah — yes," said Mr. Ochterlony, "you must send them to school. We must try and hear of some good school for them. It is the only thing you can do" —

"But they are so young," said Mary. "At their age they are surely best with their mother. Hugh is only seven. If you could advise me where it would be best to go" —

"Where it would be best to go!" said

Mr. Ochterlony. He was a little surprised and not quite pleased for the moment. "I hope you do not find yourself uncomfortable here."

"Oh, no," said Mary, faltering; "but — they are very young and troublesome, and — I am sure they must worry you. Such little children are best by themselves," she said, trying to smile — and thus, by chance, touched a chord of pity in her brother-in-law's heart.

"Ah," he said, shaking his head, "I assure you I feel the painfulness of your position. If you had been unencumbered, you might have looked forward to so different a life; but with such a burden as these children, and you so young still!" —

"Burden!" said Mary: and it may be supposed how her eyes woke up, and what a colour came to her cheek, and how her heart took to beating under her crape. "You can't really think my children are a burden to me. Ah! you don't know — I would not care to live another day if I had not my boys."

And here, her nerves being weak with all she had come through, she would have liked to cry — but did not, the moment being unsuitable, and only sat facing the virtuosos, all lighted up and glowing, brightened by indignation and surprise and sudden excitement to something more like the former Mary than ever yet had been seen underneath her widow's cap.

"Oh!" said Mr. Ochterlony. He could have understood the excitement had it been about a Roman camp or a newly discovered statue; but boys did not commend themselves in the same way to his imagination. He liked his sister-in-law, however, in his way. She was a good listener, and pleasant to look at, and even when she was unintelligible was never without grace or out of drawing, and he felt disposed even to take a little trouble for her. "You must send them to school," he said. "There is nothing else to be done. I will write to a friend of mine who knows about such matters; and I am sure, for my part, I shall be very glad if you can make yourself comfortable at Earlston — you and — and the baby, of course," Mr. Ochterlony said with a slightly wry face. The innocent man had not an idea of the longing she had for that cottage with the fire in it. It was a notion which never could have been made intelligible to him, even had he been told in words.

"Thank you," said Mary, faltering more and more; indeed she made a dead pause, and he thought she had accepted his decision, and that there was to be no more

about it — which was comforting and satisfactory. He had indeed just risen up to leave the room, breakfast being over, when she put out her hand to stop him. "I will not detain you a minute," she said, "it is so desolate to have no one to tell me what to do. Indeed we cannot stay here — though it is so good of you; they are too young to leave me, and I care for nothing else in life," Mrs. Ochterlony said, yielding for an instant to her emotion; but she soon recovered herself. "There are good schools all over England, I have heard; in places where we could live cheaply. That is what I want to do. Near one of the good grammar schools. I am quite free, it does not matter where I live. If you would give me your advice," she added, timidly. Mr. Ochterlony, for his part, was taken so much by surprise that he stood between the table and the door with one foot raised to go on, and not believing his ears. He had behaved like an angel, to his own conviction, and had never said a word about the chair, though it had to be sent to town to be repaired. He had continued to afford shelter to the little ruffian who did it, and had carefully abstained from all expression of his feelings. What could the woman want more? — and what should he know about grammar-schools, and places where people could live cheaply? A woman, too, whom he liked, and had explained his theory of ancient art more fully to than he had ever done to any one. And she wanted to leave Earlston and his society, and the Psyches and Venuses, to settle down in some half-pay neighbourhood, where people with large families lived for the sake of education! No wonder Mr. Ochterlony turned round, struck dumb with wonder, and came slowly back before giving his opinion, which, but for an unexpected circumstance, would no doubt have been such an opinion as to overwhelm his companion with confusion, and put an instant stop to her foolish plans.

But circumstances come wildly in the way of the best intentions, and cut off the wisest speech sometimes on a man's very lips. At this moment the door opened softly, and a new interlocutor presented herself. The apparition was one which took not only the words but the very breath from the lips of the master of Earlston. Aunt Agatha was twenty years older than her niece, but so (almost) was Francis Ochterlony; and such a thing was once possible as that the soft ancient maiden and the elderly solitary dilettante might have made a cheerful human household at Earlston. They had not met for years, not

since the time when Miss Seton was holding on by her lingering youth, and looking forward to the loss of it with an anxious and care-worn countenance. She was twenty times prettier now than she had been in those days—prettier perhaps, if the truth were told, than she ever had been in her life. She was penitent, too, and tearful in her whitehaired sweetness, though Mr. Ochterlony did not know why—with a soft colour coming and going on her cheeks, and a wistful look in her dewy eyes. She had left her home at least two hours before, and came carrying all the freshness and odours of the morning, surrounded with sunshine and sweet air, and everything that seems to belong to the young. Francis Ochterlony was so bewildered by the sight that he stepped back out of her way, and could not have told whether she was eighteen or fifty. Perhaps the sight of him had in some degree the same effect upon Aunt Agatha. She made a little rush at Mary, who had risen to meet her, and threw herself, soft little woman as she was, upon her niece's taller form. "Oh, my dear love, I have been a silly old woman—forgive me!" said Aunt Agatha. She had put up with the estrangement as long as ever it was in human nature to put up with it. She had borne Peggy's sneers, and Winnie's heartless suggestions that it was her own doing. How was Winnie to know what made it so difficult for her to have any communications with Earlston? But finally Aunt Agatha's heart had conquered everything else. She had made such pictures to herself of Mary, solitary and friendless ("for what is a Man? no company when one is unhappy," Miss Seton had said to herself with unconscious eloquence), until instinct and impulse drove her to this decided step. The hall door at Earlston had been standing open, and there was nobody to announce her. And this was how Aunt Agatha arrived just at the critical moment, cutting off Mr. Ochterlony's utterance when he was on the very point of speech.

The poor man, for his part, did not know what to do; after the first moment of amazement he stood dumb and humble, with his hand stretched out, waiting to greet his unexpected visitor. But the truth was, that the two women as they clung together were both so dreadfully disposed to cry that they dared not face Mr. Ochterlony. The sudden touch of old love and unlooked-for sympathy had this effect upon Mary, who had been agitated and disturbed before; and as for Aunt Agatha, she was not an old

maid by conviction, and perhaps would not have objected to this house or its master, and the revival of these old associations was hard upon her. She clasped Mary tight, as if it was all for Mary's sake; but perhaps there was also a little personal feeling involved. Mr. Ochterlony stood speechless for a moment, and then he heard a faint sob, and fled in consternation. If that was coming, it was high time for him to go. He went away and took refuge in his library, in a confused and uncomfortable state of mind. This was the result of having a woman in the house; a man who had nothing to do in his own person with the opposite half of humanity became subject to the invasion of other women, and still worse, to the invasion of recollections and feelings which he had no wish to have recalled. What did Agatha Seton mean by looking so fresh and fair at her age? and yet she had white hair too, and called herself an old woman. These thoughts came dreadfully in his way when he sat down to work. He was writing a monograph upon Icelandic art, and naturally had been much interested in a subject so characteristic and exciting; but somehow after that glimpse of his old love his mind would not stick to his theme. The two women clinging together, though one of them had a bonnet on, made a pretty "subject." He was not mediæval, to speak of, but rather classical in his tastes; yet it did strike him that a painter might have taken an idea for a Visitation out of that embrace. And so that was how Agatha Seton looked when she was an old woman! This idea fluttered in and out before his mind's eye, and such reflections upon his paper came dreadfully in the way of his monograph. He lost his notes and forgot his researches in the bewilderment produced by it; for, to tell the truth, Agatha Seton was in a very much finer state of preservation, not to say fairer to look upon, than most of the existing monuments of Icelandic art.

"He has gone away," said Aunt Agatha, who was aware of that fact sooner than Mary was, though Mrs. Ochterlony's face was towards her brother-in-law; and she gave Mary a sudden hug and subsided into that good cry, which is such a relief and comfort to the mind; Mary's tears came too, but they were fewer and not by any means so satisfactory as Aunt Agatha's, who was crying for nothing particular. "Oh, my dear love, don't think me a wretch," the old lady said, "I have never been able to get you out of my head, standing there on the platform all by yourself

with the dear children; and I, like an old monster, taking offence and going away and leaving you! If it is any comfort to you, Mary, my darling, I have been wretched ever since. I tried to write, but I could not write. So now I've come to ask you to forgive me; and where are my dear, dear, darling boys?"

Her poor little boys! Mary's heart gave a little leap to hear some one once more talk of those poor children as if they were not in the way. "Mr. Ochterlony is very kind," she said, not answering directly; "but we must not stay, Aunt Agatha, we cannot stay. He is not used to children, you know, and they worry him. Oh, if I had but any little place of my own!"

"You shall come to me, my darling love," said Aunt Agatha in triumph. "You should have come to me from the first. I am not saying anything against Francis Ochterlony. I never did; people might think he did not quite behave as was expected; but I am sure I never said a word against him. But how can a man understand? or what can you look for from them? My dearest Mary, you must come to me!"

"Thank you, Aunt Agatha," said Mary, doubtfully. "You are very kind — you are all very kind" — and then she repeated, under her breath, that longing aspiration, "Oh, that I had but any little place of my very own!"

"Yes, my love, that is what we must do," said Aunt Agatha. "I would take you with me if I could, or I would take the dear boys with me. Nobody will be worried by them at the cottage. Oh, Mary, my darling, I never would say anything against poor dear Hugh, or encourage you to keep his relations at a distance; but just at this moment, my dear love, I did think it was most natural that you should go to your own friends."

"I think when one has little children one should be by one's-self," said Mary, "it is more natural. If I could get a little cottage near you, Aunt Agatha" —

"My love, mine is a little cottage," said Miss Seton; "it is not half nor quarter so big as Earlston — have you forgotten? and we are all a set of women together, and the dear boys will rule over us. Ah, Mary, you must come to me!" said the soft old lady. And after that she went up to the dim Earlston nursery, and kissed and hugged the tabooed children, whom it was the object of Mary's life to keep out of the way. But there was a struggle in Aunt Agatha's gentle bosom when she heard of

the Etruscan vase and the rococo chair. Her heart yearned a little over the pretty things thus put in peril, and she had a few pretty things herself which were dear to her, and the thought of putting them in daily jeopardy was alarming. Her alarm, however, was swallowed up by a stronger emotion. It was natural for a woman to care for such things, but it went to her heart to think of "poor Francis," once a hero, in such a connection. "You see he has nothing else to care for," she said — and the fair old maiden paused and gave a furtive sigh over the poor old bachelor who might have been so different. "It was his own fault," she added to herself, softly; but still the idea of Francis Ochterlony "wrapped up," as Miss Seton expressed it, in chairs and vases, gave a shock to her gentle spirit. It was righteous retribution, but still Aunt Agatha was a woman, and pitiful. She was still more moved when Mary took her into the drawing-room, where there were so many beautiful things. She looked upon them with silent and reverent admiration, but still not without a personal reference. "So that is all he cares for, now-a-days," she said, with a sigh; and it was just at the same moment that Mr. Ochterlony, in his study disturbed by visions of two women in his peaceable house, gave up his monograph on Icelandic art in despair.

This, it may be said, was how Mrs. Ochterlony's first experiment terminated. She did not leave Earlston at once, but she did so shortly after — without any particular resistance on the part of her brother-in-law. After Aunt Agatha's visit, Mr. Ochterlony's thoughts took a different turn. He was very civil to her before she left, as indeed it was his nature to be to all women, and showed her his collections, and paid her a certain alarmed and respectful deference. But after that he did not do anything to detain Mary in his house. Where one woman was, other women were pretty sure to come, and nobody could tell what unseen visitants might enter along with them, to disturb a man in his occupations, and startle him out of his tranquillity. He never had the heart to resume that monograph on Icelandic art — which was a great loss to the Society of Antiquaries and the æsthetic world in general; and though he had no advice in particular to give to his sister-in-law as to her future movements, he did not say anything further to deter her from leaving Earlston. "I hope you will let me know what your movements are, and where you decide upon settling," he said,

as he shook hands with her very gravely at the carriage door, "and if I can be of any use." And this was how the first experiment came to an end.

Then Mrs. Ochterlony kissed her boys when they were fairly out of the grey shadow of their uncle's house, and shed a few tears over them. "Now at least I shall not have to keep my bonnie boys out of the way any more," said Mary. But she caught sight again of the cheery cottage, with the

fire burning within, and the hospitable door open, as she drove down to the railway; and her heart longed to alight and take possession, and find herself at home. When should she be at home? or was there no such place left in the world? But happily she had no maid, and no time to think or calculate probabilities — and thus she set out upon her second venture, among "her own friends."

NO MYSTERY.

A stout young tradesman and a slender maid
Wedded, and work'd, and saved, and fill'd
their home

Of peace with humble comforts. Trials came,
But these were meekly borne, and yielded
more

Than golden profit. 'Midst their toils and
cares,

Their son grew well — fair form and gentle
soul.

His father's bone and muscle gave him strength;
Beneath his smooth, broad brow, serenely
full —

Flowing with flexile folds of silken hair —
His mother's eyes, instinct with quicker fire,
Sparkled, or, wonder-struck, like lightning
blazed.

Love-smiles, kind counsels, God-truths, and
sweet prayers;

Trainings to nature's beauty; fit-wit books;
Boy-mates, though rude, with ardent souls;
and girls

Blushing, downcast — but soon soft-voiced and
gay:

All inspirations, from live sources, touch'd
His spirit — genius-kindled, glory-crown'd;
And, in due time, by school and college cheer'd,
He stood revealed — the man without a peer!
A rainbow — hushing all-eyed heaven and
earth;

A comet — in the evening sky of time!
Whose son was he? Why, that poor couple's
son;

His father oft has patch'd my shoe; and she,
His mother, with her milk-can, sought our
door.

And who were they? God's angels in dis-
guise;

Choice body-builders; framers of best brains;
Weavers of finest nerves; soul-purifiers;
To whom God gave in charge that spirit-elect,
Winning its happiest entrance to the world.
They lived, and loved, and laboured, not to
mend

Old shoes, or sell fresh milk — though blest the
day

When highest ranks shall be so well employ'd!
Their work was their disguise: God ruled their
life,

And married them to mould their peerless son!

Philadelphia, Feb. 19, 1866.

— *North American*.

THE ONE GRAY HAIR.

The wisest of the wise

Listen to pretty lies,

And love to hear them told;

Doubt not that Solomon

Listened to many a one —

Some in his youth and more when he grew old.

I never sat among

The choir of wisdom's song,

But pretty lies love I

As much as any king —

When youth was on the wing.

And (must it, then, be told?) when youth had
quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not

The pleasant hour forgot,

When one pert lady said,

"Oh, I am quite

Bewildered with affright:

I see (sit quiet now) a white hair on your
head!"

Another, more benign,

Drew out that hair of mine,

And in her own dark hair

Pretended she had found

That one and twirled it round —

Fair as she was, she never was so fair!

[Walter Savage Landor.]

PART III.

"It was six months after the events I related in the last chapter, when I returned to the Larches. My father wrote to beg that I would do so, for he was ill, and could not come to me. He gave me a painful account of the state in which James then was, and for some time continued to be, and asked me for his sake to conquer my repugnance to meeting my brother. I have told you how I left the Larches, Margaret, now I will tell you how I returned thither. It was on a cold, bleak day in February, and the tall bare branches of the trees looked spectral, as I drove up the long avenue. Away to the left, were the wide-spreading fields, and the woods which lay between the Larches and Woodlee, while, to the right, in the distance, I could see the stately pile of Carters Court. For a while all seemed like a dream to me, and I could not realize that I was never to pass the doors of either of the familiar houses any more. It seemed impossible at that time that I ever should, and yet you know, Margaret, that each, in its turn, became my home for many tranquil years.

"The house was bright and cheerful enough, and I went at once into the library, where the servants told me I should find my father and James. They were there, and our meeting was over in a moment. I had no love for him, but the change in my brother shocked me. He was thin and worn, listless, and stooped, his once bright hair hung down, dank and limp, his once bright eye was quenched and heavy. As he lay on a couch by the fireside, he looked like a man of forty, whose life had been toilsome and hard, and he was not quite twenty-two. And this was Arthur's doing, I was forced to think; and when he rose and moved slowly out of the room, leaning heavily on his stick, I was forced to think so again. My father had told me all there was to be told, and I knew the kind of life which was to be mine at the Larches. I accepted it, and though I was very lonely, I was not very miserable. A long time would have to elapse before I could hear from Arthur, and until then I must bear all that befell as patiently as I could. I never felt young, I think, from the day I had heard the tidings which had parted us, and much of the violence, as well as the hopefulness of my disposition, had vanished with my youthfulness. Time passed on, James began to regain strength, my father continued to lose it, and I did not hear from Arthur Dallas. With my books I held close companionship, and my father and I got on very well together. I never pretend-

ed to maintain anything more than civility with James, nor did he desire it.

"Algernon Carter and his wife had returned from the continent a year after their marriage, and were residing in London, whither the old lady and Rosalind had gone to visit them. Helen had not come to Carters Court since her marriage, and I imputed her absence to her reluctance to meet me, under the painful circumstances of the family estrangement. Occasionally, during my solitary rides in the autumn, I had met Meredith Carter, who had come down to the Court for the shooting, and we always had a friendly talk together: once I summoned up courage to ask him if his sister-in-law had heard anything of her brother, and he told me she had — that Arthur had arrived at Bombay, and been kindly received by Mr. Hungerford, but that he was evidently restless, unsettled, 'wild,' Meredith said, and the last they had heard of him was, that he proposed to leave his money in the mercantile house, to pay no further attention to the business himself, but to go into the service of one of the native princes, and that with that view he had left Bombay for Bengal, consequently they did not expect to hear from him for some time. I cannot tell you what I suffered during this time, in suspense, in uncertainty, in the impossibility of giving him up, of placing him in the past of my life, while my common sense told me these things must be done sooner or later. I asked incessantly, and never found an answer, had he forgotten me? was he altogether changed? had he not taken to the new life because I had no place in it? was his restlessness the result and relief of the same sorrow that I had to bear in silence and monotony, as most women have to endure their griefs?

"I never knew any of these things, Margaret, and you would be surprised, and perhaps I, too, if I told you how many years I continued to ask such vain questions. They have ceased to trouble me for a long time now, my dear, for I have learned to await the solution of these and all other mysteries, till the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, and we shall no longer fret and puzzle ourselves over the enigmas of our fragmentary lives. My story is drawing to a conclusion, though I was only one-and-twenty at the time I am speaking of now. I think it was two years after our great trouble, when one day my father told me he had written to Algernon Carter. James was now entirely recovered, but his nervousness, timidity, and gloom still remained, also the appearance of being much

older than he really was. It seemed to be agreed now, that he was never to undertake any profession or occupation, but, at my father's death, was to live on his share of the proceeds of the sale of the Larches, and such other property as my father should die possessed of. My elder brother had married the young widow of a rich Calcutta merchant, a Scotch lady, of good birth, and, I believe, good looks, and had handsomely resigned all claim on my father's estate. John had spoken of coming to England, but, as it happened, he never did come. He survived my father only five years, and left a daughter and an infant son. I believe they were both sent to England, but my brother's widow never sought out any of our family, or held any intercourse with them. The son must be twenty-five, and the daughter a few years older now. But I am wandering from my story, Margaret, though with a purpose. I want you to understand the position of my father's affairs, and my friendlessness when he told me he had written to Algernon Carter, requesting him to come to the Larches at his earliest convenience, after his return to Carters Court, which, as he learned from Douglas, was expected shortly. The letter was directed to Algernon Carter's town address, and mentioned that my father and myself were alone at the Larches. In fact, James had gone to Bath. In about a week after the dispatch of this letter, I observed the smoke rising from the long disused chimneys of Carters Court, and the following day, when I returned from my afternoon's ride, the butler informed me that Mr. Carter was with the squire.

"Algernon went away without asking to see me, and my father and I did not meet until dinner was announced. My father was thoughtful and silent during dinner, and I merely ventured to ask him if Helen were at Carters Court.

"Yes," he said; "and I am sorry to say she is in very bad health. Did you ever hear of her having met with an accident in Paris, Anne, the year after her marriage?"

"I had not heard anything concerning Helen, but in the most general way, of her travels and her residence in London, since the gulf had opened, on one side of which my brother and I stood, and on the other she and hers. I told my father so, shortly and constrainedly, and then a long silence came, which I had not courage to break; but something in his manner impressed me painfully, and I watched him closely all that evening. My father was an old man then, and he did not carry his years well. He had

married late in life, and my earliest recollection of him was as quite a middle-aged man. At this time he had passed seventy years, and had long been sufficiently infirm to make it no matter of surprise to me that he should feel and acknowledge the approach of the end. As I sat and watched him slumbering heavily in his chair that evening, I felt that it was drawing near. It was nearly time to separate for the night, when he awoke, and called me to his side. I went at once, and he said to me, very gently, and with the same tone of compassion in which he had spoken on another memorable day:

"Annie, I told you long ago that I had appointed Algernon Carter your guardian. You are now too old to need one, but he will be your protector, and you will reside at Carters Court when I am gone."

"I made some gesture, uttered some sound of dissent, but he continued:

"My dear, here is a letter from Helen Carter. There is no reason now why you should keep aloof from the only friends it is in my power to leave you. I thought it better that you should hear from me, rather than from any other person, that Arthur Dallas is married."

"I do not know now what I said, Margaret, or how I got out of the room; but I remember that, when I found myself in my own apartment, I sat for a long time with Helen's letter in my hand, unable to read it. I don't think I felt any anger or resentment. I am sure I never would have said or thought there was any breach of faith to me in Arthur's marriage, but I was stunned by the sense of strangeness, of something like impossibility. The blank seemed deeper and wider; and I stood within it, more isolated than ever—more mournfully alone.

"Helen's letter was warmly affectionate. She spoke of her health and I was shocked to learn that she was now wholly confined to her sofa, and never likely to be better. She earnestly entreated me to accede to my father's wishes, and sanction any arrangements which might be made between him and Algernon; referred slightly to Arthur's marriage; mentioned that there was no probability of his return to England for many years; and ended by saying that she felt truly happy now that the severance between us was at an end. I pondered over this letter with very mingled feelings, and wondered at the strangeness of my fate. Arthur married and happy. Helen married and happy, and I—but I need not point the contrast, Margaret; it is as plain in all

its details before your mind as it then was before mine. You can read the story by the light of your own domestic happiness, my dear. Long may it shine upon you!

"I had but little time to ponder, or to fret, or in any way to think or trouble about myself; for the following day death set his foot within the house, and before the third evening had closed in, my father was no more. We had not time to communicate with my brother James until all was over. He then returned to the Larches, and he and Algernon Carter met, with grave politeness. On the day of my father's funeral, I went to Carters Court, where I was received by Helen, with all her old affection and eagerness. The business matters in which Algernon and James were associated brought them constantly in contact for some time; but my brother and I seldom met. I led a peaceful life at Carters Court, and my double load of grief was not insupportable. I came to feel that a great deal of my life had been gotten through, and gotten over, and was done with; and when one gains that state of feeling, life is very much easier than before. In due time the Larches was sold, and I learned what my future position in pecuniary affairs was to be. At my special request, my father had left James and myself equal shares in the proceeds of his property, and had foregone his resolution of deducting the sums paid in the gambling transaction. No money could lessen or undo the evil which my brother had done me; but it might have the power to keep him out of harm, and I pitied his weak health, shattered nerves, and the regrets for which I gave him credit, very probably undeserved. When, a year afterwards, he married, my own circumstances having undergone a change, I yielded £100 a year of my income to him, and after his death, as perhaps you know, I charged myself with the education of your husband and his brothers, for he had contrived to get through all he had, and his widow was and is dependent upon her own family, and the generosity of her sons. I am looking a good way ahead of my story here, Margaret; but I do so because it is the last I shall have to say of my brother James. We met very rarely after our father's death—not more than half a dozen times in all—and I had the merest acquaintance with his wife.

"Well, I lived on at Carters Court, and the friendship which united me to it was never broken. We formed a quiet household, and the names of Arthur Dallas and his wife were rarely spoken amongst us. I

remember to this hour, the thrill with which I once took out of the postbag a letter in his familiar hand, addressed to Helen. His sister heard from him but seldom, and not very satisfactorily. After a time she would read some of his letters to me, and the old cheery, sanguine spirit shone out in them all, sometimes with a touch of recklessness.

"He wrote with the warmest affection to Helen, and once or twice he mentioned me. There was something in the tone of those passages which hurt me. 'If Anne has not long ago forgotten an unlucky dog like me,' he would say, or 'you do not tell me whether Anne is married; I hope she is, and happily;' and again, when writing of my father's death, which he did with much feeling and solemnity, he alluded to my residence at Carters Court. 'So you and Anne are together again,' he said; 'quite a renewal of old times. Only a bad third wanted; perhaps I am not missed so much at grand old Carters, as I should be on the terrace at Woodlee.' That letter made my rebellious heart sore for many a day. After that I avoided hearing of his letters, and I think they became less frequent.

"Helen and Algernon did not say much about Arthur's wife, but I had very early conceived an idea that they did not approve of his marriage. Helen had no children, and Arthur was childless for a considerable time. At length the news of the birth of a son came. I remember that time very well, for it was just then we began to fear Helen was not to be left long amongst us. Another circumstance made the time memorable to me.

"Meredith Carter, who had been much at home of late, asked me to marry him. He was a good, grave, matter-of-fact man, four years younger than Algernon, and who looked ten years older. I liked and esteemed him, and he did not ask, nor desire to receive, nor propose to bestow, any warmer feeling than liking and esteem. Somehow, his proposal gave me a painful shock, not of surprise, for I thought he had cherished such an intention for some time, but I had never realized the idea that I could ever marry, and now, all of a sudden, the extreme advisability of my doing so made it apparent to me that I must. I asked a little time to consider, and I consulted Helen. That was a strange consultation, with all that was in our memories of the forgotten past. 'If you could, Anne, it would be best, I think. You will be very lonely when I am gone, and you could not remain here unless you married

either Meredith or Algernon.' I remember the smile on her sweet face, as she spoke, as freshly as if I saw it now.

"We were married, Meredith Carter and I, quite privately and quietly, and we remained at Carters Court, where our presence could not, indeed be, dispensed with. I was still a young woman, when I married my old friend, and he was not a young man; but the difference between us was only nominal, as we were perfectly well matched. Meredith Carter was a lieutenant-colonel when we were married, and shortly afterwards he retired from the service.

"My story is nearly told, Margaret, but the few incidents that remain are full of sorrow. The first news of Arthur Dallas that reached us after my marriage was that his son was dead. They were living in an unhealthy climate, the child was naturally delicate, and it faded and drooped away. There had been plans for sending the little creature home, when it should be old enough to bear the journey, but that time had never come. In the course of the following year Helen died. So gradually, so gently, so happily, with so much resignation and hopefulness, with such sweet Christian peace, that her departure scarcely seemed terrible, and her dead face looked like that of a child-angel. I have seen some mortals, Margaret, who have seemed to put on immortality before their time, and Helen was one of these.

"Algernon Carter wrote to Arthur Dallas, telling him of the affliction which had come upon us all, but he never received a reply. After some time he went to London, and on his return he told Colonel Carter, who very gently and feelingly communicated the intelligence to me, that Arthur's career had been for some time unprosperous, and that his wife had disgraced and left him. We had never learned much about this lady, except that she was very handsome, and about his own age, and that she had met him at Calcutta, but of her family or antecedents we knew nothing. I felt this most acutely, far more than his marriage. All my heart turned to him in his trouble.

"Colonel Carter was not a man of sentiment, but he had honest and kindly feelings, and he sincerely compassionated the 'poor boy,' as he persisted in calling Arthur. And, indeed, I think we all regarded him very much in the same light. I found it hard to picture him to myself as a world-worn, sunburnt man; I always saw the

brown eyes dancing with youthful glee, and the black curls stirred with the summer wind.

"Algernon wrote again and again to Arthur, but he never heard from him, and no inquiries which were made prospered. Old Mr. Dallas survived his daughter but a short time, and Algernon brought his mother-in-law to live at Carters Court. When time had softened Algernon's grief, and he felt that he could bear our absence, Colonel Carter and I went into Gloucestershire, to Oakridge, where the property which he had inherited from his mother, was situated. I had never seen this place, but I knew that my husband had bequeathed it to me by his will, which he made when he abandoned the hope of children. I never wished for a child, Margaret, and I have often reproached myself that I sympathised so little with his disappointment, which never exhibited itself in any unkindness or coldness to me. I know you wish to ask me if I was happy, Margaret, and I cannot exactly tell you. Every one forms some particular theory of happiness, and if his life does not exactly fit it, he thinks he is unhappy. But our daily life is a positive thing, and our theories are all unsubstantial, and really affect it or us very little. In every particular, my lot was different to that I had pictured to myself in the waking dreams dreamed on that stone terrace at Woodlee.

"My husband and Algernon were my only friends. My father, my brother John, and Helen were all gone; of John's widow and children I knew nothing, and James was nothing to me. Colonel Carter's ample means enabled me to use my own income as I chose, and I chose to spend a large portion of it on James's children, before and after his death. He never expressed any desire to see me, and we were quite unaware that the effects of his former illness were again manifesting themselves, until his condition had become hopeless. I had not seen him for more than ten years before his death, which, by a strange coincidence, was almost simultaneous with that of his hated rival, and our beloved brother, Algernon.

"I had few intimates in my girlhood, and fewer in my middle age; my husband and I visited our neighbours, indeed, in Gloucestershire, and duly went through the somewhat ponderous hospitalities in fashion in the county, but we were quiet people, and had no intimates but our brother and each other. The years which succeeded

our marriage were very peaceful and very lonely, and I do not think I ever felt vividly interested in anything.

"No communication of any kind reached us from Arthur Dallas, we never had any clue to the ultimate fate of his guilty and unhappy wife, and his mother died in the conviction that her beloved son had perished in some unknown region of that foreign land, which seemed doubly strange and distant, even in those little removed days. My nephew James, your husband, was just fifteen when his father died, and the same poet which brought us the intelligence, summoned my husband to Carters Court by the alarming news of Algernon's sudden illness. He had been with us a little time before, and it had been arranged that we should spend the winter at Carters Court. The Carters were a short-lived family, but I had remarked to my husband that I hoped he and Algernon would break the charm or spell, and live to the old age that had been denied to their forefathers — but this was not to be.

"Loneliness had been decreed as my lot, and the last fiat soon went forth. I accompanied Colonel Carter to Somersetshire, and we found Algernon rapidly sinking under a bad type of fever, which had been for some weeks awfully prevalent and fatal in the neighbourhood. He could just recognise us, and died on the third day after our arrival. On the evening of his death my husband was taken ill, and within a fortnight I was alone in the world, and Carters Court had passed into the possession of strangers."

So this was Aunt Anne's story — this was the solution of the mystery of the picture and her emotion. When she had concluded, she sat silent for a time, leaning on the table, and covering her face with her fair slender hands. After a little I said, "And you, Aunt Anne, did you, too, think Arthur Dallas was dead?"

She removed her hand, and turned her placid face to me as she answered, "No, Margaret, I did not. I never had the rest, the inward quiet, which would have come with such a conviction. My dear, one is very peaceful when one's beloved are gathered into the fold; while they are wandering where the wolves may come and the storms must, love is restless and uneasy, separation is torturing, and apprehension terrible. God had given all my beloved sleep but *him*. I felt that, or I should have mourned for him with a solemn peace and thankfulness, as I mourned for them. I might never have known where his grave

had been made, but the whole green earth would have looked like that spot, to me sacred and beautiful,— for that somewhere in its bosom he slept. But I knew he was not dead; and now, since yesterday, all things are changed. I have received his message; I have accepted his trust. His child is my child; my home is hers. I wonder if he knew that I had bought Woodlee; but no doubt Winifred will be able to tell us that."

The practical nature of Aunt Anne's mind was at once beginning to exhibit itself. She did not dwell upon this point, but put it away from her as a matter to be decided in its time and turn, and left it there.

My husband and I sat up very late that night, talking over the story of Aunt Anne's early life, and discussing the strange occurrences of the last few days. Mrs. Carter had given me permission to relate the main incidents of her narrative to James, but she had said with dry significance, "You had better be rather vague about my brother, Margaret. *De Mortuis* you know in all cases, but particularly where people in law are concerned, is always safe." I acted on the suggestion, and as my dear James is not vehemently curious, and has a lazy liking for taking things for granted, he did not receive any other impression from the story than one of sympathy with Aunt Anne, in her life-long sorrow, and admiration of the tranquil fortitude with which it had been endured.

When we had said our say on all that regarded her, we began to think and talk of Arthur Dallas's daughter, the "Miss Winifred" of Mrs. Devlin, the beautiful young lady who had started up so suddenly and unaccountably, to fill henceforth, no doubt, an important place in our lives, and materially to influence the destinies of ourselves and our children. James asked me to describe her again, and when I had done so, he said, with something rather sad in his tone:

"And what did Aunt Anne exactly say were her intentions with regard to her?"

"She did not *exactly* say anything, James," I replied; "but the general terms in which she spoke, said much. I have told you her words — 'his child is my child, my house is hers.'"

I watched his face rather nervously; I knew what he must be thinking of; but I did not like to acknowledge that such thoughts were natural, were inevitable even in my James's noble and disinterested heart.

Did I not share them? did I not remember our walk and our talk of the foregoing evening, and the last words my husband had said about taking care of Woodlee, and improving the property for Jamie? To be sure I shared his thoughts. Of course a sharp and unconquerable pang of disappointment passed through my heart as I bade all such hopes and plans a final adieu; but I did not shrink from acknowledging in myself what I could not endure to discern in him. I know myself to be interested and little-minded, and to have a keen eye to the main chance; I am perfectly aware that I regard wealth and good fortune of every kind as the desert of my husband and children; that I consider them a right indeed, only alienable by an oversight of Providence, aided by human injustice, and that I am incapable of anything like large generalizations; but then I am accustomed to my own littleness, and I never expect to be greater. But James—such an heroic being as James—such an entirely exceptional and unheard-of attorney! I watched him, I repeat, nervously, as he gazed out into the summer night, and his fingers moved dreamily upon the table, as though they still held the habitual pen.

"Maggie," he said at length, rather suddenly, "I hope Aunt Anne is not going to do anything foolishly precipitate about this young girl. It would be very sad if any further disappointment were in store for her."

I looked at him curiously, but with a sense of relief. He was not, then, thinking of how this matter would affect us, but of how it might influence her. I could not emulate, but I did admire him.

"Maggie," he said, "I must speak to Aunt Anne myself. This is a case in which she ought to be advised, and when I have ascertained her mind about it, I think I shall propose to go and call on the solicitor who managed Captain Dallas's affairs, and investigate this young lady's position thoroughly, before Aunt Anne sees her, or commits herself in any way."

I agreed with my husband that this would be a fit and proper proposition for him to make, and then I asked him, rather hesitatingly, if he did not feel a little disappointed about the disposition of Woodlee.

"We counted our possessions, in anticipation, a little too confidently, James," I said; "who could have supposed that, so soon after our conversation, all our hopes would have been dissipated by so strange a chance; and that chance brought about, indirectly, by myself, too."

James smiled, and said, quietly, "You

are the last person in the world, Margaret, to take a small view of things naturally, and you do so in this instance only because you think I had a hankering after Woodlee, and perhaps I had. But I do not grudge Aunt the first true happiness her possessions have brought her, coming so late, too, at the eleventh hour. And this orphan girl, I could not be envious of her finding a home and a provision, even if it does interfere with our Jamie. We must remember, thankfully, that our children will not need to find a refuge with strangers."

There was something so calm and strong and peaceful in his tone, that I felt almost rebuked and held my peace.

On the following day, James had a long interview with Mrs. Carter, at which I was not present. She deputed him to call on Captain Dallas's solicitor, Mr. Newman, in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, and promised to dine with us, and receive his report. She had few traces of her illness left, and the weather was exquisitely fine, so there was not risk in her leaving the house. Aunt Anne arrived before James, and she and I had a long talk while we waited for him. Nothing of importance was said, however; we merely discussed over and over again the story she had told me, and I learned the particulars of Aunt Anne's conversation with Mrs. Devlin. Our good little friend had been greatly delighted and affected when Mrs. Carter told her that Miss Winifred's father had been her friend in early youth, and that her young favourite should be in future her especial care. Under the circumstances, Mrs. Devlin had considered herself privileged to add all in her power to Mrs. Carter's sources of information, and had brought her all the books left in her charge by Captain Dallas's daughter, and the photograph which I had seen. The dead man's name was written by his own hand in each of the volumes, and many were enriched with notes also in his writing. These were principally books of Eastern travel, and works on ethnological subjects.

"I could trace a good deal of his life and most of his studies by their silent witness, my dear," said Aunt Anne, "and I am glad to think he liked and took an interest in the distant lands he lived in. It must have been easier for him to bear all the troubles of his life, when he cultivated his mind, and concentrated it upon his business and its associations."

There was "no nonsense" about Aunt Anne. She was capable of entertaining, and indeed had nourished one engrossing and abiding sentiment throughout her life, never suffer-

ing it to interfere with her discharge of her duties indeed, but never shaking off its influence. But she did not for a moment imagine, or seek to persuade herself, that Arthur Dallas had imitated her in this respect. They had each married, but under circumstances presumably altogether different. His had been a marriage so imprudent, so ill-judged, that there could be no doubt of its having been a love-match, while in hers, there had been no such sentiment, and no assumption or pretence of it. She endeavoured to read the story of his life, not to find an undercurrent of remembrance of herself in it, not for the purpose of persuading herself that she had had an abiding though unacknowledged place in it; but with a simple, honest, loving purpose, the natural desire of the heart to know all that can be known of the object which has filled it with a vague and dreamy presence, haunting but unsatisfying for so long.

After dinner, James gave us an account of his interview with Mr. Newman. That gentleman had received his communication courteously but cautiously, and had informed him, that his acquaintance with the late Captain Dallas had been of recent date, and had not extended to any knowledge of his family circumstances. There had never been any mention of Captain Dallas's wife, and Mr. Newman had no knowledge of her fate or existence. He concluded, as the will which he had drawn up had made no allusion to her, that she must be dead. He had listened attentively to James's statement of the former relations between the families of Carter and Dallas, and had expressed his pleasure in learning that the orphan girl, for whom he had expressed a strong regard, had found friends whose interest in her would be traditional as well as active. He confirmed the impression which Mrs. Devlin had conveyed of Winifred's destitute condition, informing my husband that there had not been more than twenty pounds remaining of the small sum in the girl's possession, when all expenses had been paid, and her arrangements for taking the situation in which she was now living made. Mrs. Devlin had been quite correct in her supposition that the Captain had no suspicion of the heartless robbery of which his orphan daughter was destined to be the victim, the investigation rendered necessary by his death brought the facts to light. Mr. Newman had taken some trouble to ascertain the eligibility of the position which Winifred had accepted, and had heard from her twice, in pursuance of his request that she would write to him.

"He is a tough, dry old file," said James, not without a lawyer's lurking admiration of such professional toughness and dryness, "and horribly methodical. He had the pretty little letters filed, as if they had been office accounts, and endorsed in red ink. I should have liked to read them, but he made no move that way, merely turned them over with his long pale finger, and mentioned the date of each. I saw the sloping elegant handwriting though, and the violet-tinted paper, with a rationally broad black edge, none of your unmitigated woe advertisements, and I am sure Miss Dallas is a lady."

I smiled. James was growing enthusiastic like myself, and with less reason, for I had really seen her, whereas he had only seen her letters at a distance.

"And now, Aunt Anne," continued her nephew, briskly, "it only remains to be settled how we are to tell the young lady the good news in store for her. My notion is that you should write to her, and let me play postman. I can spare a day very well just now, and I could go down to Leamington by the early train, see Miss Dallas, and get back in the evening. I think this would be less agitating for her than getting a letter from you without any preparation, and would have a better effect on the people with whom she is, of whom I have not formed a particularly high opinion. Will you give me this commission, Aunt Anne?" he said. "I should dearly like to see Miss Winifred when she learns what is the legacy her father has left her."

My husband spoke eagerly, with a heightend colour and animated voice. Aunt Anne watched him with a strange look, as if her mind were less occupied with what she was saying than with some speculative subject. A satisfied assenting smile passed over her face as she said,

"You are right, James; and I will be very grateful to you if you will do as you propose. I will write the letter to-morrow. Could you go to Leamington on the day after?"

"Certainly, Aunt Anne," he answered.

Mrs. Carter's brougham came for her at ten o'clock. The summer night was beautiful. I had not been out all day, so James proposed that we should see Aunt Anne home, and walk back. When we reached Mrs. Devlin's house, she opened the door, and received us with her usual cheery welcome. I exchanged a few words with her, and as she passed in at the door, Aunt Anne said, "Do you know whether any one called since I went out, Mrs. Devlin?"

"Not on you, ma'am," she answered; "but there was a young gentleman here asking for Miss Winifred. I was busy in the shop, and Hannah never came for me, but just gave him her address, and he went off, and said nothing more."

"I wonder who he is," said Aunt Anne. "Did he give his name, Mrs. Devlin?"

"No, ma'am; he did not."

James saw Mrs. Carter the next day, and received the credentials of his mission to Leamington. He and I talked a great deal over its meaning and its manner, and speculated upon the feelings with which Winifred Dallas would receive Aunt Anne's letter. James was rather given to laughing at me for laying what he called an undue stress upon personal appearance, and accrediting persons endowed with beauty with every good and pleasant quality; so I did not say all I thought of what the young girl was likely to prove. All James's quiet ridicule of my weakness in this respect has utterly failed to convince me. I still believe handsome people to be good and amiable, and like them by instinct, while it requires thorough conviction and long experience of the virtues and merits of ugly ones to induce me to receive them into the shrine of my affections. I do not say quite so much about it as I used, but I think the more. We decided that my husband should send in his name on his arrival at Monthermer Park—such was the rather pretentious name of the residence of Miss Dallas's employers—stating his profession, and requesting a private interview with the young lady.

"I am sure Mrs. Montague Vicars is a horrid woman," said James, candidly. "I entirely share Aunt Anne's prejudice against her; and I think the incident of the bird is sufficient foundation for it. So I don't want to have anything to do with her."

"Yes, James," I said; "but do be civil, my dear. We cannot tell how things may turn out yet; and one may as well avoid creating any unpleasantness for the poor girl while she has to stay there—as of course she must for a little, until things are settled."

"Oh, of course," replied James. "I never thought of anything else; and I especially warned Aunt Anne against being too impulsive."

The hours of my husband's absence seemed unusually long. He left London by the earliest train, and of course could not return until late in the evening. We had agreed that it would be better to leave

Aunt Anne to her own society and her own thoughts, and so I did not visit her during James's absence, though I longed to do so, and found the time hang heavily on my hands. I do not think the children had ever been so "fractious" and troublesome as on that particular day, which Nurse also selected for enjoying an incapacitating fit of toothache, so that I had them, in the fullest sense of the term, "all to myself." I was thankful when the evening had come, and they were in their little beds, and I had leisure to sit down and think of James and his mission, and wonder how he had fulfilled it.

When the summer night had completely fallen, I retired to my own room, and seated myself in an arm-chair close to the window, and fell to pondering upon Winifred Dallas and Mrs. Montague Vicars, and thinking whether Aunt Anne and the desolate young girl would get on well together, and how things would arrange themselves. I indulged myself in making a fancy sketch of Mrs. Montague Vicars (of course not in the least resembling that lady), and found that the scene of Tom Pinch's decisive interview with his sister at Camberwell recurred rather forcibly and suggestively to my memory. "If James should find out that this woman positively ill-treats or tyrannizes over the girl he will not stand it," I said to myself. "For all his lawyer-like ways and cautions to Aunt Anne about deliberating well, and not committing herself to any course of action with respect to Miss Dallas, I know very well James will do something impulsive and desperate if he finds her unhappy."

These thoughts were passing through my mind, when a cab rumbled slowly up to the door, with the heavy rumble of a "four-wheeler," not the alert celerity of a "hansom." "Ah!" I thought, "that is not James; he would never come in anything but a hansom." But I was wrong; for after a few minutes' delay I heard his quick step on the stairs, and my husband came hurridly into the room.

"Maggie," he said, "here I am; and I have not come alone."

"Not come alone, James!" I said; "who is with you?"

"Winifred Dallas," he answered. "I have left her in the drawing-room. Come down and receive her kindly, Maggie. Don't look so astonished, dear; it is just what we agreed was not on any account to be done, I know. It is just the impulsive proceeding that was to be avoided; but oh! Mag, if you had only seen Mrs. Mon-

tague Vicars — such a tartar. 'Crim,' you know, as McDermott said of his partner's wife, you could not have helped it any more than I could. But come down-stairs. Russell has been told to get the spare room ready; and when the poor tired child is gone to bed, I will tell you all about it."

I was so utterly taken by surprise that I could not give expression to my feelings, and I did not try to do so. I accompanied James in meek silence to the drawing-room, and there, standing by the ottoman, in the full glare of the light, I saw the beautiful young girl of whom I had had a momentary glimpse when she was Mr. Devlin's lodger. Pale, agitated, tired, and evidently frightened, she was yet exceedingly beautiful; and, as the rich crimson colour rushed over her pale face at the sight of me, it lent a brilliance to her appearance which effectually combated the sombre effect of her heavy black dress and the close crape bonnet, which imprisoned her rich dark hair. I took her hand and bade her a kindly welcome, to which she vainly attempted to reply. The next moment she was sobbing on my bosom.

I had seen Winifred safely deposited in her bed; and having positively interdicted all attempts of talking on her part, had returned to my husband, whom I found pacing the drawing-room from end to end, and as impatient to narrate as I was to hear his adventures.

"Well," he said, "is she all right?"

"Oh, yes," I replied, "she is happy, comfortable, and sleepy; and I am in an agony of curiosity to hear how all this happened, and how you came to do anything so imprudent. Do tell me all about it."

"Just what I want to do," said he.

"This affair has a very unexpected complication in it, I assure you, Maggie. I need say nothing about my journey, that was all as usual: the morning papers and the "Saturday" lasted me till I got to Leamington, and there I took a fly and drove direct to Monthermer Park. Such a park, Maggie! You might as well call our back-garden a pleasure-ground, or the mignonette box a conservatory. It is nothing more than a prettyish detached villa, with an acre of brand-new shrubbery, and a great deal of stucco "fixings." I'm particular, because the place is an index to the people. Small, low, vividly green gates, and a curved drive, fondly supposed to represent all the dignity of distance; a monstrously heavy door, studded with nails of the Newgate pattern, and opened by a page who might be own brother to Mrs. Wittitutterly's 'Al-

phonse.' This young gentleman replied to my request to see Miss Dallas by presenting a salver for the reception of my card, and then ushered me into a back drawing-room. I sat down and looked at the furniture, dirty chintz, and the pictures, dubious water-colour, at the carpet, cheap tapestry; and was contemplating a card-basket, wherein were displayed some very venerable specimens of pasteboard, when I heard a voice in the adjoining room exclaim, in anything but pleasant accents:

"Stay, Miss Dallas; I will see this person." Something was murmured in reply, and then the voice said, 'It was quite understood that I do not allow followers, and Mr. Penniford was made aware of that yesterday. You will remain where you are if you please.'

"The deuce I was," thought I; 'why, how should I know anything about you, or you about me?' Then the door opened, and in walked the owner of the voice. Such a woman, Maggie! I should have run away in four-and-twenty hours if I had been her companion. A tall, gawky, slouching, untidy woman: with goggle-eyes, bleared and blind-looking: with a large purposeless nose and a long upper-lip, and a mouth which expressed brainless egotism, if ever mouth did: with untidy hair rolled into flat curls on each side of her flat unmeaning forehead: with a flat bust, and a flat waist, and flat hands, and, I am certain, flat feet, though I am happy to say I did not see them; — a woman dressed in shabby finery, black flounced silk, rusty and crumpled, with a jacket badly made, and collar crookedly put on."

James always had a marvellous eye for the details of women's dress, and was insufferably quick at finding out if one wanted brushing, or had on cleaned gloves, or a "second best" bonnet; so that I was not at all surprised at the accuracy of his description.

"Charming creature," said I! "Mrs. Montague Vicars, of course; do go on, James."

"She put up her gold-rimmed eye-glass, and looked at me deliberately, with out the slightest sign of salutation; but by degrees, as she mastered the details of my appearance, I supposed, with some surprise depicted in her countenance, which was of a kind that turned every expression into a caricature, I bowed profoundly, and waited for her to speak.

"You are Mr. Penniford, I presume," she said, in a tone which was almost offensive.

"That is my name, madam," I replied, 'and my business here is with Miss Dallas — a young lady who resides with you, as I understand.' I spoke with considerable stiffness, and standing, my hat in my hand.

"I am quite aware of the nature of your business with Miss Dallas," she said, laying an imbecile emphasis on the word; 'but you were informed yesterday that I do not permit my companions to receive male visitors.' I could give you no idea of the impertinence of the tone in which she said this. It concentrated all the petty tyranny of a mean mind — all the low, spiteful envy of a contemptible nature. I gazed at the woman in profound amazement, and said, as respectfully as I could,

"There must be some mistake, madam. I never received any such intimation from you. I have never seen Miss Dallas, and I presume she is wholly unaware of my existence."

"You sent in your card, sir, with the name, Mr. James Penniford, upon it; and I tell you that Miss Dallas had an interview with Mr. James Penniford yesterday, and that I forbade its repetition; and if you are not that person, why do you make use of his name?"

"She was fast working herself into a rage, the bones in her scraggy throat were working, and her unpleasant, bleared eyes assumed an expression of angry spite which you could scarcely have supposed them capable of. I did not in the least understand what she was driving at; but I was determined to see Miss Dallas, and resolved to cut this fury short, so I said, 'as curtly as possible,

"I do not comprehend your remark, madam, but that does not matter. I do not use any one's name but my own. I am James Penniford, solicitor, of Furnival's Inn, and I come here, accredited by the solicitor to the late Captain Dallas, a gentleman from whom you received references on behalf of Miss Dallas, on important and private business concerning that young lady. May I request permission to see her without loss of time?"

"Then, sir," said she, in a weak screech, 'You are not Miss Dallas's lover?'

"Madam," I stammered, 'what can you possibly mean? I am not Miss Dallas's or Miss Anybody's lover!'

"I don't understand this, sir; and my belief is that there is some scheme in progress, and Miss Dallas is no better than she ought to be. When I hired her, I told her I did not allow followers, and she said she had

none. She is no great things of a companion, moping when she dares, and giving herself airs, which do not become a dependant; but she never ventured to disobey me until yesterday."

"Madam," I interrupted, 'this is all irrelevant to my business, which has nothing to do with Miss Dallas's "followers," or her qualifications as companion to a lady. I have merely to repeat that I am not the person whose visits you interdicted, but that I am here to see Miss Dallas on important, and permit me to repeat, *private* business.'

"I could see she was debating with herself whether she could venture to refuse me an interview with Winifred. The mean face had so much candour in it at any rate. So I cut her deliberations short, by drawing out my watch, and saying with perfect calmness, but in a tone which I fancy she did not altogether like, 'I must trouble you to decide, madam. You are aware, I presume, that you have no power to prevent Miss Dallas seeing any one she pleases, and if you will not refer me to her, I must return to my employers, and take steps to place them in communication with this young lady, towards whom you are assuming an illegal position.'

"Ignorant people, and especially ignorant women, are desperately afraid of the law, and of long words. If ever an ignorant woman breathed, it is Mrs. Montague Vickers. She 'caved in' immediately, dashed the door open, and called out, in a voice as musical as a peacock's,

"Come here, Miss Dallas, and let us learn what is Mr. James Penniford's business with you."

"There was no reply in words, but a light step crossed the adjoining room, and Winifred made her appearance. As she stood in the aperture of the folding doors, like a picture in its frame, I felt the truth of your description of her, Maggie. Slight, graceful, beautiful, with a pleading look in the soft, solemn, black eyes, and a gentle gesture with the delicate hands, as if she were depreciating some coarse remark, some harsh rebuke. She looked at me, Maggie, and I looked at her, and her face flushed with surprise and embarrassment. It had struck me that there was something of alacrity in her step, which, when she came in sight, instantly ceased, and I felt there was some mystery, some confession in her mind.

"Miss Dallas?" I said.

"Yes, sir," she replied, with a bow. "I am Miss Dallas, and you — you are Mr. Penniford, are you not?"

"I replied affirmatively, and she then

said, timidly, 'You are not the gentleman whom I expected to see.'

"We were all three standing at this time, and the amiable Mrs. Montague Vicars was glaring upon Winifred through her eyeglass. At this point I quietly took the girl's hand and led her to a seat. She trembled very much but did not speak, and I turned to the she-dragon, and said,

"I have already informed you, madam, that I have to discuss private affairs with this young lady. May I request you to permit me to see her alone?"

"Certainly not," she answered, with the grossest rudeness; 'I don't know what girls of her age have to talk about with a gentleman alone, and I don't allow such interviews in my house. I have no reason to suppose Miss Dallas's notions of propriety very exact, considering that I found her yesterday with the other Mr. James Penniford's arm round her waist when I went into the drawing-room unexpectedly.'

"The other Mr. James Penniford! Who on earth can she mean, James?" I exclaimed.

"Wait a moment, Maggie, and you shall hear. Winifred started up, and cried out, 'Oh, sir, do not pay any attention to Mrs. Vicars's opinion of me. I do not know who you are, or why you have come to see me. But if James has sent you, you know how it is with us, and that I have nothing to be ashamed of.'

"James sent me! my dear young lady," I said, 'I have no idea what or who you mean! I come to you on behalf of a lady, who was a dear friend of your father many years ago, before you were born, and who has discovered your existence by the merest accident, but wishes to be your friend too. The explanation of my visit would not at any time have been easy, but there is evidently a mistake somewhere, which renders it more difficult. Who is this James of whom you speak, my dear Miss Dallas, and who appeared to be a namesake of mine?' She looked down, blushed beautifully, then lifted up her sweet eyes, and looked me in the face with gentle, modest composure, as she said:

"James Penniford and I were little children together in India, sir, and some day we hope to be man and wife."

"Well, Maggie, there is no use in prolonging your suspense, and intensifying your astonishment. A little questioning elicited the fact that this James Penniford is my cousin, my uncle John's only son. We have never known anything of my aunt and her children, and Winifred's story has ex-

plained the reason. Arthur Dallas had renewed the intimacy which had subsisted between my uncle John and himself in their boyhood when they met in India; and as he and my father had quarrelled, and uncle John and my father had never been attached as brothers, the friends had avoided him, and knew nothing of his family. The traditional estrangement has extended to my uncle's children; they and their mother had no wish to undertake the acquaintance of their unknown relatives, and only this extraordinary succession of chances could probably have made us known to each other. I could not ask any distinct question on this part of the subject, of course, but I fancy that when Captain Dallas's wife left him, my aunt took as much as possible of the charge of the deserted little girl, for it was she who made all the arrangements for sending her home to England, to be educated, at the same time that her own son and daughter came. The love affair seems to have been lifelong, but there was no formal engagement, which is to be regretted, as Captain Dallas would have died more at peace had he known that his daughter's affections were given to the son of his old friend. James Penniford and his mother and sister were not in England during the last months of Captain Dallas's life, and now, Maggie, here is another surprise for you. Do you remember Mrs. Devlin telling us about the young man who inquired for Miss Dallas, and got her address from Hannah?' "

"Of course I do—why it must have been"—

"Just so, Maggie, it was my cousin and namesake, James Penniford."

The unexpected turn of affairs disclosed by my husband's narrative up to this point, had effectually banished Aunt Anne's share in the matter from my memory, but with the mention of Mrs. Devlin, it recurred to my mind. How strange it had all been before anything of this had transpired!—how doubly strange it all appeared now! Through what curious chances and changes had the girl, sleeping quietly, I hoped, beneath our roof, been brought to that refuge, and to the knowledge of her father's faithful friend. That John Penniford's son should become the husband of Arthur Dallas's daughter was a curious turn of fate, and acquired additional strangeness from the probability that she would pass to his home from that of the woman whom her father had so loved and so wronged. The fatherless and motherless girl had been wonderfully guided and guarded by the great Father of orphan children.

"Well, James, but about Aunt Anne," I asked; "what did you tell Winifred, and how did she take it? Did you succeed in seeing her alone, or did that odious woman persevere in staying there?"

"No, Maggie, I saw her alone. When I had discovered for myself, and explained to her the relationship existing between her betrothed husband and myself, Winifred took more courage, and told me that James had visited her on the previous day, and had won her assent to their marriage, though conditional on his mother's consent, of which he had, however, assured her. The young people had arranged that she should remain at Monthermer Park for the present, until, as James hoped, his mother would receive Winifred. 'I had no other friend, Mr. Penniford,' she said, innocently, 'except Mrs. Devlin, at our old lodgings at Knightsbridge; and I knew it would not do for me to go there.' All this time, you must remember, not a word had been said about the friend on whose behalf I had come; my business had been overlooked in the surprise of the discovery that there were two James Penniford's, and that these were cousins. At this point Mrs. Montague Vicars internally assisted our proceedings, and furnished me with a pretext for doing what I had been longing to do from the moment I had first caught sight of the sweet, timid face in the doorway. She had sat down by this time, and was drumming her feet (still happily invisible) upon the floor, and scowling, as only a short-sighted woman, with a bad disposition and a countenance to correspond, can scowl. When Winifred made the avowal I have just mentioned, then she broke out:

"'Soh! Miss Dallas, you condescended to arrange with this gentleman, about whom you tell us such a very proper and probable story, that you would make a convenience of me and my house! I am deeply indebted to you, I am sure, but two words go to that bargain. I know nothing of the person who visited you yesterday and the person here now, who call themselves by the same name; and I don't mean to keep such a romantically-circumstanced companion. You will please leave my house as soon as you can make it convenient. I will send my maid with your money, and write to the person to whom you referred me.' So saying, she stalked out of the room, and Winifred turned a horrid face towards me.

"'Don't be frightened, my dear.' My dear," I said, "it is only a few hours sooner, only a little less courteously than I had intended, for I came to offer you a home,

Winifred — a home where you are wanted, and will be welcome; but you shall hear nothing more until you have turned your back upon this place. So run and pack your belongings, my dear, and I will sit in the carriage which brought me here until you call me."

"'But, Mr. Penniford,' she stammered, 'I — I —'"

"'Don't be egotistical,' said I; 'you shall know all about it when we are in the train, and if you are not satisfied, we will send for the other James Penniford and explain matters to him, and I daresay he will contrive a way of overcoming your scruples. In the meantime, you are coming home to my wife, and I don't doubt you will find her infinitely more agreeable than Mrs. Montague Vicars.'

"At this moment a grim-looking woman, in a dirty cap, came into the room, laid a small parcel on the table, and said, in a tone of intolerable insolence,

"'Missis says here's your wages, and you're to let her have a receipt.'

"Winifred turned pale, and looked at me, but smiled, and desired her to count the money. She did so.

"'Was your agreement for quarterly payments and a quarter's notice, my dear?' I asked.

"'Yes,' she said.

"'Then that is right. Draw out a receipt and sign it.' I handed her a receipt stamp from my pocket-book, watched her affix her signature, gravely folded the paper, and handed it to the woman, whose unconcealed astonishment at the whole transaction was very comical. 'Have the goodness to hand that to Mrs. Montague Vicars,' I said. When she had left the room, Winifred said,

"'But am I to take the money? I don't like that. I don't think I can take it.'

"'Certainly, you must take it,' said I. 'She calculated upon your refusal, and taking it is the very best way in the world to punish her. Now, she must either do without a companion or victim until the end of the quarter, or pay twice over for the luxury. So it strikes me she has paid too dear for her whistle, and also that we are the winning party in this game of cross-purposes.'

"She was soon ready, and I obeyed her signal, and emerged from the fly. 'I cannot carry my box down-stairs,' she said, in a tone of distress. 'I have managed to pull it outside the door of my room, and none of the servants will help me.'

"'I will then,' said I; 'show me the box.'

"She led me to a landing-place behind the sitting-rooms I had seen, and there, by the closed door of a back room, stood a neat black trunk. I am strong, Maggie, and would have made a decent railway porter; so I hoisted the box on my back without more ado, and in a few minutes we had left the Brummagem splendours of Monthermer Park behind us, and were on our way to the Leamington station. I did not speak to Winifred for some time. She was crying, partly I suppose from the excitement of her feelings, and partly because the rudeness and grossness of the treatment she had received, ludicrous and contemptible as was the woman who had inflicted it upon her, was sufficient to wound her sensitiveness and offend her delicacy.

"I procured a carriage to ourselves at Leamington, and on our journey I told her all, and heard all she had to tell me. She was deeply affected, and indeed amazed at the revelation of Aunt Anne's history, and she perused her letter with tears of the warmest emotion and gratitude. All that I have been enabled to perceive of her disposition confirms the impression you have received from Mrs. Devlin. Her chief fear and anxiety is, lest Aunt Anne should fail to like her, should not 'take to her,' as she expressed it; but I have no fear of that. It is, however, a great relief to me to find that the girl's future is already disposed of, independent of Mrs. Carter; for though the dear old lady is thoroughly true and earnest in all her intentions and wishes, and faithful to the sentiment which has been, I verily believe, the only one by which her life has been swayed, she is an oddity, and it is rather late for her to assume the maternal role in the drama of life. This unexpected appearance of our cousin James makes everything easy, however, and for my part I see everything *couleur de rose*."

"Did Winifred tell you much about herself, James; about her father and her childhood? Of course she did not mention her mother?"

"No, she said nothing about her; and though she did tell me a good deal, of course it was all in a very desultory kind of way. But, Maggie, do you know what hour it is? past two o'clock in the morning, and I am so tired."

James slept very soundly until long past his usual hour of waking, but I slept little on that memorable night; and though I chiefly thought and pondered and wondered about our young guest, and speculated about her meeting with Aunt Anne, and the effect they were likely respectively to pro-

duce on one another, I caught myself thinking several times, and with remarkable distinctness, "I wonder, as Winifred is to be so well married, whether there is any chance that Aunt Anne will leave Woodlee to my James."

My husband thought it well to apprise Mrs. Carter by letter that he had brought Winifred Dallas to our house, and to leave it to her to select a time and place for their meeting. The letter had been despatched as soon as he rose, and he then told me that he intended to make his cousin's acquaintance without delay.

"Winifred shall write to the young man," he said, "and I will play Mercury. But this must not be until after I have fulfilled Aunt Anne's wishes. I am retained in her service, and must not let it be made second to any other, however interesting. I dare say the youth has written to his lady-love at Monthermer Park to-day; but it does not matter. No greater harm will come of that than Mrs. Montague Vicars perusing the effusion, which I have no doubt she will not hesitate to do. I suppose he will not write more than once a day, and we shall get at him before to-morrow."

We found Winifred in the breakfast-room, looking very pale but very beautiful. She met us nervously, and was silent and embarrassed, until we three found ourselves alone in my husband's study; then she became calm and cheerful, and the bright intelligence for which her countenance had led me to give her credit, asserted itself. While I was relating to her, at greater length than James had been able to do, the strange sequence of events which had led to Mrs. Carter's discovery of her father's identity with the lover of her own early youth, and listening with pleased attention to her sweet sorrowful talk about that beloved father, Mrs. Carter's brougham stopped at the door, and the next moment Mrs. Devlin was in the room.

The good little Irishwoman was in a state of wild excitement and delight. I had never seen Honor Devlin off her balance before, but she made up on this occasion for all the constraint of her previous self-possession. How she kissed "Miss Winifred" and cried over her, and how she talked incoherently of "the Captain" and of Ally, of Mrs. Carter, of Joan, and of Corporal Trim. How Winifred clung to her, and thanked her, and insisted that she owed all her good fortune, all the thick-thronging consolation that had come to her orphaned life, to her kind humble friend.

"All but one, miss," said Honor, with a

aly smile, "if you insist upon it; but I don't think the young gentleman who asked for your address the other day would have been balked of it if I had not known it, itself." And that was the only time I heard Honor Devlin relapse into so broad a Hibernianism.

Winifred was pale and silent as we drove from Bedford Row to Knightsbridge, and I saw a large tear occasionally steal down her cheek and drop unheeded on her mourning-dress. The tide of memory and association was sweeping over the orphan girl, about to find a new friend where she had looked her last upon her dead father's face. I saw the quiver of her lips and the pallor of her cheek increase as we drew near to the house, in which she had passed so many happy, dutiful, mournful hours, and when the carriage stopped she was trembling violently. I had been considering on the way whether I should accompany Winifred to Mrs. Carter's presence, or should suffer their first interview to take place without witnesses, and I decided on the latter course.

"Go up-stairs with Mrs. Devlin, dear," I said; "I will wait here for a little."

She obeyed silently, and I went into the small sitting-room occupied by Mrs. Devlin. There that good woman joined me almost immediately.

"I just showed her in, ma'am," she said, "and Mrs. Carter came up almost to the door, and she was as white as a sheet, and she put her arms round her, and said, 'My dear child!' and then I shut the door and came down to you. And I have told them they must go on as well as they can in the shop and in the work-room without me, for I'm not fit for business, and that's the truth."

There were tears in the good little woman's voice as she spoke. The next moment they made their way to her eyes, and Mrs. Devlin enjoyed that favourite feminine luxury, "a good cry." When she had recovered her composure we fell to talking of the strange train of circumstances which had led to the present happy result.

"If the Captain could only have known," said Mrs. Devlin, "that within so short a time his orphaned child would find a home and friends, and be brought to them in the very house in which he left her so desolate, so much more desolate than he thought, poor gentleman, he would have died more peacefully."

"Yes," I said, "that is true; and it seems strange to us that so much sorrow

and uncertainty concerning those we love should be a portion of the cross we must carry all through this mortal life. But I believe he knows that the woman who so faithfully loved him will be henceforth the mother of his child. It is a stranger question than any other in my mind whether her own mother, the false wife who betrayed her husband and deserted her child, knows it also; whether she knows that the woman, forgotten for her sake, is repairing the evil and misery wrought by her."

"Oh," said Mrs. Devlin, thoughtfully, "how many things we want to know, not only about the next world, but about this. At all events, I shall never forget this time, and the story of my lodger in 1862. I used to think nothing stranger than the adventures of the lady and the child in Wilton Place could ever happen in this house, but all this has been far more wonderful."

"Except that you will see this out," I said, "and the other ended, as it began, in mystery. We shall never find any clue to the identity of the dead woman."

"No, I fancy not, ma'am," she replied. "As for the house in Wilton Place, I have quite taken an interest in it since; it has been let several times since the people Mrs. Hungerford was staying with went away. I know a new family came in a short time ago."

"Indeed!" I remarked, rather idly, for my mind was straying from the subject. "What is the name?"

"I don't know, ma'am," said Mrs. Devlin, "but I will ask the postman. I always like to know who is living in that house."

At this moment Mrs. Devlin was called out of the room by one of the workwomen. She remained away about a quarter of an hour, and when she returned, her face bore an expression of surprise.

"Oh, ma'am!" she exclaimed, "what do you think has happened? The postman came into the shop just now, and I asked him the name of the new people. Fancy my astonishment when he told me it is Penniford! I'll be bound they are Miss Winifred's lover, and his mother and sister."

"And my husband's aunt and cousins!" I exclaimed, in astonishment equal to her own.

My simple story has reached its conclusion now. All that ensued was so much a matter-of-course that it would not interest you to hear the details. Aunt Anne had no reason to regret the precipitancy with which her intentions with regard to Winifred

had been carried out, in consequence of the accommodating insolence of Mrs. Montague Vicars. That amiable lady had not even an opportunity of annoying Winifred and her lover by the suppression or detention of a letter, for within an hour of the discovery of the near neighbourhood of the Pennifolds, our happy party in the drawing-room was reinforced by the appearance of a tall, handsome young man, remarkably like my husband, though not at all as good-looking, whom Winifred blushing presented to us as James Pennifold.

I think it possible that Aunt Anne may have felt a little pang of disappointment when she found that the future fate of the fair young girl in whom she had found an object for the dormant affection and benevolence of her brave old heart was fixed, beyond her control and without her interference. But if she felt any such pang, she hid it, even as she had hidden many another, and was satisfied. We found much to like in Mrs. Pennifold, and there was no difficulty in obtaining her consent to James's marriage with Winifred Dallas. Aunt Anne and her stranger sister-in-law suited each other remarkably well, and as the long previous estrangement had arisen from a feeling of friendship towards Arthur Dallas, and condemnation of my husband's father, common to both in different degrees, it made, when it no longer existed, an additional tie between them. How Mrs. Pennifold would have received the announcement of her son's engagement with the penniless daughter of her dead friend, had there been no Mrs. Carter in the case to play the part of fairy godmother, was a question unnecessary, and therefore unasked. I sometimes speculated upon this point a little, however, and I confess the previous departure from England, the long stay on the continent, and the absence of all communication (owing, of course, entirely to the exigencies of foreign travel), guided me on my way to a conclusion. All was, however, under present circumstances, perfectly *couleur de rose*, and Winifred the happiest of the happy. My part in the family proceedings at this time was chiefly that of an impartial looker-on, and I saw one thing which gave me unlimited satisfaction. This one thing was the regard, affection, and confidence with which my dear James inspired every one. His cousins declared him the finest fellow in existence; Winifred regarded him as a sort of embodied providence; and Aunt Anne said to me, one day, when he and she had been closeted for the discussion of business,

"Margaret, I congratulate you upon your husband. Most women are inclined to meanness, not on their own account perhaps, but to a kind of magnanimous meanness, full of sharp interested motives for the good of those they love. With such a husband as James, I don't think you could retain such a weakness; he is the most perfectly disinterested human being I ever met. Absolute absence of self-interest is so natural to him that he is not aware that he is more disinterested than other people."

The marriage of James and Winifred took place at Woodlee in the early spring days of 1863. As the carriage which conveyed the bride and bridegroom away from our sight, to an accompaniment of vociferous barking from Corporal Trim, disappeared beyond the laurel hedges which had long been familiar to me, before I saw them elsewhere, in the memorable canvas water-colour drawing which had played so large a part in this little drama, Mrs. Carter said to me, very softly,

"I stood here just on this flagstone, Margaret, when her father spoke to me for the last time. As she kissed me just now, his spirit looked at me from her eyes through all those years. I am content, my dear; I have buried my dead."

That evening James and I walked in the cool bright moonlight by the side of the terrace, where a carefully-kept, sufficiently wide walk lay between the stone wall and the smooth flower-decked lawn. We had been talking of the wedding and of all that preceded it, and a short silence had ensued, which James broke by saying,

"You have never asked me anything about Aunt Anne's arrangements with regard to Winifred in money matters, Maggie; do you not care to know?"

"Oh yes!" I said, turning rather red as I spoke. "I would like very much to know; but the truth is, I did not like to ask because I fancied Aunt Anne suspected that I do not take the loss of your chance of Woodlee quite so cheerfully as you do."

"My dear Maggie," said my husband, gently, but somewhat seriously, "I had indeed lost my chance of Woodlee; I had, however, exchanged it for a certainty. Aunt Anne has settled one half of her property upon Winifred, and the other half, including Woodlee, which she has moreover strictly entailed, upon me!"

I have one more circumstance to relate, a circumstance hitherto confined to the knowledge of Mrs. Devlin and myself, and

which is not the least remarkable link in a curious chain.

Winifred had been married nearly a month, and I had returned to our house in Bedford Row, and was expecting to hear of the arrival of the young couple in town, when Mrs. Devlin called on me one day and told me she had received a note from Mrs. James Penniford, whom, however, she invariably called "Miss Winifred."

"She writes from Paris, ma'am," said Mrs. Devlin, "and it seems they have found out a photographer there who makes beautiful copies of portraits of any kind, and Miss Winifred desired me to open the small box still in my charge, and take out a sealed parcel, and bring it to you. She says, 'Tell dear Mrs. Penniford to send me, at once, all the portraits on ivory, and the two photographs of my father, and ask her to keep the others for me.'"

Mrs. Devlin produced the parcel, and I opened it. It contained some pencil likenesses, evidently sketches taken by Captain Dallas, three of the number being of Winifred herself, and three finely-executed miniatures on ivory, without cases and unset. At the back of each of the latter a small strip of paper was pasted, and on them was written respectively "Archibald Hugh Dallas," "Isabel Marion Dallas," and "Eleanor Hungerford." The miniatures were beautifully painted, and Mrs. Devlin and I scanned them attentively. Two were evidently likenesses of Arthur Dallas's father and mother; and Mrs. Devlin told me that, but for the difference of dress, the first might have been taken for a portrait of the Captain himself. The third represented a tall, fine-looking woman, who bore a strong likeness to the portrait of Mrs. Dallas, but whose features were much finer and more expressive. This, then, was Mrs. Hungerford, Captain Dallas's aunt, the wife of the rich Calcutta merchant, to whose care Arthur Dallas had been confided when he left England, at the crisis of his life. This, then, was the only relative, on her father's side, who remained to Winifred. But did she remain? If she yet lived, Winifred would have sought her,

Captain Dallas would have communicated with her. I told Mrs. Devlin that I had heard from Aunt Anne of the relationship subsisting between Captain Dallas and the original of this portrait, and asked her if she had ever heard him make any mention of his aunt.

"Oh, no! ma'am," she replied; "he distinctly told me there was no one living with whom Miss Winifred could claim kindred."

As she spoke, Mrs. Devlin was looking earnestly at the miniature, which she held in her hand, with an air of dawning recognition. Suddenly she turned it round, and read the name upon the back.

"Marion Hungerford! Hungerford!" she said, in a puzzled tone. "I seem to know the face indistinctly, as if I had seen it in a dream. The name, too; what is it that it reminds me of?" She paused a moment and thought deeply, then exclaimed,

"Why, yes, ma'am, to be sure; Hungerford was the name of the lady in Wilton Place, the lady who came to the shop and ordered the things for the little girl; the lady whom our stranger lodger followed. And this picture is her face. I only saw her twice, but I remember the face perfectly. Yes, indeed, Mrs. Penniford, that Mrs. Hungerford and this Eleanor Hungerford are the same."

"And Eleanor Hungerford was Winifred's aunt, Mrs. Devlin," I said, grasping her arm, in the excitement of a sudden idea which had struck me with all the vividness of an irresistible conviction. "Did you not me that Winifred said she liked to go to St. Paul's because she had been used to go there as a child, when she had stayed for her holidays with her aunt in Wilton Place?"

"I did," she replied; and her hesitating voice and changing colour showed me that the same idea which had taken possession of my mind had entered hers.

"Your mysterious lodger was Winifred's guilty, wretched mother," I exclaimed, "and to you she owes her last embrace of her child, as her child owes to you all the happiness of her life."

CITIES WHICH EMBRACE ALL NATIONALITIES. — London is a world in itself. The last English census develops the curious fact that there are more Scotchmen in London than in Edinburgh, more Irish than in Dublin, more Roman Catholics than in Rome, and more Jews than in Palestine. Next to London perhaps

New York is the most cosmopolitan of cities. It has not so many Scotchmen as Edinburgh, but according to the census it has nearly as many Irish as Dublin, while as a German city, it is probably the third in the world, ranking next to Berlin and Vienna. — *Evangelist*.

[From the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.]

WHETHER CHOLERA IS CONTAGIOUS.

BY JACOB BIGELOW, M. D.

WITHIN the present century, cholera, a disease indigenous in hot climates of the East, has, at various intervals, made its appearance in the temperate latitudes of Europe and America. It is now again exciting interest from its possible and perhaps probable approach to this country.

The experience of the last thirty or forty years has led a majority of medical men who had observed the disease to believe that, as a general law, it is not contagious. In this belief I must individually remain, until evidence more satisfactory than any which has yet appeared shall justify an opposite conviction.

The great epidemics of 1830 and 1847 had a remarkable coincidence in the path which they pursued, and in the order and dates of their arrival in different cities. They seem to have followed certain great routes of travel, and to have avoided others equally frequented. According to Leségué, they both visited consecutively, and in corresponding months, Tiflis, Astrachan, Moscow, Petersburg and Berlin. In 1831, cholera did not take the most frequented route from Berlin to Paris, but passed along the shores of the Baltic, crossed over to Sunderland, went down to London, and again crossed the channel and arrived in Paris about six months after its appearance at Berlin. A disease propagated by contagion of any kind would hardly have avoided the most frequented thoroughfares from Berlin to Paris, while it occupied half a year in going round by England.

The epidemic now or lately prevailing in Europe appears to date back at least nine months, at which time it existed among the caravans of pilgrims visiting or returning from the city of Mecca. In the middle of May last it was at Alexandria and Cairo, in June at Constantinople, Ancona and Marseilles, and in November at Paris, Havre and other European cities.

Thus it appears that cholera has now existed in Europe from three to eight months, among cities having constant commercial intercourse with seaports of the United States, during which time thousands of passengers and tens of thousands of bales and packages have been landed in our maritime cities. If cholera were as contagious or portable as many believe it to be, it ought to have begun and perhaps finished its work in many of our seaports before this time.

Epidemics require two things for their introduction and extension: These are —

first, predisposition in the inhabitants of the place visited; and, second, the arrival or presence of an exciting cause. This cause in some epidemics, such as small pox, is contagion. In others it is an occult influence, not yet discovered nor understood, nor known to be controlled, except in some instances, by hygienic agencies. No country, I believe, has succeeded in keeping out cholera by quarantines, and no country, as far as we know, can produce it artificially or retain it after the predisposition has disappeared. In its own time it moves on thoroughfares where men are travelling, and spreads into cities where they are stationary, for no better known reason than that mankind are its necessary food, and that where there are no people there can be no cholera. But why, of two frequented roads or cities, it selects one and avoids the other, investigators have not yet been able to satisfy us.

The credit of having introduced the present epidemic into Europe is by a sort of popular acclamation assigned to the hosts of squalid devotees who perform an annual pilgrimage to Mecca. Yet we are told that "the cholera exists every year among the caravans of Musselmans arriving at the holy cities," so that their supposed mission of forwarding the cholera to Europe in most years fails to be performed.

Cholera, like influenza and some other migratory diseases, has usually but not always advanced from east to west. Of the vehicle in which it travels, or the course it is next to take, we know about as much as mankind knew of the cause of lightning before the discovery of electricity. Its conveyance and propagation have been ascribed to air, to water, to material foci, to electricity, to ozone or to the want of it. Of late, in consequence of the vast development by the microscope of the existence everywhere of minute living organisms, it has become more common to ascribe the arrival of this and other like epidemics to certain unseen "germs" which are called seeds or ova, cryptogamic or animalcular, according as the fancy of the theorist inclines him to adopt a vegetable or an animal nomenclature.

But in this, as in many other cases, it is easier to trace an analogy, or to assume a cause, than it is to prevent an effect. Although inquirers have been indefatigable in their attempts to enlighten the world on the means of ridding ourselves of the presence of the various offensive co-tenants of our globe, yet no crusade has yet succeeded in banishing from our fields and houses the unwelcome swarms of mosquitoes, worms, grubs and flies, which molest us with their

annual presence; nor in suppressing the blight of grain, the potato rot, or the peach tree disease. Happily some if not most of these have their periods of abatement or disappearance, and this rather through the order of Providence than the agency of man. Cholera seems to abide in the same category. We know little of its exciting cause, and not much of its prevention, except, that by following in our personal habits the dictates of reason and experience, we diminish both the frequency and danger of its occurrence.

Whatever may be the cause or vehicle of cholera, credulous and excitable personal are impatient of suspense, and are prone to cut a knot which they fail to untie. When an epidemic disease first appears, some coincidence is always brought to light which is supposed capable of accounting for it. The arrival of a ship, the opening of a trunk, or the washing of a garment, are among the most frequently accepted causes. But as these events have happened a thousand times before, and apparently under like circumstances, without any known results, it has been thought necessary by some of our later writers to narrow the compass of actual exposure down to the reception of the morbid excretions of one individual into the digestive canal of another. The first impression made by this announcement must, if true, be one of relief, the danger not seeming likely to happen very often. But to the possibility of such danger we can never oppose an absolute negative, so long as we persist in eating smelts and flounders caught about the mouths of our drains, or even turnips, salads, and strawberries raised at Brighton. The risk, however, is so small, that most persons will prefer to take it rather than to deprive themselves of food or luxuries. Of the many sensation tales printed and reprinted about cholera, and the supposed instances of remarkable communications or arrestation, it is sufficient to say that they are frequently interesting, being fully as dramatic as they are probable.

In the same regard we cannot help noticing that credulity, and perhaps private cupidity, have caused much stress to be laid on the supposed preventive efficacy of what are called "disinfectants," a mysterious word which implies a thing assumed but not proved to exist. We have deodorizers, such as chlorine, charcoal, &c., which by their combinations render certain effluvia imperceptible to our senses. But that these are not *disinfectants*, there is most abundant evidence. The narrative, then, of the physician at Malta, who covered

certain surfaces in vessels with oil, and had them "disinfected by chlorine gas," after which "no new cases occurred," is to be classed with other like results, with which the medical press always abounds at the close of epidemics.

In clean and well-regulated cities of temperate climates, cholera is far from being the most formidable of epidemics. A greater part of its victims are the miserably poor, the worn out, the ill provided, and the intemperate, in whom this disease only anticipates the date, but does not greatly increase the annual or biennial number of deaths. Its mortality in our northern Atlantic cities rarely amounts to one per cent. of the population in a given place or year, so that a man may reside through an epidemic in one of these cities with less risk than he can take a pleasure voyage to Europe. After having witnessed many cases of cholera in this and other cities, I am farther satisfied that it affords one of the easiest modes of exit from the world.

People who would avoid or prevent cholera should cultivate equanimity, regularity of life and habits, cleanliness, salubrious exercise, temperance, and avoidance of all excesses. When they have done their duty in providing for the care of the sick, allaying public panics, and abating public nuisances, they may safely dismiss their apprehensions. Little good and some harm is always done by the indiscreet agitation of a subject which is to a great extent beyond our control. A single or sporadic case of cholera occurring in a village of a thousand inhabitants may attract little notice, and perhaps pass without record; but a hundred cases in a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants make an aggregate which generally causes some panic, though the proportion is exactly the same, and the panic equally unnecessary. It is possible that the supposed immunity of country districts in comparison with cities may be accounted for by the fact, that in the sparse population of country towns cases are less liable to be detected and published.

I may be excused for repeating the following remark from among some "Aphorisms" published by me about thirty years ago, when the disease was new and little known among us. "Should the cholera continue to prevail for three years throughout this continent, it would cease to interrupt either business or recreation. Mankind cannot always stand aghast, and the wheels of society at length would be no more impeded by its presence than they now are by the existence of consumption, of old age, or of drunkenness."



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